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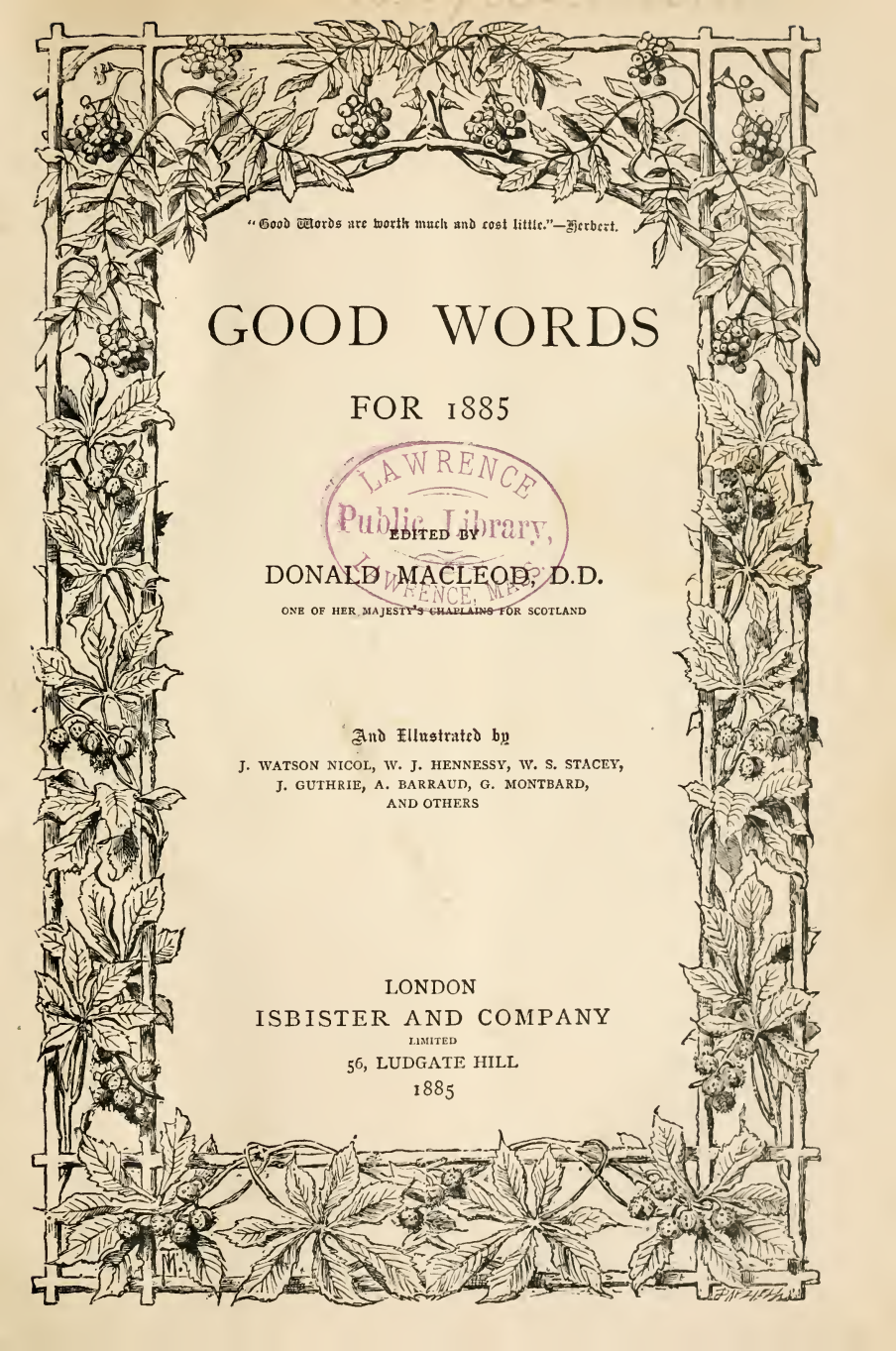
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"Good Words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1885



DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And Illustrated by

J. WATSON NICOL, W. J. HENNESSY, W. S. STACEY,
J. GUTHRIE, A. BARRAUD, G. MONTBARD,
AND OTHERS

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THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD," "SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE PLATFORM.

THE tidal train has just steamed slowly into the Charing Cross station. The proportion of foreign passengers as compared with the native element is large, for it is early summer, and we English are not even pruning our wings for the Continent, far less returning from it. As one listens to the jabber on the platform it is possible to imagine that the Channel tunnel has been long completed, the prophecies of the alarmists fulfilled, and our beloved metropolis in the hands of the alien. On the other hand, the new arrivals have by no means the air of conquerors; a few, indeed, who are familiar with London, or residents there, step quietly into the carriages awaiting them and leave their servants to look after the luggage, but the majority, with anxious and submissive looks, await the tardy distribution of bag and box. The women glance appealingly from official to official, or, in language not understood of the porters, endeavour, with bewitching Parisian smile, to attract their attention. The men, with curses not loud but deep, twirl their moustaches and affect a philosophic calm. There is no "Hi, there! that is my portmanteau;" "Where the dickens are you going with that box?" they are on foreign soil, and depressed in spirits. Every one who leaves his own country undergoes a certain temporary degradation of character: Englishmen most of all, because they have most independence to lose. On the other hand, the newly-arrived foreigner in England is generally dejected by the effect of recent sea-sickness.

it is as easy to distinguish the native element, by their mere manner among this surging throng, as from a flight of white swans to pick out a few black ones. One of these latter, a young girl, stands out in especial contrast to the majority of her fellow-passengers. She is very young, and of a form so slight that, but for the wholesome colour on her cheek, it might well suggest delicacy of constitution. The eyes too have a brightness that, as regards health, is but too often as misleading as the wildfire of the marsh; in her case, however, it is only caused by pleasurable expectancy. She is charmingly pretty, her face full of expression, and instinct with a roguish humour peculiar to English girls, though rare enough even with them. She has left her carriage, like the rest, but stands beside it looking to right and left with an eager air that presently fades into one of disappointment. Her face is so expressive that this change of feeling is as apparent as the fall of evening upon a fair landscape. The dew comes into her blue eyes, the very tint of her bright hair seems to become less golden, her red lips lose their sunny smile. It is as clear as though she had told you that the person she has been expecting is very dear to her and has not arrived. The crowd around her are much too occupied with their own business to pay any attention to her, and would probably have been so had her distress of mind been far more poignant and pronounced. What is a girl that has been left till called for, and not been called for, compared with a portmanteau that has been called for and does not appear? No, *Messieurs les Français* are a polite people as far as lifting the hat is concerned, but as for

lifting a finger to help a fellow-creature in trouble till their own affairs are regulated, *Sapristi!* they are not imbeciles, not they.

One person, however, though she is quite unconscious of the interest she is exciting in him, is watching her very attentively. He is a tall, fine young fellow, as fair complexioned as herself by nature, but whom Indian suns have browned almost to copper-colour; he too has blue eyes, just now as he looks pityingly towards her, almost as tender as her own. On occasion they have flashed far otherwise, for they have had the light of battle in them. One hand is in a sling, for he has returned wounded from the wars, but with the other he plucks indifferently at his short, tawny moustache.

"Shall he offer to assist her, or shall he wait a little longer to give time for her father to put in an appearance?" He knows for whom she is waiting, for he has been her fellow-passenger across the Channel and in the train from Folkestone, and so far she has confided in him. He was fortunately able to be of some little help to her on board the steamer; he had an extra rug which was of use to her in the rough passage, during which she had insisted on remaining on deck quite cheerily, while every one else was engaged, and very unpleasantly engaged, below. Their other fellow-passengers in the carriage had been foreigners, which had imperceptibly assisted in drawing the two young people together; it had induced a sense of isolation as though they had been alone, yet without the embarrassment of being alone. They had not, however, got on quite so fast together as some young people I wot of would have done under similar circumstances. Hester Darrell was far too simple and natural a young woman to be shy; her manners, though by no means reserved, were modest and quiet; they had a dignity which neither good birth nor good training (though she had had the advantage of both) can bestow. The young fellow, on his part, who had the good sense and good feeling to recognise this fact, had made no attempt at flirtation. He had neglected, in fact—or such would have been the general opinion of his class—to avail himself of his opportunities. He had, nevertheless, contrived to make a favourable impression upon his companion, of which he was not wholly unconscious; and they had parted with an unexpressed regret. Hester had even shaken hands with him, which, perhaps, she would not have done had she possessed more knowledge of the world; but

when he had offered to look after her luggage at the terminus she had declined his help, because, she said, her father was to meet her. It would have been a great satisfaction to the young gentleman had she mentioned her father's name, but Hester had not thought it necessary to do so; she had, I think, a secret consciousness that in holding out her hand to this young gentleman she had told him quite enough; nevertheless, in doing so she had signified to him that she wished him good-bye for good and all, and it required some courage (of a different kind from that of which he had given his proofs) to make any advances to her anew. The distress in her pretty face, however, became presently insupportable to him to witness, and he came up to her, raised hat in hand.

"Since there seems to have been some mistake about your father's coming," he said respectfully, "will you allow me to look after your luggage?"

It is always the luggage on these occasions; a humorous writer has, I hear, written an essay upon the Malignity of Inanimate Objects; and, certainly, the manner in which they disappear when most wanted would seem to be due to wilful wickedness, but some inanimate objects, as in this case, have been known to do young people a good turn. One cannot say to an angel who has been entertaining us unawares (and no one could have been less conscious of her own charm than Hester Darrell), "Let me look after you; let me see your precious self into a four-wheeler;" but a good deal of affectionate interest can be displayed about her boxes.

Our hero's proffer of assistance was made just at the right moment. A minute before would have been too soon, Hester's mind would have been disturbed by the prospect of her father's still possible arrival. The presence of a stranger would have interfered, she would have felt, with their rapturous meeting; and a minute later would have been almost too late. The dew of disappointment in her eyes would by that time have reduced itself into tears, a circumstance that would have been embarrassing. As it was the tones of a voice she knew, though ever so little, were very welcome to her in a perplexity which was fast assuming the proportions of a calamity.

"You are very good," she answered, blushing. "I cannot think why dear papa has not come. I am afraid," she added naïvely, but with a smile, too, "that he has forgotten all about me."

"That is not at all likely," said the young

soldier, simply. "But in London people are not always masters of their time."

"I suppose that must be it," she replied, still looking piteously towards the entrance-gate: "he must have had some pressing engagement. But, indeed, you must not trouble yourself about my goods and chattels; you are the last person," and she glanced significantly at his wounded hand, "to be jostled in a crowd like this. It will be worse than Ramnugger."

He had told her on the journey, after the manner of all heroes since Othello's time, of certain incidents of the late campaign in India in which he had taken part; he had done so quite naturally and without boastfulness, he had even omitted to say that his share in the proceedings had gained him the Victoria Cross; but, nevertheless, his narration had interested her, she had even remembered the name of one of the battles.

"In these home conflicts," was his laughing reply, "we fight by deputy."

A significant look, which to the official mind betokened half-a-crown at least, at once brought a porter to his side, who, deaf to all foreign blandishments, had had his eye on the young soldier from the first.

"This young lady will give you the ticket for her luggage, just see to it, and put it on a four-wheeled cab."

Hereupon ensued some opportunity for conversation.

"I hope I am not keeping you from your friends," said Hester, hesitating.

"Oh, no—not that *that* would matter—I mean," he stammered with the consciousness of having been on the brink of effusion, "that I have no friends in London; I have been so long away from England, you see; and as for the dear old governor, he lives in the country."

"Then you are going into the country? How I envy you. I cannot think how people can stay in London this summer weather when they can help it. For my part, though I have had little experience of it, I love life in a country house, especially if it is an old one."

"Then you should see ours. It is very old, large, and rambling; to say the truth, a little too large, it reminds me of barracks."

"How wicked of you to talk so of your own home."

"That's what the governor would say. He adores it even to its very discomforts—the draughts, the mouldy tapestry, the hereditary ghost."

"Has it a ghost? Oh! that is delicious, indeed. We have no ghost in our family, but only a ghostly sort of motto: a tradition."

"And what is the tradition?"

And again Hester hesitated; if she told the tradition she must needs tell her name, and would Madame Langlais, her late preceptress, who had given her so many detailed directions as to her conduct *en voyage*, quite approve of confiding such a matter to a perfect stranger?

"There is an old saying," she said, "in our family, that the luck of it,

'whate'er it may be,
Shall go by the sea, and shall come by the sea.'

That is rather weird and eerie, is it not? But still it is not so good as a ghost."

"Well, I don't know," replied the young man, with an air of reflection. "One wants cheerful society in a house to counteract a ghost—especially when it is a female one, as in this case—ladies' society." In his speech he dealt with generalities, but in his looks he was more particular; they seemed to say to his companion, "Now you would be the very person to counteract our ghost."

"And I dare say you have plenty of ladies' society," said Hester, in a tone of indifference, which, however, contended with a blush.

"Well, no;" here he sighed. "The fact is we have none at all, though things did not use to be so. The fact is, I am sorry to say——"

At this moment, to the relief of the young man's very obvious embarrassment, appeared the obsequious porter with his barrow full of luggage, which, under Hester's inspection, he proceeded to place upon the cab.

"I am greatly obliged to you," said Hester to her polite companion; and once more she held out her hand.

"What address shall I give the cabman?" he inquired.

The question would have seemed a simple one enough to a much more wily person than she to whom it was addressed: but there was an air of interest and expectancy in the young soldier's tone that gave the inquiry a tone of significance, and put Hester on her guard. She felt that she had trodden on the very verge of Madame Langlais' line of propriety in giving him her hand twice over: to have furnished him also with her address would have been to overstep it.

"I will not trouble you any further," she said with a grateful smile, but also in a sufficiently resolute voice.

The colour mounted high into the young man's face, and he withdrew at once with a

respectful bow. Then she turned up her pretty face towards that of the weather-beaten cabman's, and murmured, in a low sweet tone (for the young soldier was still within earshot), "Piccadilly, 299a."

"Eh!" echoed the cabman, protruding his great head from his great-coat as a turtle does from his shell.

"299a," repeated Hester.

"All right, miss:" the porter closed the door without slamming it (which showed what a fee he must have got from somebody) and the cab, top heavy as a hermit crab, but not so speedy, crawled away with her.

CHAPTER II.—IN THE CAB.

I AM inclined to think, judging from my own experience, that a good deal of mental work is done in cabs. Circumstances are not favourable to reading in them; conversation is impossible, and their internal decoration is not sufficiently artistic to distract the mind. In the short journey that now lay before her, Hester Darrell gave herself more up to reflection than she had done in the whole transit between Paris and Charing Cross. She had, indeed, more to think about. In the first place, there was her father's non-arrival at the station, which, in the case of most daughters, would have given some rise to apprehension; and secondly, there was the acquaintance she had made with the young soldier. The latter incident, it must be admitted, made much more impression on her than the former. She loved her father dearly, but she also knew his character, or some parts of it, exceedingly well, and the fact of his not having arrived in time to meet her did not at all astonish her.

Colonel Richard Darrell had many good points, if they could not have been absolutely called virtues; but punctuality was not one of them. He was often late even for his pleasures—and the welcoming of his daughter to her new home would certainly have been one of them; while as to other appointments which had any tinge of unpleasantness in them, such as business ones, he might possibly be induced to make one, but it was contrary to his nature to keep it. No one could say that he exhausted himself in any line of action; but he was capable of some effort in order to avoid facing anything of a disagreeable nature—an admirable plan, if the disagreeable thing can be avoided, and not only postponed; but in real life this seldom happens.

The system is exactly the reverse of that which obtains among children at pudding-

time; they pile into a corner of their plates all the plums for a *bonne bouche* at the finish: the gentlemen I have in my mind eat all their plums at first, and trust that their fate will not compel them to swallow at last all the less agreeable material they have thus accumulated. Alas, it is not so; they have to clear their plate to the last morsel, and find their "stickjaw" anything but improved by keeping.

Colonel Richard Darrell was as bold as a lion, but he had never looked a difficulty in the face, or even so much as conquered a whim. He had served with some repute, but his chief military renown, while it lasted, was that he had been the youngest lieutenant-colonel in the British army. It did not last long, for almost immediately, on obtaining that rank, he had sold his commission and entered another calling, in which he also acquired considerable distinction; at the time our story opens he was held to be the best-preserved "man about town."

The Colonel "knew everybody"—a phrase which indicates at most some five hundred people all of one pattern—and had many friends, a few of whom to his face and many behind his back called him Dick Darrell. In his youth so attentive had he been to the gentler sex, that the name of "Look and Die," which passes from one man of this stamp to another, like the succession to a throne, was universally accorded to him; and yet he had not made the great match which unquestionably lay in his power to make, but married for love an orphan girl without dower. This circumstance was urged, not without reason, or at all events not without plausibility, in his favour. He could not, men said, be a self-seeking or greedy man; he must, said women, have something of unselfishness, or even self-sacrifice, in his nature to have so acted. As it happened they were quite right; but in my opinion his marriage did not prove it. Hester Grantham was simply one of the whims which he could not conquer, and which, indeed, completely conquered him. He made (as she fondly thought) the best of husbands, and when she died, which was in giving birth to his only daughter, he was inconsolable for weeks. Little Hester became her father's darling, the most precious possession he had in the world, but also one the custody of which was exceedingly inconvenient. Some men, though not many, have a natural gift for the guardianship of children; but with well-preserved men about town it is far from common.

As Mrs. Darrell had left a surviving

sister, it might well be thought that she would have been some help in this perplexity; but the Colonel and Harriet Grantham "that was" (for her marriage had taken place soon after his own) were not on good terms. She had taken a very different view of her sister's union from that adopted by the world at large; when people hinted at the Colonel's self-sacrifice, she told them in plain terms that he was "a godless gambler," in wedding whom her unhappy sister had imperilled her immortal soul. A remark which had generally the effect of closing the conversation. If it were true, she was clearly right in concluding that the obligation (if any) lay upon the other side. For the rest the Grantham blood was at least as good as that of the Darrells—a circumstance which Harriet dwelt upon with some inconsistency, considering that the future was so all important with her as compared with matters of this world—and as for the money, though the Colonel had at the time been in good circumstances, his habits were such as to render the continuance of his prosperity very doubtful. She had opposed herself to the marriage tooth and nail, and when it took place, in spite of her, had severed all relation between herself and her sister.

To some women this would have been difficult to do, for Hester had no other relation in the world, and clung to her with pitiful pertinacity; but Harriet possessed high principles far out of the reach of sentimental pleading, and cut her cable, as it were, with a hatchet. "Since you have chosen to ally yourself with a wicked man," she said, "you and I have shaken hands for ever." And as even sweet-tempered Hester could not stand her husband being called a wicked man, the desired separation was effected.

Perhaps, when his wife was dead, the Colonel might have let bygones be bygones, and appealed, for his child's sake, to her aunt; but in the meantime another gulf had been opened between them. Harriet had married, as the Colonel thought, beneath her; that is to say, a man of large fortune, but who had had the misfortune to make it himself, and in the City. Mr. Abraham Barton was presumed not a bad man; but it must be admitted that his spiritual qualities were not on the surface. It was probably not from religious principles, but from the inferior but very natural motive of securing for himself peace and quietness, that he had taken up his wife's quarrel; but, at all events, the

breach between the two families was complete.

Under these circumstances little Hester had been of necessity from her earliest years committed to the care of hirelings, and on the whole they had done their duty by her. Her sweet temper and bright ways had endeared her to most of them with whom she had come in contact, and not least to Madame Langlais, under whose care she had been placed for many years. Madame was an Englishwoman, who had once filled the post of governess to Mrs. Darrell when Hester Grantham, and had afterwards set up as a schoolmistress on her own account. It is as natural for governesses to do so as for butlers to take public-houses, and only too often with the same disastrous result. The cause of Madame Langlais coming to grief was her marriage, in comparatively late life, with an absinthe-loving Frenchman who, before he drank himself to death, contrived to dissipate almost all her little property. She had been compelled to break up her educational establishment in Bayswater and remove to Paris, whither some of her old pupils, including Hester Darrell, had joined her. Hester had been residing there for the last two years, living a very quiet but not unpleasant life, cheered by pretty frequent visits from the Colonel.

Contrasted with her monotonous, colourless existence these had been like gleams of sunshine in a wintry day. She always associated her father, who took her to the opera and theatres, and loaded her with presents, with gaiety and pleasure; she repaid him with the most genuine love and gratitude, but with a certain modesty in her expectations very unusual in "a father's darling." She felt that there were some things not to be looked for in him: though he never forgot her, he would sometimes disappoint her; his instability of character was perfectly well known to her, though under a euphonious periphrasis which made it almost a virtue. "Dear papa could never say 'no' to anybody."

She knew that he was dreadfully careless and haphazard in ordinary matters, and had a suspicion that he was rather extravagant in his habits and fond of high play; but she never thought of such matters in relation to herself at all. They were weaknesses of "dear papa's," of course, but being part of himself she could not find it in her heart seriously to deplore them. A great philosopher has told us that when we once find the limits of our friend he straightway

becomes a pond, but to Hester her father was still an ocean, into which, although she had discovered its shores, still ran the full river of her love.

She was not displeased, and certainly not surprised, that the Colonel had not met her at the station. It was a circumstance, in fact, not worth thinking about, one way or another. Before the four-wheeled cab had reached Trafalgar Square, she had turned her thoughts—no—her thoughts had chosen for themselves another channel. Although the young soldier she had just left at the railway station was, and of course could be, nothing to her, he was the last object on the retina of her mind, and it retained it. When travellers come from the Pole and the Antipodes we often find them thus concerning themselves with some incident of their journey which has only just happened to them, and which seems to us stay-at-homes sufficiently commonplace and uninteresting. But to Hester Darrell her late companion was certainly not an uninteresting subject of thought, though it is probable she could not have made him a topic of conversation. He was very different from the military persons she had occasionally seen in her father's company. Even as a child they had struck her as carpet knights, less fitted for the field of battle than for the racecourse, and who preferred Pall Mall to active service; but this young fellow had looked every inch a soldier, and spoken of his profession with enthusiasm; he had been wounded too, for which in a competitive examination conducted by women, the candidate gets high marks; he had been very kind to her, and thoughtful for her comfort; he had noticed and sympathised with her recent embarrassment, and at the same time had behaved with great delicacy and respect. She felt that she had been rather hard upon him in declining to confide to him her address, which as the Colonel had taken a furnished house for the season, could not be obtained from the Court Guide. Her reserve, it is true, would, she felt, meet with Madame Langlais' approbation, but that did not prevent her from feeling a touch of remorse. She feared that this young gentleman must think her a little prudish, and even a little ungrateful. He was certainly—well, not handsome perhaps—but distinguished-looking. He had been very bright and genial throughout the journey, and then just at last, as he was taking leave of her, his manner had altered, he had looked sorrowful and depressed. Of course that could

have had nothing to do with their parting; such an idea was too preposterous to be entertained for an instant. It must have been some allusion that she had unconsciously made to his own affairs, and which had given him pain, poor fellow. It had been certainly but a poor return for his kindness.

The cab was in Piccadilly now, presumed within a few doors of her destination, and yet her thoughts continued most unaccountably to dwell upon her late companion. It was when he spoke of his own home, she reflected, that his tone had become so grave; a large old-fashioned house, it seemed, such as she herself delighted in; she had passed a winter at Fromsham Hall, belonging to her father's friend, Lord Buttermere, and had enjoyed it immensely; the house had been full of company, and there had been private theatricals in which she had taken part among the young people. Perhaps his home was like that. But he had said, with a sigh, that his father saw no company, "though things did not use to be so." Now what could he have meant by that? Perhaps, poor fellow, the family had become impoverished.

All future suggestions, however, in explanation of the change in affairs in this nameless young gentleman's unknown country house, were abruptly cut short by the stopping of the four-wheeled cab exactly opposite Apsley House.

"My good man," exclaimed Hester, putting her head out of the window, "what are you about? This is not my address."

"I've druv as far as I can go, miss, and if it ain't this it's nowhere."

"But I told you 299*a*."

"That's just where it is, miss. I larnt my figures at school like other people, and I've kept my eyes open all down the street, and there ain't no such number in Piccadilly."

CHAPTER III.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE situation in which our heroine now found herself was embarrassing enough; to have travelled alone from Paris to London, to have found no one to meet her, according to promise, at the station, and then to discover that the address at which she ought to have arrived had no existence, would to most girls of eighteen have seemed little short of a catastrophe. But Hester Darrell was not like "most girls." Her nature was so simple that she had been nicknamed amongst her school-fellows Daisy Darrell, a sobriquet to which their imaginations had

been doubtless assisted by her delicate complexion; but her simplicity was not of that sort which is akin to folly. She had indeed a quite unusual stock of "saving common sense," and what is still rarer in persons of her age and sex, a very keen sense of humour. Indeed it is so very rare, that before confessing that it was this sense which now came uppermost with her, I must, in justice to Hester, remind my readers that she was no mere country girl, who finds herself for the first time in London and alone. She had friends, though apparently not in Piccadilly, to whom she could have gone if necessary and awaited events, and the consciousness of this fact no doubt enabled her to take a cheerful view of matters. At all events it struck her as so exceedingly funny that the cabman should have selected Apsley House as her place of residence, that she could hardly restrain her mirth.

"Indeed you are quite wrong," she protested, almost with tears in her eyes, as the cabman was about to drive within the great gates. It was no more likely to be her papa's home, than the equestrian statue over the way was likely to be her papa. Indeed, since he was in a cavalry regiment, the latter suggestion was on the whole the less monstrously improbable one of the two.

"All I know is," said the cabman, with the dogged pertinacity of his race, "that there is no 299a anywhere, and we have come to the end of Piccadilly."

There was really some sort of logic in this; the poor man had at least driven as far as he could in the desired direction, and perhaps concluded that the stately pile before him comprised within itself a sufficient number of tenements to make up the requisite amount.

While Hester was debating in her mind as to which of her few London friends she should apply in this emergency, whether to Lady Buttermere who lived comparatively near, or to Mrs. West in Bayswater, who though more removed as to distance, was nearer to her in social relation, and while the cabman was regarding her from his box with sidelong composure—for the difficulty was none of his—she saw a friendly face pass by.

"Mr. Langton, Mr. Langton," she called out, a little louder than gentlemen are in the habit of being addressed in Piccadilly, but in sweet, plaintive tones nevertheless.

The gentleman, who had quick ears, turned round at once. He was a tall middle-aged man attired in what almost might be called

flowing garments; his coat flew loosely back, his white waistcoat was large and loose, his trousers flapped against his roomy boots. He had the air of a man who was prepared to sacrifice (and indeed had done it) all appearances to comfort. And yet there was no mistaking Philip Langton for anything but a gentleman; nay more, he had an appearance of great distinction. Though of good family, he was not by birth an aristocrat; though moderately well provided for, he was not rich; though above the average of intelligence, he was rather plodding than brilliant; and yet with little beyond these negative qualities there were few men more sought after and made much of in London.

The secret of this social success lay in a singular combination of amiability with strength of mind; he was kind even to gentleness, but also very inflexible of purpose. A foolish and audacious person, deceived by his pleasant ways, had sometimes ventured on taking a liberty with him, but it had never been repeated; that, too, had been years ago; he was far too well known for such an occurrence to be possible now. He was respected in a certain way even in circles where respect for any one was almost unknown; and where good fellowship reigned he was held to be its prime minister. Young gentlemen of fashion just introduced to club society thought it the proudest moment of their lives when Philip Langton took their arm as he walked down St. James's Street, and in that doubtful neighbourhood they could hardly have been in safer company. He was detested by the scoundrels of society, who laughed at his easy clothes, and mimicked his somewhat old-fashioned manners behind his broad back, but all that was best in clubland had a good word for him. He was her father's oldest friend and had been her first playmate. It was his boast that his gold watch chain had helped her to cut her teeth.

"What, you here, Miss Hester, and alone?" he said, hurrying up to the cab door. "I thought you would have been making your father's afternoon tea by this time?"

"I would be if I knew where to make it," she replied, "but he has given me the wrong address. Look here," she said, pointing to an open letter, "he has written it quite plainly, 299a."

The face of her companion became for a moment very grave, then expanded—no, it did not quite do that, it permitted itself the relaxation of a dry and humorous smile.

"It's a mistake for 99a," he said. "I

think I know how it came about. If you can make room for me on the back seat I will be your convoy, so far." Then with his foot upon the step he said to the cabman, "99a, my man."

"It ain't a mossel of use," was the unexpected rejoinder from the box. "O' course I thought the young lady had made that mistake, and kept my eye upon the doors as we came along; 99 there is, but as to 99a, there ain't no such number, except," he added surlily, as though ruffled by a reminiscence, "except in the Metropolitan police force."

"You drive where I tell you," said Mr. Langton in a tone that admitted of no denial, though his face was genial enough when he turned it to his fair companion. "The fact is the man is right enough as to the house your father has taken not being in Piccadilly. It is not the rose, but only near the rose, being round the corner in Welham Street, to which it properly belongs."

"Then what becomes of No. 1, Welham Street?" inquired Hester.

"Oh, that's ever so far from you; there is 99b, Piccadilly, and, for all I know, 99c, between you and it. The advantages of a good address, my dear Miss Hester, are not confined to persons, but extend also to places."

"Still, is it not something like passing under an alias?" inquired Hester with humorous gravity.

"There is certainly an analogy, however. An alias is a matter of great convenience," admitted Langton. "Royal personages use it when they go abroad, when it is called an incognito."

"But the incognito of Welham Street seems to me just the other way," argued Hester. "We pretend——"

"Here we are at home," exclaimed Mr. Langton with precipitancy, "and there is the Colonel, like Noah at the first floor window awaiting the return of his dove."

"I hope papa wants to see me more than Noah wanted to see the dove," was Hester's laughing rejoinder.

"To be sure. I had forgotten," said Mr. Langton. "The parallel, I must confess, is not so complete as it might be."

He bit his beard (which was a long one), and looked a little annoyed; he was a man not accustomed to make mistakes, or at all events to be detected in them; nor perhaps would he have made this one but for a sleeping trouble in his mind which had been awakened by Hester's words, and

thrown it off its usual balance. Hester flew up-stairs, and the next moment was clasped in her father's arms.

"How nice and bright you look!" she cried admiringly as she kissed him again and again. "The more I see of you the more I am convinced that you are not my papa at all, but my elder brother. If you go on like that, constantly going backward, you will be my younger brother. In a few years I feel that I shall have great responsibilities about sending you to college.—He does not look like my papa, does he, Mr. Langton?"

Indeed he did not, nor like anybody's papa. Of all rôles on the stage of life—so far at least as appearances went—for that of the parent Colonel Richard Darrell was least fitted. It was not only that he looked very unlike a heavy father; he did not resemble even a light one. He seemed to be standing "where the brook and river meet" in the life of a young bachelor, just on the brink and, that was all, of being a man about town. Of course he was "preserved," but nature had done so much for him that he hardly needed the appliances of art. His brown hair was still glossy and tolerably thick. His moustache smooth and silken as a boy's; even his complexion had the hue of youth, except where the razor, in obliterating the whiskers, had darkened the cheek. His figure, set off, however, by a tightly-buttoned frock-coat, was faultless. But for the Colonel's eyes indeed one might have taken him for five-and-thirty, or even less; in their tell-tale corners were to be seen faint traces of "the envious crow"; also, though they were bright enough, there was occasionally a look of anxiety in them very foreign to the rest of the face. They did not wear it now, but expressed a certain tender penitence, a meek shamefacedness, which did not misbecome him. Richard Darrell was essentially a man to misbehave himself and be forgiven.

"It is quite true that I am not fit to be a papa, Hester, whether I look like one or not," he said in remorseful tones. "I shall never forgive myself for not having met you at the railway station. But the fact is"—here he looked towards his old friend with comical embarrassment—"that horrible train you know was half an hour late again."

"I suppose you mean the train from Sandown," said Langton drily.

"Yes, Philip knows how unpunctual it is, my dear," continued the Colonel, artfully extracting from the other's speech what best suited his purpose. Langton had reproved him enough he thought, and could never go

the length of telling Hester that what had detained him from his daughter's arms had been a race meeting.

"I tried to catch the 4.30, but just missed it."

"What does it matter," said Hester, "since I have got you at last, you dear old young papa? It is not to be expected, nor would it be right, that you should give up your own engagements, perhaps important ones"—("It was rather important," put in the Colonel, sheepishly)—"just to humour a mere school-girl."

"But you are not a mere school-girl now, Hester," observed the Colonel with precipitation. "You are a very fine young woman, and going to be the belle of the season. Is she not, Philip?"

Langton, thus appealed to, regarded Hester with the air of a connoisseur who inspects a picture. Hester drew herself up, crossed her arms, and looked at him, head aside, in her turn, with a charming expression of meek defiance.

"And what have you got to say, sir?" she inquired. "Speak out; I can see that there is something amiss with me."

"Well, I only wish——"

"Then there is something," she interrupted with pretended chagrin.

"Yes; but you can't mend it. I was going to say that I only wish I were twenty years younger."

The young girl made him a sweeping curtsey. "I had no idea that you paid compliments, Mr. Langton."

"Nor does he usually," put in the Colonel. "No, I'm hanged if he does," he added, as though recalling some personal experience to the contrary. "But Philip would not do, my dear, even if he were ever so juvenile. He is what we call—that is what some people call—'not good enough.'"

"Nay, I call that rude, papa," said Hester, with a quick blush. Even in fun she did not like to hear her old playmate, whom she looked upon as a second father, abused.

"It is quite true, my dear Hester, in every sense," said Mr. Langton gravely. "Seriously, however," he continued, "it has been determined by your father that you are to marry a Prince of the Blood Royal; it will require an Act of Parliament, but that can be got over; and now you know the reason why he has taken No. 99a, Piccadilly, instead of No. 1, Welham Street."

"How can you talk such rubbish, Langton?" said the Colonel, fuming and twirling his moustaches.

"I call that hard," observed Hester solemnly. "Papa thinks the idea of my becoming a Princess rubbish. It is something, however, that I have got a grievance against him at last; I have been looking for one all my life."

"And never found one, my darling?" inquired the Colonel softly.

"Never."

"By heavens, she is an angel!" cried the Colonel.

Mr. Langton said nothing, he had moved to the window and was looking out of it—not into Piccadilly.

"But do you know, my darling, that there are some people who think you very ill-used," continued the Colonel significantly; "who say, for instance, that I neglect you?"

"You! What, my dear old young papa? Then they must be mad people," said Hester, with indignation. "They should be put in a padded room."

Such filial loyalty might well have provoked a smile, but the faces of her companions were both very grave. There was silence for a moment, and then her father said, in his tenderest tone, "We are quite forgetting all this time, my child, that you have just arrived from a long journey, that your dresses are all packed up, and that we dine in half an hour."

"That is plenty of time for me, papa; *au revoir* then; when you see me next, gentlemen, I shall be resplendent in crimped—that is crumpled muslin."

CHAPTER IV.—THE TWO FRIENDS.

For a full minute after Hester left the room the two men kept their respective positions without speaking. The Colonel was the first to break silence. "You see, she expects you, Philip; of course you will dine with us."

"Of course I shall do nothing of the kind," was the dry response. "It is only right that you and your daughter should be alone together the first evening after her return. You will have plenty to talk about."

"I suppose I shall," said the Colonel doubtfully.

"You ought to have; and at all events she will make up for your deficiencies. If you feel no interest in your daughter's affairs, which are quite as important to her as the odds against Lancaster are to you, I entreat you to assume some. If you fail to gain her confidence now, remember you will never gain it. It is your first and best, if not your only chance."

"Tut, tut! did you not hear her speak of

me just now? The dear girl is devoted to me."

"She loves you, Richard, but she does not know you."

"That's a pleasant speech from an old friend," exclaimed Darrell bitterly.

"It is because I am so old a friend that I speak so plainly. Moreover, you may write it down on the other side of the ledger, that though I know you better than any man knows you, I am still your best friend."

"I believe that, Philip," admitted the Colonel, lighting a cigarette and walking impatiently up and down the little drawing-room. "But what would you have me do?"

"I would have you put that cigarette out. This room, remember, is your daughter's only sitting-room."

"Oh, that's nonsense. Hester is much too sensible and well-brought-up a girl to have any objection to tobacco."

"No doubt; but the people who call upon her will perhaps object to it. The society you intend her to mix with is not, I conclude, to be exclusively composed of young gentlemen of fortune."

The colour rushed into the Colonel's cheeks. "There is no other man in the world," he said with vehemence, "who would dare to talk to me like that, Langton."

"And there is no other man in the world, Darrell, who would care to do so," was the quiet reply. "You have many friends, and your daughter will have many lovers; but who will love your daughter for her father's sake save me? For her to love you is easy enough, since it is easy for others; but I want her also to respect you. If she knew what I knew of you that would be difficult."

"As far as that goes," returned the Colonel grimly, "it would be difficult for any woman, if she really knew him, to respect any man."

"Perhaps," answered Langton coolly, "though it is possible you generalise from insufficient data. But I know enough of Hester to be assured that if her respect for any one should be lost, much else would go with it."

"But you have no idea how very respectable—that, of course, but I mean how thoughtful and particular I am going to be, Langton."

"I cannot say that you have begun very well as regards thoughtfulness. I think, for example, you might have given up Sandown races just for one afternoon for your daughter's sake."

"That's very true. I feel that I ought to have met her at the railway station. On

the other hand, the dear girl is so well accustomed to take care of herself."

"No girl with her good looks, Darrell, should be permitted to go about alone in London, if it can be avoided."

"Well, perhaps not. I admit it was thoughtless of me; still she had only to drive to this address."

"Which you had not even given to her correctly. She was put to great embarrassment and even some distress in consequence."

"What do you mean? I wrote to her most distinctly. I remember I took great pains to be distinct to say that I had taken 99*a*, Piccadilly, for the season."

"You meant to do so, no doubt; but what you did write, for I have seen it, was 299*a*, and I can easily guess the reason. It was not your daughter's return to town, but your number in the Derby lottery that you were thinking about."

"Is it possible I could have been such an idiot? That ticket, however, was a rare stroke of luck, was it not? though heaven knows it was owed to me. The idea of such a beggarly thing as 'a sweep' turning up trumps! The odds against my drawing Lancaster were literally two hundred to one, you know, and now by hedging against him I am certain to pull off a good stake."

"Which you will never do," was the other's quiet reply.

"But I must do it if I only hedge."

"Yes, but you won't hedge."

"Well, you see I have very good reports of Mason's horse," said the Colonel persuasively. "I don't believe in tips in a general way; but——"

"You have got some particular information," put in the other.

"Then you know about it; that's odd, for Digby Mason told me in the greatest confidence."

Langton laughed aloud.

"For forty-five you are certainly the youngest man I know; the idea of any one out of his teens believing in 'particular information' about a race-horse."

"But it comes from Digby Mason I tell you."

"Then I should certainly hedge."

"Ah, I forgot, you have a prejudice against that young fellow. I do assure you, however, he is as straight as a die."

"A loaded one."

"For shame, Langton—I really don't know what you mean. Even between friends things should not be said like that."

"I say nothing; only if you must play

cards with Mason I wish you'd stick to whist."

"I do generally. Though it is true I sometimes take a hand at picquet with him. You ask any man who knows, and he will tell you I am the better player."

"I did not say you were not; but Mason is the more lucky one."

"Well, luck cannot last for ever."

"Just so," returned the other significantly. "When it does, it ceases to be luck."

"I can't stand this, Langton, and I won't," exclaimed the Colonel with irritation. "I don't mind being taken to task by you, because I know you mean me nothing but good; but I will not have my friends spoken of in this manner behind their backs."

"Mr. Mason is very well aware of my opinion of him," said Langton coldly.

"And you don't speak to one another in consequence; under these circumstances it is surely very bad form to speak against him."

For one instant Philip Langton's brow grew dark as a thunder-cloud, and his eyes flashed fire; but the next moment his face, though it had slightly paled, was as unruffled as ever.

"Let us talk of something else, Dick," he said gently. "Who is to be Hester's chaperon? She cannot live here alone with nobody but nurse Askell to take care of her."

"Then her father counts for nothing I suppose," said the Colonel.

It was evident by his tone as well as by his flushed face that, unlike his companion, he had not yet recovered his equanimity.

"Of course when you are at home it will be all right, my dear fellow; but do you propose to be always at home—in the afternoons, for instance?"

"Well, perhaps not every afternoon."

"Just so; now it is in the afternoon that people call."

"To be sure; I had never thought of that; I am ever so much obliged to you for speaking of it. Mrs. West, however, will be constantly looking in, no doubt. However, as you say" (Langton had said nothing, but he was looking volumes), "it won't do to trust to that. The dear girl must have a chaperon."

Philip Langton shrugged his shoulders. Bachelor as he was, it struck him as amazing that the necessity for such an arrangement had not occurred to the Colonel. In spite of himself and of his desire to bear lightly upon his friend's shortcomings, he also felt a little indignant upon Hester's account.

"It will require some judgment, Darrell," he answered gravely. "You can't hire a chaperon—or at least, if you did, she would be worse than none at all—as you hire furnished apartments."

"Of course not; I will talk that over with Hester."

"Quite right; it is she who ought to have the chief voice in such a matter."

"No doubt. On the other hand, there are some things about which she knows very little, and which it is nevertheless essential that she should understand."

The Colonel said this with the air of a man who has a good deal to say, then suddenly stopped short. He looked at his companion interrogatively, almost appealingly; but though the other's face was attentive enough, it was also imperturbable; he made no reply. "The fact is, you see," continued the Colonel, with an air of great perplexity, "though Hester is the dearest of girls, and we have always been devoted to each other, I have never spoken with her about the state of my affairs. I am afraid she thinks I am a rich man."

Langton shook his head.

"Well, if she doesn't, so much the better; if she knows how I am situated that's half the battle."

"Do you know how you are situated yourself?" inquired the other drily.

"Well, of course—that is to say generally—what you may call in round numbers. Perhaps ten thousand pounds."

There was a stifled groan from Langton. Since the last statement of accounts the Colonel had lost half his fortune.

"And what do you pay for your present quarters?" inquired the other, looking round the room, which, though gaudily furnished, and fit to be placed on the stage in a drama of society, looked very unlike what we call "home."

"A hundred pounds a month. It is a largish figure, but I look upon it under the circumstances as a good investment. Then there will be five thousand more coming to Hester from the Phoenix."

"Which, while you live, however, will be only another drain upon your resources, as you have to pay the premiums."

"I am always very particular about them," said the Colonel complacently.

"And I trust you always will be. To fail in that, Richard, would be the wickedest act that a man in your position could commit."

"Good heavens! do you suppose I don't feel that?" returned the other, with irrita-

tion. "If I thought myself capable of leaving my Hester unprovided for I should not be fit to live; and, perhaps, as it is," he added desperately, "I am better out of the world than in it."

"Hush! hush!" said Langton, pointing to the ceiling, from which there had proceeded more than once a dull heavy thud, indicative of boxes. "It is idle to deny that your position is a very unpleasant one, but what I fear about it is that it may be also precarious. The fortune you have to-day, small as it is, may be gone to-morrow."

"No, no, my dear fellow; on the contrary, my lawyer assures me it is invested admirably, and quite safe."

"Safe! as if anything was safe with a man who plays piquet for five shilling points, whist for fivers, and backs his own judgment on the race-course!"

"But I am not going to do so any more. Lancaster is the last horse I mean to back."

"You said just now you were going to bet against him."

"Did I? Well, perhaps I shall. I feel that, under the circumstances, I ought to stick to certainties—I don't mean 'morals,' they always come off wrong—and avoid risks. Come, I promise you I'll hedge my money; whatever I have I'll keep, you may take that much for granted. But even as it is, matters, as you were saying, are very far from cheerful, and that brings me back again to Hester. I want somebody to hint to her—in the most delicate way in the world, that things are in short as they are, and that her best, indeed, her only chance—it's a precious unpleasant thing for me to broach to her—but you must see it yourself, Philip, as clear as daylight."

"I think I do," said Langton quietly. "You want this young girl to set her heart—no, that's not quite the expression—to marry for money."

"That is a needlessly blunt and offensive way of putting it," said the Colonel, in an aggrieved tone; "why should a rich young fellow be less desirable as a husband than a poor young fellow?"

"He generally is," observed the other sententiously; "he is spoilt and selfish to begin with; but, by the way, why should it be a young fellow at all?"

"Eh! well, I don't know, only it seems more fitting."

"I am glad you are thinking of fitness. I thought, perhaps," and here he looked at the Colonel very sharply, "you might have had some particular young fellow in your eye for Hester."

"Certainly not; no," answered the other, reddening. "She will be free to take her own choice; that is, within limits. We cannot quite throw the handkerchief to whom we like."

"A rich marriage is, in fact, the only thing that can reimburse you for your losses."

"I am not thinking of myself, or even my losses, so far as they regard myself," returned the Colonel earnestly. "So help me heaven it is so, nor do I take any credit to myself for that; for, to tell you the honest truth, old fellow, things have come to that pass with me that I don't much care what becomes of me."

"You must have had very bad paper lately," said the other drily.

"Yes, I have," returned the Colonel naively; "nothing but twos and threes. But that's not it—at least, though of course it makes bad worse, it is not the worst of it. The life of a man like me is like a cigar, very pleasant until one gets near the end, and then there's something bitter—*aliquid amari*, as we used to say at Eton. One is sometimes almost tempted to throw it away."

Langton regarded his friend with astonishment. He knew that his disposition was risky, in the sense of speculation, but he had never seen in it any approach to recklessness, still less had he observed in him the slightest disposition to moralise.

"Look here, Dick," he said presently, "if things are as you say with you—not only as regards your affairs, I mean, but *you*—and as only a rich marriage can mend matters, why not marry, yourself?"

The Colonel rose, nay, jumped from his chair.

"Marry! I marry! good heavens!"

"Well, why not? you are a young man yet, much too young indeed for your paternal position. Though you wear your coat so tight, you are not like old Sir Archibald, who, when a button bursts, goes all to pieces. There are half-a-dozen women I know, all with money, who would be ready to jump down your throat."

One would have thought one of them had done it, for the Colonel looked half-choked.

"What horrible nonsense you talk!" he gasped.

"Nonsense! Only give me authority to treat with them, that's all. I'll do it without any compunction—and you'll see whether it's nonsense. Of course I can't guarantee youth, that would be contrary to that sense of fitness which you just expressed. It can't be 'a companion to your dear girl,'—such as

Sir Archibald wanted for *his* girls, only they wouldn't have her—with respect to age, but they shall have money, I promise you. There's Lady Marabout for one."

"I'd rather hang myself," said the Colonel vehemently.

"Very good; she will make excellent settlements and you will hang yourself afterwards. It sounds unfeeling, but you have just said you didn't care what became of you."

"I couldn't do it," said the Colonel positively, "one must stop somewhere, remember, even in self-sacrifice."

Langton smiled sardonically; the smile seemed to say, "How on earth should you know that, since you are utterly unacquainted with the subject?" But the other did not notice it. "The proposition is not to be thought of," he went on; "how would you like it yourself?" Philip Langton's face had suddenly grown grey and cold as a stone. "Well, I don't mean that, of course, but your suggestion is impossible. My habits are—confirmed. I must have my rubber pretty often. I have not been what people call "at home" till two in the morning for the last twenty years. I have always smoked all over the place. Yes, *everywhere*," added the Colonel with ferocious vehemence. "I can't go to sleep without tobacco."

A smile flickered upon Langton's face, but only for a moment. There was something on his mind—a word unawares had thrown it there—which was antagonistic to mirth.

"What must be must be," he sighed. "When it comes to self-sacrifice it is the woman that has to make it, that is their common lot."

"I don't see that Hester, if you mean her, need sacrifice anything," muttered the Colonel. "One would think I was going to sell her to the highest bidder."

"No, to do you justice I do not think that; if I did think so I should not be talking to you as I am now."

"I am sure you would not; you would give me a piece of your mind and turn your back on me for ever, and quite right too," said the Colonel energetically. "Come, Philip, do stay to dinner. I have not time to dress any more than you. Indeed, for that matter, you would be just as welcome in an ulster."

"No," said Langton, but with the air of a man who gives up something pleasant too. "It would not be right. You and your daughter should be alone the first evening, especially as you have something serious to say to her."

"Yes, that's just it," murmured the Colonel complainingly. "I have never spoken seriously to the dear girl in my life. It's very hard upon me."

"Take care you are *not* hard upon her," said Langton warningly.

"I hard upon my little girl! What sort of brute do you take me for!"

Langton nodded kindly—an ample reply to his friend's question—and hearing a light step and a trailing garment on the stairs hurriedly quitted the room.

As he closed the front door behind him, his face was full of anxious thought. "There will be trouble in that house," he sighed to himself. "'Not to the highest bidder,' said Darrell, which is doubtless true enough, but to dispose of her by private contract might be even worse. 'A young man,' he said; he had some one in his mind, I know. Heaven forbid it should be the one I have in mine."

CHAPTER V.—"MOSTLY FRENCH."

I AM always in difficulties when I have to describe apparel; it is a thing which does not interest me, which I regret as I regret any other deficiency in my nature. In my youth I have had contemporaries who have been literally "wrapped up" in their clothes, and have envied them their satisfaction. It distresses me to reflect that at the same epoch some of the gentler sex may have taken some pains in this direction for my unworthy sake, which must have been utterly thrown away. It is not only that I have not appreciated it, but I have not seen it. Yet I have no reason to believe that I am colour-blind. If they had attired themselves in purple and fine linen, I think I should have noticed the purple; but anything less pronounced escapes my observation.

It is for this reason that my pen is utterly inadequate to describe Hester Darrell as she descends into the drawing-room of No. 99*a*, Piccadilly. She is, of course, not splendidly arrayed, for such things are not done merely to please papa, yet she gives one the impression of perfect taste. And this is surely the intention of dress; it ought to have the same effect as a soft carpet, that is to say, should produce a general impression of satisfactoriness without any sense of pattern or particularity. I must needs confess (though it may not be to her advantage) that Hester's dress also suggested costliness; it was white, but it was not muslin as she threatened it would be; it was, I am thankful to say, not

silk, a material that makes a noise distressing to the nerves, and which sets my teeth on edge to think of; it was not stiff at all but soft and fluffy. She looked as innocent and as perfectly at home in it as a bird in its nest.

"How nice my little girl looks!" exclaimed the Colonel, with involuntary admiration. "Let me forget for the moment the fact that I have not yet paid the dressmaker's bill."

"That need not detract from your admiration in this case," was the rejoinder, "for I made it myself."

"It is impossible," cried the Colonel incredulously. "You would persuade me that the amateur is superior to the professional; as a matter of fact, though some foolish people maintain the contrary, the game-keeper always shoots better than his master, and the gentleman rider is eclipsed by the jockey."

"Nevertheless, I made the whole of it," persisted Hester, extending her white arms to express completeness, "seam and gusset and band, band and gusset and seam. Madame Langlais will corroborate the fact."

"No doubt, just as the drawing-master will aver that his pupil's performances are all her own for his own credit. I never dispute a lady's word, my love, but, I reserve for myself the right of private judgment."

"You are very rude, papa. In Paris where I come from, sir, the gentlemen are more polite."

"You will find them polite enough here, my dear," replied the Colonel, with involuntary significance. He could have well believed that Hester would have turned out a pretty girl; but he had not been prepared for such exceptional grace and beauty. She had a charm, too, much rarer, that of freshness and naturalness. His life suddenly ebbed back again twenty years.

"You remind me of your mother," he said softly.

Hester went up to him and kissed him, with the tears in her eyes. "You will not be lonely any more, papa," she whispered, "I will do my best to fill her place."

This simplicity—for her attempt to fathom his thoughts was rather wide of the mark—touched him very much. His face grew very tender—and older. He was almost upon the point of giving way to a burst of emotion. There were some things, however, notwithstanding what folks said to the contrary, that Colonel Richard Darrell felt that he could not afford to indulge in.

"There is the gong, my dear; let me take you down to dinner."

Father and daughter went down the narrow stairs together.

"We are very scant of room in this house," he said; "in selecting a chaperon for you, we must look out for a slim one."

"A chaperon!" she exclaimed in alarm. "What do I want of chaperons when I have my papa?"

"He is too young," answered the Colonel, smiling.

They spoke in the French tongue, which was familiar to both of them, because of the butler, an ecclesiastical-looking personage of the proper type; he had been secured, having, by a great stroke of fortune been "out of employ" at the time, "by the job."

"But that is the very reason why there should be no chaperon, papa. It would be scandalous. It is my first duty to protect your reputation."

The Colonel shook with laughter. This was just the sort of daughter that delighted him. He had always loved her, but had not hitherto recognised in her this pleasant drollery and intuitive knowledge of the world. He sighed to think that, thanks to his own folly, she was a luxury that he could not afford to keep for his own pleasure.

"I hope you are not sorry," she continued, "that this dragon of a daughter has come home to exercise surveillance over you."

"No, my dear, I am not sorry," he answered, with a loving look. "But there is on my side, too, a sense of responsibility. Though what is called an idle man, I am not without my engagements, and shall not be able to be at home with you every hour of the day, as—ahem!—of course I would much prefer to be."

Hester laughed aloud. "Such devotion, my dear papa, could, I am sure, have no other end than martyrdom. In less than a week you would be bored to death."

"Not at all," said the Colonel eagerly, but with ever so little of a blush.

"What!" She held up a pink finger as though reproving some four-footed pet. Her laughter grew louder, like a brook swollen by the summer rain, and the Colonel's cheeks grew redder and redder. "What an audacious young papa it is," she said, "to try and make me believe that he would not soon get tired of the society of a bread-and-butter school-girl!"

"You are not the least like anything of the sort," exclaimed the Colonel confidently.

"But this is only the first half-hour of me," she persisted. "And besides, you are dining. Imagine to yourself a whole afternoon with me—six afternoons, and three of them wet ones—instead of at the club!"

The Colonel's jaw fell. He tried to keep it up but he couldn't.

"I will not continue the domestic picture," concluded Hester, "the details would be too painful; but just conceive your feelings at afternoon tea, when your friends are beginning their rubber."

"I deny your premises altogether," said the Colonel; "but whatever truth may be in them only strengthens my own position. You cannot be left here alone to receive callers."

"But I don't want callers, dear papa. I have promised Madame Langlais to pursue my studies, and I mean to get you to subscribe to the circulating libraries for all the nice books—for one reads nothing, you know, in France—and as for companionship, when I want to talk I'll make nurse Askell come and sit in the drawing-room till you come home to dinner."

"But nurse Askell won't do to receive visitors. Suppose Lady Buttermere calls, for instance?"

"Why shouldn't I receive her? She won't bite me in London any more than she bit me in the country, will she? I am not the least afraid of Lady Buttermere."

"I don't think you are," said the Colonel admiringly, "though I know a good many girls who would shake in their shoes at the mere sight of her. But there are other people—yes—who would think it very odd. No, dear, you must have a chaperon. Now don't you think your friend, Mrs. West, could be induced to come?"

"What! and leave her home and her girls to look after me, papa? I am quite sure she would not."

"To be sure. I forgot that she had a family. And one could hardly make it worth her while, could one?" inquired the Colonel indecisively.

"You could not hire her, if you mean that, papa. Goodness gracious! what an idea!"

"But how do young girls get chaperons? It's a thing which comes altogether new to me, you see."

"Well, I suppose so," said Hester comically. "You have never had occasion to advertise for such a thing on your own account, no doubt. 'Wanted, a chaperon. Apply to Colonel Richard Darrell. The highest references as to character supplied by Philip Langton, Esq., Megatherium Club.'"

"I wish you would take things a little more seriously, Hester; but still, what you say has some sense. Perhaps I had better advertise."

"That will be capital!" cried Hester, clapping her hands. "An army of dowagers will file in to No. 99a between two and four, to be interviewed and cross-examined as to their qualifications. I can see my dear young papa at it. One of them—the oldest and ugliest—will faint in his arms, like Mrs. Bardell. There will be employment for gentlemen of the long robe, as the papers say. You will have to compromise for ten thousand pounds, or give me a step-mother."

"That would be one way out of the difficulty, certainly," said the Colonel ruefully. "Well, I will speak about it to Mrs. Brabazon."

"Oh dear! you are not going to propose to her to come, papa, I do hope!" exclaimed Hester in alarm.

"My dear girl, how can you talk such nonsense! But a lady of her position and strong religious principles——"

"Eh?"

It was only a monosyllable, but there was a world of significance in it.

"My dear child, what do you mean? Do you venture to imply that Mrs. Brabazon is not religious? Why she goes to church—as I am informed—even on week-days. Her views, in fact, are supposed to be a little too extreme—lighted candles in the daytime."

"Just as you have at the club," murmured Hester.

"My dearest girl," exclaimed the Colonel earnestly, "I entreat of you not to be flip-pant when speaking of persons of rank and fashion. They are not proper objects of satire, even of playful satire."

"But they are sometimes so funny, dear papa," pleaded Hester.

"I don't deny, my dear, that they are very often supremely ridiculous. But it is not wise, and it is not safe to laugh at them. 'It is dangerous,' says the Scripture, to do so 'even in one's bedchamber, for birds of the air may carry the matter.'"

"And yet I have heard Mr. Langton make great fun of Mrs. Brabazon, and even of Lord Buttermere, without your expressing disapproval, papa," observed Hester demurely.

"My dear child, Philip Langton is Philip Langton, a man with a certain position of his own, such as it is; but you—well, you are a young girl who has to make her own way in the world."

"I don't understand," said Hester softly,

and with a frightened air. She looked involuntarily round the showy little apartment, which, more like a French than an English dining-room, was decorated almost in drawing-room style. "We are not so very poor, are we, papa?"

"We are not paupers, of course, my dear; if anything were to happen to me, you would not have to go out as a lady's maid. I don't mean anything of that sort at all. But relatively to our position we are very far from rich; the fact is, Hester," continued the Colonel earnestly, "fortune has been rather unkind to me. Investments which I had been led to believe were perfect morals—"

"Morals?" inquired Hester.

"It is a business phrase, my dear, meaning indubitably secure; well, they have proved very unfortunate. I have acted on the best advice."

"Dear papa," interposed Hester, her beautiful eyes wet with tears, "I am sure you have. Do not distress yourself with the remembrance of our misfortunes. I am very much obliged to you for confiding in me; and now that I know the real state of your affairs will take care to be as little expense to you as possible. This dress which you praised so much, for instance, though it is not so expensive a one as you imagined, ought never to have been put on this evening, only I wanted to look nice in your dear eyes."

"You look lovely, darling," put in the Colonel with enthusiasm; "and I beg that I may never see you less becomingly attired. The more it costs the better, if only the effect produced can be improved in proportion."

"But, my dear papa, I don't understand."

"That is the worst of a poor girl not having a mother," murmured the Colonel plaintively. "I dare say that after the confession that I have just made, it surprises you that I should have hired this gilded bower, that six feet two of pompous inanity, who, thank heaven, has left us at last alone, and surrounded you with the unnecessary luxuries which you found above-stairs."

"It surprises me very much, papa." The girl's tone was suddenly become grave; her face had lost its childish look and assumed an air of anxiety. It was a transformation very much for the worse, yet it was not unwelcome to the Colonel, for it convinced him that his unpleasant task of explanation was over; that she had guessed what he had to tell. At the same time his heart was touched, nay smitten, by the girl's obvious distress of mind; he felt it melting within him, and

hastened to put on that armour of paternal authority, which to say truth fitted him but ill.

"My dear child, the duty you have to perform is that of every girl in good society, only in your case it is a necessity. It is only a few girls who can indulge in the foolish luxury of what is called a love match; that is to say, who can select from a crowd of suitors, among whom perhaps there is not one pin to choose in other respects, the least eligible as regards fortune. Your tender heart will never be distressed by having to reject any one on account of his poverty, for I shall make it my business that no detrimental shall have the chance of throwing himself under your chariot wheels. You have a very good position in the world to start with, and, if a father's fondness does not utterly blind me, you will in a few weeks have all the golden youth of London at your feet. They are not very bright, you may think, in spite of their gilding, but perfection in lovers is not to be found out of a fairy tale; nor is it to be forgotten that young gentlemen who are poor may be every whit as dull as the others. You will have as good a chance or nearly so, as the richest heiress of the season, only, unlike her, you cannot afford to take much time in choosing. I have not the income for more than one campaign. If I had, Hester darling, if I were only a rich man, I would say, Heaven knows, take your time and take your choice, and if you don't find the lover to suit you down to the ground, then remain with your dear father, who loves you like the apple of his eye, for ever and ever."

Never had the tones of Colonel Richard Darrell, not even when he had been known as "Look and Die," been more tender and pleading; it is also probable that they were much more genuine than when used on some previous occasions. He twirled his moustaches with both hands (which showed a great agitation) and awaited his daughter's reply.

"Dear papa," said Hester, after a long silence, "I cannot conceal from you that you have given me great pain. I am afraid I am not fit for the position, which (but for our poverty) you tell me that we fill in the world. I had rather—much rather—that while still loving me as much as I am sure you do, you would spend no money on my account, and keep me in obscurity. Save that I saw your dear face so seldom, I was very happy and contented at Madame Langlais'. A simple life is what suits me best, while you,"—she hesitated, the comparison was difficult to draw—"I mean why should



"We are not so very poor, are we, papa?"

you not still continue to be as you deserve to be, the idol of all who know you, the welcome guest of the great and powerful, and put me somewhere out of sight, but still where you can come and see me, when you feel inclined."

"Don't, don't!" broke in the Colonel, greatly agitated. "It is very natural, but it is rather hard, and you might spare me, Hester."

"Spare you, father!"

"Why, of course, I know that such a proposal as you have made could only have arisen from my own thoughtlessness and neglect of you."

"Who dares to say so?" cried Hester, starting from her chair.

"I do," said the Colonel simply.

Hester burst into tears and threw herself into her father's arms. "Yes, my dear," he murmured mournfully, "if you were to smother me with reproaches instead of caresses, I should deserve them. What you suggest as a scheme for your future, does not surprise me in the least, though it brings home to me for the first time the sense of my own ill behaviour. It is, however, utterly impracticable. You are now grown up and cannot be put out with a baby farmer; we must live together, and my life—and I am too old to change it—must be your life. It seems artificial to you now, no doubt; a month or two hence it will seem quite natural. Perhaps in my wish to put the matter plainly before you, I may have wounded, Heaven knows what tender and innocent feelings. I am a man of the world, my child, ignorant of your thoughts, as you are (I hope) of mine. Forgive me if I have caused you pain. It was absolutely necessary to be explicit; but do not imagine things to be worse than they are. You are not a Circassian in the slave market of Constantinople, no, nor even, as you picture to yourself, a female fortune-hunter. You can pick and choose for yourself like any other young lady, only within certain limits. We do not bind ourselves, as they say at the War Office, to take "the highest or any tender." Only I felt that I must speak in time, lest in spite of my precautions your affections should become entangled where of necessity they could not be permanently placed, and cause you pain in the sunderance. I almost regret, since it has distressed you so, that I spoke at all. I have done it I am afraid very clumsily. I knew I should, but Philip positively declined to do it for me."

"Philip? Does Mr. Langton know then, that you were about to speak to me upon this matter?"

"Well, yes, I always, or nearly always" (the Colonel was thinking of his "investment") "take Philip's advice about everything."

"This is humiliation, indeed!" gasped poor Hester.

Her father did not hear; but he saw that she was deeply pained, "dreadfully put out," as he afterwards expressed it to his old friend.

"I shall never forgive myself, my dear," he sighed, "for my awkwardness of expression. If it had been Philip instead of me everything would have gone like oil. If I could only recall my words, so that you might feel they had never been spoken."

She shook her little head, ah, so sadly and so wearily!

"If I could, I say, I swear to you I would do it. After all, the risk of your throwing yourself away without knowing, as it were, that you could not afford it, would have been infinitesimally small. (It was fifty to one against the dark horse," he murmured plaintively, "and I ought to have risked it.) Nay, my darling child, try to forget all about it; consider, what is indeed the fact, that you are here to enjoy yourself. There is neither scheme nor plot in the matter. Look like your sweet self again, I implore you, for your father's sake; and let him feel that he is forgiven."

She wiped her eyes and did her best to smile and please him, but to be herself—the self of half an hour ago—was impossible; the gaiety of heart and of youth had departed; the spring, on which all her being had hitherto moved with so marvellous a grace, was overburdened and refused to act. Her father talked—no, he made conversation, which is a very different thing from talking—upon various trivial matters, and she answered him cheerfully, but very briefly; it no longer gave her pleasure to pour out her thoughts before him, as the fountain rejoices in the sun: on one point, indeed, she became absolutely reticent, and unaccountably so, even to herself. He asked her about her journey and the fellow-passengers she had met with in the train. It would have been surely only natural for her to speak of the young soldier from the Indies, who had been so kind in looking after her luggage; yet all she said was, "The carriage was full of passengers, but they were mostly French."



In Camp on the Himalayas.

UP THE HIMALAYAS.

Mountaineering on the Indian Alps.

By W. W. GRAHAM.

FIRST PAPER.

HOW often have I had the question asked of me: "What's the good of mountaineering? It's very dangerous, and when you've done it, where's the benefit?" And then they give an irritating chuckle and think that they have silenced you. And in truth they have; for it is hopeless to argue with such people, and silence is the only remedy. Still, a pursuit which has been eagerly followed by such men as Ruskin, Tyndall, Leslie Stephen, not to mention a host of lesser names, must have something in it; and at the risk of repeating an oft-told tale, I will say a few words in defence of this fascinating pastime. That it stimulates mind and body alike, in a way that no other sport can do, is, I think, undeniable; it teaches endurance and self-reliance, and brings the body into the most admirable condition. Nor are its effects upon the mind to be slighted.

"The fairest views of earth are given
To him who nearest climbs to heaven."

Even the most commonplace of natures must have felt higher and nobler when gazing, from the summit of some Alpine peak, at the fair earth spread beneath him, or watching the summits at dawn, each rose-tipped by the rising sun. But, say our opponents: "We grant all this; but it's so dangerous. Look at the annual list of accidents, and then tell me if you have any right to risk your life in this way." To this we might reply that the same applies to every sport, and, indeed, to every business or trade, and that if the percentage in climbing is slightly higher, it is because an accident is almost necessarily fatal. But I would go further, and say that Alpine climbing, *properly conducted*, is, on the contrary, one of the safest as it is one of the most exciting pursuits. There are a very few simple rules:

First, the proper use of the rope.

Second, careful choice and *sufficient number* of guides.

Third, attention to the weather.

Fourth, not to be too ambitious at first ; begin with small things and go on to greater.

If these be properly obeyed, the dangers are reduced to almost a minimum, as I shall show by a few figures.

From 1856 to 1884, 29 years inclusive, there have been on the High Alps 47 fatal accidents, resulting in the deaths of 88 persons. Of these, no less than 38 accidents, resulting in 60 deaths, arose from the breach of one of the first three laws. So that there remain only 9 accidents and 28 deaths, as the actual measure of danger of a whole generation of climbing, during which these ascents can only be counted by thousands. So much for the danger. One last thing is, that Alpine climbing is attended by no destruction of animal life, as are so many other English pastimes ; nor can it damage the property of others, or interfere with their enjoyment.

It has not been without benefit to science ; many interesting problems in geology have been solved by its votaries. The whole theory of glacier action, which has played so important a part in the world's history, has been worked out by men who were also climbers, and great additions to knowledge have been made in the realms of physiology, botany, mineralogy, &c. However, with this brief and, I trust, unnecessary defence of the great principle of Alpine climbing, let me pass from precept to practice and give a short account of an expedition into the greater Indian Alps of Kumaon and Gurhwal.

It was in June, 1883, that I started for this expedition. Sixty hours' continuous travelling by rail and carriage took me from Calcutta to Ranibagh, at the foot of the hills, and sixty hours' travelling in the hot weather is no joke. Then comes a delightful change, for in India at least, "*Cœlum non animum mutant qui mare transeurrunt*," does not hold good. The green luxuriant foliage of the hills is no more like the parched, burnt plains, than is the mental state in which one views them respectively. The path now winds in zigzags up the steep hill-side ; on the top is a small bazaar ; we turn a corner, a glittering green lake, circled with towering hills, bursts upon the view, and we are in Naini Tal.

The suddenness of the change and the rare beauty of the scene reminded me forcibly of my first glimpse of Grasmere from the top of Red Scar. Yet beautiful as is our own lake-land, it must yield to its Indian rival. Nestling in its long, drowned-out crater, hills rising steeply for 2,000 feet from the water's edge, yet wooded to their very summit with

all the profligate luxuriance of a tropical forest, no wonder that Naini Tal has been chosen as one of the most favoured hill stations. Alas ! beneath all its smiling beauty is hid an ever-present danger ; those hills encircling the emerald lake and threatening almost to fall into it, may, at any time, carry out their threat ; nay, they have already done so in one instance, and awful was the ensuing catastrophe.

Here I proposed to wait till my companions arrived, and perhaps I should say a few words about them. First and foremost, was Emil Boss, one of the best mountaineers living, extremely well educated, speaking seven languages equally fluently ; a captain in the Swiss army, he is a splendid companion and I deemed myself fortunate to have his company. He brought with him Ulrich Kaufmann, of Grindelwald, a first-rate guide, though, perhaps, not so well known as some others. It may be remembered that these two went to New Zealand with Mr. Green, when they achieved the splendid ascent of Mt. Cook, for which, in conjunction with his Indian achievements, Captain Boss received the Back grant from the Royal Geographical Society.

The next morning we rose early and proceeded to climb Chini, which rises some 3,000 feet above the lake. After a long pull we reached the top and, like good little boys, received the reward of our labours in our first view of the Himalayas. Far, far away, floating in a sea of golden mist, their snowy summits flashing back a welcome to the rising sun, as far on either hand as the eye could reach, till shape and hue were alike lost and blended with the eastern sky, ran the Snows, the abodes of the Indian gods. Right north towered up the huge Trisuli, whose three rocky peaks, on this side at least, no mountaineer will ever scale. Black and threatening as night, they rise, one huge scarped rock face ; here and there bordered and touched with snow, they stand like mail-clad warriors around their queen. Within their iron ring rises Nanda Devi, surely the most beautiful peak in the chain, as she is the highest. A grey granite obelisk, robed in a right royal ermine of snow, her height towering above her consorts, she is set off by her more immediate companion, Dabi Kote. Over the shoulder of Trisuli peeps the noble peak of Dunagini, and far away to the north even of these, towers the mighty Kamet. Westwards again, rises the gigantic wall of the Gangotri range with its many peaks ; here is the abode, *par excellence*, of the gods. The Rudru Himalah towers above the

rest as a citadel within its battlemented wall. Eastwards, run peak upon peak, chain behind chain, far into the unknown regions of Nepal, terminating in an enormous misty mass, which is probably the giant Dhaolagiri. But glorious as the view was, it only increased my desire to be near them and among them, and great was my delight to receive a telegram from Boss, announcing the arrival of himself and Kauffmann, and that they were coming up from Bombay. On Saturday, the 23rd, they arrived, and we immediately set about packing up and preparing for a start on the morrow. Thirty-five coolies sufficed to carry our baggage, &c., not that we had any superfluities, but the Kumaon coolie is a very inferior beast of burden; about thirty pounds is as much as he cares to carry, and even then he does nothing but grumble. Four annas per diem is the Government regulation, but as I was going off the beaten tracks, and naturally they as well as we would have to undergo some amount of hardship, I agreed to give them six, conditional on good behaviour. A cook, at least he professed to be such, was also engaged, while four stout ponies were to carry us until we reached the actual scene of action.

We started on the 24th, accompanied by M. Dècle, a French member of the Alpine Club. As for a few days we were on a comparatively beaten track, I will hurry over our preliminary marches. Khyrna, Ranikhet, Dourahst, Rawari, Narambagas, Nandak Ganga, Ramni camp, Pana, were our successive halts. The rains were just beginning, and we were much troubled by that awful Indian plague, the hill-leech; in length about an inch, and about the thickness of a knitting-needle, the blood-thirstiness of this tiny pest is horrible; it is no uncommon occurrence to find twenty at one time on one's legs, and nothing keeps them out.

A more serious difficulty was in obtaining provisions. The recognised method is as follows: Travellers obtain from the Commissioner, a chuprassie (courier) with a purwannah (order) directing the head-men of each village to supply coolies and provisions at a fixed tariff. This is an excellent plan were it not for the inherent corruption of the genus chuprassie. No matter what the affair be, whatever passes through his hands leaves a considerable portion sticking there. The result is that villages plead poverty, inability, &c., and great is the difficulty of obtaining supplies. On our return we relied on the almighty dollar instead of the "purwannah," and never had the slightest trouble.

Well, at Pana, Dècle was fairly done up with our various troubles, and decided to return; so next morning, we divided our goods and separated.

It was exactly the parting of Abraham and Lot. Dècle was returning to the flesh-pots of Egypt, so to speak; *i.e.* to the dances, polo, and flirtations of Naini Tal. I was on my way to a land, neither promised nor promising, from a comfortable point of view at any rate. We rode up the hill and they went down it; the last view that I had was that of two men staggering along under Dècle's tent, always a heavy one, and now doubly so, being soaked with water. For a wonder the weather was fine, and we had a perfect banquet of strawberries, which grew in great profusion. Here we first met the traders from Tibet, bringing in salt and borax; all this is carried on sheep and goats. They are beautiful animals, the goats at any rate, with long silky hair and finely twisted horns, and seem to make nothing of a load of thirty to forty pounds, which is packed saddlewise on their backs. Independent they are too, and imagine that they have a sole right to the path, and consequently make not the slightest attempt to get out of your way. For the next two days we met them constantly, and I imagine that the trade, all of which is brought over the Niti Pass, must be very considerable. After crossing the ridge we dropped a little and then passed one of the most exquisite falls I have ever seen. The Pirigudh, a tributary of the Bireh Ganga, dashes violently down the steep slope of the west of Trisul, then plunges into a cavern and falls some 400 feet to the path below. It is a most singular fall, emerging through a perfect hollow channel, probably worked by a huge stone in an eddy, for there are still traces where the former bed ran over the roof of the channel.

We hoped to cross the Kuari Pass this day, but the road was very bad, and the leeches gave the coolies a good deal of trouble, so we finally went into camp some 300 feet below the pass. The actual height of the pass is 12,400 feet, but as this is below the limit of trees it was neither cold nor unpleasant, but deliciously bracing.

Next morning I had intended to go to Rini, where I proposed to have a permanent camp, it being some fifteen miles from the Snows. I did not then know the tremendous difficulty of the ground in the side valleys. Boss, however, had not been very well, and as there was a doctor at Joshimath, we decided to lose a day and take that route.

We reached Joshimath early, passing through a beautiful forest nearly all the way down, and found, to our delight, a dak bungalow, of which we promptly took possession.

Joshimath is a quaint little village, in fact, a town in this province, and is considered to be very sacred by the Hindoos. We made arrangements here with the bunniah for a supply of flour, and went on our way up the valley. All along it were traces of gigantic glacier action; gigantic blocks of gneiss strewed on the slopes at least 1,000 feet above the river. One was laid across the path, and made a perfect tunnel. This block was 84 feet through in its narrowest sense, and what its weight in tons must be I was afraid to conjecture. About two miles up we saw on the left a valley running due north. This is the pilgrim route to Badrinath, the Mecca of the Ganges pilgrimage. On its east the rocks rose sheer to some 13 or 14,000 feet, making the most

superb aiguilles, quite as impossible-looking as, and twice the height of, the well-known Chamounix range, whilst the dazzling white snow peaks of Gangootri formed the background. At Tapobane we found several singular tombs; they are in shape like the Buddhist temples, with a single dark chamber within. A little farther up we came to some hot sulphur springs, and enjoyed a bath in their bubbling waters.

As we advanced up the valley the hills drew closer together, finally rising in sheer cliffs

from the river, which was thundering down at twenty miles an hour between them. I now began to see that reaching the peaks would be as difficult as the actual climbing them. Even here the track was entirely artificial, being made of planks supported on beams driven into the rock. Suddenly, in a very dark place, the rock overhanging many feet, the path descended to the water, and apparently stopped. I at first supposed that it had been carried away by the stream, now in full flood, and so indeed most of it had. One plank was

left, however, about a foot under water, and the crossing it was rather a delicate matter for the laden coolies. After this, about an hour's march brought us to Rini, our destination. Here two violent glacier streams, the one fed by the Nanda Devi group, the other flowing from the foot of Kamet, meet and mingle their waters with a tremendous roar. The valley is very narrow, with almost precipitous cliffs on every side, and right



Emil Boss.

ahead rose a black peak 17,000 feet, which fell to the stream in one sheer precipice of about 7,000 feet, and seemed to block up all further approach to the valley.

The next day, 6th, we wished to start for Nanda Devi. As the crow flies it is some 20 miles, but, seeing the nature of the ground, we decided to allow at least a week to reach the foot of the peak. On inquiring for a guide we were told that the valley was impassable, no sahib had ever been up it, &c., &c.; we took most of this *cum grano*, but

found, alas! that it was only too true. After getting up some 4 miles we came to an unexpected obstacle. A glacier had once run due north from Trisul to the river; it has now retreated, leaving a bed with sheer perpendicular walls some 400 feet in depth. We tried up and down to find a place where we could cross. Below, it fell sheer some 1,500 feet into the river; above, the bed only got deeper and deeper. It was a mighty moat of Nature's own digging to guard her virgin fortresses. We gave it up, and returned rather disconsolately to Rini. That night we held a council of war, and finally decided that as Nanda Devi seemed rather a tough nut we would be modest and attack Dunagiri first.

Accordingly we selected the seven best coolies, and taking ten days' provisions we started. The route lay up the north branch of the Dhauli River for some 6 miles. This is a regular traders' track, and in fine condition. Half-way up we noticed a spring bubbling out, and on tasting it found it to be true Seltzer water and very good, so we promptly passed the word for a "peg." We now turned off the track, up a valley to the east, and, of course, the "going" was much deteriorated. One village lay before us, Tolam, a beautiful little spot embowered in wild fruit-trees—apricot, peach, and plum, and supporting more bees to the square foot than any place I ever saw. The inhabitants live chiefly on their honey. After this the path as a path ceased, though there were still occasional traces of a kind of foot-track along the precipices which overhung the stream. We encamped on a beautiful little ledge some 7 feet wide, a cliff above and a cliff below; here the gorge was not more than 40 yards in width, and the stream descended some 500 feet in a few bounds. Hitherto we had followed as well as we could the course of the water; now an immense rocky rib came down in front of us, falling sheer into the water, and apparently quite impassable. We considered it so, and toiled up the mountain side, intending to take to the ridge and work up along it. Towards our left the ridge broke out into a succession of aiguilles of the most formidable description; towards the east, in the direction of the peak, it looked easier, and though I felt uncertain about it, it was the only possible route that we could see. We worked up for six or seven hours, then leaving the coolies we went on to the top, rather over 17,000 feet. Here we found ourselves cut off by a deep gully, and had accordingly to descend again. I was in great distress about

my feet. When swimming at Khyrna I had made an awkward cut on my right foot against a sharp rock, and had foolishly neglected it, hoping that it would heal up. The exceedingly rough ground over which we had to pass was most detrimental to this process, and the result was that it formed a nasty ulcer, and walking became very painful. I sat down at the top to rest and enjoy the view while Kauffmann and Boss proceeded to stalk a couple of "thar," which we saw at some distance in the rocks. Kauffmann unfortunately had a touch of fever on him, and made a brace of most unaccountable misses at not more than 60 yards. We then crossed the aforesaid rocky rib, and descended the ridge on the other side.

While going ahead to find out the way Boss suddenly grasped my hand and said, "A tiger!" I knew, of course, that no tiger could be at that height, but there certainly was a large animal crouched behind a rock, and evidently watching us. As we stopped to fire it turned and fled, only to receive its *coup de grâce* from Boss, who made the most magnificent shot with a 12 smooth-bore. The shell took it behind the shoulder, and it fell about 100 feet and lay motionless. On pacing the distance we found it to be 150 yards, and the animal was many feet above us. It proved to be a magnificent female snow leopard, measuring 7 feet 4 inches as it lay, one of the rarest animals in India. The fur is a beautiful white, on which are black markings exactly like the common leopard; but the tail differs much, being bushy like a Persian cat. We skinned our prize, and descended again to the river, to find to our disgust that we had only gained about a quarter of a mile in actual distance, though we had had a most fatiguing and prolonged day. Just as we were camping we heard a shout, and saw a little man leaping down the rocks like a chamois. He proved to be a shikari from Tokam, who had heard that we were up this way, and followed us in hopes of a job. We at once closed with his offer to take us to Dunagiri, and a most fortunate meeting it proved to be. Next day we started afresh, once more up the gully, and this time turning eastwards up a very narrow crack which had escaped our notice. The route was worse than ever; in many places a most broken slope of rock and grass, with a precipice above and another below; places where we had to hang on all we knew, and where the coolies had the greatest possible difficulty.

We again crossed the ridge rather over 17,400 feet, and were moving gaily over a

grassy slope, when the shikari who was leading suddenly dropped, and we saw some 500 yards off a large herd of "thar," headed by one jet-black. A stalk was immediately organized, but man proposes and the weather disposes. A dense mist swept across just as we were in range, and when it cleared the herd had disappeared. We were much disgusted,—for one doesn't get a black "thar" every day,—but went on to our camp, which we pitched just below the Dunagiri glacier. The next morning we had intended to rest, and go up to our sleeping place in the afternoon, but on rising the coolies came with great apologies and groans, and informed me that they had nothing to eat. I had taken ten days' rations, a seer, 2 lbs., per man per diem, and had laid in more at Tolam, and here they were all eaten in four days. I swore at and threatened them, but that was no use; we couldn't take them up the mountain without food, but fortunately the shikari came to the rescue. He knew of a village inhabited in the summer on the other side of the great ridge; they would be able to reach that to-day and return to-morrow. We retained two and sent off the others; then sending down for wood, we proceeded to load ourselves and start for the peak.

We started for the foot of the glacier at eleven, and I could not help admiring the way in which the shikari led us. A little thickset man, with a strongly Tibetan cast of features, he went up the steep hill with little short quick steps, carrying his load like a feather. As Boss said admiringly, he went like a chamois. At last we got on the ice, and what a change immediately came over him! It was as if the legs were cut away from under him; he slipped, panted, and finally implored us not to go farther. At 4 P.M. we reached the height of 18,500 feet. Here the two *arêtes* of the peak swept down enclosing the head of the glacier which formed our guide. Right in front of us rose the western face of the peak like a wall, alternate bands of black cliff and snow slopes. Here the serious climbing was to begin, and here we decided to halt for the night. The natives didn't like it at all, and their faces brightened when we told them that they might go down, only to fall again when we added that they must come up again to meet us the next day. We found a beautiful hole under a stone about 5 feet square and 2 feet high. With stones and snow we walled it in, and when spread with our blankets, it

looked quite a luxurious chamber. After a good dinner, we sat and smoked and drank in the glorious view in silence. I don't think we looked much at our peak. There was obviously only one route up, by the south-west *arête*, and this, though steep and requiring plenty of step-cutting, was not discouraging. But to the north and west what a glorious panorama was spread before us! Some twenty-five miles to north, the mighty wall of Kamet rose into the air, its grey granite precipices shining like gold in the setting sun. Round it were set at least a dozen *aiguilles* not one of which was less than 20,000 feet, and whose precipitous snowless sides no animal even could scale. Due west towered the Gangotri peaks, prominent amongst them the gigantic Rudru Himalah. Pure ice are these, but ice lying at such an angle as none of us had imagined possible. Here, again, came the rock *aiguilles*, all second-class peaks as compared with their giant neighbours, all equally black and all equally impossible. I know from my limited experience that "impossible" is a strong word, but the powers of man are limited, while the forces of nature are hardly so. In Switzerland even the *aiguilles*, which rarely give more than 1,000 feet of hard climbing, long resisted the assaults of the most experienced and daring climbers, and only yielded after a long day's attack. What then shall be said of these rock turrets which are at least equally steep, and beside which the Matterhorn itself would stand a mockery and a dwarf? Surely for the present race of men, the word "impossible" may be still retained in the Alpine dictionary. As I sat and gazed on the view, a strange medley of thoughts passed through my mind. In the intense silence of this height, there was something which almost appalled, and which forbade speech. We were at last where I had so ardently desired to be, at the foot of the great giants against whom I had so long desired to measure myself, and yet all sorts of uncomfortable feelings intruded themselves. Would the cold of the night, sleeping as we were, perhaps, as high as ever man has slept, would this cold overpower us? would the so-much-discussed rarity of the air drive us back, or worse? We would see. Meanwhile prevention is better than cure, so wrapping ourselves in extra clothing till we resembled a band of Esquimaux out on the loose, we rolled ourselves in our blanket bags, and squeezing into our hole, slept the sleep of the just.

(To be continued.)



PICTURES FROM WHITBY.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.



Vipond's Lane.

THE quaint and ancient sea-town of Whitby is probably one of the most picturesque towns in England, and its picturesqueness is by no means its solitary attraction. Not only the artist, but the antiquary, the geologist, the historian, one and all find interest in the neighbourhood of—

“High Whitby's cloister'd pile,”

from whence St. Hilda's Abbess and “her five fair nuns” set sail for the Holy Island on that errand known to the readers of “Marmion.” Sir Walter Scott, with his usual keen appreciation of legendary lore, has hardly left untouched one of the more important of the legends of Whitby. In the notes to “Marmion” may be found a brief account of the founding of the Abbey of St. Hilda. Mr. Green, in his “Short History,” preferred to call her St. Hild; and he does large justice to the “Northumbrian Deborah, whose counsel was sought even by bishops and kings.” Mr. Stopford Brooke adopts the same spelling, which is doubtless more correct, but at first it is a little strange to ears accustomed from childhood to the frequent and familiar mention of the saint as “Lady Hilda.” She is, as it were, the central figure round which the unique history of ancient Whitby arranges itself.

The Abbey stands on the top of a cliff, which is approached from the town by two hundred stone steps. The ruin is magnificent, and can be seen not only from the wide waters of the Northern Sea, but from almost every part of the country round about. The architecture is Gothic, of various dates, perhaps the earliest being 1140, and the latest 1400. Originally the building

was cruciform, and extended in length from east to west 300 feet, in breadth from north to south 150 feet. The south aisle of the choir and the south transept have disappeared; indeed, strange to say, the south side has altogether suffered more than the north. The tower, which was supported by four immense pillars, each with sixteen clustered columns, fell so lately as 1830. A clerical friend, who remembers the occurrence, tells me that the fall of this huge mass of masonry could be distinctly heard all over the town, and some distance beyond it. The day was fine, and perfectly calm.

There are, it is sad to believe, even at the present day, people who suppose that this splendid ruin is the ruin of the monastery built by the Saxon saint, Hilda. The perusal of Charlton's "History of Whitby" must certainly tend to confirm any one in this mistake. His description of the tower, thirty-five yards high, and of the forty superb Gothic pillars, is sufficient to awaken the suspicion of any one at all acquainted with the Saxons and their way of life in the middle of the seventh century. Truth to tell, probability is strongly in favour of the supposition that Hilda's monastery was built of wood, and roofed with thatch.

The parish church, dedicated to St. Mary, stands on the same cliff-top, and is surrounded on all sides by the last resting-places of the ancient townfolk. Not townfolk, all of them, since so many of their lives were spent in going down to the sea in ships, and doing business in great waters. "Supposed to have perished in the Greenland Seas;" "Who suffered with the rest of the

crew of the brig *Amelia*;" "Drowned by the upsetting of the life-boat:" so run the inscriptions on the grave-stones; and many a touching history is recorded in brief words there.

How difficult it is to get away from the top of that eastern cliff, to descend into the yards and ghauts and lanes of the old town! The four ancient gates or ways—Floregate, Baxtergate, Hakelsougate, Kirkgate, keep their names with but slight modification. Kirkgate, it need hardly be said, is Church Street, the long street which runs parallel with the river, from the church steps to the

dockyards at the inner end of the town. This street, so far as its architecture is concerned, may be taken as typical of the others. It is narrow, irregular, and not unpicturesque. Now and then you come upon a wharf or ghaut, which gives you a glimpse of the harbour, with its rippling waters, its tall ship-masts, and its swaying boats. A curious feature of the old town is the wooden galleries which



The old Town Hall.

lead to the upper tenements of houses, which are let in flats. Sometimes you may see three or four of these galleries, one above another, each approached by a flight of wooden steps. As we have said, the houses are built in the cliff-side, and the difficulties of such an arrangement are obvious. It is in noting the various ways in which these difficulties have been surmounted that the visitor finds much of his amusement. The yards or entries which lead up from the street to the topmost houses are often dark, always narrow, and, as a rule, consist mainly of flights of steep stone steps. The yards of Whitby rejoice in such names as Cockpit



A Whitby Street.

Yard, Elbow Yard, Loggerhead Yard, Vpond's Lane, and others equally suggestive and euphonious. It is worth while to go up and down a few of these narrow ways. Among much that is noisy, dirty, and generally objectionable, there is also much that is interesting. Here and there you come upon a few square feet of garden, full of wallflowers and marigolds; a flight of beautiful white pigeons come wheeling out from some dingy garret-window overhead; or you suddenly find yourself standing before an open door, wondering at the old oak furniture, or the ancient china displayed within.

Between, above, or below the houses in many of these yards are the small, unhealthy shops where much of the jet-work is done. There are larger and airier establishments, where the health of the men is cared for, but, unfortunately, these are not the rule. You may hear the sound of whirring wheels as you pass up and down the narrow ways, and if you do not mind running the risk of being half-choked by jet-dust, rouge, lamp-black, &c., you will generally find yourself welcome to enter and watch the various processes

through which the coal-like mineral passes before it becomes an artistic ornament.

So far as I am aware, the question, "What is jet?" has never been quite satisfactorily answered. Mr. Martin Simpson, the Curator of the Whitby Museum, who is an accepted authority on matters geological, has given the following as his opinion:—

"Jet is generally considered to have been wood; and in many cases it has undoubtedly been so; for the woody structure often remains, and it is not unlikely that comminuted vegetable matter may have been changed into jet. But it is evident that vegetable matter is not an essential part of jet, for we frequently find that bone and the scales of fishes have also been changed into jet. In the Whitby Museum there is a large mass of bone, which has the exterior converted into jet for about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The jetty matter appears to have entered first into the pores of the bone, and then to have hardened, and during the mineralizing process the whole bony matter has been gradually displaced, and its place occupied by jet, so as to preserve its original form."

Another authority says:—

"That jet has been formed from a distillate from what is called the jet rock is supported by these facts. Experiments tried on portions have been successful, and proved that at least ten gallons of oil could be extracted from one ton of the shale, and that this pure oil gave out a clear and brilliant light when burnt. A piece of jet on fire gives out a similar brilliant clear light. Again, the substance is always found in seams, detached, and in a horizontal position, and spreads itself out in shallow layers, as water or fluid substances always do. The two kinds with which we are acquainted are the hard and soft; these are evidently of distinct species. The jet rock occurs in the lias formation. This formation, commencing at the Peak, about eight miles south of Whitby, traverses the whole coast to about fifteen miles north of Whitby. . . . The rock divides into the upper and lower lias, with a marlstone series intervening, in the upper part of which we have the Cleveland ironstone. Then comes the "dogger" or jet rock; and it is here where our "hard jet" is found in compressed masses or layers of various lengths and thicknesses, some having been found of an inch or two long and one-eighth thick, to masses thirty inches wide, six feet long, and four inches thick. It appears that the largest piece ever found was six feet four inches in length, four-and-a-half to five-and-a-half inches wide, and one-and-a-half thick. The net price was ten guineas; for this sum it was offered to the Curator of the British Museum; he declined to purchase it; and the specimen was afterwards sold for fifteen guineas, and cut into four-inch crosses."

Jet-mining is a hazardous occupation, but accidents, fatal or other, have, perhaps, been fewer than might have been expected, considering the perilous nature of the work. At one time over twenty jet-mines were being worked, needing the labour of from two hundred to three hundred men; but owing to various causes, notably the introduction of Spanish jet, there is a falling off in the quantity of jet extracted from the

cliffs and hills of the Whitby district. The Spanish jet—in the rough state, of course—is brought to Whitby and sold in large or small quantities, to suit the purchaser, who may be some poor man, working in his own garret on his own account, or some comparatively rich man, with large, light workshops, the latest improvements in machinery, and workmen at his command in numbers to suit the business he may be doing. Of late years fortune or fashion has caused considerable fluctuation in the trade, and the distress amongst the poorer jet-workers has often been very great. But it is patiently borne—for the most part patiently and silently. One sees rather than hears how it is with the pale, sad-looking, ill-clad men who wander about by the lanes and on the cliffs by twos and threes, few of them being able to turn their hand to any other trade.

The making of jet ornaments is an ancient craft. Charlton, in his quaint "History of Whitby," says:—

"I myself have lately viewed the ear-ring of a lady who had most certainly been buried in one of these houses* long before the time of the Danes' arrival in Britain; it is of jet, more than two inches long, and about a quarter-of-an-inch thick, made in the form of a heart, with a hole to its upper end, by which it has been suspended to the ear. It lay, when found, in contact with the jaw bone, and if any credit be due to antiquity, must assuredly have belonged to some British lady who lived at or before the time the Romans were in Britain, when ornaments of this sort were universally worn."

And recently, perhaps ten years ago, Canon Greenwell, of Durham, excavating on the Goodmanham Wolds, found in one of these tumuli, "A jet pendent ornament, associated with a good knife, and some capital skulls."

There is a brief reference to jet in an old "Treatise on Jewels," translated by Camden.

"Peat stone almost a gemm, the Lybins find,
But fruitful Britain sends a wondrous kind;
This black and shining, smooth, and ever light,
Twill draw up straws if rubb'd till hot and bright."

This peculiarity of magnetic attraction may be tested by any one who happens to have at hand a brooch or bracelet of good jet. Tear a few morsels of paper of some light kind, rub the plainest jet article you possess smartly on some woollen substance until it is quite hot; then hold it near, and

* Houses, tumuli.

you will have the amusement of seeing the scraps of paper fly as by magic to the heated surface; and they will adhere for some time. It is said that there is enough electricity in jet to give curative or preventive power, in cases of rheumatism, to jet bracelets worn continually on the arm; but certainly if there are such things as "shooting stars" in therapeutics this may be one of them.

The history of jet from before "the Danes' arrival" to the present day would make a long article of itself, so I must hasten on. Undoubtedly the manufacture of jet ornaments has been one of the industries of this industrious town for several centuries; as the name of John Cullill, jet-worker, 1598, occurs in an old title-deed of a house near the bridge. About 1814 a Frenchman named Bingent, or Bingant, came over from France, and settled in Whitby as a manufacturer of jet, and helped in developing the local trade.



Removing the "Skin."

And considerable impetus was given to it by the late Lady Normanby, who introduced jet at the court of Queen Victoria. Subsequently, for many years, a period of court mourning meant a period of prosperity for the town of Whitby.

A few words must be said as to the mode of converting a piece of black and russet-tinted mineral into a glittering brooch, or necklace, or bracelet, which when worn with suitable dress may have such a really good effect.

The first thing to be done is to remove a thin incrustation or "skin" from the outer surface of the piece of jet selected: this is done with a chisel. The next process is to saw or chop it into little blocks of size and shape to suit the articles to be made, each of which is ground on a grindstone until its surface is sufficiently smooth to receive polish. If any carving or chasing is intended this is the next stage; the stage at which art comes in, and consequently the most interesting of all. Immense improvements in the matter of design have been made during the past twenty years; and many people were surprised by the beauty of some of the ornaments exhibited at a recent local exhibition in the St. John's schoolroom. There is almost infinite variety. One of the most effective styles, a carved head, or group of foliage, unpolished, sur-



Polishing.

rounded by a highly polished and faceted setting, requires very great skill on the part of the carver. Heads of Dante, of Shakespeare, of Milton, are attempted; and the likeness to accepted portraits is, as a rule, admirable. This carving is usually done with no other tool than a short, sharp knife, set in the rudest of wooden handles. Monograms also afford opportunities for the display of great ingenuity; and strange, but also sad to say, there are men who can interweave three or even four initial letters on the surface of a locket or brooch, and carve them with most dainty and exquisite skill, but who yet cannot write their own name. We are changing all that; but after all, "the feet of the years" seem slow when one looks in the direction of educational advancement among the poor.

Since the middle of the twelfth century, Whitby has been noted for the number of its fishing boats. Leland, who visited the place in 1538, calls it "a great fischar toune," and subsequently it became famous for its ship-building. Dibdin declared that "the best and stoutest bottoms used in England" were built at Whitby. But though the clatter of the shipbuilder's hammer is still heard, the wooden ship is a thing of the past. Iron ships of large burden are launched from the White-

hall dockyards at the inner end of the harbour frequently; and though the past year has been one of great depression, it is hoped that signs of better things are appearing.

It is sometimes supposed that Captain Cook, "the prince of navigators," as a local historian terms him, was born at Whitby; but the honour of being his birthplace belongs to Marton, a small village in Cleveland. His father, whose name was the same as his own, James Cook, was an agricultural labourer; and the future discoverer was one of nine children. He was born October 27, 1728. The entry in the parish register runs thus:—

"1728, nobr. 3. James, ye son of James Cook, day labourer, baptized."

The parents seem to have been simple, thrifty, reverent-minded people; and presently a somewhat better day dawned for them. The father became hind, or foreman, on the farm of Airyholm, and James, the son, was sent to a day school at Ayton. He did not distinguish himself there, says one who had talked with some of the lad's school-fellows, "except by a resolute adherence to his own plans in preference to any proposed



Carving.

by his comrades." This "inflexible firmness" is not seldom found to underlie the character of him whose fate it is to

"Breast the blows of circumstance,
And grapple with his evil star."

At sixteen years of age Cook was apprenticed to Mr. William Sanderson, a haberdasher at Staithes, a fishing village about twelve miles to the north of Whitby. His leisure hours were often spent out on the waters of the North Sea, in the fishing cobbles of the place; so often, indeed, that the strong sea-passion had doubtless entered into him before the day of that memorable incident which was as it were the turning point in his

career. The flood tide in his affairs came in the shape of a young woman who one day entered the little shop, made her purchase, and put down on the counter a new and shining shilling. As most people will admit, there is something about a new and perfectly unworn coin which is curiously attractive, more especially if capacity for attraction of that kind be inherited. The shilling tempted young Cook, not to steal it, but to exchange it for one of his own; and almost inevitably this exchange led to a charge of dishonesty; for the master's eye had caught sight of the coin at the time the payment was made; and he afterwards missed it from the till. Of



Whitby Harbour.

course the lad repelled the charge, and indignantly, so indignantly, indeed, that the matter led ultimately to the cancelling of his indentures; and the youth was taken to Whitby, and bound apprentice to Mr. John Walker, shipowner, and master-mariner. He sailed on his first voyage in the *Free Love*, a vessel of about 450 tons, engaged in the coal trade.

It was during this apprenticeship that he spent his winters in Whitby; living there with his master's family in the house by the harbour-side, which appears in the centre of our first picture. The studious side of his temperament began to develop itself during these long winter evenings, and we have a quaint little picture of Mary Proud, Mr. Walker's housekeeper, allowing the young seafarer a table and a candle "that he might

read or write by himself, while the other apprentices were engaged in idle talk or trifling amusements." That the youth knew then and after how to make to himself firm friends is worthy of note.

His subsequent career, with all its successes and dangers, its honours and uses, may be read in various lives of him. It is full of interest of many kinds. One brief story may be told here, which will at least show that the successes of his later life had not hardened his heart greatly.

In 1768, the government of the day had been petitioned to send out a ship, "with proper persons," to the South Sea Islands, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. The petition was granted, and Lieutenant Cook chosen to command the expedition. A Whitby ship, the *Endeavour*,

was purchased, and manned by eighty-four seamen; armed with ten carriage guns, and twelve swivels. The scientific men who embarked with the Lieutenant were Dr. Solander, Mr. Green, and Mr. Banks, afterwards Sir Joseph Banks. While the *Endeavour* was yet lying in the Thames, a small Stockton trader "ran athwart her bow, and did considerable damage. The master of the trader was called on board the *Endeavour*, and Lieutenant Cook began to reprove him sharply for his negligence; when, the other making himself known as an old school-fellow and companion, the reprimand was succeeded by acts of kindness; memory recalled with fondness the scenes of early life, and the two friends recited with mutual pleasure their juvenile feats and the tales of their native home."

The last sad scene of Captain Cook's life is less easy to tell of. Though it happened so long ago it strikes sharply to one's heart. He was not old, but he was full of honours; and was doubtless hoping to end his days in that "easy retirement" of which he had written in a letter to his old friend and master, Mr. Walker. But this was not to be.

He sailed on his last voyage, spent some months in friendly intercourse with the natives of the Sandwich Islands, particularly with those of Owhyhee. And then came a wretched quarrel on the latter isle, concerning some stolen property—a pair of tongs! a chisel! a few nails! This might not be overlooked. Captain Cook went ashore with a few of his companions; a crowd gathered; a tumult arose; a cry was heard, "It is war!" Presently shots were fired, spears darted, stones hurled, dreadful yells rose on the air! Captain Cook, who by accident,

mischance, or mistake was left alone upon a point of rock, was making for the ship's pinnace, which was close in shore, when "a chief named Karimano, following him, after some hesitation struck him on the back of the head with a large club; and then precipitately retreated. Stunned by the blow, Captain Cook staggered a few paces, fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, a wretch called Nooah, stabbed him in the back of his neck with an iron dagger; and he fell into a bite of water about knee-deep; here the natives crowding upon him, tried to keep him under, but struggling powerfully with them, he got his head up, and cast a look toward the pinnace, which was only five or six yards off, yet was unable it seems to save him. The natives again pressed him down in deeper water; he was able, however, to get his head up once more, and turning to the rock, tried to cling to it, when another blow with a club deprived him of his life."

So the end, at fifty-one years old.

The wife of his youth lived for fifty-six years after! She died in 1835, aged ninety-three. But she had had to mourn the loss of her three sons in a few years after the unhappy fate of her husband.

Whitby has brighter pictures than these. Some day we may find time and space to write of them. The two Scoresbys, father and son, lived here, leaving the brightness of their name upon the place; and there are old-world stories connected with Whitby and the neighbourhood which seem worthy of a wider recognition than they have had opportunity of gaining. Is it fanciful to fear that the old picturesqueness of life and life's environment is forsaking us year by year?

PROFESSOR FAWCETT.

By J. ALLANSON PICTON, M.P.

WHAT is it that in some cases of public loss adds to regret the tenderness of private sorrow? The existence of such a feeling is surely an infallible indication of some special and intensely interesting characteristics in the departed. That there is a great difference in the emotions with which noteworthy men are mourned, is palpably evident to any one who will reflect upon the obituaries of even the last few years. But as comparisons are difficult where the departed still live in the memories of survivors, let us ask if it is conceivable that Milton and

Shakspeare were mourned with precisely the same emotions. The lighter poems of the great Puritan did little to relieve the austere majesty of his fame. But even *Hamlet* did not lift "sweetest Shakpeare, fancy's child," out of the familiarities of affection. Now, it must be apparent to all who take any note of the ordinary signs of general feeling, that on the decease of the late Professor Fawcett the mingling of private sorrow with the realisation of public loss was unusually manifest. Perhaps those who were privileged to come within the range of his immediate

personal influence may be tempted to impute their own emotions to all around them; but surely there was more than this. From the Sovereign and her Ministers to the poor little telegraph-boys of St. Martin's-le-Grand, all testified their sorrow in such modes that it was evident personal affection was almost as much present as admiration and gratitude for public service. The reasons for this widespread and unusual emotion are evident enough in certain noteworthy and interesting features in the character of the man.

The parliamentary leaders, who first gave utterance to public feeling, dwelt with special admiration upon the heroic courage of their departed colleague. The same note has been taken up by almost all writers in the daily and weekly press. Of course the special circumstance which most impressed Mr. Fawcett's contemporaries with this noble feature in his character, was his resolute and patient triumph over the tragic calamity which, in early manhood, deprived him of his sight. But a man capable of such a mastery over adverse fate, could not but exhibit the same characteristic in all situations of duty and responsibility. It was no doubt his marvellous energy in conquering the disadvantages occasioned by his loss, which first called attention to his heroic qualities. But it was impossible to watch his career even for a few months without recognising how large an element in his public worth was constituted by his fearless adherence to principle. And this is a quality admired not merely by the romantic few but by the democratic many. The self-complacency with which we reflect on British appreciation of "pluck" has more facts to support it than some other aspects of our national vanity. We might or might not agree with Mr. Fawcett's opinions, but when we saw the man who had conquered blindness boldly inveighing against what he thought the inconsistencies of his mightiest political leaders; when we saw him grappling with the complicated problems of Indian government, and burdening himself with the woes of two hundred and fifty million subject people; when we marked how the loss of a hardly-won seat in Parliament was to him as a feather in the scale where conscience was concerned; when we observed how he carried and maintained his hold upon one of the most democratic constituencies in the country, not by any arts of the demagogue, but by honest exposition of common-sense politics; when we found him capable, not only of grasping all the details of a vast administrative department, but of introducing

reforms scarcely second to that of Rowland Hill—it was impossible to repress an admiration such as is only yielded to heroic men, and where it is given kindles something of love as well as wonder.

There was also something in Mr. Fawcett's personal presence, attractive address, and ubiquitous activity, which helped to make his noble qualities familiar to millions. His commanding form would have been notable under any circumstances. It was such as to make the passer-by involuntarily turn and ask who that remarkable man could be. But the conspicuousness of his appearance was perhaps increased by his blindness. Accompanied by his secretary or some other friend, and always conversing in eager, cheery tones, he was one of the best-known and eagerly-sought figures among the notabilities watched for by the crowds frequenting the precincts of Parliament. Fond of athletic exercise, he always preferred walking when time was not too precious, and out of all the busy multitudes of the metropolis, there must be few indeed who cannot recall meeting him on his visits to the City and the East, or in the haunts of the West-end. An uncharitable observer in New Palace Yard, who saw Mr. Gladstone arrive on foot, amidst the cheers of the people, was heard to observe to a companion, "Look at that now; he always walks, it is one of his dodges." But not the most malignant political adversary ever attributed popularity-hunting to Mr. Fawcett, as the motive of his peregrinations. Not less familiar was his well-known form to boaters on the Cam, or to skaters on the Fens in times of frost. His marvellous courage was seen in things small as well as great. Swimming, rowing, and skating, as well as riding, were amongst his accomplishments, and whatever skill he possessed was pardonably exaggerated by the admiration of sympathising beholders.

When to this general familiarity with his stalwart figure is added the unflinching kindness and cheerfulness of his manner to every one, whether high or low, it becomes easy to understand why in his case the public loss has been mourned with something of the tenderness of private sorrow. His memory for the tones of a voice was remarkable, and people who had only spoken to him once or twice were astonished, as well as gratified, to find that when they addressed him again they had no need to remind him of their names, for scarcely had a word been spoken before the hearty response showed the readiness of his recognition. Now every one likes to think

that the impression he has made upon a notable man is such as cannot lightly pass away; but when this impression seems to have been made only by the tones of the voice, and needs no aid of sight to revive it, it seems to be peculiarly gratifying; and in this way doubtless Mr. Fawcett's memory for sound greatly enlarged the circle of his enthusiastic admirers.

The circumstances of his career are already so universally known in outline that until a detailed biography appears it seems almost unnecessary to refer to them. Nevertheless, as a basis of the further observations we may make in appreciation of the departed statesman, it will be necessary to our purpose to recall the most important steps of his rise to eminence. He was born in Salisbury, in the year after Old Sarum had lost its absurd and monstrous privileges. His father, still living at an unusually venerable age to mourn his unspeakable loss, was and is one of the most respected citizens of that town. In his earlier days the elder Mr. Fawcett exercised a great local influence on politics, and always in the interests of progress. From a local school the young Henry was sent to Queensland College, in Hampshire, where for a time he came under the influence of Professor Tyndall, who was a teacher there. Thence he repaired to King's College, and at the age of nineteen he entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Amongst his own circle he was already regarded as a youth of considerable promise, who might probably distinguish himself in the profession of the law; but it does not appear that any one presaged the eminence to which he actually attained. However, in 1856, he came out in the Mathematical Tripos as seventh wrangler. Making all allowance for the raising of the standard in mathematical honours since that day, the position was a very high one, and suggested unusual capacity for science or philosophy; but his ambition lay in other directions. He already felt an intense interest in politics, and was determined, if by any means it were possible, to enter on a parliamentary career. Like many others, he seems to have intended making his way to Westminster through the Inns of Court, and accordingly he went to London to pursue his legal studies. In September, 1858, came the terrible calamity which at first threatened to extinguish all youthful hopes in the black darkness of despair.

Even at this distance of time it is impossible to think without tearful sympathy of the bright-eyed, splendidly-gifted youth, who

went out with his father for a day's sport in the fields to return wounded and blind, shut out for evermore from the chief avenue of knowledge, never to look again on the beautiful world he loved so well. How strange are the caprices of imagination! For tragic situations to exercise our profoundest emotions we go back to the shadowy ages of mythic story, and the adventures of impossible beings. Yet, at any one hour of contemporary time there are always a hundred homes in which the struggle of patience, hope, and devotion against adverse destiny is grander than in any woes of "Thebes or Pelops' line," though it finds not a singer to set it forth. But the sublime courage of this young man found better expression than that even of Æschylus. It found voice in a life the fruit of which will be immortal. For some few terrible hours, physical suffering and weakness, combined with the agony of sudden and hopeless darkness, threatened to paralyse all resolution, and to make the future a blank. But the man was too strong, too great, too noble, to succumb even to such a trial.

"Oh, well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long.
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock;
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves enfold;
Who seems a promontory of rock
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned."

No career ever recorded in history is a nobler living comment upon these lines than the life and work of Henry Fawcett. It is said that the first distinct dawn of hope came to him through the suggestions contained in a letter from the late Professor Hopkins, under whom he had studied. His former tutor reminded him that blindness was favourable rather than otherwise to abstract thought, and he pointed out certain branches of Fawcett's favourite studies which might perhaps be pursued with special advantage in the reflections of a blind man. But the recipient of the letter gave a far wider scope to its suggestions. What may have been his spiritual resources is known only to his most intimate connections, and may perhaps be revealed in his biography. Like all strongest and most earnest men, he was reticent on such subjects. All we know is that his physical strength revived, and when it was possible to go forth into the darkened world, he had matured a definite purpose to become as nearly as possible all he had determined to be when in possession of sight. His methods of study were necessarily changed, and like-

wise his methods of composition, yet even here the change was not so great as might have been imagined. He had indeed to use the eyes of others for reading, and the pens of others for writing. But it is curious that on great occasions of public utterance he was accustomed, like most careful speakers, to write down what he was going to say; and this manuscript he followed as nearly as possible verbatim. But whatever modifications were necessary in the methods he used, his ultimate purpose remained the same. He determined to have a voice in the counsels of the State, and by his influence in Parliament to urge the application of those political and economic principles which his own studies had led him to value.

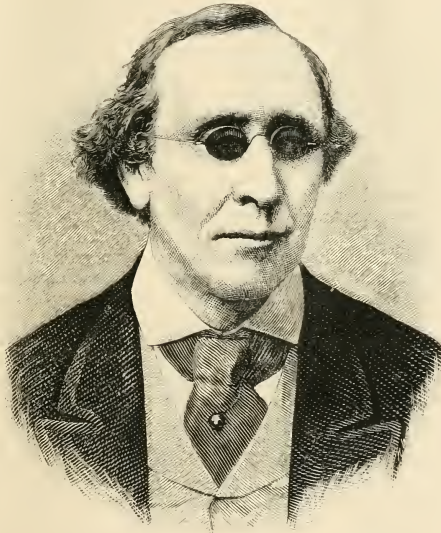
Meanwhile he returned to Cambridge, and devoted himself by the aid of a reader to the further study of political economy. Within a year he delivered, at the British Association meetings, a remarkable address on the economic effects of the then recent gold discoveries, and attracted general attention by the accuracy of his facts and the strength of his reasoning. After this he was for some years a constant attendant at such gatherings, and his utterances were looked for with the greatest interest. Many remember still the unassuming courage and modest confidence with which he dared to differ from the encyclopædic Dr. Whewell. An encounter of this kind with an indisputable superior is in many respects a good test of character for a young man. The weakling is sure to be either presumptuous or deprecatory; but

young Fawcett won golden opinions by his modest firmness and respectful boldness. At this period he showed much interest in questions affecting labour, and excited much criticism from high authorities by the strenuousness with which he maintained the possibility that permanent good, otherwise unattainable, might be the result of strikes. To the end of his too brief career Mr. Fawcett was always a champion of the rights of labour. He was very far indeed from endorsing all the rules or the doctrines of trades unions, and he never concealed his

points of disagreement with the objects of his sympathy. But it is equally honourable both to the working classes and to himself that his independent straightforwardness never in the slightest degree lessened the attachment of his trades union constituents.

His first attempt to enter Parliament was made in Southwark; but though he appeared as a candidate, he did not go to the poll. In 1863 he stood for Cambridge,

but notwithstanding the rapid growth of his reputation there, at least in University circles, he was defeated in the contest for the borough. He probably found sufficient consolation in his appointment during that same year to the Chair of Political Economy in his University, and at the same time he issued his "Manual of Political Economy." It is not intended here to offer any criticism of his position as an author on such subjects, but this, at any rate, must be said, that this book probably did more to popularise the study than almost any other that has been



Professor Fawcett.

[From a Photograph by J. E. Mayall, 161, New Bond Street, London.]

published. At his first attempt to win a seat for Brighton he had again the mortification to be defeated. But indeed his was one of those unconquerable natures to which defeat seems only to give a fresh impulse towards victory. And though he may have been disappointed, perhaps mortification is scarcely the word to use. In 1865 Brighton distinguished itself by opening his way into Parliament, and here he very soon showed that he was a force to be reckoned with. His first speech was one in support of the ineffectual Reform Bill in 1866; but his main attention was given to economic and social questions, including the interests of education. As a parliamentary speaker he was didactic and argumentative rather than rhetorical. As an exponent of great principles which the public mind was ripe to receive he was always welcome and effective; but where he was either ahead of opinion, or out of its main current, his professorial insistence on abstract principles, sometimes, made his senatorial hearers a little impatient.

The changes that occurred at the general election of 1874 are too memorable to be easily forgotten; but amongst all the disasters that happened to the Liberal party, none excited more general regret, irrespective of party interests, than the defeat of Mr. Fawcett. Fortunately he was not long left out of Parliament. The absorption of Sir Charles Reed's time and energies in the great work of the London School Board led him to retire from the representation of Hackney; and to the credit of the borough the excluded member for Brighton was at once and enthusiastically selected as a candidate. The present writer was then brought into personal contact with him for the first time, having presented to him the public requisition to become a candidate. One incident that took place is worthy of note as illustrating Mr. Fawcett's character. It was known that he was in favour of opening the national museums on Sunday. Whether he was right or wrong in this opinion is not now the question here; but in the view of a large and important section of the electors, it was considered a serious obstacle to his return. Accordingly before the first great meeting that was held he was interviewed on the subject. A prominent representative of Nonconformist opinion urged upon him the desirability, if possible, of suppressing his views, and at least, it was suggested, he might undertake not to vote either way. His proposer ventured to say that such a policy would do more damage

to him than straightforward utterance; that his opinions were known, and that if there was a division of feeling, even his opponents on this point would respect his firmness. With this view he entirely agreed; and accordingly, when the question was asked he promptly and decidedly, without the slightest circumlocution, declared that he should vote in favour of his opinion. As we left the Town Hall about three o'clock in the morning after the declaration of his triumphant return, he said with a sort of twinkle of humour in his voice, "Straightforwardness was the best after all, was it not?" This was not the only point on which his constituents showed a generous disregard of minor differences. He never could understand the trouble which Dissenters made of the notorious twenty-fifth clause in the great Education Act; and this was suggestive of wider divergences between himself and his Nonconformist supporters. But it was felt that he was at one with them in the broad principles of ecclesiastical justice, and they were proud to be represented by a man of pre-eminent capacity.

His presence anywhere in the borough was sure to attract an enormous crowd, and one of the pleasantest recollections of those years, at least to the present writer, is the opening of a great board school at which the popular member was the most conspicuous figure. His exuberant physical energy was shown by his insistence on walking from the Shoreditch Station, where he arrived from Cambridge, all the way out to Stamford Hill, where he was to stay for the night. The incessant flow of his conversation, the keenness of his perception in regard to everything of local interest, and the perpetual geniality and freshness of his spirits were something to be remembered. The rural names of localities resounding with the noise of a great population, suggested to him observations on the enormous growth of London, and the portentous demands of popular education amidst such a multitude. The long walk, the crowded, stifling meeting; the energetic speech, the talk continued till long after midnight, seemed not to make the slightest impression upon his exhaustless powers; and early in the morning he was as lively and vigorous as though the previous day had been spent in relaxation and rest. The devotion of his constituents was shown in 1880 by his return with a majority of 8,000, and at the lowest cost reported from any contested borough.

Mr. Fawcett's action in opposing the former

Gladstone Government on the subject of Irish University reform was not regarded with unanimous favour; and it need not be discussed here. But it was so transparently honest and fearless as well as vigorous, that his reputation was greatly enhanced even amongst those who differed from him. When the Liberal Government came into power again, personal force like his was felt to be of priceless value. His appointment to the Post Office a little startled some who did not know his business capabilities. But he soon showed a mastery of detail and a union of benevolent enterprise with economic soundness which won him general admiration. The encouragement he gave to thrift, and the establishment of the parcels post, his cautious yet liberal treatment of the telegraph and telephone controversy, all together made his administration of the Post Office an epoch that is likely to be memorable. The sympathy called forth by the terrible illness through which he passed between two and three years ago, showed how profoundly the

value of his public service was appreciated. How little did we think then, that so vigorous a constitution was soon to succumb to a sudden and rapid attack of disease! On Saturday, November 1st, he rode fourteen miles in the environs of Cambridge. On the following day he suffered from a cold, which in a few hours showed symptoms of pleurisy and congestion of the lungs. Until Tuesday no one anticipated danger; but on Thursday evening a telegram was handed in the House of Commons to Mr. Gladstone, who thereupon showed unmistakable signs of profound agitation. In a moment, and almost more by the silent contagion of sorrow than by articulate words, the sense of the great loss that had fallen upon the nation ran from bench to bench, and it seemed as if a heavy cloud had filled the House. He is mourned by a nation's gratitude and love; and his record will teach to yet unborn generations how strength of will and loyalty of soul may wrest from the most adverse circumstances opportunities of splendid service to mankind.

ON A RING-PLOVER FOUND DEAD IN TYREE.

August, 1884.

In a hollow of the dunes
Its wings were closed in rest,
And the florets of the eyebright
Stood guard around its breast.

The glorious light and sun
Were on it where it lay,
And the sound of ocean murmurs
Passed o'er it from the bay.

No more its easy pinions
Would gleam along the sand,
No more in glancing courses
Sweep all the pleasant land.

No more its tuneful whistle
Would mingle with the surf;
Its busy feet were idle,
Once nimble on the turf.

No ruffle marred its plumage,
No struggle stretched its head;
It lay in perfect slumber,
The happiest of the dead.

So could I wish that Death
Would make his lair for me
Among the list'ning pastures
And margins of the sea.

ARGYLL

THE SINS OF CHEAPNESS.

By THE EDITOR.

AS a rule, there is nothing really cheap. When a price is charged which cannot remunerate the seller of the article were it genuine, the buyer has paid full value for the imitation. He has not procured what is cheap, but has bought goods that are necessarily adulterated, and probably dear at the money. Or, if he has received them at a rate which is really below their legitimate value, some one else must have paid the difference. The underpaid workman and the poor seamstress have contributed, out of their flesh and blood, to the "bargain" over which the purchaser may be congratulating himself. These two principles—adulteration and underpaid labour—are the chief "sins of cheapness."

I do not question the fact that there may be undue profits in certain classes of business, and a cheapness which, comparatively, may be perfectly legitimate. The Co-operative Stores represent a movement produced by a belief in the excessive character of the profits reaped by retail dealers; and the success which has attended that movement, has proved the possibility of supplying genuine articles at a comparatively low charge. The credit system, and that of ready-money payments, must also affect the cheapness or dearness of the sales.

Nor do I question the benefits which have followed the legitimate cheapening of fabrics by other appliances, whereby the person of limited income can, in the present day, procure many beautiful and useful articles that were formerly beyond his resources. The use of machinery, and the wideness of the field opened up for the disposal of products, have placed within the reach of our artisans many objects which were reserved only for the wealthier classes among our ancestors. These are achievements which properly excite congratulation.

But it is not of the bright side, but of the dark; not of what is legitimate, but of the immoral and cruel elements in the cheap trade of the country, that we are now treating.

The economical aspects of the question are connected with the law of Supply and Demand, and it may be asserted that as long as the demand exists there will be the supply, let philanthropy moralise as it may. This is quite true; but there are methods by which the action of the law of Supply and Demand is modified, and can be

modified still further, in reference to many branches of trade. Legislation interferes with that law when it forbids the employment of women and children, or when it limits the hours of labour. Combinations of workmen limit cheapness of production in other directions. And the demand for cheapness may be also modified by a healthy tone of public opinion. In the event of other, and more directly coercive methods being found impossible, the force of opinion may affect the evils complained of, even more powerfully than external pressure. At all events, the first step towards amelioration is to inform the public and thereby arouse conscience.

Among the many evils connected with illegitimate cheapness, it will be sufficient for our purpose to select two: (1) the dishonesty it induces in the manufacturer and retailer by tempting him to meet the demand for what is cheap by supplying "shoddy" and adulterated imitations; and (2) the cruelty it entails on large classes of workpeople through inadequate remuneration.

1. There are probably no persons more ready to confess the evils of cheapness than manufacturers and salesmen. They know too well the position in which they are placed. They are pressed on all sides by competition, and they cannot hope for a market except by conforming to the prevalent custom. They consequently become involved in a system which is essentially immoral. The trickeries by which inferior material is mixed with that quantity of genuine which may serve to conceal the adulteration; the ingenuity whereby machinery is brought to imitate the strong products of handicraft, while actually supplying what is loose and thriftless; the methods by which worthless fabrics are thickened into the consistency of solid and valuable goods—these and numerous devices of a similar character, are only too familiar to those who are intimately acquainted with many branches of our manufactures. And, following on this vicious system of manufacture, we have the no less vicious system of sale; from the lying advertisements that proclaim the "giving away at an enormous sacrifice" of goods called genuine, but known to be worth not one fraction more than is charged, down to the petty falsehoods of warehouse employes, who have to support the imposition by personal assurances.

It is easy to denounce as unprincipled the whole system of "cheap sales," from the inventor and maker of the adulteration down to its vendor. But it may be asked whether the blame is to be laid entirely at their doors? Are the manufacturers and merchants alone responsible for evils which are eating as a canker into the commerce of the country? Is the salesman who, with plausible tongue, palms off the counterfeit—sheltering himself under what is termed "the habit of trade"—to be alone chargeable with the immoralities which that habit has imposed? Must the tissue of customary frauds, daily perpetuated in factory and warehouse, be imputed solely to those immediately engaged in them? Assuredly not. If you were to question these persons they would tell you that it is the public demand which has forced competition to such a degree, that it is impossible to conduct business in any other way without incurring ruin; that were they to act differently they would lose their market; that the public insists on having goods at a certain price, and as the genuine article cannot be so supplied, they are compelled to give what may best imitate it.

Without accepting such excuses as at all exonerating those who make them, we are led to attribute at least an equal share of the guilt to the public which is thus "art and part" in the commission of the evils condemned. The craving for what is cheap arises from many causes, but is to be traced chiefly to the influence of an age of great wealth, and to the spirit of social ambition pushing one class closely on the heels of another. It undoubtedly springs sometimes from a lurking unwillingness to spend the price which the purchase of genuine articles would render necessary. No one who has ever watched the crowd of carriages congregated near a fashionable Co-operative Store, or which presses towards the portals of some warehouse where a "cheap sale" is going on, can doubt that the desire for cheapness is not confined to those whose limited means compel them to be economical. We do not allude to the commentary afforded on the adage *noblesse oblige*, as we notice how those, who ostensibly can so well afford the fair profits which the regular shopkeeper is entitled to expect, put themselves to no small inconvenience in order to secure a petty saving. These, however, are questions with which we have at present nothing to do. We allude to the spectacle, because it shows the existence in society of a widespread desire for cheapness. It has become even

fashionable. There are wealthy people now-a-days who delight in hunting after "bargains," and who are as much elated at the purchase of a cheap article, as a sportsman over a successful day after "big game." But this habit arises from other causes. The love of display which permeates all classes; the ambition to appear "like other people"—that is, like people in a higher social scale or richer than their own—the imperious demands fashion makes on every rank; these are largely the causes why so many are willing to purchase at a low rate, the shoddy imitations of what the wealthier classes can alone command.

We have no hesitation therefore in convicting the public which insists on having everything "cheap" of an equal share of the guilt which falls on the unprincipled trader, who determines to win his profits let the method cost him morally what it may. Nay, if the vendors seem culpable, there appears something even worse in the public when, assuming the airs of high principle, it denounces the dishonesties of trade, forgetting that it is its own demand which has promoted the system of trickery. If the merchant is guilty of practical falsehood, assuredly the runners after "bargains" are his accomplices. It ought therefore to be a matter as binding as truth with Christian people to insist on honest transactions, and to pay honest prices, and to do their best to put down the villainy of lying advertisements, and the knavery of adulteration.

2. But "cheap sales" have another aspect that is full of cruelty. We have already said, that if it is possible sometimes to obtain articles below their intrinsic value, it can be accomplished only by some one else having had to pay the difference. The "some one else" is unfortunately a member of a class that is helpless. Legislation protects, and trades unions also protect, the rights of labour in many branches of trade; but there are other branches, where cheapness is reached only at the cost of terrible human suffering.

Many years have passed since Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt," which roused the conscience of the country to the cruelties endured by poor seamstresses. Many years have also passed since Charles Kingsley, in "Alton Locke," laid bare the horrors of the "sweating system." Something has been done since then to modify these evils in certain directions, but it does not require an actual knowledge of the miseries, still endured by similar classes of workpeople, to convince us that these miseries exist. We have but

to consider the prices charged in many warehouses, for made-up clothing and various other articles, in order to realise the fearful cost at which these prices are obtained. It rouses our indignation when we picture the unprincipled thoughtlessness with which the public rushes after cheap products, without the slightest consideration of the sufferings of which each one of these products is the representative. The petty gain is, forsooth, secured, and "the bargain" purchased; but oh! how different would be the sentiment, if a glimpse were for a moment afforded of the untold wretchedness, undergone in frightful dens, before the petty saving, over which the buyer congratulates himself, has been made possible. And yet it would be better if we could limit the evils to those only who are engaged in the "cheap trade;" but unfortunately there are those who make large profits by selling at full value the results of the same underpaid labour.

We will put before our readers some facts taken from London, but which are not worse than those found in other great centres of trade.

A woman receives at the rate of 8d. for sewing a child's suit of clothes, and by working sixteen hours she can manage to win 1s. 4d. a day. For making men's trousers she gets 6d. a pair, and can sew two pairs in the day. One penny a dozen is paid for making button-holes in collars, and by commencing at 5 A.M. and labouring till dusk the seamstress can earn 4d. A shirt is made for 2d., the maker finding her own thread, and by toiling from 6 A.M. till 11 P.M. she can win 1s. There are other branches of trade in which labour is equally underpaid. From 4½d. to 5½d. a thousand is the rate paid for making paper-bags, averaging a net wage of from 5s. to 9s. a week. Match-box makers get 2½d. the gross of 144 boxes, and by working sixteen hours 1s. may be earned.*

We will quote from the journal of a trustworthy visitor among the London poor, which was sent to us privately along with other documents of a similar character.

"I called on Mrs. ——. I saw her a fortnight ago, when she was in bed suffering from debility caused by insufficiency of food. She is very young, and has two little children. Her husband is out of work, and she, to make a living, works at children's

ulsters with her sewing-machine. These ulsters have to be made nicely and neatly, with button-holes and a lined hood, five long seams, and sleeves with cuffs. For making each of these she gets 2½d. We thought of the buyers and sellers of such things when they had to meet that poor woman before God's judgment-seat. She told us that if she worked very hard and kept close to it she could make three ulsters in the day and earn 8½d.; and that when she did this she felt very thankful. I spoke to her about this, but she said, 'I have trusted and hoped in the Lord, but when things come to the last, and I don't know which way to turn, I don't know how to trust any more.' We hardly knew what to reply. We gave her a little money. She seemed quite overwhelmed, such a small sum being to these poor souls an unexpected joy."

"Mrs. —— works at brush-making, piercing holes in the wooden backs, then putting through the hairs and wiring them, and afterwards cutting them even with a large pair of scissors. She is paid ½d. per 100 holes, and by keeping close at work she can make from 3s. to 4s. a week."

These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. We cannot, however, forbear quoting from an eloquent speech made by the Rev. G. S. Reaney of Stepney at the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in May, 1884, and which shows how often cheap labour goes to swell large profits.

"I want to prove to you," he said, "in as few words as I can that if there is no 'outcast' London, there is a very large London that is underpaid and overworked, badly housed, and badly fed. I want to show you the sort of work that is done by hundreds and thousands of people in London, and how much they are getting for it. I have some of the work before me, and you shall see it. This may be called an object lesson; but if you had to look upon this object lesson, as some of us have to do, and if you are men and women, I think your eyes would get a little blurred, and your hearts if you are right-hearted people would ache. Here is a pretty little pinafore: the woman who made it receives 9d. a dozen for pinafores of this kind. ('Shame!') They are sold at the other end for 8s. 9d. per dozen. Here is another little pinafore for which the same woman gets 8d. a dozen: the sale price being 7s. 9d. per dozen. Here is another not quite so elaborate. The woman who made it receives 7d. per dozen, and the selling price is 6s. 9d. per dozen. Here is another for which she is paid 4d. per dozen. I have also here a still more homely and commonplace garment—an Oxford shirt. It is sent out just cut the required length, and the collar is made, and then the shirt is finished for 3½d. The woman spoiled it by accident in making it, and they charged her 2s. 3d. Here, also, is a shirt made for 3d., and if that had been spoiled the woman would have been charged 1s. 6½d. I think, then, I have proved not only to your ears, but to your eyes and to your hearts, that there are thousands of people in London who are underpaid. Now let me take you to a room in the East-end of London. There are two women, sisters, in it—one of them I knew when she was in far better circumstances than she is now, a widow. The widows, the unmarried, the forsaken women of the East-end of London compose a large mass, and I can assure you that the difficulty of helping them is not only a difficulty of getting money to assist them with, but the difficulty

* We are quite aware that there are manufacturers who pay higher wages to their match-box makers than the scale given above; but this does not invalidate the terrible fact we have there stated; as little as the knowledge of establishments which adequately remunerate their seamstresses weakens the terrible evidences of the sufferings of the underpaid.

of finding them out; for they do not obtrude themselves, they do not make a noise in the streets, they have no newspapers in their pay, they have no trades unions to help them. The only union that can help these women is the union of every Christian Church in London and in other great cities. Think of these two women. They work twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and I have known them to work eighteen hours a day, and the largest wage the two together earned in one week amounted to 17s., out of which they have to pay 2s. 6d. for one room. I will not admit that this is not a subject that concerns us. When we sent a message to America years ago about the black slaves, did they not send a message back about our white slaves? You think you have a cheap loaf; but the cheapest loaf in London is dear to these people, and very hard to get."

These are but specimens of a misery which affects many thousands of the population in all our manufacturing cities. We have statistics beside us which prove the existence of similar evils in Glasgow, and we believe that it is quite the same elsewhere.

Now when we calculate what must be paid by these poor people for lodging, amounting in London to three shillings a week even in the most wretched hovels, we may ask how the barest necessaries of life can be procured. Can we wonder should intoxication be sought as a relief for these wasted bodies, or if immoralities of the direst kind should be resorted to in this despairing struggle for existence? May we not further ask whether these evils are not fairly chargeable upon the so-called Christian community, which secures its profits out of these horrors? "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins. Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God: they ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God. . . . Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."

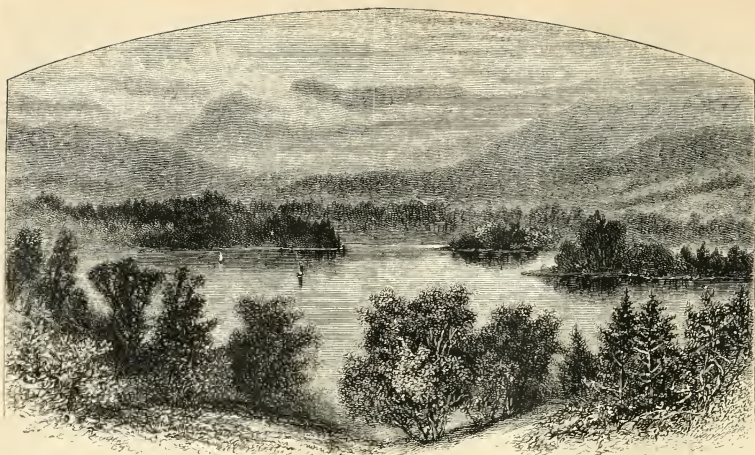
But when it is asked how are these evils to be removed, we confess that it is exceedingly difficult to suggest a remedy. Undoubtedly the community, if roused to a sense of its duty, could effectually change the whole system by "boycotting" every trader engaged in it, while paying proper prices to all who can produce evidence of their having given just remuneration to their labourers. A trades union for these underpaid workers might be of advantage, but it would

be exceedingly difficult to establish such a union among starving women; and, unfortunately, even were it established, the facilities for procuring manufactured articles from the Continent are so great, as to render complete success doubtful. We cannot ask the present employers to cease giving out work, for that would be the total destruction of the poor; and if you ask them to give higher wages without securing them higher returns, they say, with truth, that the margin of profit is so cut down by competition in "the cheap trade," that there is no room for increased pay to labour. There are certainly retailers who do make large gains out of the miseries of the poor, so that even when a full price is paid, one cannot always feel sure that the labourer has reaped any proportionate advantage. It is not impossible, however, to make such inquiries as may satisfy the purchaser even on this point. But if there is no security for just wages having been paid when full prices are charged, there is a certainty that the horrors we have described are connected with the production of those "bargains" offered at prices which never can, by any possibility, afford adequate remuneration to labour.

Whatever measures of a compulsory character may be taken to counteract these terrible evils, it is the duty of each individual who cares for the moralities of life, to do his utmost to buy honest articles, paying honest prices for them; and to avoid, as he would avoid deadly sin, the running after the cheap products of necessarily underpaid toil. It is surely enough to deter us from such things when we remember the terrible cost at which these articles are really supplied:—

"Oh, men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives."

We ought also to do what we can to promote a healthy public opinion regarding these social wrongs, and, if legislation is found possible, to support it with our whole might; or if some philanthropic and wise enterprise is devised for the amelioration of these sufferings, to help it on as we have opportunity. Good may be done even by the exposure of the terrible sores which are eating into the life of the community. The more that they are dragged into the light, and the conscience of the nation aroused to consider them, the more hope is there of some remedy being found for this oppressive and cruel bondage. In the meantime it is one of the dark shadows of our civilisation.



GRASMERE.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

FROM hill-encircled Windermere,
 And all through happy Ambleside,
 Where every nook and spot were dear,
 A gentle Spirit was my guide.

He put his hand within my own,
 I felt his footsteps keep with mine ;
 He spoke, and in his voice's tone
 Were whispers that were half-divine.

He spoke of one—an early friend—
 Who led me into perfect calm,
 And brought me to that noble end
 Where all this earth is like a psalm.

He show'd me wisdom in the touch
 Of mute things which we daily pass ;
 I blush'd with shame to find how much
 Was in a single blade of grass.

He took me to the grand old hills
 That bare their foreheads to the sky ;
 We wander'd by the singing rills
 And felt their inmost melody.

And when he found that I could see
 In his own light stream, hill, and glen,
 He touch'd my breast and said to me,
 " Now share thy love for these with men."

Then walk'd I forth in quiet wise,
 Communing as I went along,
 Nor heard, far off, the breakers rise
 And dash on rocks of other song.

But as I wander'd on, and youth
 Shot the full pulses into play,
 Alas ! I lost the higher truth,
 And bent the knee to other sway.

Then faded from the hills a calm,
 A splendour from the sunset's gleam ;
 A simple note from some grand psalm
 Was heard no more within the stream.

I could not look behind the flower,
 Nor see deft fingers weaving there
 The name of that mysterious Power
 That breathes in earth and sky and air.

I lost that music, soft and clear,
 The inner harmony of things
 Which sea and sky and winds can hear
 And know that it divinely sings.

I lost that love of calm, the bliss
 Of quiet things that cannot fail,
 And, in my heart, instead of this,
 Were ever echoes of the rail.

I heard on either side the clang
Of engines clad in smoke and glare—
The rush of wheels, the wires that sang
And quiver'd in the heedless air.

What wonder that within this strife,
Along this narrow land of steam,
I could not keep my double life,
But lost, alas! my higher dream ;

That daily dimming with the years,
And fading from beyond my reach,
I saw through mists of hidden tears
Its dying sunset without speech :

That only in some gleams of calm
I heard, as from a distant hill,
An echo of the Master's psalm,
A sound of that old worship still.

And now the Master came again ;
He put his hand within my own ;
He spoke : his voice was one of pain,
And there was sadness in its tone.

He laid his finger on my heart,
And at its touch the pulses stood :—
“Ah! thou and I are far apart,
For thou hast fever in thy blood.

“It beats not as of old when wed
To that sweet calm of early prime ;
Thou strugglest, with no lights ahead,
And in the currents of thy time.

“I feel the throb of wilder deeds,
Of thoughts that, like the knights of old,
Strike the hung shields of all the creeds,
Lay lance in rest and, over bold,

“Fight, only to be overcome ;
And, stricken, hear their death-doom knell'd,
And know each bitter wound was from
The splinters of the lance they held.

“All this has been, and may be still ;
But in thy vain and blinded dream
Was there no meaning in the hill,
No liquid glory in the stream ?



“No converse with the humbler things
To soothe thee into quiet rest,
When nature, like a mother, sings
And lays thee kindly to her breast ?”

“Yea, master,” thus I made reply,
“I come, for having stood without

The pale of thy sweet worship, I
Am stronger, having had my doubt.

“For like to him who still will yearn
The face of some old friend to see,
So from false lights that sank I turn
And joy to find no change in thee.

“And thus am I like one who sees
Some instrument he fain would try ;
He runs his fingers o'er the keys
To waken some old melody.

“But finding as he touches still
That all are mute save only one,
He strikes that chord with simple skill,
And wonders why it keeps its tone.

“Thus in my heart, though mute and dim,
Was still that worship of the past,
To waken into one grand hymn
When lifted up and touch'd at last.

“And thou once more art by my side ;
I fling the storms of youth away,
And turn my back upon that pride
Which led my eager feet astray.

“I catch the visions of those years ;
They yet are mine. My bosom fills,
And in my heart are joys and tears
Like lights and shadows on the hills.

“And that new meaning—ever old—
Again is on the waving tree ;
It breathes from sunset's dying gold,
And touches everything I see.

“What joy for me to walk once more
And hear thy gentle footsteps fall,
To pass with thee through Nature's door,
And see the Father of us all :

“To know and feel in some dim wise
That is not clear to mortal ken,
The calm yet splendid destinies
The ages slowly shape for men ;

“And best of all to understand,
That death, who makes this life to cease,
But takes that other by the hand,
And leads it into perfect peace :

“To know the purpose of the leaves
That come with spring to clothe the trees,
And why the grass in silence weaves
A deeper green on graves like these.”

For now we stood among the dead,
And each green mound beside my feet
Seem'd unto some high purpose wed,
And that high purpose, as was meet,

Mingled with everything I saw,
Stream, lake, and tree, and distant hill ;
The sunshine had a tender law
It was a pleasure to fulfil.

And ever as the truth of this
Grew up within me, I could hear
The Spirit whisper words of bliss
And comfort in my eager ear.

His hand was firmer on my own,
His voice grew sweet and sweeter still ;
A something in its very tone
Made stronger all my weaker will.

It ceased, like summer winds that pass,
And I was left alone to stand,
Watching the sunshine on the grass,
And yearning for that Spirit's hand.

The Rothay sang ; there came to me
One murmur of its gentlest wave ;
The sunshine fell on grass and tree,
And at my feet was Wordsworth's grave.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

I.—BRAHMANISM.

I HAVE but one object in giving some account of the Religions of the World. This : I wish to show the essential unity and solidarity of the religious consciousness in man.

Once it used to be said, “Christianity is true, and all other religions are false.” We now say of them all, whilst recognising the peculiar supremacy of the religion of Christ—

“They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

There was a truth revealed to Peter which has been ignored for about eighteen hundred years. It is this : “God is no respecter of

persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.” It is hardly too much to say that every Christian sect has denied this with all its might and main. Such a singular fact should open our eyes once for all to the difference between Christianity and the religion of Christ as Peter understood it.

Christianity is not an isolated phenomenon. It stands related to Judaism and Paganism. It claims affinity with the law of Moses, and with the *Daimon* or inspiring guide of Socrates—with the personal sacrifice of Buddha—with the Judge and the judgment seat in the Book

of the Dead, and even with the gnomic utterances of Confucius, whose cardinal doctrine of "Reciprocity" is summed up in the familiar words, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

In every religion there is something sacred. Each in its own way utters the eternal "cry of the human," and reveals that secret but sublime yearning after the true and unknowable God.

Max Müller tells us that a study of comparative religion will show that some of the vital articles of our faith are the common property of the race, and that as there is no entirely new language so there is no entirely new religion, all religions being more or less combinations of the same few radical ideas.

This is so because religion has not been invented but only discovered by man. Man, it is true, has invented its various forms and disguises, but he has not invented its essence. If a distinction between Christ's religion and others is to be drawn, it will not be correct to say that His is all true, whilst the others are all false. It would be better to say, "Other religions, as far as they are true, were discovered by man; Christianity, as far as it is untrue, was invented by man; but the religion of Christ was revealed to man."

Let us be consoled. The Divine Spirit, the Great Oversoul, has always been in contact with the human spirit. This, and not the dead ancestors theory, or any merely utilitarian doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, explains such recurrent world-thoughts as the Intuition of God; sense of human weakness, combined with a belief in a divine government and the trust in a Saviour; the distinction between good and evil; the mystery of sacrifice; the joy-hunger and the hope of a future life.

Historically Christianity is an offshoot of Judaism as Buddhism was of Brahmanism, or as Mahometanism was of Christianity, but the true place of Christ in history can only be understood when His religion is compared not only with Judaism, but with the religious aspirations of the whole world.

Brahmanism was the ancient faith of India. The Brahmans over three thousand years ago conquered the aborigines, and imposed upon them their faith and rule, as in later days the English subdued the Hindu and tried to do likewise. Some six centuries before Christ Buddhism supplanted Brahmanism and ruled supreme for one thousand years. At the present time about four hundred and seventy millions, or one-third of the human race, are Buddhists. Buddha reigns from Nepal to

Ceylon, invades China, Central Asia, Siberia, and Lapland.

The Brahmans have left no monuments, only the Vedas—their sacred books. The Rigveda, a collection of hymns, some 1200 B.C., or 1500 B.C., is the oldest of them. The Sun Prayer, "We meditate on Thee, the desirable light," &c., is probably the oldest extant prayer in the world. Centuries of oral tradition may have preceded the written Vedas; but, roughly speaking, we may believe that about the time that Agamemnon was celebrating his nuptials with Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, and quaffing the loving cup, perchance one of those golden goblets unearthed by the industry of Dr. Schliemann, and exposed to our nineteenth-century gaze at the South Kensington Museum; about the time that Gideon was girding on his sword to go up against the Midianites, the Brahman priest was formulating his solemn liturgy on the banks of the Ganges, spreading his prayer-carpet towards the rising sun, and pouring forth that ancient hymn, "We meditate on Thee, the desirable light!"

The Vedas have preserved for us sufficiently vivid glimpses of the old life of the Peninsula, which after the lapse of thirty centuries seems to have but little changed in many of its outward aspects. Certain passages of these religious and poetic idyls might have been written yesterday. The rivers are still seen rushing from the snowy Himalaya—the wolf and tiger lurk in the thick jungle or scour the plain. We see the elephant trampling through the thinned and fire-scorched woods. Peacocks, quails, and parrots brighten the tropical forest in spring. The cattle cross the swelling fords in droves, or are driven down from the hills to the sacrifice. There are the Hindu villages with their hurdle-surrounded houses; the village goldsmith is at his filigree work; the carpenter bends above his primitive lathe; the Sudra groans beneath his bales of merchandise; the people sit at their doors eating their simple food of curds, honey, banyan, and barley porridge, or at the close of day quaff from wooden goblets the refreshing but intoxicating *soma*. On feast days, the king comes riding abroad in his silver-decked chariot, drawn by white mules, and accompanied by his Brahmanic counsellor; the priest seated on his golden prayer-carpet utters mystic incantations, or recites the Vedic hymns.

We find at a very early period the Brahmanic teachers already established in colleges and leading their troops of disciples by the shores of the Ganges, what time the Indian

girls watch their little fire-boats dancing down the sacred flood, which also bears on its heaving bosom the half-charred corpses of the poor who cannot afford a more complete cremation.

The figure of the priest, the typical priest of all ages, stands out clearly. He has evidently made himself, with his rites and mysteries, first indispensable, and then, like the Jewish and Catholic priests after him, intolerably burdensome to the people.

Preaching and the recitation of the sacred books were in early times the priest's great power. His tongue, we read in the Vedas, is a bowstring; his voice is as the barb; and his wind-pipe like the arrow points surrounded with fire—the priest pierces the scorners of the gods!

The "collections" after the sermon don't seem to have been always satisfactory. We come upon constant allusions to "men who wished to give nothing." "So niggardly! how hard," exclaimed the preacher, "is it to melt the heart of a close-fisted miser." So we see how the common doctrine, that the people were invented only to keep the clergy fat, is after all a very ancient heresy—like most others.

If we shift our inquiry from How did they beg? to What did they teach? the answer is more satisfactory.

They spoke of a "Power of Contemplation" (spirit of God), or thought, which produced the world out of darkness (moving in the midst of what was darkness without form and void). They spoke of a Parusha, a supreme God, who was also a victim, and produced the world by offering up himself in sacrifice. They spoke of Agni, the sublime God of Light—yet the friendly sympathetic being who stooped to consort with, comfort, cherish, and gladden mankind. They spoke of Mann, a mysterious prophet of the elder time, who escaped from a mighty flood with seven persons, carrying with him seeds and animals to stock the earth what time the waters should abate.

The old Brahmanism was undoubtedly polytheistic in the sense of worshipping many subordinate gods, or rather symbolic impersonations of nature; but the further we study it the oftener do we come upon the deep monotheistic note proclaiming a central source from which all power flows. The fire, the water, the wind, the earth-gods—all come from this unknowable central Brahma, the source of thought, who had many names, many manifestations, but alone is, and from whom alone all are.

Fire, Agni, we are told cannot burn; Vata, wind, cannot blow; Indra, water, cannot pour or drown without Brahma, who is constantly viewed as acting through one and another of these divine agencies, so as to be spoken of now and again as identical with one or another of them.

"In the beginning," says the grand old Vedic hymn, "there arose the source of golden light."

"Who is the God to whom we should offer sacrifice?"

"He who brightens the sky;

"He who makes firm the earth;

"He who measures the air;

"He is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice.

"Who is the God," &c.

"He who looks over the water clouds;

"He who is the *only life of the bright earth*;

"He who kindles the altar flame;

"He is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice."

Who can fail to be reminded of words uttered some hundreds of years later:—

"Offer sacrifices unto the Lord your God;" or those other words uttered more than a thousand years afterwards, "God is light;"

"Our God is a consuming fire"?

But how did man stand related to this awful being, who was at once an avenging and a purifying fire? That question, which has knocked so imperiously at the door of every religious temple, found its answer in the strophe and anti-strophe of the following sublime Brahmanic litany, a fragment of which only I can afford to give. Man found himself convicted of frailty and sin in the presence of God's awful righteousness. To Agni, the pure and true purifier, ascended the continuous and penitential wail:—

"May our sin, Agni, be repented of.

Let us not enter into the house of clay.

Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

If I go about trembling,

Like a cloud driven by the wind,

Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Through want of strength, thou strong, bright God,

Have I gone to the wrong shore.

Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Whenever I commit an offence

Before the heavenly host,

Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Thirst came upon the worshipper.

Though he stood in the midst of the waters.

Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!"

But from the terrible sifter and purifier of men's actions, the Brahman was able to conduct his trembling disciple to an inward and more peaceful vision. God, the sympathiser, in the person of Kreesna, is the Emmanuel of Brahmanic theology. He is that "God manifest in the flesh" for whose presence man perpetually craves—belief in whom he

reiterates in every one of his creeds, ancient or modern. Kreesna stands close to the elect prince and warrior; Arjoon, as a mysterious but divine counsellor. He teaches him wisdom, patience, hope, trust. He is the minor personality, the human side of God revealed, acting with us, and moving us to action. How close is Kreesna, how vigilant, how full of sympathy—not far from any one of us, about our path, and about our bed, and spying out all our ways. Thus he speaks: "I am the worship, I am the sacrifice, I am the fire, I am the victim, I am the father and mother of the world, I am the living way. The comforter, the witness, the asylum, the friend of man. Amongst the secret I am silence, amongst the wise, wisdom." Every clause of this description might be paralleled with texts referring to Christ.

Lastly, there follows this remarkable and far-reaching sentence, to be matched only by those words of Peter in the Acts, before alluded to.

"They who serve other gods with a firm belief in doing so, involuntarily worship me."

The later hymns and fragments of the Upanishads give us the liveliest glimpses into the thoughts and conversations of the Brahman teachers with their bands of disciples.

By the river in the cool of the day, or beneath the electric brilliancy of the tropical moon, we can hear them chant together this hymn when they meet—

*"From the unreal lead me to the real,
From darkness lead me to the light,
From death lead me to immortality."*

Then follow many deep and subtle questionings as, "Whence did the world arise?" "How is the knowledge of Brahma to be gained?" "What are the rules for the discipline of man?"

The Brahman's talk was not long-winded and discursive, but more like that of Confucius, the oracular or conversational utterances of Socrates, the gnomic sayings of the Hebrew prophets, and I may add the succinct and didactic phrases of Jesus Christ.

Sometimes the teacher speaks of an unknown yet blessed world where beyond all "these voices there is peace."

"The world of Brahma, which is free from decay, will be the portion of them in whom there is no crookedness or lie."

Sometimes the soul is described in language fully as poetical as the "Psyche" parable of the Greeks, but far more spiritual.

"Soul is the essential life of the body. As all the bees go out when the queen bee goes out, and all remain when she remains,

so all the senses come in and go out with the soul." Or referring more directly to the divine home of the spirit, "As the birds repair to the tree to roost, so do all souls to the Supreme Person."

"There is no death; what seems so is transition," sings the chief of American poets.

"Yama' or death," says the Brahman, "doth open the mind to that imperishable and unchanging world where alone perpetual glory is to be found." We can almost read back into the words the Christian collect, "Through the grave and gate of death we rise to the life immortal."

Of the knowledge of God it is declared: "He who knows Brahma, for him there is neither rising nor setting sun, but eternal day." Into which I read, "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only God."

The teacher and his pupils approach the study of religion with hearts and minds at leisure. They come together already absorbed in profound meditation, and before they part they confirm and strengthen one another with such lofty and spiritual utterances as these—

"He who has reverence acquires faith:

"He who controls his passions has reverence:

"The quiet alone have reverence:

"O Lord, I seek the eternal quiet of the soul."

Then the disciples arise and embrace the teacher, saying: "Thou art our Father!" and disperse by river and woodland. I almost seem to hear the voice of another master addressing other disciples beside other waters, "Arise, let us go hence."

To enter here more deeply into the developed philosophy of Brahmanism would be quite beyond the scope of this bird's-eye view. The essence of it, cleared of ancient metaphysic, although so much mystery is supposed to surround it, is not hard to grasp. It is this:—

"Soul is the only reality in man which lasts.

"Soul is here on earth separated from, yet dependent on, Brahma (Oversoul).

"Soul struggles whilst working out an individual destiny to be delivered from matter—but is in this struggle forced to ally itself with matter.

"The soul-struggle is either upwards or downward." Here comes in the doctrine of Transmigration, which provides for the re-incarnation in man or animals of the human spirit. For the very bad various hells are provided; for the very good absorption into

Brahma, the soul into the Oversoul, is the reward; for the indifferent, a return into various bodies according to their moral state, is taught.

Six systems of philosophy aim at showing how absorption into Brahma may be accomplished, and they deal inferentially with the conduct of life and the whole duty of man.

Buddhism, which I may call the Broad Church Reform of Brahmanism, which took place about B.C. 620, must form the subject of a separate chapter.

The ascetic Brahman of later days, himself at last without feelings, had grown insensible to the sufferings of others.

The praying Brahman had turned himself into a mere praying machine, like the praying-wheels now imported from Thibet.

The sacrificing Brahman retained not a vestige of care for the spiritual meaning of all his sacrifice in the subjection of the human to the divine will.

The contemplative Brahman had degenerated into a trance lunatic, without thought.

All conduct had got to be regulated by self-seeking motives, and all charity by mechanical and time-serving considerations. In a word, the whole of Brahmanism—and this was its sovereign corruption—had become centred in the priests; to that caste all the others were steadily and consistently sacrificed. One vast ecclesiastical tyranny had spread itself throughout the whole of the Peninsula, more pitiless than Mahometanism, more formal than Romanism, more gloomy than any form of Paganism. The masses of the people were oppressed and the rich squeezed by the extortion of the Brahmans. Nothing could be done without them, yet what they did seemed of no use to any one. The whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint; such was the spectacle which met the eyes of Prince Buddha when he drove out of his palace gates six hundred years before Christ, determined to look upon the wide outer world for himself.

What he saw, what he was, what he did, shall be told in my next chapter.

HOW AND WHEN STIMULANTS ARE HURTFUL.

By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

TO affirm that "stimulants are injurious" without explaining how, and showing when, they are so, is to broaden out the proposition until it becomes false. Truth may be transformed, by extension, into untruth. There is nothing we more need to understand and bear in mind, while tracking the path of progress in science and general knowledge in this "go-ahead" age, than the relativity of truth. The worst errors are made by truth-seekers. The greatest and most deplorable misconceptions of fact are commonly formed by those who, in their eager but unwise endeavours to "get at the bottom of things" or to take "broad views," either mistake the particular (*e.g.*, the individual), for the general (*i.e.*, the universal), or construe and apply the general as if it were the particular. For example, in this matter of stimulants, it may be relatively true in reference to an *individual* that they are injurious, that is to the one person; but this, fact as it is in the individual case, may not be a fact, and therefore not true, in a general or universal sense. This must be remembered. It is not, however, the point I am expressly intent on placing before the reader in this little paper. What I have to say may be said in a few sentences, and it had better be so said than lost in a cloud of words; for it

is especially desirable that it should be taken into serious consideration by everybody, whether total abstainers, moderate drinkers, or free livers. Let me try to cast what I have to communicate into a few aphorisms. If I can so make them they shall be axioms.

A stimulant stirs to activity; sensation is heightened, force or power is increased by stimulation. This is the direct or immediate effect of a stimulant, and, in a strict sense, stimulants do not, in truth cannot, produce any other, or secondary, effects. It is a fallacy to say that stimulants are first exciting and then depressing. What occurs after the excitement is not the effect of the stimulant, it arises out of the condition of the organism stimulated, and varies with its state. Sensation is a faculty of *knowing*. We know the properties or qualities of the objects around us by seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling. These are faculties or functions of relation, that is, they bring the Consciousness into relation with the external world. When one or all of the sensory faculties are heightened by stimulation, that effect is brought about by the *excitation* of the organ or organs of sensation. So with action, the organs of movement may be stimulated, and when they are so stimulated the effect is produced by excitation. This is the

whole story of stimulation, and it will be seen that, inasmuch as the sensations and activities are natural, stimulation cannot *in itself* be injurious. Now comes the important point upon which I ask the reader to bestow his best attention.

Stimulation cannot either give power or increase strength. It simply calls into activity what already exists in the organism. To speak accurately, it converts potential *energy* into kinetic (from *κινω*, I move) *force*. Energy is power held in reserve, force is power in action. Stimulants provoke a discharge of energy, and in so doing of course they reduce the stock in hand by just so much as they consume in action. Sometimes it is good and wise to stir up the energy of a torpid organism, and to compel its conversion into active force. Activity may relieve a too tense, or, if I may so express myself, a turgid, state of the "nervous centres," which are the generators, accumulators, and reservoirs of energy. Meanwhile, it will be evident that stimulation must be injurious when it excites an organism which is deficient in energy to discharge its almost exhausted reserve of force. This will take us a step further.

Stimulation consumes energy and tends to exhaust. This is strictly and universally the fact, and if nothing more than we have yet seen existed and claimed to be taken into account, the one rational and inevitable conclusion must be that stimulants are injurious without stint or limitation. There *is*, however, more to be said. The fact that energy, or strength, or power—call it what we please—is produced and stored in the organism ready to be called out by excitation, implies the existence of faculties of production and storing. And, as a matter of fact, these re-creative faculties may be, and are in health, stimulated by the same agent that excites to the conversion of energy into force; so that not only is strength consumed, but a fresh supply of strength is called into existence by stimulation of the energy-making faculty. This brings us to the root of the question.

Stimulants may simply provoke an expenditure of strength without creating or eliciting a new supply. In this way and when they so act they are injurious. When, however, they stir the recuperative faculty to an activity which replaces the energy they consume, they are not injurious, but, on the contrary, useful, inasmuch as it is better that the organism as a whole, and every part of it, should act, than that it should be inactive. All living matter feeds in proportion as it

works, and only as it feeds and works can it be healthy. Now let me endeavour to set down a few maxims which will, on consideration, be found to grow out of what we have thus briefly reviewed.

1. Never take stimulants in moments of extreme exhaustion. That is precisely the time and state when there is especial peril of discharging the last remains of energy, and leaving the nervous centres too exhausted and powerless to recuperate. There is in nervous action, as in mechanical motion, a dead point at which *inertia* becomes imminent.

2. Never take more of a stimulant than will suffice to stir the energies gently. If you want to incite a horse to action, you must not whip him more than will suffice to rouse him. If more than this be done, strength will be exhausted by irritation.

3. Never forget that stimulants are *excitants*, and only when they excite to recuperation—*i.e.* to the formation of new reserves of strength—as well as to the consumption of the strength in hand, can they be useful or even safe.

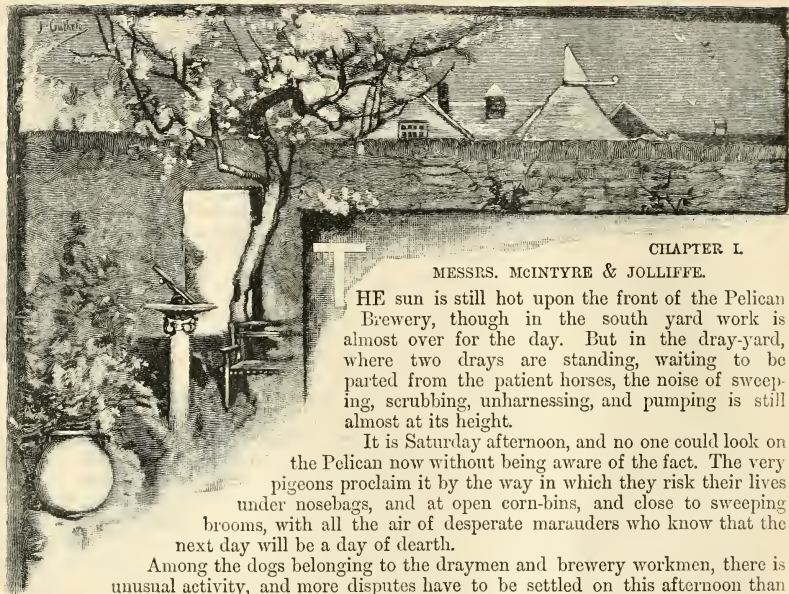
4. Never persist in the use of stimulants for the alleviation of feelings of mental or muscular weakness or weariness, if the relief obtained is followed by "depression of spirits," "coldness of the feet," or "prostration" either of mind or body; because when these consequences ensue after a temporary revival of tone and power it is manifest that the recuperative faculty is either not properly stimulated or is itself exhausted, and harm instead of good is being done by the stimulation.

What I have tried to show tends obviously to the conclusion that extreme views on the subject of stimulants, whether those of the total-abstainer or those of the free-liver, are fallacious. The truth lies midway between the two contending parties; and yet it is not with the moderate drinkers any more than it is with the extremists on either side, unless they recognise the "how" and the "when" of injurious stimulation. Wine was given to make glad the heart of man, and it would not have gladdened his heart unless it had been stimulating and capable of quickening the flow of blood through his organism, and of heightening his sensibilities and augmenting his power of action; but an intelligent instinct, free from passion and greed, must determine the mode and extent of its use, or it will not add to the sum of his happiness, or render him more fit to live and labour, to labour and live.

THE NEW MANAGER.

By KATHERINE SAUNDERS,

AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK," "THE HIGH MILLS," ETC.



CHAPTER I.

MESSRS. MCINTYRE & JOLLIFFE.

THE sun is still hot upon the front of the Pelican Brewery, though in the south yard work is almost over for the day. But in the dray-yard, where two drays are standing, waiting to be parted from the patient horses, the noise of sweeping, scrubbing, unharnessing, and pumping is still almost at its height.

It is Saturday afternoon, and no one could look on the Pelican now without being aware of the fact. The very pigeons proclaim it by the way in which they risk their lives under nosebags, and at open corn-bins, and close to sweeping brooms, with all the air of desperate marauders who know that the next day will be a day of dearth.

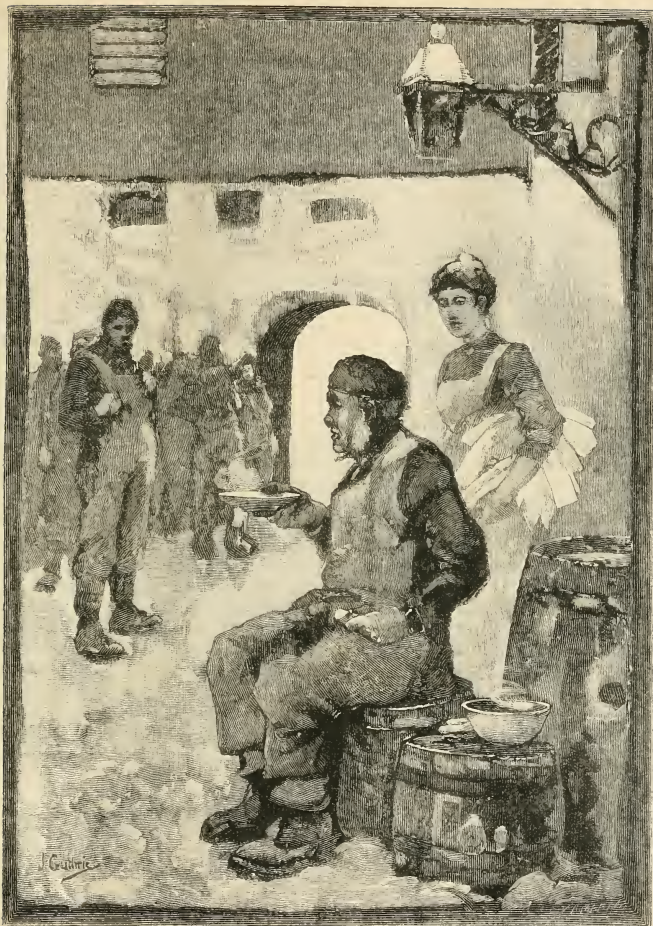
Among the dogs belonging to the draymen and brewery workmen, there is unusual activity, and more disputes have to be settled on this afternoon than any other; more bones to be hidden, and friendly consultations to be held.

All this is much to the inconvenience of busy stable-men, and the profound disgust of Hector, the great mastiff, who, chained to his kennel, is spending the whole force of his character in pretending not to see his inferiors vaunting their liberty before him in every possible and most hurtful way.

The south yard, on the other side of the house, has just been washed, and is drying in cool grey patches. The great outer gates stand open, and the yellow-footed ducks, on their way home from the common, have turned in to drink the water still lying between the huge uneven stones. Their trespass is seen by Grab, the Scotch terrier, on the counting-house steps, and they return to the public highway in less dignity than they deserted it. The inner gates are also open, revealing the interior of the brewery, all in cool, yeasty-smelling, Rembrandt shadow. Far back in that darkness is a narrow door, making a strip of light, and giving a glimpse of what seems a forest of apple blossom. Half in the darkness of the interior, and half in the sunshine of the outer yard, is a great gathering of scarlet-capped heads, reminding one of a patch of Brobdignagian poppies.

Such a gathering at this hour is rather an unusual phenomenon, for work being over, and wages paid, generally signifies vacancy in the outer yard.

On this particular Saturday afternoon, however, there seems to be some charm about the Pelican, in its clean repose, that keeps its aproned servitors still lingering with their thumbs in their bibs, or in the custody of small messengers sent to tell father "tea's ready." It may be the penny pieces, pats, and admiring glances bestowed on these messengers, causing the men to linger, shrewdly guessing their delay will bring other messengers as small and as pretty in search of them also.



"Saturday afternoon."

At this very moment the Hercules of the brewery is erecting himself in his leather-encased legs, and extending his bibbed chest, more proudly in the knowledge (though he appears oblivious) that a pair of minutest feet in the outer yard are toddling in his direction, climbing laboriously over the rough stones, "doing them," in fact, as though they were the Alps that lay between the small climber and her father.

There is the brewery patriarch, old Wharton,

seated on the diminutive cask, called "a pin," whilst at his side on a firkin stand his yellow basin of tea and plate of bread and butter. His pretty daughter, the laundress, has just brought him this repast, and is still standing watching his enjoyment of it, with a basket of clean linen under her arm, while a barrow full of more baskets waits at the top of the yard.

Mr. Wharton feels himself a person of no little consequence to the Pelican, since on

him devolves the duty of seeing the brewery closed, and delivering the keys into the watchman's hands. He looks at the men across the saucer of steaming tea balanced on his finger tips with the superior air of a domestic pigeon watching the gathering of swallows for migration.

Another and strange reason for the loitering of the men is suggested by the glances, some impatient, some curious, some calmly expectant, which several of them direct towards Mr. Wharton's countenance. They may be waiting to hear his sage opinion on certain engrossing topics of the week. His apparent unconsciousness of anything of the kind being expected of him does not necessarily dispel the idea, for all who know him are aware that it is just when he is in possession of brewery secrets of more than ordinary importance, and when his mind is most powerfully exercised by them, that his pale, watery blue eye is fullest of the innocence of childhood and his sunken mouth seems smitten by a sort of imbecile silence.

This afternoon, his eyes appearing more than ever infantine in expression, and his mouth more innocent of either teeth or speech, it may be reasonably supposed that some matter of unusual consequence is in his thoughts.

"Come, Mr. Wharton," says a voiceless giant who can only speak in a large whisper, having lost his voice by carrying great weights against his chest. "You don't mean to say as we're not a-goin' to see the young master agen? I'd a walked twenty mile to a shook hands with him."

"Ay, and so ud I, I reckon," echoed three or four voices emphatically.

"Some says he went last night, some says he didn't," is the not very lucid comment of old Wharton as he stares into his basin of tea.

"I reckon as the Pelican ull feel the miss on him—more ways nor one," declares the Hercules, better known as William Treloggan, the Somersetshire man. His little child has reached him and is now in his arms, crushing the splendours of his scarlet cap.

"It's this day ten years ago I saved him from bein' crushed to death by the furnace wheel," says a stout cask-washer.

"Well, and *that* were fright of his father as made him hide there," observes a stableman who has stopped on his way to the dray just drawn up, to listen. "Ay, and it's nothing but his father's bullyin' as drives him away now."

"I d'zeem there'll be na luck for na one

here when he's a-gonned," says William Treloggan.

"Ain't it most a pity," queries the voiceless giant, "as he couldn't make up his mind to give in, and marry the young lady, as old McIntyre wants him to, and bring a lot o' money into the firm? It's wanted bad enough by all accounts—eh, Mr. Wharton?"

Old Wharton's blue eyes gleam round at the men with an excitement which expresses itself without movement of the lips.

"She wur most growed up when Master Allan were that 'igh," and he holds his shaking hand about half a yard above the stones.

"Oh, come now, father," protested the pretty laundress, "she's only ten years older, and I don't see as they mightn't a bin very happy, and I shud a had the washin' an' all."

"It wouldn't a prospered you if you had."

"Oh, don't tell me!" answers his daughter, throwing off her shyness in the ardour of her professional feeling. "She'd have bin just what I like—livin' at home, and all to do regler. None of them goin' abroad, or leavin' you with more on your hands all at once than you can manage, and another time without a blessed pocket-ankercher, or a havin' of her things powdered and machined to rags by some French Madam Somebody, and blaming it to you. No; for everythink always, and always certain, she'd a bin the nicest bit o' washin' I ever had, and I ain't no patience with your young master, that I ain't."

And the pretty laundress grasps her basket closer under her arm and declares she must be going. But a pair of appealing brown eyes, belonging to a younger brother of William Treloggan, seem to keep her lingering still, and to show that the Pelican is not without the old, old story going on—older than the brewery stones, new as the blossoms at the far back open door.

A cart is standing there now, and the hot grains come raining down into it from the back window above, dimming the lustre of the orchard blossoms with steam, and sending a warm aroma up the brewery yard, accompanied by the fragrance of the lilac just outside the brewery door. The two scents mingling seem to typify the spirits of labour and of rest which meet each other at the Pelican just now.

"Hark!" exclaims old Wharton suddenly, suspending his basin of tea midway between his mouth and the firkin.

There is a simultaneous movement among the men, for a well-known voice is heard at the outer gates shouting—

"Hollo! there. Tom, come and hold my horse, will you?"

Tom, Wharton's son, runs up to the gates. All the others turn with respectful and rather gloomy interest towards the new arrival. He at first goes in the direction of the house, but seeing so many of them collected together, comes up to them instead.

"Stripling" is the word that occurs to one at first sight of that tall, lithe figure, which evidently has not been in the world more than twenty years at most. But the face, though polished as marble in its smoothness and clearness, and most delicately cut, has the strength, courage, determination, and nerve of a young Bonaparte, whose portrait, indeed, it strikingly resembles. All these qualities are brought to the surface now by some powerfully restrained excitement, excitement so restrained, indeed, as to appear almost like a fine repose.

"Well, my men," he says, striding in amongst them, "I am glad you are still here. I have been riding like Old Nick to get in time to shake hands and wish you good-bye before I'm off."

"Then is it true, sir? Surely it ain't true?" cry a dozen voices at once. "You never mean you're a-goin' to leave us for good, Mr. Allan?"

"Yes, it's true enough, my men," answers the young master, as the hand-shaking goes on with rapidity. "And, Bowdon, you can have my colley if you like. My father doesn't want it, he says. And, Hardy, your children can have the pigeons. I dare say Mr. Jolliffe will let you keep them where they are. And there's the old gun for you, Wharton—it's in the office somewhere. Now good-bye all. I have hardly a minute to see Mr. Jolliffe. Do you know where he is?"

"He's in the house, sir—in the balcony room," answer several voices at once, not very steadily.

The tall young figure goes through the inner doors, and through the yeasty-smelling darkness towards the narrow door that opens on the orchards. A few strides bring him to the bottom of some rustic steps. He clears these in an instant, and comes upon the balcony outside the favourite sitting-room of his father's partner, Mr. Jolliffe.

The Pelican dwelling-house, occupied by Mr. Jolliffe and his family, has been an old manor-house, and is spacious and pleasant, especially here at the back, where it looks out on the old manorial garden and orchards.

Jolliffe is known as the business partner of the firm of McIntyre and Jolliffe, McIntyre

residing two miles away at a lonely house on the hill, called the Poplars, and being seldom seen at the brewery.

Allan McIntyre finds Mr. Jolliffe seated at the end of the balcony, shaded by monthly roses in full bloom, reading his *Guardian*, and sipping sherry.

Jolliffe is in young middle-age, of a ruddy and white countenance, and easy and affable of manner. His wife, who sits at needlework just inside the sitting-room, is dark-eyed, stout, and *débonnaire*. Some flaxen-haired children are shouting in the buttercups of the meadow beyond the orchard with voices as sweet as anything in the summer air.

"I have come to wish you good-bye," said Allan McIntyre, looking from one to the other of the comely pair with affectionate eyes, "and to thank you for all your kindness to me."

Mrs. Jolliffe shakes hands with him first, then sinks back in her chair with the baby's pinafore, which she is making, at her eyes.

Jolliffe next holds his young friend's hand and looks at him with great kindness.

"Must it really be, Allan?"

"Yes, the break has come," answers Allan. "It is time it had."

"Your poor father," says Jolliffe, still holding his hand.

At this appeal Allan's eyes kindle with something besides courage and determination.

"Mr. Jolliffe," he says, "I could do anything for him, but I will not stay to foster his foibles. They have killed my mother, they would soon destroy any good there may be in me. It is quite as well that he has urged me to do this, which I have a right to refuse, and if my refusal brings on me his anger and dismissal, I cannot blame myself, as I should if I went away in cool blood. I long to get away and am thankful something has come to part us. It is time we were parted."

And Allan shakes Jolliffe's hand in a way that shows no more must be said on the subject. Jolliffe pours him a glass of sherry, which Allan declines. He takes up his hat to go, looking very reluctantly and gratefully round the bright little room.

"I have spent some of the very happiest hours of my life here," he says with a sigh—the only one that has escaped him at the thought of going from home.

It has been in this room he has had lessons from Jolliffe, who was a Cambridge man and had studied with a view to entering the Church. But the lessons had been rather

pleasurable than profitable to young McIntyre, who was more for action than study.

"Then good-bye, my boy," says Jolliffe, "and may the Father whose will you may not disobey be ever watching over you."

Allan does not wince at the implied though gentle rebuke. But his eyes soften as he says,—

"It is for my father's sake more than for my own that I am disobeying him now."

"How did you part, my lad? Not in anger?"

"Yes, we did. He refused to wish me good-bye."

"Well, I cannot say you have not been patient with him till now."

"And now," says Allan, "patience would only be weakness and misery for both, and others. Good-bye. I shall run and kiss the barns."

The next minute Mrs. Jolliffe could see through the pear-trees the white sun-bonneted babies being dragged up to the palings for a farewell hug in the arms that had so often nursed them.

A few cheery, ringing "good-byes" to the men, and presently the sound of the horse's feet in the dusty road is heard, and Jolliffe and his wife look at each other, and she shakes her head, and he sighs.

"Fancy marrying a lad like that for money!" he mutters, standing still, with his hand on the balcony. "And to a woman ten years older than himself!"

"And all to satisfy his own insane ambition to get into parliament," adds Mrs. Jolliffe, alluding to the elder McIntyre.

"Well," says Jolliffe, turning round as the last sound of the horses' feet is dying away. "Poor lad, he was not much at mathematics, and would never have been but a poor classic, but he has in him the germs of a first-rate business man. And what is extraordinary with that, he is the soul of honour."

"And he's left the firm," sobs Mrs. Jolliffe, "and I should like to know how it's to prosper now."

"The backbone has gone from it, certainly," says Jolliffe, contemplatively.

"And what's to become of the poor children who have nothing else to look to?"

"We must hope for the best, my love," answers Jolliffe, taking the sherry declined by Allan. "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Although the gloom left by Allan McIn-

tyre's departure pervaded the Pelican for some weeks, the silver lining prophesied by Jolliffe perhaps made itself felt in the greater freedom enjoyed by all, now that the active figure was no longer appearing at all times and seasons in the yards and offices, and the keen eye was no more to be dreaded in its quick discovery of neglected duty.

All seemed to go on more smoothly and comfortably. The elder McIntyre's visits had been few and far between before, now they were very rare events indeed.

The head clerk had it all his own way in the offices, but then he was so perfectly trustworthy, so Messrs. McIntyre and Jolliffe had always agreed; and even Jolliffe was obliged to own that it was no wonder he should have rather resented Allan McIntyre's interference with his method of managing his accounts.

So the years glided smoothly on. The blossoms in the Pelican orchards came and fell, leaving all things much the same.

Jolliffe's own household blossoms also drooped (in some childish malady), and he was left with but one of the little ones Allan had kissed when he went away, a little girl who had become the apple of his eye. His grief for his lost ones had been like his nature, gentle; and he said to his wife that there would be one corner in the next world not altogether strange to them both when they should go there.

But on the whole he was as happy as ever, enjoying life to the utmost, and troubling himself with business as little as need be.

McIntyre up at the Poplars was still living much the same kind of life as when Allan left him. And even his son's place in his household was filled-up. The lady he had wished him to marry had died of consumption, and left her fortune to a nephew, of whom she had made McIntyre guardian.

This necessarily distracted his attention still more from the brewery, which was left entirely in Jolliffe's hands.

CHAPTER II.—"STANDING AT BAY."

THE orchards about the Pelican are in blossom for the twentieth time since the young master came that June day to take leave of his friends there.

That the brewery is in difficulties is pretty well known, not only in Stoke Bassett, but for a very wide circuit round that respectable but stagnant old market town.

It bears its decline as it bore its prosperity, jovially, and goes the road to ruin with gaily-painted drays, and fat glossy horses that

shake their manes and silky fetlocks in defiance, however it may be hinted that they are eating their heads off and that McIntyre and Jolliffe have no right to keep them.

McIntyre is deeper than ever in his plans for getting into Parliament and having the malt tax abolished, so giving the Pelican a chance of rising to its former prosperity. Once in six months or so a friend gives him a lecture as to the state of the business, and he comes down in a panic to rouse Jolliffe, and tell him there must be a stronger hand held over things.

Poor Jolliffe, who, what with gout and want of ready cash, has not a very strong hand to hold over anything, says, "Quite so, quite so," and gets out the sherry, and the partners go drifting off into dreams of the Malt Tax Bill being passed and all difficulties ended.

Mrs. Jolliffe coming in to inquire whether they have arranged anything, Jolliffe rubs his hands and looks at McIntyre, and says—

"I suppose it must be another loan from Lovibond, just to tide over again?"

"Exactly, just to tide over," says McIntyre, only too glad to get out of Mrs. Jolliffe's way, and back to his own dusty den of newspapers, blue-books, and pamphlets.

Things go on easily till the hop merchant or some one else is unreasonable enough to come and worry Jolliffe about "that long-standing account," whereupon Jolliffe dons his broad, easy walking shoes and limps off to the Poplars with a chaos of business papers in his little black bag.

All at the Pelican soon know the result of his expedition—a letter, lying ready for the afternoon's post, addressed "C. Lovibond, Esq., Solicitor, Lincoln's Inn."

All this would have been far more dangerous and blamable in the partners if there did not happen to be something known to themselves, more than the commercial world, or indeed the world in general knew, concerning their affairs; something that might be said perhaps to excuse, if it did not exactly justify their conduct.

Jolliffe's daughter, who was herself heiress to a small fortune in the event of her marrying with her parents' consent, was engaged to McIntyre's rich ward. It was quite an understood thing that the young people were to take shares in the business. As Lovibond was an old friend of the family, it is possible the knowledge of these matters had something to do with his readiness to advance loans; but that may be more apparent hereafter.

And now all waited for the young people to make up their minds when the marriage was to take place. But, as is usually the case, all parties concerned being perfectly agreeable to, and decidedly anxious for, the marriage to take place, seemed to prove an obstacle rather than an inducement to their arranging for an early day.

Keith Cameron was twenty-five, Sophie Jolliffe twenty-three years of age, and they had been engaged two years, and seemed too happy to be in any hurry to change their condition.

They sang, played tennis, boated, rode and walked, and spent nearly half their time together. Jolliffe, though happy in their engagement, used to allow it was very provoking.

"Here," he said, "had the fairy prince, who was to wake the business from its long torpor, arrived and kissed the princess, but now it appeared as though all was to be allowed to fall asleep again."

Still Jolliffe tried to keep up his own spirits and his wife's on the matter, and told her he felt sure that this second spring of their engagement would bring things to a crisis. He had a new Brussels carpet in the drawing-room, and the garden done up at some expense, and went about humming in his silvery voice with much joyous anticipation:—

"The summer days are coming, Jane,
And the bloom is on the rye."

One day he appeared before McIntyre at the Poplars in a most unusual state of agitation.

"Now," he exclaimed, "what's to be done?" And he threw his little black bag on the floor.

"What's the matter?" inquired the recluse, almost invisible amidst his piled-up books. "Don't disturb me more than you can help with business to-day. This proof ought to be in the printer's hands to-morrow."

"The matter," answered Jolliffe, with less than his usual gentleness, "is, here's Lovibond standing at bay. He refuses another loan!"

"Bless me," exclaimed McIntyre, pushing back his books a little and thrusting his fingers through his hair. "Just now. Why, is the man insane?"

"Or coming to his senses?" said Jolliffe, "which is about as bad for us. At least he refuses another shilling unless we agree to his putting a business man on the premises

to look through the books and take the whole management of the place till he can report the exact state of things to Lovibond."

"What is to be done?" asked McIntyre after a pause.

"I haven't the least idea," declared Jolliffe, rather curtly for him.

"Can't we," said McIntyre, with much hesitation and some childish complaining in his voice, "can't we—concede to his proposal?"

"Mrs. Jolliffe declares it's impossible."

"Ah, yes. No doubt—no doubt. But business is business, you know. What does he say about the man he wants to send?"

Jolliffe handed him the lawyer's letter. McIntyre ran his eye over it and read aloud the last paragraph.

"You will find Mr. Pascal the right man in the right place. He is of gentlemanly address and feeling, has been in the army and seen some rough service and is a thorough martinet, just what you want at the Pelican."

"Well," remarked McIntyre, returning Jolliffe the letter, "my brain is so bewildered with night work and day work I must get you to decide. I suppose we must submit?"

"I don't see how we can help ourselves," answered Jolliffe. He spoke almost gloomily and added: "But I don't know how Mrs. Jolliffe will endure it; the very idea has made her quite ill."

"Need he be in the house?"

"If he comes at all we must receive him with good grace," answered Jolliffe. "Good morning, McIntyre; I will not disturb you any longer."

He spoke rather wearily, and less cordially than usual. McIntyre looked vaguely disquieted, and followed him to the door.

"Assure Mrs. Jolliffe of my deep sympathy in this new trial," said he, more feelingly than he had spoken for a long time.

Poor Jolliffe dreaded his return to his wife more than he cared McIntyre to know. He made the best of things, however, and set her an example of patience and meek endurance that none could quite ignore.

"It won't be for long, my love," he reasoned cheerily, "Keith and Sophie seemed very serious, I thought, as I saw them together in the garden just now. Depend upon it, things will all be settled suddenly, and we shall frighten Lovibond's martinet away with wedding bells. Come and see how they are getting on with the new geranium bed," and he patted Mrs. Jolliffe's ample shoulder as they went down

the rustic steps and hummed his favourite song—

"The summer days are coming, Jane,
And the bloom is on the rye."

CHAPTER III.—RUMOURS IN THE YARDS.

AGAIN there is a gathering of scarlet caps round the afternoon tea equipage of the brewery Methuselah, Mr. Wharton. He is once more watching the men preparing to depart for the week, for it is Saturday afternoon. Evidently he feels as much at home as in his own cottage, and eyes with the complacency of a proprietor the clean casks neatly piled under the malt-house window, the open coolers above, and the cobwebbed window in the corner barricaded with sugar casks.

His eyes also turn affectionately towards the counting-house steps, up which occasionally labours a heavy-limbed drayman, or down which trips a curly-headed clerk to investigate the newly-arrived dray himself, and to set right some mistake as to "returns" or "empties."

Old Wharton has seen much the same thing going on this last twenty years as well as twenty before, Saturday after Saturday; yet he watches, with as much interest as ever, Hopkins the drayman's admiration of the clerk's superior intelligence as he counts over the casks, pointing with the tail of his pen, and settling the difficulty, as Hopkins says, "in less than no time." Such sharpness would be wonderful enough in the old drayman's estimation even had the youth given his whole attention to the task. It was infinitely more so, considering that all the time there were the glances of the prettiest girls in Miss Vickory's school to be returned with interest, as the long file went past the Pelican with a sound of tongues like the babble of a running brook, and the fragrance of wild hyacinths, of which the young ladies had gathered great sheaves in the Stoke Bassett Woods.

Miss Vickory should surely have noticed that the babbling grew louder as the file passed the office windows, as if to give the faces inside a chance of peeping over the wire blinds. But doubtless Miss Vickory was herself too much occupied in trying to ascertain from under her sunshade whether a certain highly respectable iron-grey head was by any chance looking in her direction from the window by which the head clerk had a desk.

It is only when Hopkins sees the backward tossing of heads and glances from the

disappearing file, that it occurs to him there may have been some other motive than mere attention to business brought young Mr. Popham out to the dray. As the idea does slowly dawn upon him his big shoulders begin to shake like jelly, and he goes straddling from stone to stone towards the group in the south yard, remarking, with much low, wheezy laughter:

"Oh, this 'ere risin' generation!"

Just now, as on a certain Saturday twenty years ago, it is quite evident that Mr. Wharton's opinion upon, or further elucidation of, some important matter is being anxiously awaited by the men standing round him.

William Treloggan, as much of a Hercules at forty-two as he was at twenty-two, watches Mr. Wharton, with a good-humoured twinkle in his eye, his broad Somersetshire face but little disturbed by the curiosity evinced by the others. His two brothers are in the group. The elder, Obadiah, about fifty years old, has perhaps the most deeply anxious, though decidedly the most furtive, interest in Mr. Wharton's expected communication. The younger, Silas, is as fresh-complexioned and blue-eyed as William; but the rounded smiling under-lip, which in William only expresses easy good-nature, in Silas appears to indicate weakness and vacillation of character to any extent.

Even now, as his eyes glance from one brother to another to read their opinions as to the sphinx on the "pin," may be seen the sudden changefulness of feeling. Looking at William, he seems to immediately share his easy honest indifference to all opinions; but as his eyes turn again to Obadiah, they as quickly fill with a look of vague disquietude. The three brothers are great favourites with Mr. Jolliffe, having been exported from the Somersetshire parish of which his only brother is rector.

"Eh, Maister Wharton," says Obadiah, acting at last as spokesman, "be yer tap o' news a runned al dry thic week?"

Obadiah's face is pale and almost surrounded by a thin fringe of black beard and whiskers, and the mouth, which formed so plain an index to character in his brothers, is nearly concealed by a moustache. His eyes are dark and small, bright, intelligent, and furtive, darting as he speaks glances of almost angry questioning at Wharton's face.

A slight movement among the surrounding forms shows with what interest the result of his question is awaited.

There is Hopkins, who for size and impressiveness reminds one of three ideal draymen done into one, standing with his thumbs in the bib of his apron, apparently regarding Wharton only as an enjoyable study of character. Even he, at the question just put, evinces a curiosity not entirely free from uneasiness. To an observant eye, curiosity lends his face an intelligence rather at variance with his character for hopeless stupidity, which is the alleged excuse for his day-book being in the state of confusion in which it is usually found.

The question of Obadiah Treloggan as to Wharton's news being exhausted has the desired effect. The oracle puts down his basin of tea, and his blue eyes glance with a childish awe and an air of retrospection from face to face, and his thin high-pitched voice says, in a sort of vague appeal—

"A gre't age! It's a gre't age, is etty-two!"

This is well known to be a precursor to news of no mean import, and immediately arrests any attention that may for the moment have wandered. A murmur of soothing assent, in which nearly all join, follows the remark and wins the still more portentous one of—

"You may see a deal o' changes by the time you're etty-two."

"Well, my ancient old venerable, and what change is in the wind now?" inquires Hopkins, his eyes watery with apparently uncontrollable mirth as he winks round at Wharton's attentive audience.

Those, however, who know Wharton well are aware there is a certain extent of retrospection to be gone over before their curiosity can be satisfied as to any event of present interest. They know that leaving this without interruption is the way to have it over most promptly.

"Yes; deal o' changes," goes on Wharton. "Sixty years ago, when first I came to the Pelican, Saxby were the master then. He druv out hisself the only dray we had. And used to take the missis to the races in it too. But we throve. Ay, Saxby throve. He made lots o' money. Twenty year after he came he sold the business. Ay, and he druv away in a carriage an' pair to retire on a fortune, till he choked hisself with a fish bone at the Lord Mayor's dinner. Deal o' changes!"

Murmurs of sympathy at Saxby's tragic though distinguished end rather hasten than retard his flow of half-complaining, half-boastful reminiscences.

"Ay, then comes McIntyre wi' lots o' money and the brewus is made an 'obby on. It ain't a business, it's an 'obby. We eats our 'eads off. Then comes in Jolliffe and lives in the old house, and sees after things, and we're a business again. Deal o' changes when you lives to etty-two."

"Ah, it *was* a business, by all accounts, then," remarks a by-stander, to keep Wharton from relapsing into purely personal topics, as he is prone to do when touching on his age.

"When McIntyre and Jolliffe's drags stood ready to start on a Monday morning, they measured from the brewus tap to the King's Arms," declares Wharton, looking round for the usual expressions of surprise and admiration, though the assertion has been made by him in the hearing of the latest engaged hand a score of times.

"And then," says some irreverent listener who knows nothing of the Pelican's private affairs; "then comes in the old tale o' the prodigy son, don't there, to pull the business 'down?"

Wharton fixes on the speaker a gaze of stony severity and answers—

"I've lived to etty-two, but I never said nothing agen a man as was underground or over the seas."

At this William Treloggan lights up with a rich honest glow that reminds one of the sunshine on his native pastures in buttercup time, and standing more in front of Wharton, responds in a voice loud enough to be heard in the remotest parts of the Pelican—

"That be drue enough, Maister Wharton. Ever sense I a gummed to thic plaae you've a zed a good word var the young skipper. An' if z'be as I aver meets wi' en I'll zay en to hes vace, var zarten, I wull."

Wharton puts down his basin of tea. He has evidently been much moved at the shr cast by a stranger on his former favourite. Looking round with eyes that begin to fill, with a look of real solemnity, almost of prophesy, he says—

"The Lord bides his time, and there's that a-comin' on the Pelican as may bring queer things to light yet. I've seen a deal o' changes, and maybe I'm to be spared to see some more 'fore I go. Yes, I've lived to etty-two, but I never thought to see the Pelican in the hands o' the la'! Deal o' changes! Deal o' changes coming now."

The vagueness of this long-waited-for communication adds considerably to its terrors. The secretive face of Obadiah Treloggan becomes pale, and after a hasty

glance at his younger brother Silas, who also turns pale, demands, not without some passion in his eyes and voice—

"An' wotzomdever be the la' a-gummin' an us var?"

"I d'zeem," murmurs Silas, who has not been long from his native home, "as how twer a zight better var we t'bide wher' we wer."

"Eh, lad," says William in a loud, and for him angry tone, "the la' caan't hurt vokes as be honest, nat as I knows en."

At this moment a voice from the step calls—

"Hopkins!"

The drayman, whose hilarity has altogether disappeared since the mention of law in connection with the Pelican, turns as quickly as his bulk permits and ascends the steps. He is met there by Mr. Popham, who beckons him in by imperious jerks of his curly head.

CHAPTER IV.—RUMOURS IN THE OFFICES.

MR. POPHAM led the way to the chief office, not the sanctorum sanctorum of the head clerk, a little sombre den, but the more airy one of Mr. Fernyhaugh, the Adonis of the Pelican.

That young gentleman, who is said to have blighted the prospects of three of Miss Jolliffe's governesses, is standing with his back to the grate, apparently forgetting there is no fire there this warm May day, and his coat tails under his arms. He has sandy hair, described as "pale gold" in the valentine verses of his fair admirers, and light blue eyes that have rhymed with "azure skies" in lines on similar occasions. His nose is slightly curved upwards, and, with the mysterious reputation for high birth which somehow attaches to him, gives him the unfortunate appearance of having more contempt for his inferiors than he really feels. Indeed, every one at the Pelican admits that for all his airs young Fernyhaugh is a good-natured fellow.

As Hopkins enters, one of Mr. Fernyhaugh's subordinates is sketching the outline of a pretty face that went by in Miss Vickory's school; the other is languidly scanning the columns of the *Times*.

"Now Fernyhaugh," says Mr. Popham, introducing the drayman with a flourish of his pen, "here is Hopkins, and you'd better speak to him yourself. I've quite enough on my shoulders without having other people's blunders to answer for."

Mr. Fernyhaugh arranges his eye-glass

and surveys the new-comer in a manner that, as Hopkins afterwards describes, makes him "think o' the blessed scriptur's, and wish for the wings of a dove."

"I tell you what it is, Hopkins," says Mr. Fernyhaugh, "you'll get yourself into serious trouble if you go on in the way you're going. Where's that book, Popham? Here, now, what do you mean by this sort of thing?" And Mr. Fernyhaugh condescends to point out with his taper finger some curious specimens of book-keeping in the columns of the volume between them. "Here, you see it's been going on week after week; it's perfectly disgraceful."

"I'm awares, sir, as there's a slight confusion," stammers Hopkins, "but——"

"Slight confusion!" repeats Mr. Fernyhaugh. "I should think so, indeed; and, in fact," settling his eye-glass and trying to look very severe, "I'm not quite sure, Hopkins, whether it is arithmetic or morals are most at fault here."

Hopkins returns his scrutinising look with a gaze so humble and bewildered, that Mr. Fernyhaugh's severity somewhat relaxes, which the drayman is quick to see; and, throwing unspeakable admiration of his elegant form into his expression, says, deferentially, "I'll do my endeavours to set it hall right, sir, for the footur'."

"I fear, Hopkins, you are a most incorrigible humbug," answers Fernyhaugh, trying to look sterner than ever. "There, take that precious book, and understand the firm's not going to put up with this sort of thing any longer."

The two subordinates exchange a look of gloomy foreboding. Some threatened change in the management of the Pelican is evidently felt here no less than in the yards. Receiving the object of his constant trouble with great respect, Hopkins returns to the little group outside with a beaming countenance.

"You let that man off too easy, Ferny," says the artistic subordinate, holding his sketch up to the light.

"Yes, Ferny, you're too good-natured by half," agrees the other from the pages of the *Times*.

"What's the use of being hard upon a poor fellow like that," argues Mr. Fernyhaugh, "while the mischief really lies at the core of the whole system? I am glad there is to be a thorough overhauling. It's very well for you fellows with your daily routine, but for me the responsibility is too great. I feel it breaking my spirit. If anything

was to happen here while I have the brunt of the management, what would be said at Whitehall? Where would be my chances with the Gov'?"

Mr. Fernyhaugh having a "Gov" at Whitehall and great expectations of a Government appointment, in the eyes of the other clerks gives the sombre offices of the Pelican a distinction they have never known before. And as he never assumes coolness or reserve, on the strength of such superiority, and is always ready to dine with his "subs," even at their expense, he is regarded as a miracle of good-nature and humility. He is not above being treated to a day at Gravesend. In fact, it is believed he would rather do anything than be much thrown on his own family, to which he says his present employment makes him feel himself too great a contrast.

"What the Gov would think if there was to be a disgraceful smash up here, after my being here two years, I dare not imagine," remarks Mr. Fernyhaugh, looking down on his long legs in pensive admiration.

"But you don't really think there'll be a smash up, Ferny?"

"If there isn't it will be this very new arrangement you are all grumbling at that will save us."

"Come now, Ferny, tell us all about it," says Mr. Betts, putting the sketch in his pocket, to be finished during the sermon, when the original will be in her best attire in Miss Vickory's pew. "We know you had a long confab with old Jolliffe this morning, and must have heard everything."

"Yes, Ferny," pleads Mr. Wilkins, looking up from the *Times*. "You know it's doosid awkward for us to be in the dark, and this overhauling coming upon us."

"As for Jolliffe," says Mr. Fernyhaugh, "he simply wants to find out whether I shall desert my colours under present circumstances; but I tell him I shan't leave the firm in the lurch, if the firm don't leave me in the lurch by being smashed up."

"I know," Mr. Betts observes with defiant sulkiness, "Jolliffe may look out for seeing the last of me, if you was to leave, Ferny. What do you say, Wilkins?"

"Why, I say," responds Mr. Wilkins, "that it's only Ferny that gives any tone or aclaw to the place, and I'd leave if he left, even if it was only to go to the dogs like shot."

Mr. Fernyhaugh, not ungrateful for such evidences of esteem, reassures his alarmed colleagues by promising again not to forsake

the Pelican in its hour of trial, unless compelled by order of the "Gov."

"But as for this wedding, it's so long coming about, I don't know what to think about it," he adds.

"It's my belief, Wilkins," declares Betts mysteriously, with a glance aside at Mr. Fernyhaugh, "there's a good reason for the delay."

"I know what you mean," replies Wilkins, glancing admiringly in the same direction; "you mean that you have an idea the lady concerned looks higher."

"That's it."

"Well, young Cameron is here enough," remarks Mr. Fernyhaugh, affecting not to see, though evidently gratified by the compliment.

"Yes," remarks Betts sulkily, "and enjoys himself as if life was made for nothing else, till it's enough to make a fellow wonder what another fellow's done that he should be so different."

The young gentleman's reflections on the contrasts of destinies, in which he was very fond of indulging, are interrupted by a summons from Mr. Trafford to all three of the clerks in Mr. Fernyhaugh's room to attend him in his office, as he has something of importance to communicate to them before closing for the day.

CHAPTER V.—JOLLIFFE'S SPEECH.

MR. POPHAM'S light curly head is glancing about in the outer yard again, meeting another returned dray.

The group assembled there still remains. Mr. Wharton has finished his tea, and, taking out his pipe, accepted a pinch from a roll of tobacco offered him by the voiceless giant, and accepted also a lighted match from another of the men, when suddenly there is a stir among the men, such as a strong autumnal breeze might make in the patch of poppies they resemble.

This sound is the voice of Mr. Jolliffe, and proceeds from the narrow door where he is calling to the men to stop shovelling down the grains while he passes through. As it is seen that he has caught sight of the group before emerging from the darkness of the interior, no decided attempt at breaking up the assemblage is made. The men only show their respectful consciousness of the master's approach by changes of position and a twitching of the right hand denoting a readiness to be lifted to the cap when he shall appear in the daylight of the outer yard.

"Well, my men," he says rather more loudly and with a somewhat more forced

cheerfulness than usual, "I am glad to see you here together, as I have something I wish you to attend to well and take in good part."

The hands go to the caps again, and from those who only remember a speech from Mr. Jolliffe on the occasion of the annual bean-feast, there are murmurs of "Hear, hear."

"I wish to tell you," explains Mr. Jolliffe, "that from this day the business will be under new management."

He pauses, and during that pause an eyewitness might notice what could not have been seen a moment before, that bright scarlet caps are trying to the complexion, making some faces appear suddenly purple, some red, some ghastly, some even elongated.

"You will find the new manager," continues Mr. Jolliffe, "whom I am expecting this evening, a man with whom you must do your very best—as, let us hope and believe, you always have done, and always mean to do. But I warn you, he is one who will not be trifled with. You will begin with him on Monday morning, and I hope, and so does McIntyre, you will all regard and obey him as your master, as, indeed, all the gentlemen in the offices have promised to do as theirs. I wished to speak to-day that you might have Sunday to think the matter over, and that such of you"—Jolliffe's pleasant, unaffected voice becomes here a little deeper and kinder—"such of you as know of anything wrong (we all do know wrong things *have* been going on; but Mr. McIntyre dislikes to be either suspicious or severe, so do I, but there are things beyond question), and such of you as know of these will, I trust, be advised by me to let them continue no more, but begin with a clear conscience and a light heart under the new management."

Jolliffe's speech has not been studied, except in the kindly desires of his peace-loving heart to put his men on their guard, and he toddles back up the outer yard, choosing the smoothest stones on which to deposit his gouty foot, with the feeling he has not at all said what he could have wished. Quite enough, however, of his real meaning has been understood to cause much trepidation under certain of the canvas bibs in the south yard. Others have, on the contrary, been left swelling with something as like wrath as any words from the gentlest master in the world could cause.

The wooden shoes go homewards a little more slowly and heavily on account of what has occurred. The long evening settles

down soft and fair, yet scarcely do the gardens over Troutbeck Common, where most of the brewery men live, yield so great a charm as usual. Their wallflowers and pinks perfume miles of the orchards and cabbage-fields and gorse-covered flats round Stoke Bassett. But the Pelican workmen appear one and all disinclined for gardening, and sit moodily at their doors. There are eyes among them that fill with gloom as they contemplate a small cask secreted under a tub of pig-wash on pretence of making a stand for it. There are others that rest anxiously on a brood of fat chickens, which can hardly be kept up to their present condition when all surreptitious pocketfuls from Pelican bins are to be suddenly stopped. Children are sent to bed almost unnoticed, wives receive short, cold answers, which perhaps bring down some blistering drops on the Sunday best shirt-front they may be ironing. Vainly from snowy door-steps to tiny gates do pansies, pinks, and overhanging lilacs put forth their subtlest charm in the pleasant evening air. Honesty's sudden roll-call has sent a chill through rustic Arcadia.

And not there only. In the brewery offices a similar depression has been felt. Never has closing-time on Saturday arrived with less pleasurable results. The clerks pocket with more than usual freedom the business stationery for love-letters and other literary purposes, feeling, doubtless, that, as the line is now to be drawn, it matters not how things are left on the past-side. Even the exemplary Mr. Trafford, though he declares no change of management makes the least difference to him, is sufficiently affected by Mr. Joffiffe's announcement to take, in his absence of mind, a shilling instead of six-pennyworth of postage stamps from the office supply; and the tails of his respectable coat swing with more than ordinary dignity from the extra number of thick office candles, with which he can so much better see to write to Miss Vickory than by those supplied in the humble home of which he has hopes of her becoming mistress. Altogether, every one connected with the house agrees there has never been such gloom over it since the day McIntyre was turned from his home and came to the Pelican to wish them all "good-bye."

HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

PERHAPS in the entire range of insect anatomy there is no point more truly marvellous than the manner in which the respiratory system is modified, in order to suit it to the peculiar requirements of its owners.

In many ways the structure of the insects is wonderful enough. They are gifted with muscles of extraordinary strength, and are yet destitute of bones to which those muscles can be attached; they possess a circulatory system, and are yet without a heart; they perform acts involving the exercise of certain mental qualities, and are yet without a brain. But, more remarkable still, they breathe atmospheric air without the aid of lungs.

And this for a very good reason. It can be neither too often nor too strongly insisted upon that, throughout animated nature, Structure is in all cases subservient to Habit. If in any animal we find some singular development in bodily form, we may be quite sure that there is a peculiarity in the life-history which renders such development of particular service, and so may often gain very complete information with regard to the habits by a mere glance at external characteristics. If, for example, the general shape is cylindrical,

the toes webbed, and the hair set closely against the body, we may safely conclude that the animal is one intended for a life in the water. If the form is conical, the limbs short, and the claws large and strong, that it is one which burrows in the earth. If the jaws are large and massive, the teeth long and sharply pointed, and the muscular power is concentrated principally into the fore-parts of the body, that it is a beast of prey. And so on with minor details.

And this rule holds equally good in the case of the insects, which are devoid of lungs for the very sufficient reason that those organs are necessarily weighty, and consequently unsuitable to the requirements of beings which are in great measure creatures of air. In all animals intended for a more or less aerial existence every particle of superfluous weight must be dispensed with, in order that the strain upon the muscles of flight may be reduced to the least possible degree. Take the bats, and see how the skeleton has been attenuated until it scarcely seems capable of affording the necessary rigidity to the frame. Take the birds, and see how a large portion of the body is occupied by supplementary air-cells, which permeate the very bones

themselves, and thus minimise the weight without detracting from the strength. And so also with the insects, but in a different manner.

For in them the very lungs themselves are taken away, and replaced by a respiratory system of great simplicity, and yet of wonderful intricacy, which penetrates to every part of the structure, and simultaneously aerates the whole of the blood contained in the body. In other words, an insect is one large Lung.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small spot-like marks runs along either side of the body. These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, are in fact the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff, interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid, and then placed beneath the receiver of an air-pump.

The apertures in question, which are technically known as "spiracles," communicate with two large breathing-tubes, or "tracheæ," which extend through the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions, and continually divide and subdivide until a wonderfully intricate network is formed, pervading every part of the structure, and penetrating even to the antennæ and claws.

Physiologists tell us that if in the human frame the nerves, the muscles, and the veins and arteries could be separated from one another, while retaining their own relative positions, each would be found to possess the perfect human form. In other words, there would be the nerve-man, the muscle-man, and the blood-vessel-man, as well as the bone-man which supplies the framework of the whole. In the same way we may speak of the tracheal, or breathing-tube insect; for the two main tubes and the endless ramifications of

their branches, if they could, be detached from the surrounding tissues while themselves suffering no displacement, would exhibit to us the form of the insect from which they were taken, and that so exactly that in many cases we should almost be able to recognise the species.

In the smaller branches of these air-vessels considerable variety is to be found. Some retain their tubular character to their very termination. Others assume a curious beaded form, dilating at short intervals into small chambers; while yet others abruptly resolve themselves into sac-like reservoirs, in which a comparatively large quantity of air is stored up. From the larger vessels are thrown off vast numbers of exceedingly delicate filaments, so small that a very powerful microscope is necessary in order to detect them, which float loosely in the blood, and furnish it with the constant supply of oxygen necessary for its purification.

Now, we may well ask ourselves how it is that these tubes, which are of almost inconceivable delicacy, should remain open during the various movements of which the flexible body is capable. Why is it, for instance, that the air-supply of the lower leg is not cut off when the limb is bent at the knee-joint? or from the head, when that important part of the frame is tucked away beneath the body? How does the Earwig contrive to breathe while folding its wings by the aid of its tail-forceps? or many of the Cocktail-beetles when curled up in their peculiar attitude of repose?

The answer to these questions is simple enough, and may be discovered by a glance at one of the most familiar of our own inventions—the flexible gas-tube. This preserves its tubular form no matter to what degree it may be bent or twisted, for coiled closely within it is a spiral wire, which obliges the interior of the pipe to retain its diameter almost unaltered alike when straight or curved. And as with this, so with the tracheæ of the insect, whose walls are formed of a double layer, the one lying inside the other, while between the two, and surrounding the inner, is coiled a fine but very strong elastic thread, whose convolutions allow the vessel to be bent in any required direction without losing its cylindrical form. By the exercise of a little care the anatomist can often unwind an inch or two of this spiral thread from a single branch of the tracheæ of a tolerably large insect, so closely is it coiled, and so elastic its character.

It will thus be seen that each expansion of

the respiratory muscles causes the air to rush to every part of the body, the entire bulk of the blood being consequently aerated at each respiration. This fact is a most important one, for, as it is not necessary that the blood should be brought to a definite centre, as in the higher animals, before it can be re-vivified, and then dispatched through another series of vessels upon its errand of invigorating the frame, the necessity for a circulatory system is almost wholly at an end, and a large amount of weight consequently dispensed with. Insects have neither veins nor arteries, one principal vessel running along the back, and the blood passing slowly through this, and flowing between the various organs of the body until it again enters it at the opposite extremity to that from which it emerged.

Nor is this all. With ourselves, as with the higher animals in general, nearly one-half of the blood, the venous, is always effete and useless, requiring to pass through the lungs before it can again be rendered fit for service. When this is vivified and pumped back by the heart into the system, that which was before arterial becomes venous in its turn; and so on. But not in the case of the insects. The whole bulk of their blood is arterial, if we may use the expression in speaking of animals which do not possess a vascular system. In other words, being incessantly vivified throughout the body, owing to the comprehensive character of the respiratory apparatus, no portion of it becomes at any time effete from the exhaustion of the contained oxygen. Blood so thoroughly and continually aerated, therefore, can practically perform double work, and need be far less in volume than in beings whose circulation is conducted upon different principles. The tracheal structure, consequently, while itself detracting from rather than adding to the substance of the body, permits of the abolition, not only of lungs, but also of veins and arteries and of a considerable proportion of the blood, so that the weight of the insect is reduced to the least possible degree.

There is yet another point to be considered, and that a very curious and at present unexplained one. Upon careful investigation we find that the tracheæ extend beyond the limits of the circulation, showing that they must serve some secondary purpose in addition to that generally attributed to them. For nature provides nothing in vain, and would not without good and sufficient reason have carried the breathing-tubes farther than necessary for their primary object of regenerating

the blood. As to what this purpose may be, however, we have no certain knowledge, and can only conjecture that it is in some way connected with the olfactory system. It is well known that the sense of scent is in many insects very highly developed, enabling them to ascertain the position of their food while yet at a considerable distance. Burying-beetles and blow-flies, for instance, will detect the faintest odour of putrid carrion, and will wing their way without hesitation to the spot whence it proceeds. Ivy-blossom, again, will attract almost every butterfly and moth in the neighbourhood, and this clearly by reason of its peculiar fragrance.

It may be, therefore, that the perfection of the organs of scent in insects is due to the fact that they are distributed throughout the body, instead of being localised as is the case with animals higher in the scale. That they must be connected with the respiratory apparatus would seem, judging by analogy, to be indisputable, for, so far as we know, an odour cannot be appreciated unless the air containing it be allowed to pass more or less rapidly over the olfactory nerves. And in no other part of an insect's structure could this requisite so well be observed as in the tracheæ themselves, through which a stream of air is continually passing, and which penetrate to the remotest parts of the body.

With so wonderful a respiratory system, it naturally follows that an insect must be particularly susceptible to the effects of any poisonous vapour, which, being immediately carried to all parts of the body, must speedily be attended by fatal results. And this is the case in a very marked degree. A moth or beetle, which will live for hours, and even days, after receiving an injury which would cause instant death to a more highly organized being, will yet succumb in a few seconds to the fumes of ether or chloroform, owing to the fact that the deadly influence is simultaneously exerted upon all the nerve-centres of the body, instead of being confined to one or two alone.

So much for the respiratory system of insects as a group. We have seen how air is admitted into the body, how the entire bulk of the blood is continuously aerated, and how every particle of needless weight has carefully been dispensed with. There are many species, however, whose mode of life renders necessary certain further developments, in order that respiration may be carried on under circumstances which would otherwise render it impossible. Such, for example, are

the various aquatic insects, which, while spending the greater part of their existence beneath the surface of the water, must yet be enabled to command a continual supply of atmospheric air. They are not, as a rule, furnished with gills like the fish, for it is necessary that they should be able to leave their ponds and streams at will, and become for the time terrestrial or aerial beings, subject to the same conditions as others of their class. But they are, nevertheless, provided with certain modifications of structure, which enable them to breathe with equal ease, whether submerged in the water, crawling upon the ground, or flying through the air.

Even in these modifications there is considerable variety, dependent in all cases upon the requirements of the individual species. The Water-beetles, for instance, which must be able to lurk concealed among the weeds, &c., until a victim comes within their reach, and then to pursue and overtake it, carry down with them a supply of air in a kind of reservoir, situated between the body and the wing-cases. The former of these is concave and the latter convex, so that a chamber of considerable size is formed, containing sufficient for their requirements during a tolerably long period of time. And in these insects the spiracles, instead of being situated along the sides of the body, are placed upon the upper surface of the abdomen, so that they open into the air-chamber itself, and allow the respiration to be carried on without the slightest difficulty or inconvenience.

There is only one drawback to this arrangement, and that is, that the increased buoyancy prevents the insect from remaining beneath the water excepting at the expense of active exertion, unless it can find some submerged object to which to cling. Even this disadvantage, however, is more apparent than real, for, while on the watch for prey, it is necessary for the insect to remain as motionless as possible, and, when engaged in swimming, the peculiar action of the oar-like limbs neutralises the tendency to rise towards the surface.

Upon an average, a water-beetle remains from fifteen to twenty minutes without requiring to breathe; this period being capable of considerable extension should occasion arise. I have forced one of these insects, for instance, to stay beneath the surface for nearly an hour and a half, by alarming it as often as it attempted to rise. Generally speaking, however, before the first half-hour is over, the beetle allows itself to float to the surface, protrudes the tips of the

wing-cases, and expels the exhausted air from the cavity beneath them; a fresh supply is then taken in, and the insect again dives, the entire operation occupying barely a second of time.

The Water Scorpion affords us an instance of a perfectly different structure.

Here we have a being, feeding upon living prey, which it must capture for itself, and yet sluggish and slow of foot. By stratagem alone, therefore, can it hope to succeed, and it accordingly lies hidden among the dead leaves, sticks, &c., at the bottom of the water until some luckless insect passes within reach of its jaw-like fore-limbs. But this may not occur for hours, and it is imperatively necessary that no alarm should be given by frequent journeys to the surface in search of air. So, the extremity of the body is furnished with a curious organ consisting of two long filaments, which are, in reality, tubular, and which serve to convey air to the spiracles. The extreme tips of these project slightly above the surface when the insect is at rest at the bottom of the pond, so that respiration can be carried on without difficulty, and without necessitating the slightest change of position.

A still more curious structure, although of very much the same character, is afforded us by the grubs of the common Drone-fly. These are inhabitants of the thickest and most fetid mud, dwelling entirely beneath its surface, and consequently cut off from all personal communication with the atmosphere. But from the end of the body proceeds a long tube, which can be lengthened or shortened at will, somewhat after the manner of a telescope, and which conveys air to the spiracles just as do the tail filaments of the water scorpion. Unable to change their position, these "rat-tailed maggots," as they are popularly called, are yet independent of any alteration in the depth of the water above them, for the air-tube can be instantly regulated to the required length, and so insure an uninterrupted supply of air.

Yet another system we find employed in the case of the grub of the Dragon-fly, which stands almost alone among insects in its power of extracting the necessary oxygen from the water itself. This is one of the most rapacious of living beings, ever upon the watch for prey, and securing its victims, not by stealth and fraud, but by open attack. Its swimming powers, consequently, are of a very high order, and are due to an organ which serves the double purpose of locomotion and respiration, and which is one of



"When the boats come home."

the most wonderful pieces of structure to be found in the whole of the insect world.

If a dragon-fly grub be even casually examined, a curious five-pointed appendage will be noticed at the extremity of the body. If these five points be carefully separated they will be seen to surround the entrance to a tubular passage, of about the diameter of an ordinary pin. This passage runs throughout almost the entire length of the body, and, by the expansion and contraction of the abdominal muscles, can be opened and closed at will.

When open, of course, it is instantly filled with water; when closed, the contents are driven out with some little force. Consequently, the action of the ejected fluid upon the surrounding water drives the insect sharply forward, just as a sky-rocket rises into the air owing to the action of the expelled gases upon the atmosphere. As

soon as the effect of the first stroke is at an end a second contraction of the body takes place, and the operation is repeated as often as necessary. The water, while in the swimming tube, however, is exhausted of its oxygen, for the entrances to the respiratory system are inside instead of outside the body, and act in much the same manner as do the gills of a fish. The insect, therefore, is not obliged to visit the surface of the water at all, and can continue to search for prey without interruption.

Such are some of the many modifications brought about in insect structure by the requirements of the respiratory organs alone. Each, as will be noticed, is specially adapted to individual wants, and each is absolutely perfect in its own way, insuring a continual supply of oxygen for the purification of the blood, whatever the conditions under which life may be carried on.

THEODORE WOOD.

WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME.

THERE'S light upon the sea to-day,
And gladness on the strand;
Ah! well ye know that hearts are gay
When sails draw nigh the land!
We followed them with thoughts and tears,
Far, far across the foam;
Dear Lord, it seems a thousand years
Until the boats come home!
We tend the children, live our life,
And toil, and mend the nets;
But is there ever maid or wife
Whose faithful heart forgets?

We know what cruel dangers lie
Beneath that shining foam,
And watch the changes in the sky
Until the boats come home.
There's glory on the sea to-day,
The sunset gold is bright;
Methought I heard a grandsire say,
"At eve it shall be light!"
O'er waves of crystal touched with fire,
And flakes of pearly foam,
We gaze—and see our hearts' desire—
The boats are coming home.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND.

By THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE would be something comic, and even grotesque, were it not for its sad side, in the loud wail which has been rising from all parts of Great Britain and her dependencies during the past year over the depression, stagnation—imminent collapse and ruin, as many doleful prophets will have it—in every branch of British trade and industry. Not within the memory of our elder generation, to which I belong, probably not since the years of evil fame which followed the *annus mirabilis* of 1815, has our poor, sturdy, dogged, old John Bull been so puzzled and angry over the condition and prospects of

his unwieldy family and estates. In 1817 Sir W. Scott's clever *jeu d'esprit* (does one in a hundred of our readers of this generation know it?) "The Search after Happiness, or the Quest of Sultan Solimaun," gave a vivid picture of John's state of mind when that used-up potentate is supposed to come as a last hope to England, to procure the shirt of the one really happy man—

"Happy? my tenants breaking on my hands,
Unstocked my pastures and untilled my lands,
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths.
Happy? why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."

And now in 1884, after nearly seventy years of the most wonderful progress in all directions, John is still in the same mind—at his wits' end to know what ails him, for assuredly it cannot in this last year of grace be fairly laid to the door of "cursèd war and racking tax."

"Why am I ruined? What in the world is the matter with me?" he pleads, and at intervals roars, to his most trusted advisers and most successful children. "Matter! Why, don't you see you've got too much cotton?" replies one; "Too much tea and sugar," cries a second; and a third, "Too much corn;" while the most solemn and profound of the chorus answers with severe and assured front, "Too much labour. If you want ever to be the hearty chap you once were, you've got to bundle out about a third of your producers."

In vain he turns on his Job's comforters with, "Why, bless my soul, didn't you tell me that all I wanted was wealth? And now what do you call cotton, and tea, and sugar, and corn, and labour? Ain't they wealth? Did any fellow ever pile them up as I have been doing these last fifty years, since Father Adam's time? And now you tell me I'm ruined because I've got too much of them all round!" To which obviously pertinent remonstrance John gets no coherent reply from any trusted adviser or successful child that I can hear of, though some kind of confident speech in quite a different key does no doubt arise from a considerable and growing section of those same producers whom he has been told to "bundle out." It is to this speech that I hope to call attention presently. Meantime, I would beg the candid reader to look quietly at the present situation all round, and if he does not see the absurdity of it to go on to the next article.

Why, if Dean Swift were to appear amongst us again, and put it as it stands into a new chapter of "Gulliver's Travels," we should almost certainly cry out, "Bad art." The war of the Bigendians and Littleendians over which end of eggs should be cracked at breakfast, is fair satire and fair fun. There is scarcely a nation in the world which hasn't fought over such causes: for plots of earth "whereon the numbers could not try the cause, which were not tomb and continent enough to hold the slain;" but to give us a nation shouting "Ruin!" because it has got hold of too much of all the good things of the world is not satire, but extravagance—not fun, but foolery.

Nevertheless into such an absurd position

John undoubtedly does believe himself to have got; and, if we only grant the hypothesis that a nation *can* own too much good food, clothing, and shelter, while the vast majority of its members are still wretchedly clothed, fed, and lodged, into such a position John *has* actually got in these days. Let us look for a moment at the methods by which he has arrived there.

For the first fifteen years of this century England was the only European country which was safe from invasion, just at the time when labour-saving processes were making a revolution in production. The start in the industrial race which was thus gained in those years lasted well on for a generation, during which this country, though suffering in many ways, more than held its own as the world's workshop. Then came a struggle for free trade, which resulted, forty years ago, in the supremacy of the middle class, and the throwing open of our markets to all who cared to come to them. I have no space to argue whether it was "propter hoc" or "post hoc," but at any rate, as a fact, material prosperity increased "by leaps and bounds," to use the Premier's famous phrase, from about that time, and, with fluctuations, has continued up to the present day; until it is beyond all doubt and question that the products of the whole earth—both natural and artificial—can be had to-day in England in greater abundance and on easier terms than anywhere else under the sun. And yet it is this triumphant middle class, our merchants and manufacturers, who, in spite or in consequence of their unexampled success, are so seriously menaced, and see ruin staring them in the face—who seem to be driven by some inexorable fate to go on in the struggle, which one would think must be rousing very serious thoughts and misgivings in the minds even of those of them who feel that, when the law of the survival of the fittest has worked itself out, they will surely be found amongst the survivors. Can it be an exhilarating or even an endurable thought when it comes to this naked issue, that their own prosperity is only to be secured at the cost of the ruin of their neighbours? But that is really what our modern English industrial system has practically come to in these days.

But I am getting on too fast, and must return to the time of the free trade victory forty years ago. Side by side with the great and true principle of free trade stood the doctrine of "free competition" upon the banners and in the manifestoes of the triumphant host. The economists of the hour formulated that

doctrine, and declared it to be "a law," that in the case of labour as of commodities generally, supply and demand must be left to themselves—that supply can only be apportioned to demand by free competition. So thoroughly was this doctrine accepted, that for some years no protest of any serious kind was raised against it, either in the press or on the platform, by any section of the upper or middle classes. Only from the ranks of the labourers themselves was still heard the specious cry of "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," to which here and there, in the midlands and in the north, starving crowds marched now and then to the sack of bakers' shops and the destruction of machinery. They were met as "people who know not the law" must be met—by the police, the soldier when necessary, and the county gaol. Here and there, moreover, in those same years a silent and more effectual protest was beginning to be put on record. The Rochdale Pioneers, and other scattered associations, were founded by men who felt that, "law or no law," free competition was ruining them and their families, and must be resisted to the death.

The year 1848 came upon this state of things, and with it, in England, the collapse of the Chartist movement and the disclosures of the condition of the London poor, side by side. "The Cry of Outcast London" has been startling and alarming comfortable England in the last year, but those who can remember the revelations of 1848—9 will know well enough that the worst lies well behind us. The conscience of the upper and middle classes was deeply touched, and philanthropic activity roused as it had never been before. Many movements which have done untold good got their first impulse then; but we are only concerned with that one which has now got the name (and one could wish it a better) of the co-operative movement. Some forty small societies, of which the Rochdale Pioneers was by far the best known and most successful, were already in existence in the northern and midland counties, unrecognised by law, and without any connection with each other. Every society stood alone, and was at the mercy of any member who was rogue enough to plunder it, and clever enough—an easy matter—to keep clear of the criminal law.

At this crisis, in 1849, a society was formed by Mr. Maurice, then chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, for the promotion of working men's associations. It worked in several ways: (1) by establishing associations of

tailors, shoemakers, and other trades in London; (2) by visiting and corresponding with the existing societies with a view to bringing them into union; and (3) by the publication of tracts and a newspaper for the spread of its principles.

Men of all faiths were in its ranks, for although the founders were "Christian Socialists," no questions were asked of anyone ready to take a share in the work. The work of the society thrived in all directions; within little more than a year, there were some fifteen working associations in London, and the stores had increased to upwards of three hundred. Conferences had been held of delegates from the societies to deliberate on their common interests, and to seek means of more intimate connection and fellowship—the forerunners of the Co-operative Congresses. A Central Co-operative Agency had been founded in London, the forerunner of the present Wholesale Society, by Mr. E. V. Neale, the General Secretary of the present Co-operative Union, on the principle that "trade, exchange, the distribution of goods, are trusts to be administered alike in the mutual interests of producers and consumers, not to be conducted as matters of speculation." Two Committees of the House of Commons on the Savings of the Working Classes had been induced to report in favour of such an alteration of the law of partnership as would sanction and facilitate trade combinations of working people. And, lastly, the publications of the society, the "Tracts on Christian Socialism," and the *Christian Socialist* newspaper, had attracted attention in all quarters, and had drawn on the society the fire of almost the whole press, from the *Edinburgh Review* to the organ of the licensed victuallers.

Upon the discussion which then arose I must dwell shortly, as at no time has the great controversy been so thoroughly threshed out, or the true meaning of what is known as the co-operative movement in England, been brought into such white light. And the position then taken has never been abandoned.

Let us first look at the ground taken up by the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations. Its object was stated in one sentence, "to diffuse the principles of co-operation as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry." This formula had been accepted, not only in London, but in the north, with entire assent when proposed by Mr. Maurice. Speaking to the first large gathering at

Manchester, he illustrated it thus: "We admit the natural tendency," he said, "to warfare which exists amongst men, but believe that there is a power adequate to control those tendencies, and to enable them to work together as God intended them. We detest this competitive system because it is destroying the moral energy of our land. We feel that either trade must be reformed, or it will drag down everything to its own level. Either it must be raised up by being brought into connection with the highest and deepest moral principles, or those principles will cease to be recognised amongst us." Such thoroughgoing and resolute defiance of current economic dogmas soon roused the press of all shades. The first attacks were led by the *Reasoner* (which I suppose one would now call the organ of Agnosticism). "To mix up Christianity with socialism," it argued, "is to shelter its errors from legitimate attack, and to take an unfair advantage of us." "By all means let them advocate Christianity, as we do the rejection of it; but let them confine it to its proper place, and keep the proselytism of the Church distinct from social and political reform." To which the editor of the *Christian Socialist*, Mr. Ludlow, now Registrar of Friendly Societies, replied, "We cannot confine our Christianity to our tracts or 'some proper place.' We started by saying this is the place for it; this trade and industry of yours have become corrupt and tyrannical simply because they have not been carried on in the love of God and man; this religion of ours has become effete and dead simply because it has confined itself to churches and chapels; because it has distinguished between places that were proper and places that were improper for it; because we have forgotten that our Lord was sent into the world, not that the Church, but that the world might be saved."

Next came the religious newspapers, the *Guardian* and *Record* especially, who at first half patronisingly, but soon angrily and bitterly, attacked the movement, and especially Charles Kingsley—whose "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," and "Alton Locke," had thoroughly exasperated them—choosing him as the representative of the movement. In those early days "Parson Lot" was before all things a fighting man, and by his side were Mr. Ludlow, as trenchant if not as eloquent a writer, Mr. Neale, and other converts full of enthusiasm and faith in their great cause. For a time a semblance of good will was kept up in this section of the press, which tried

benevolently "to make the Christian socialists understand themselves." "We agree at bottom," it was urged; "we are as much opposed as you to the abuses of competition, and that is all you really mean. You are educated men, and no more deny the laws of supply and demand than we do."

When the reply came again and again in the most resolute and uncompromising form, "No; it is not to the abuses of competition but to the principle that we are opposed," with some such additions as this of Mr. Ludlow: "Your competitive system is one in which the labourer's hire is kept back by fraud; in which false weights and measures are the delight of the trader; in which it is made a fundamental axiom of economical science that men should seek their own interests and do their own will instead of doing the will of their Father and loving their neighbour as themselves; in which it is the rule that the more a man asks the less shall be given him, the more he shall need the more advantage shall be taken of him," was felt on all hands that the battle had become interecine, for the life itself.

The controversy was summed up by Mr. W. R. Greg in the *Edinburgh Review*. That powerful and generally cautious writer began by dividing the philanthropists into the "feelers" and the "thinkers," the Christian Socialists being amongst the former, and the latter being the economists, political economy being "benevolence under the guidance of science." To this preamble and its astounding assumption the reply was easy, that according to the highest authorities political economy was definable as "the science of the production and distribution of wealth," thereby narrowing its true etymological sense of "the law of the State's household," and altogether ignoring the men and women of whom the household was composed.

The reviewer went on to denounce the notion of endeavouring to proportion the supply of labour to the demand, for "how could this be ascertained at all except by free competition, which would soon show which branch of labour had the most and which the fewest labourers in proportion to the demand for their produce? If any kind of labour did not pay, this was a sure sign that it would be abandoned." "Concert, as a substitute for competition in solving the problem of the wisest distribution of labour, must be either a chimera or a tyranny." To which it was replied that concert had already solved the problem in the case of the highest kind of labour, that of Government.

"The Queen and Parliament sitting in committee settled the number of workmen required in each department of the public service, from the Queen herself, the sole workwoman required or allowed in the solemn labour of reigning, to the doorkeepers and messengers; and had the right of warning off all others by such methods as chopping off heads, in case any one should attempt to solve by competition the wisest distribution of the labour of reigning." That so far from competition causing branches of labour which were not remunerative to be abandoned, it did precisely the reverse. The slop-workers were the worst-paid labourers, and so the men instead of abandoning it dragged in their wives and children, which was never done in the trades that paid good wages.

I have indicated as shortly as I can the main lines of the controversy, which, as I have already said, was fought out at that time with singular thoroughness. In the end (1852), the combatants drew off, each side by this time knowing its own mind perfectly

well, and assured of victory. For the moment the champions of free competition had the advantage. They could point to the failure in infancy of almost all the productive associations, and to the want of union amongst the stores, with a scornful "*Solvitur ambulando*; why, you can't even get a few trumpery little grocers' shops to hang together in their business." "*Solvitur ambulando*, by all means," was the confident retort; "your free competition can only bring you ever increasing stocks of unsaleable produce and unsaleable labour. Give us a generation, and then let us see who is on the right track." A generation has now passed, and for these thirty years each side has been working out the problem on its own lines. Competition has never been so keen and so free in all departments of trade and industry controlled by the upper and middle classes. On the other hand the working class has been trying its experiment of controlling trade, by concert. What results the two systems have to show we hope to set side by side in a future number.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

JANUARY 4TH.

Psalm xc. 2 Samuel xix.

A HEBREW courtier once asked his sovereign, "How long have I to live?" Do not hastily condemn the question. On the one hand, self-respect does make, ought to make us, slow in prematurely confessing the loss of that will, freshness, and power which help to make vigorous manhood. It is at least an honourable error which tempts some men to persevere bravely, if hopelessly, with tasks which have grown beyond them. We can also appreciate and respect an old man's unwillingness to parade his tottering limbs before strangers—to intrude himself, where his presence could only be a burden to the selfish, a jest to the churlish, and a sort of shame to himself.

A man of the world may of course put the question in a kind of callous inquisitiveness, quite aware that there is no chance of his getting an answer. And indeed it would be convenient in many ways. Money, pleasure, friendship, study—in fact the substance and disposition of all our worldly affairs would be vitally affected by the precise knowledge of the time of our end. As for religion, and what is commonly understood by our pre-

paration for eternity, the sting of our Lord's warning in the parable of the rich fool would disappear, could the answer come.

The question may also be asked in an Epicurean indifference, or in a bitter and scornful unbelief. "How long have I to live?" "Oh, ever so long, and I shall enjoy myself while I may." "How long have I to live?" "Who cares, for no one will miss me? Indeed I am not sure that I much care myself. Perhaps the best thing that can happen to me may be to escape from a past full of mistakes, and a present seamed with anxieties, into a future about which no one can really prove anything, and which can hardly be worse than the condition in which I find myself now."

The question also may not unreasonably, and not quite irreligiously, be asked in a gentle sadness by hearts too manful and brave ever to put it into words: "How long have I to live?" "It cannot be long, it may be very short, and I am honestly sorry. Life seems to be more precious and beautiful and noble than it ever was. When I have just had enough of it to discover its value, I am told that I must go. Now that I can be of some real use, my opportunity is taken from me. When I have something to

tell and to give the world to help it to be better, my lips must be sealed in the silence of the grave." How then should a Christian ask it? First, he should put the question in a spirit of *humility*. "How long have I to live?" "Certainly not so long as I once had. What is gone I cannot recover. The opportunities I have missed, the hours that I have wasted, the resources that I have used for self, and not for God, the precious souls that have claimed, or at least deserved help and sympathy from me and have not received it—these make me humble and self-reproachful. Nevertheless they must not depress me with melancholy, nor crush me into despair. Forgetting the things which are behind, I will reach on to the things which are before. The shorter my time, the better use I must make of it." Then he should put it in a spirit of *soberness* and good sense, by which I mean the faculty of appreciating the right proportion of things. "Thou and Ziba divide the land." It did not seem worth so much then, as once it had seemed. Certainly it was not worth fighting about. As life goes on, and the end approaches, we have tried and tasted many things in turn, and found them out to be too often vanity and vexation of spirit. Certainly they cannot satisfy. Only in Christ is the secret of the soul's rest.

Then it is quite possible to put the question *cheerfully*, knowing what the answer must be, in the reason of things, though duty still being done fills life with a true dignity, and the love of children and friends gives it a tender joy. It is wonderful how sorrow, and pre-eminently the sorrow of bereavement, loosens the tightest cords that fasten our tents to the earth. We think of friends within the veil and we want to join them. So much is behind us of anguish and desolation that once cut us as with sharp knives, suddenly, and also lingeringly, that to go through it all again and again is more than we could quite make up our mind for, even if we had the chance. *Our treasures are in heaven*, and they are constantly multiplying. "To heaven let us go.

Thus let us feel, as we look up through the darkness to the face of our God, Who sitteth on the throne, and put this question to Him, as His children, who approach Him with the *deep reverence of trustful love*. The answer that will come back, gentle, clear, awful, yet soothing, shall be like this. It is not good for us to know the exact number of our days, nor of our neighbour's days. Neither good for our discipline, which that knowledge

might seriously imperil, nor for our innocent happiness, over which the certainty of the coming end would hover as a pall of ghastly darkness. Let us make our life full, long, calm, fruitful by the activities of love, coming to us day by day, as His providence sends them. We will not think of death, we will think of Christ and of the glory of His kingdom. We will be sowing for the eternity, in which we are living already, though we may not understand it; and we will remember that all true work, and spiritual discipline, and human charities, and holy worship shall accompany us as very part of our being, into that heaven, which we are making for ourselves, as well as He, our Saviour, is preparing for us. We need not too much care for mortifying interruptions of duty, for great tasks unfinished, for legacies of thought and action bequeathed to those that come after us; nor waste natural but useless regrets over the fact of being mortal. We have inherited the unfulfilled tasks of others; we must be ready to bequeath ours in turn. "One soweth and another reapeth." Only let us be careful to earn the joy of harvest whether for sowing or reaping; and it shall not disappoint us, for the servant there as here shall be as his Lord, and his joy as the Lord's joy.

JANUARY 11TH.

Psalm cxvii. Luke ix. 23—45.

Holy Scripture often mentions clouds. Sometimes they have been an indication of the divine Presence. When Moses went out from the camp to the Tabernacle for communion with God a cloud rested on the Tabernacle. Occasionally they have accompanied the divine acceptance of something consecrated to God's service. When Solomon's Temple was dedicated a cloud filled the house, and the priests were unable to minister on account of the glory. On one occasion they were the heralds of a divine revelation. As Ezekiel mused by Chebar a cloud came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness about it. They have been used as the vehicle of a divine departure, and they are to be used in the pomp of a divine return. When the Lord ascended into heaven "a cloud received Him out of their sight." At His return for judgment—"Behold, He cometh with clouds."

We, too, have our clouds coming in the providence of God in this shape or in that, chilly and gloomy, often in sharp contrast with previous times of brightness and privilege, as inevitable in the order of the spiri-

tual world as in that of the natural ; quite as beneficent and kind.

It is these clouds, so typical of uncertainty, obscurity, and solitariness, that make many of us timid as we enter the darkness of a new year. If we do not know what a day may bring forth, still less do we know what a year may bring. It is true that the mercies of the past should make us hopeful and cheerful. Still we are like bruised and foot-sore travellers, whose experience and memory prevent too much buoyancy of heart. Our wounds may be healed, but their marks are left, and we are certain to have more.

What are we to understand by the clouds of life, and what are we to do with them ? Sometimes we are troubled with *doubts*, and even with *unbelief*. The best Christians, as we gather from their personal history, are now and then left, as once the apostles were, alone in the darkness, and Jesus is not with them. The reading of a sceptical book, or grave depression, may be, in the first instance, perhaps altogether physical, or the direct suggestion to distrust the divine justice and mercy, or a conversation which first unsettled and then disturbed, bring clouds that are very terrible ; for when a Christian has lost his touch of God to whom can he go ? Is this in store for us ? Or there may be the cloud of *intense and harassing anxiety* either about earthly affairs, or the discharge of onerous duties, or the life, welfare, or conduct of one who is bound up with our life. We need not be too sorry about this. Where there is no sympathy there is indeed no suffering, but the lack of the anxiety may mean the death of the heart. Or what cloud is there like the cloud into which we pass *when Jesus sends for one whom we tenderly love as our very own soul ?* Perhaps the worst moment is when we are tempted to reproach the Lord for not having spared us the sorrow. "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Then there is the cloud towards which we are all of us ever drawing nearer (and some of us may be very near to it now), *the cloud of death*. The very thought casts a chill on us, though the sting is gone. We ought to feel awe, sinful and unworthy as we are, at the thought of seeing God, though His wonderful goodness makes us bold to call Him Father ; though the precious blood, in which is our life, our hope, our righteousness, can make the worst of us whiter than snow.

Now, *how shall we interpret these clouds ? What shall we do with our own ?* First let us observe that it was when the Transfiguration was over, and Moses and Elijah were depart-

ing, that the cloud came and wrapped them round. Was not the recollection of that glory, so marvellous, so transfiguring, so close, meant to console their spirits when the awful gloom of the Cross overshadowed them afterwards ? The memory of it was to be a possession for ever, for all the trials of their faith that were to come. Thus sometimes the soul after great privileges needs quietness, shadow, and discipline. St. Paul had his thorn in the flesh after his admission into the third heaven. What was needful for him must be indispensable for us.

Again, observe that Jesus was with them in the cloud ; and if they lost the company of the prophets, they had the presence and society of the Lord. Whatever our cloud may be, He is with us in the midst of it. The earthly sun is often baffled in its effort to penetrate the clouds and mists of earth. No darkness can shut out the sun of righteousness from the hearts of Christ's people. We may not see Him, nor feel Him, nor hear Him, but He is there, seeing us, trying us, helping us, watching over us while we think ourselves forgotten ; strengthening us at the moment when we seem lost and ready to die.

Another thing to be noticed is, that as it came after privilege, it was in front of duty. We remember Peter's wish to remain on the Mount in the brightness, and to prepare three tabernacles for the Lord and His servants. That was impossible. There was a cross to be borne, and a work to be done, before it would be time to think of glory.

The first thing that encountered them on descending the hill was the poor demoniac, whom the disciples were powerless to heal. If the glory inspired them with joy, the cloud braced them for duty. Reaction is inevitable after excitement ; the best stimulant is instant work.

Once more, as on the sky of heaven clouds come and go, so it is in the spiritual life. Our past is what more or less our future will be. If things are bright with us now, they will not always be bright ; if they are gloomy now, the sunshine is at hand. But Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The Eternal Son abides through the hurrying years. The unchangeable Saviour looks down from His throne on us children of mortality, in our tears and smiles, our struggles and perplexities, our comings and goings, our weariness and our repose, not with disdain for our weakness, but with an infinite and tender pity for our sorrows and our conflicts. As we go into the new year He whispers to each of us, "Fear not ; I am with thee." If

we tremble as we enter the cloud, it need be only for a moment. One Who loves us stands on the shore watching us. Soon, John says to Peter, "It is the Lord."

JANUARY 18.

Psalm xlix. John ix. 1-12.

The place is Jerusalem, somewhere near the Temple. The day is the Sabbath; and a little group is gathered round a blind man, who lives by alms. The group is made up of some bystanders, the disciples, and the Lord. A question put to Christ furnishes the occasion of an act of healing, and of a strange expression of necessity laid on the Redeemer's part. His answer to the odd question about the sinfulness of the blind man or his parents is given, so far as it could be given, by the intimation, that that long blindness had had its place in the eternal counsels of God for the illumination of the world. The explanation of what He was presently to do, was simply, that He could not help Himself. The Maker of the world had His moral necessities as we have ours. The Ancient of days, who was before all things and by Whom all things consist, was hampered as we are by the shortness of time, and by the limitation of opportunities. He had His day, but it was a waning day, with an end to it. For Him as for us "the night cometh, when no man can work."

First, we are to see that *God has sent each one of us into the world with a certain work to do, for Him and for each other.* "The work of Him that sent me." *No one need live a useless life, for no one can truthfully say, "God hath given me nothing to do."* Our proper work always lies nearest to us. It may be preaching the gospel. It may be sitting on a stool for ten hours a day in a merchant's office. It may be teaching dull or restless or fretful children. It may be making an aged parent happy in the declining years. It may be patiently and tenderly watching by a sufferer. It may be lying on our own sick bed, never to leave it. Our first duty must be to find out what our task is, our second to do it with our might. As some one has observed, even if we were cast on a desert island, there would still be room for communion with God and for the discipline of our own spirit.

The second lesson is that *God not only gives us each our work to do, but strength to do it with, and time to do it in.* He is wise, and He knows, both what gifts are needed for the work, and how far we are qualified for our own. He is righteous, and He never lays on us a burden that we are

unable to bear. He is tender, and He would have us happy in His service. Also we need never fear that there will not be leisure enough for the doing of it when it really comes. The actual secret of being fussed, and driven, and hurried is, that we are trying to do work that is not our proper work, and so work for which strength is not pledged. Our Lord was never in a hurry. Day by day He met calmly and obediently and trustfully each work His Father appointed Him, not other work, not more. It was done, all done, done in the best way, done with joy. If in vanity or emulation of others, or self-will, we change our tasks from what He has given us, or add to them, it is our own affair, and we must take the consequences, only let us not lay to His door, as if He were chargeable for them, exhaustion, failure, or disappointment. Again observe, *that we may or may not use the time allotted to us.* It is offered, and no one compels us to use it. *But if we do not, it never comes again.* Yesterday's work cannot be overtaken to-day, nor to-day's work properly done to-morrow. This thought covers a vast area of life. "While it is day." Day means the presence of the opportunity. Each period of life has its own task and duty. Youth is the time for forming habits, for laying foundations, for accepting discipline. Manhood is the time for activity, age for counsel; but all and each of them for walking with God. *A time is coming, when work will be over, and night will be here.* "The night cometh."—Either of sickness, when all power is gone, and, like a ship tossing uneasily in the airless waters of the equator, we long for deliverance, and it cometh not. Or of *old age*, when service is finished, and we say with Barzillai, "How much longer have I to live?" Or of the *grave*, where the eye once so bright is closed; the lips so eager and tremulous are white and silent; the hand that once grasped ours, chills when we touch it, like ice; where the form that once meant for us all that could impress us with dignity, or win us with sweetness, has quickly to be put away, and hidden beneath in the earth. Or, worst of all, of *moral and spiritual paralysis*, when the quick sense of duty is gone, and conscience slumbers, and the heart rejoices in its melancholy cleverness of evading sacrifices and denying mercy, when God leaves to itself the soul, that has asked Him to depart, until it goes to see His face.

Oh, the *glory of work!* This is what the Eternal Son of God came into the world to do. "My Father worketh hitherto, and so I work."

All kinds of work are honourable, if only they be what God has chosen for us. In all kinds of work we may increasingly learn, resemble, and serve Him, if we set the face of our heart towards His blessed will. The noblest of all kinds of duty, however, is that of helping souls into the light and love of God. Blessed are they who aim at this. Blind are they who do not see it to be their calling. If some have a more direct vocation, a more solemn responsibility, and a more thorough equipment for it than others have, all are to shine as lights in the world, all are to confess their Lord, by their goodness. But if the time is short, we need not make it shorter by wasting it; rather let us make it full and fruitful by diligence and prayer. It is the purpose of God that we keep His commandments; what they are for us, He will show us if we really wish to know. Let us have *peace*, for He doeth all things well; and nothing is helped while much is hindered by restlessness. Let us have *patience*. "Long sleeps the summer in the seed." Let us have *circumspection*. As life goes on and physical strength decays, and friends easily make excuses for us, and indulgence is lightly given for supposed infirmity, our great and subtle foe is deterioration, both of will and conscience, and mind and heart. All ages have their own snares; but the snare of growing old is letting our love grow cold.

JANUARY 25.

Psalm cxxxviii. Phil. iv.

When St. Paul met the Ephesian elders at Miletus, the one desire which seems to have taken most hold of his soul was, that he might finish his course with joy. Was this somewhat bold, and unreasonable; passing the bounds if not of a proper humility, at least of a sober experience? When the headman's axe flashed in the sunlight to give him his dismissal, would joy be likely to thrill through him; or awe? At the best an "unprofitable servant," even though he were the chief of the apostles, he might speak with chastened and humble thankfulness of his end, and of his judgment—but joy; was joy the right word from even the saintliest and loftiest lips, at the prospect of the Face of the Lamb?

Yes, we are sure it was, or he would not have thought of using it; and what is more, if it was meet for him, it may be meet for us. Not only as an apostle did he speak this, but as a Christian; not only about an unique career, which has changed the face of the world, but about a life, which in its earliest

history was (in his own language) that of "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious."

So my last question is this: Shall we finish our course, whatever it may be, with joy? For observation shows us that not all Christians do, even exemplary and active Christians. Sometimes towards the sunset clouds and mists envelop the horizon; instead of peace at the close there is disquiet, instead of thankfulness there is melancholy, at eventide it is not light. There is not indeed positive unbelief or despair, but God is not glorified, man is not edified; as we go from the death-bed, we feel to have missed something which we expected to receive. Then the thought comes, How will it be with us too, when we come to the swellings of Jordan ourselves? *What ought the joy to be?* First, I think, that of *wonder*, that we have survived so many dangers, resisted so many temptations, endured so many conflicts, accepted so many duties; and are still true, faithful, beloved, conquerors. When we look into ourselves, and look back at the way we have come, strewn with the strayed and fallen, we are dumb with amazement. Who are we to have got through? When we look up, and see the blessed face hanging over us with untold tenderness, we understand it all; we wonder still, but no longer so much at our salvation, as at His goodness. Then the joy becomes a joy of *gratitude*. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." What the rapturous love of the saved soul will be to the seen Lord who saved it, no human lips can say. It will be also what St. Paul elsewhere calls the *joy of faith*—that the seed sown shall have its harvest, that the battles fought shall retain their victory, that all through the ages the good we have tried to do shall be renewing and accumulating its results, and that our own joy is no solitary joy, but shared by myriads of other Christians as insignificant and unworthy as ourselves. How joy like this will expand and transfigure the soul. It will also be the joy of *hope*. If there is joy about the past, may there not be joy about the future? If joy for what He has done and has given, shall there not be joy also for that He will do, and will give? How little as yet we know of Christ; how tiny is the cup of heavenly gladness these mortal lips can taste now! In the new heavens and the new earth, where the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, it will be joy indeed: joy for sin forgiven and conquered; joy for sorrow tasted and transmuted; joy for duty done, and ever being done; joy over

sacrifices accomplished, and righteousness learned; joy for reunion with the saints, for fellowship with angels, for the vision of Christ, and the fruition of God.

The real question is, *How shall this joy be ours?* First, let us clearly recognise, firmly grasp, constantly use, and unflinchingly confess that glorious gospel of the grace of God, by which a full and free and present salvation is given to us by God, in His fatherly and unspeakable mercy, not for any deserving of ours, but for Christ's sake, on our sincere and humble faith, which believes His love, honours His character, trusts His promises, and moment by moment commits our soul to Him, for holiness and victory, for guidance and provision, certain that He who hath begun the good work will complete it unto the day of Christ—assured of His pardon, discerning His providence, loving His commandments, expecting His glory. Nothing gives the conscience peace, the will freedom, the heart fire, the understanding satisfaction, but the gospel. Here is the only secret of a joyous, child-like heart, not only at the end of life, but all through it. This, too, is what enabled our great apostle to say, as his own life was drawing to its end, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

The gospel is the glad tidings of great joy to all people. But this gospel means holiness, living, growing, deepening personal holiness. There is no joy worth having without holiness. The deeper, the simpler, the freer it is, the more joy there will be in it; also the more entirely that the gospel is received, the more thoroughly will be its salvation seen to be deliverance, not only from the punishment of sin, but from its power. He who truly receives Christ as Saviour longs to be like Him, seeks to glorify Him in the world. Salvation, in fact, is holiness. The gospel shows us Christ, gives Him to us, and transforms us into His image. Is there any joy like the joy that goes with character?

Again, joy at the last will depend, more than we think of, not only on the general aim of our mere life, but on the details of it; not merely on its outward consistency, but on its hidden forces and aims. "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." Where Christ becomes less loved, honoured, served, confessed, thought of, rested in, worshipped, hoped for, the windows of the soul are darkened, and His presence cannot shine through. Certainly there can be no joy. At last the Saviour is sought for, and He

comes back, for there is no humility, no patience, no power of forgiving until seventy times seven, like His. The Christian goes home, and he finds his place there; but to be "scarcely saved," is not quite the same thing as to finish our course with joy.

One other admonition I will insert here; homely no doubt, and perhaps mundane, but of some moment, and in danger of being forgotten. The body is the temple of the soul, too often its prison-house. It has its laws, and if they are violated it knows of no principle of atonement, but claims its uttermost farthing. Neglect of health, unwise regimen, insufficient sleep, overtaxed powers, all tell on the spiritual part of us, and make their protest felt, often by utter prostration of the nervous power. A Christian sometimes goes to his clergyman for advice when he ought to go to his doctor; or, still better, learn to take care of himself. As the years multiply we are apt to forget the need of irksome precautions and cramping rules. If we forget, it is at our own cost. The Lord of nature and the Lord of the Bible is one Lord. When we obey Him entirely, and recognise all His authority, then, and then only, do we honour Him; then, and then only, are we really capable of joy. Finally, if we would finish our course with joy we must be careful "with joy to draw water out of the wells of salvation;" we must recognise, as so few Christians seem capable of doing, that joy is at once a duty, a privilege, and a power. Let us wait on Christ in His Word and at His holy table, in the fellowship of His people and in the secret intercourse of prayer. Let us serve Him in works of charity and usefulness, of humility and sacrifice; in making the young happy, in making the care of the poor and the friendless our own. Joy is a divine attribute, for we read of the joy of the Lord; it is a lofty privilege; the joy of the Lord is to be our strength; it is a moral force, for when we love our duties we have twice the power for doing them, and it was Christ's own cordial for enduring the cross. It may be ours if we ask for it; it must be ours if we seek it according to the will of God: if for a time it be denied to us, as it was denied to the Lord, there will be a deep undercurrent of blessedness beneath the trouble on the surface that will keep us in the peace of God. Christ's life is the secret of joy. His Cross is the method of it. His ordinances are the conduits of it. His Spirit sheds it into our hearts. His personal government is the blessed discipline of it. His glorified presence shall reveal its fulness.

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—"THE PICK."

HESTER retired early, which, as matters had turned out, was a relief to her father; but nevertheless he regretted it. It had been his intention to inaugurate a new era of domestic life by devoting this evening to his daughter's society; and when a man has just once and away made up his mind to self-sacrifice he does not like to be balked of it. In spite of all his virtuous resolves, it was now necessary that the Colonel should go to his club an hour or two earlier than he would have done, at all events. As became his position and pursuits, he, of course, belonged to many such societies, but when he spoke of "the club" he meant the picquet club. This was a small, select establishment close to Walham Street, a circumstance which, in spite of his new resolutions, had no doubt influenced his choice of a residence. With the exception of a guardsman or two, its members were almost all men of his own class, without any profession, but who pursued their pleasures with a diligence and punctuality that would have been a credit to them in any calling; indeed, as almost the sole object of their attendance at "the Pick" (by which name, by a playful abbreviation, the club was known among themselves) was the acquisition of coin, the difference between it and a place of business was inconsiderable.

Small and of unobtrusive appearance, the house afforded a marked contrast to the great clubs in Pall Mall and in St. James's Street, with their palatial fronts and swinging doors, and crowds of cabs or carriages always in attendance. A "wicked brougham" would now and then drive up to the little portico to deposit its cargo, or more rarely a mail phaeton; but the majority of its frequenters dropped in on foot from four in the afternoon or so, before which time the house might have been let for any purpose without discovery by its members, like the apartment of Box and Cox in the play.

The "Pick" encouraged industry, for a cab-stand in the vicinity was entirely supported by it; the drivers made their hours to suit their employers and plied their trade up to four in the morning; nor were they ever heard to complain of not being remunerated for overtime. Though so quiet in external appearance, the club was luxu-

riously furnished, had a staff of six-foot servants, noiseless and respectful, and a hall-porter (without a hall) of the gravest demeanour, and above all a treasurer, who sat in the card-room and, with urbane alacrity, issued sheaves of notes and coal-scoops of sovereigns to the cry of, "Dobson, I want some money."

To an uninformed spectator it would have seemed indeed that, despite all pessimist theories, a Utopia, where money could be had for the asking, had been found at last in this modest establishment, with Dobson and his cornucopia for its sign and token; but as a matter of fact their advances were limited in each case to fifty pounds, and did not abrogate the necessity of an occasional I. O. U. or so. These, however, only passed between intimate friends, the establishment, like the stores (though in other respects there was little similarity), being conducted upon strictly ready-money principles. I can fancy persons of weight, who are nevertheless much in favour of keeping things as they are, denouncing the poor little "Pick" and all belonging to it; but what has an idle and aristocratic class (their country's pride) to do with their money if they are not allowed to risk it? We are a nation of shopkeepers, as indeed are all nations pretending to any civilisation, and none of us exempt from the desire of turning an honest penny. The uppermost one thousand, however, cannot conveniently keep shops, and to venture on the stock exchange, they have a shrewd suspicion, is like playing at a public table where the recognised odds are six to four against them. That, indeed, would be downright gambling, and nothing made the more respectable portions of "the Pick" more angry than to hear it spoken of as a gambling-house. Nevertheless, to those who remember what the haunts of hazard-players used to be, its little drawing-room, as Colonel Richard Darrell enters it to-night, is not altogether unlike one.

A moderately large room lit with subdued light, and full of men who make no sound; this of itself is full of suspicion, for just as a materfamilias says to herself when there is silence in the nursery, "There is something wrong here:" so is it when men are gathered together without speech. The furniture consists solely of chairs and tables.

The latter are, for the most part, half the size of card-tables, and each of them has a small green lamp which, however, by no means acts as a danger signal; on the contrary, it attracts the human moth to its destruction. They look innocent enough these tables, shining like glow-worms in an atmosphere of gloom; but they have lost the Colonel, within the last twelve months, six thousand pounds. There are, it is true, two whist-tables, table-lands of comparative safety, where you can, more or less, foresee the extent of your calamities. But they have small attraction for him. Just as your toper will take wine when he cannot get brandy, so your picquet player will play at whist if he can't get picquet, but not otherwise. It used not to be so with the Colonel, he used to be content enough with his rubber, but he has passed the Rubicon in more senses than one, and loves the perils of the passage. He nods to Langton who is playing whist, and declines his dumb invitation (nobody speaks) to join the table, and passes to one of the little tables where a man sits alone, idly enough, but with an interrogative air like one at the seat of custom.

The other tables are full and there is no choice but to play with Captain Gifford; had there been a choice the Colonel would as soon have played with him as with anybody, though the Captain has the reputation of being one of the best players in London. He is also, which is quite as serious a factor in such a matter, one of the richest men. The stakes are a bagatelle to him, like six-penny points at whist to a country squire. Some readers, by the way, may imagine that five-shilling points at picquet are the same as regards the risk as they are at whist. Whereas in one deal (five minutes of time, say) it is possible to lose one hundred and seventy of them. The Colonel, as was not unusual with him, though he was a fine player, was under an evil star; he fell into every pitfall that the game is honeycombed with; pique and repique, capot and rubicon, did their worst with him, but he never turned a hair. His good temper was inexhaustible, though his balance at his bankers, unlike that of his adversary, was by no means unlimited. Everybody knew him for a good fellow, and after awhile his case began to awaken, what is an almost unknown feeling in a card-room, sympathy. Men who had had enough of play, that is to say, who had either won or lost such sums as their various theories compelled them to stop at, gathered round his table and watched his losses with regretful enjoyment. Captain

Gifford was also well-liked enough, but it offended their sense of the fitness of things, that a man who had inherited a million by an off chance, should have such luck, when playing with a poor fellow like Darrell with (as they imagined) his mere two or three thousand a year. Among them was a new-comer, a young man of about thirty or so, with a face almost as white as the cards themselves, except where a small black moustache intensified its paleness; it was a handsome face, with the sort of impassive look upon it that is hardly an expression at all, and which is considered to be a sign of good birth; his eyes were bright and piercing, and with a slight cast in them which often, but not always, marred his comeliness; when he smiled, which was very seldom, he did it so pleasantly that you forgot it. It was the rarity of this smile which perhaps made Mr. Digby Mason unpopular, or helped to make him so; as far as the present company were concerned at least, he was too lucky to be liked. We know what Philip Langton thought of his luck, but his suspicions were unshared by any one else, and had only been hinted at to his friend under circumstances which seemed to demand urgency. As a matter of fact cheating at cards at a club is exceedingly rare, and also, though that, let us hope, is not the cause of its infrequency, exceedingly difficult.

"Luck seems against you, Colonel," observed Mason; his voice was as soft as a woman's, with ever so little a drawl in it, but it was distinct enough nevertheless.

"Yes, it has been so all night. It can't be said that I have thrown away my chances," added the Colonel with a tinge of bitterness, "for I have not had any. You could have made nothing out of such cards yourself."

"Perhaps I should have had better luck," was the quiet reply. "Will you let me play for you for a *partie* or so?"

"Well, you can't do worse for me than I have done for myself," returned the other woefully, "and if Gifford has no objection."

"I took that for granted," put in Mason, smiling; "with such a run of luck in his favour it is not likely that he will want to balk it."

Captain Gifford looked at his watch, an action transparent in its pretence, since time was notoriously of no object to him; he was turning over that idea about balking luck in his own mind—eventually, however, it seemed to offer the same appearance with which it had been represented to him.

"One can't go to bed at twelve o'clock," he

said, with the air of a man who enunciates a truism, "and it don't much matter whom one plays with."

This was not very complimentary to Mr. Mason, nor was it intended to be so; he was not a favourite with the Captain, who was also not well pleased that any alteration of affairs, when everything seemed going for the best, should take place at all. On the other hand it did not really much matter to him; he was not one of those players who pick and choose their men; moreover, were it not for Darrell's bad luck there were few more formidable adversaries than the Colonel himself. The game under its new and somewhat unusual condition attracted considerable attention. It seemed to be one of those rare occasions which should prove whether there was really anything in luck or not. The Colonel stood behind his proxy with folded arms, but with a look of interest which belied his attitude. Over his shoulder towered the tall form of Philip Langton, who had left the whist table, and watched with lynx eyes every turn of the game.

CHAPTER VII.—REGRETS.

In the very first deal the run of the cards began to alter; they were in fact only equal, but the contrast between their former inequality made the change very marked. It would have been difficult to find two antagonists better matched; their play was absolutely faultless, but though nothing was amiss in the Captain's discards they were not so fortunate as Mason's. He seemed never to select a point without its being increased by the cards which he took in. When he speculated, at what seemed a sacrifice, for four knaves, he got them. For the first time that he had been a member of "the Pick," the public sympathy was with him; at the conclusion of the *partie*, in which Gifford got "rubicund," there was a hushed murmur of admiration.

"He has certainly the luck of the old gentleman," admitted the Captain; an observation he had never made when the good fortune had been his own.

The next game Mason very narrowly escaped being "capotted;" he did escape it, but as it were by a miracle. "Now I am going to get my money again," thought the Captain to himself (meaning the Colonel's money). "I felt that matters could never go on in this monstrous way."

But immediately afterwards he was "capotted" himself, without the intervention of any miracle in his own favour

"Perhaps you would like to double the stakes," said the Captain grimly, when he had lost the second *partie*.

"It is not my affair," said Mason coolly. "What do you say, Darrell?"

The Colonel shook his head, as he well might. He had already lost his balance at his bankers, and was reflecting ruefully that he would have to realise one of his "safe investments."

"There is no reason why you should not have something on upon your own account, I suppose," said Gifford acidly; like all very rich men he resented losing; it seemed to him like the infringement of a patent.

"Not I," said Mason, laughing. "I daren't back Darrell's luck."

A smile at the Colonel's expense went round the company. Perhaps Mason really meant what he said, or perhaps the unaccustomed pleasure of finding himself on the popular, as well as the winning side, impelled him to go on as he had begun.

In three hours Mason had won all the Colonel's money back for him and a couple of hundred pounds to the good. Then with an involuntary execration (for the poor fellow had lost nearly two days' income), the Captain threw down the cards and declined further combat.

"It was really very good of you, Mason," said the Colonel gratefully, as he pocketed his notes; "you have been my guardian angel."

"I only wish they were two thousand," said the other, and with a nod and a smile he left the room.

The Colonel looked round for Langton, who was engaged with the treasurer.

"I want," he said, "some club cards" (*i.e.* cards that have been played with, and of course are not used again).

A young guardsman heard him and burst out laughing; he was only eighteen, so there was some excuse for him, but a reproving murmur of "hush, hush," arose from the players.

"The idea of your wanting club cards, Langton, as though you were a family man!"

It was unusual, and indeed was considered rather "bad form," for any member of "the Pick" to come under this category.

"Yes," said Langton, imperturbably, "I have some grandchildren about your age who are learning picquet—no, not those cards; I will have the same that Captain Gifford has been playing with."

They were wrapped in paper for him and he put them in his pocket.

"Well, Philip," said the Colonel, "I've had a queer night. You were at your whist or else the thing would have amused you." And he told him about his change of luck, to which the other listened as though it were news to him. "I think you must allow," he added, "that it was exceedingly good-natured of Mason."

"I am not sure of that," was the laconic reply.

"But, my good fellow, he had nothing to gain by it."

"He had something. It may be well worth his while to stand in with a man like you who may be a good friend to him at a pinch."

"How can that be when his position is better than mine to begin with? And what pinch is he likely to feel that I can remedy?"

To this Langton gave no other reply than a shrug of his shoulders.

"You are certainly the most prejudiced man, Philip, in England."

"And you are the most superstitious."

"How so?"

"Well, you told me yourself only to-day that you were as good a player at piquet as Mason, and yet you ask him to play for you."

"Nay, I did not ask him; he very kindly offered to do so. And at all events since he won, it only proves what you call my superstition to be well founded. No, Langton, you may say what you like" (they had got into the open air by this time and were walking down Piccadilly), "but there is something in luck that is not dreamt of by your philosophers. Though there was comparatively but a small sum at stake, I knew that I was going to win to-night."

"You were a long time about it," said Langton drily.

"Just so; things looked very black, which only strengthens my theory."

"What theory?"

"Well, whenever anything goes wrong with one in other matters I always notice that one wins at cards. It's the doctrine of compensation, I suppose."

"A very comfortable doctrine if it is to be credited. But what went wrong with you to-day that made you think you would win to-night?"

"Oh, nothing particular," said the Colonel. But the gaslight under which he passed at the moment showed a flush on his face. "Nothing has, what one can call gone wrong, only my little talk with Hester this evening was not altogether a success."

"Indeed!" Langton stopped short and gazed with anxiety into his companion's face. "Tell me about it before you go in."

"Well, there is not much to tell. It was the manner with which she took the thing. Five minutes before she was as gay and bright as a lark, and when I had told her what I had to say she turned, just like yonder window when the light has gone out—all blank and white. She was not like the same girl."

"Poor girl, poor girl! Hester is not like you and me, Darrell, who are accustomed to conceal our feelings or to have none. She is nature itself, and the notion of having to play a part, for that is what it comes to—"

"But I expressly told her that she need not do that," interrupted the Colonel; "that she might favour whom she pleased almost."

"But she does not want to favour anybody. Love comes by nature, and it is odious to a girl like Hester to have it represented as a necessity."

"Then why in heaven's name did you tell me to do it?" inquired the Colonel plaintively.

"For fear of something worse; and I did not tell you to thrust the thing down her throat. No wonder it choked her, poor dear."

"Now upon my word, Philip, this is too bad," exclaimed the Colonel. "It was by your advice that I spoke at all. I asked you to speak for me and you declined. I did my best, and now you blame me for it."

"You must have put the thing too baldly," said Langton, taking no notice of this outburst. His tone was that of a man who is reflecting to himself, or is speaking of a third person. "It was a matter that required very delicate handling, and above all things you should have wrapped up the idea of compulsion so that its very shape should be unrecognisable. The poor girl imagined that life was to be a holiday spent with her father, and now she finds that she has come home to take part in a business transaction. No wonder she resents it."

"I wish she did," put in the Colonel vehemently. "I would ten thousand times rather she had reproached me for the selfish recklessness and extravagance that have created this necessity—for it is my own conduct which has brought her to this pass, Philip—"

He hesitated, perhaps in hopes of some words of comfort; but the other answered nothing; a silence significant enough.

"I say I had rather she had flung out at me as many a woman would do than taken

it as she did. All her youth and spirits have gone I tell you, have put their faces to the wall and died as it were."

There was a long pause. The Colonel's cigar had gone out in his excitement, and he was biting the cold wet end of it. "It is certainly a most terrible business," he went on presently; "but I suppose she'll come round. Girls always do fall in love, I suppose, whether they are asked to do it or not, and she has, as I told her, almost an unlimited choice."

"Are you quite sure, Darrell," inquired the other gravely, "that Hester has not chosen for herself already?"

"Chosen? What, at Madame Langlais'? Why there's only the page. She watches over her young ladies as a hen looks after her chickens. No, that misfortune—which would be a catastrophe—has at least been spared us, I am quite sure of it."

"Then it is my opinion, as you say, Darrell, that she will come round."

"You really think so?" said the Colonel, brightening up.

"Yes, I think she will. What is so excellent about Hester, if one may be allowed to say so of one's own god-daughter——"

"To be sure, you were her godfather," put in the Colonel.

"Yes, and I am still. Your good wife chose me for that office, little knowing (heaven help me) the man she chose."

The speaker's tones were very bitter, and were accompanied by a sharp discordant laugh.

"I am sure I am well satisfied that it was so, Philip," said the Colonel gently; "I know no man——"

"That's just it," interrupted the other sharply. "Neither of us knows anybody that is not good-for-nothing. That is a matter beyond dispute and not worth talking about. We were speaking, however, of Hester—a very different subject. You have not told me what you have arranged about a chaperon."

"To be sure, I had forgotten. The fact is the other matter drove it out of my head, as gunpowder might drive out a pith pellet. I did speak of such an arrangement; but Hester was dead against it. She thinks I am amply sufficient as a resident watch-dog. The poor little thing knows nothing, you see, of the ways of the world."

"And what did you tell her about them?"

Langton's tone was cynical, almost to pitilessness; but in reality it was not against his friend that he was bitter, but against himself.

If he thought ill of him, he thought worse of himself; for his temptations, as he reflected, had not been so great; he had become what he was—and he despised what he had become, more of his own proper motion. If he had put the matter boldly to himself he would probably have said, "I was born with more sense."

Nevertheless there were great excuses, or at all events one great excuse, to be made for Philip Langton. It was no more his custom to moralise and reproach himself than it was with those who lived as he did and reflected less. But Hester's case—and he loved her almost as much as her father did, and in the same way—had touched him to the core. Something of this, though in a vague sense, the Colonel understood; so that his friend's tone in no way angered him. He had been accustomed to be schooled by him, though it had been to very little purpose, all his life. He knew that in the garish and artificial world in which he lived, there was at all events one genuine and wholly trustworthy fellow-creature, whose name was Philip Langton; a man of pleasure, but with a heart of steel and yet tender. It seemed quite natural for him, though he was Hester's father, that he should thus be giving an account of his stewardship in her affairs to his friend and hers.

"Well, I told her that some sort of companionship with one of her own sex and position was indispensable, and suggested Mrs. West."

"A widow lady without encumbrance," remarked Langton.

"I forgot how she was situated, it is true," murmured the Colonel apologetically. "I know I am a most selfish, thoughtless person."

"My poor old fellow," said Langton softly, "I did not mean to be hard upon you."

He laid his broad hand upon the other's shoulder, as he had not done since he had sauntered with him in the playing field at Eton thirty years ago. Shakespeare himself could not have expressed his feelings more significantly. "Then I thought of Mrs. Brabazon," continued the Colonel, with the same air of contrition.

There was a slight knitting of his companion's brow, but he put up his hand to hide it. He was resolved to say nothing more, save what was kind and encouraging.

"And also of Lady Buttermere, who you know has promised to do anything for my Hester. In the end we came to the conclusion that their united help may be sufficient

in the matter, that one might come one day and one another to spend the afternoon with her, and take her out with them; from what I know of them, and from what they have said to me, I don't think there will be any difficulty about that. And Hester would greatly prefer it to any more permanent arrangement, even if one could be made."

"Very good, Darrell; you have done your best for her, and there is no more to be said. I think you will find things in better trim to-morrow when she will have had the night to think about them. Good night, old fellow."

"Good night, Philip."

They had been walking up and down Piccadilly for the last half-hour, and now parted at Darrell's door.

Langton strode away, leaving his companion latch-key in hand, but when he was gone the Colonel stepped back across the little street, and looked up at his daughter's window. He had an uneasy notion that a candle might still be burning there, but it was not so; then with a sigh of thankfulness he let himself softly in.

Langton's lodgings were in a quiet street out of Park Lane, only a few hundred yards away, but late as it was he was in no mood for slumber; when his mind was ruffled he was wont to wear it smooth by physical exercise. Cigar in mouth he paced the silent streets, filled with unaccustomed thought. They were not selfish thoughts, though he had plenty to think about on his own account; he had suffered in his dearest affections, and a wasted life (though he had never made that apology for it) had resulted or partly resulted from it.

He was thinking of another's life, his friend's; not indeed because it had been also wasted, but on account of the evil that had come of it—upon an innocent head.

"Though I used to think otherwise," he muttered to himself, "I wish now that she were like other girls, the Wests, or even the Crummock lot. By the way she has taken it, it is clear that it has been a bitter blow. It is not a question of rubbing the bloom off, but of laying the very bone bare. The Hester we looked for, the Hester we knew, is gone for ever. Perhaps I was wrong in advising him to make a clean breast of it. Perhaps I was too late. 'Her youth and spirits,' he said, 'have just put their faces to the wall and died there.' What an expression for a man like him—a man like me—to make use of! It seemed to be wrong from him in spite of himself. I am sure it was the truth. Is it possible that such distress of mind could

have arisen from the mere news her father had to tell her, that she was not so well off as she thought she was, and that therefore she should not marry a beggar? for, after all, that was all it came to. Can she possibly have chosen for herself already? In that case all is bad indeed. Poor girl, poor girl! unhappy man—beggar or no—that weds her! What unborn generations have to curse us for these pleasant vices of ours! There is ruin on the road I see, unless she falls in with her father's views. And if she does, still ruin. What a fool he has been! Bah! What a fool I am to say so. 'How difficult it is,' as old Johnson said, 'to clear one's mind of cant.' If a gambler is a fool, then statesmen, and warriors, and rulers of men in all ages, have been also fools. One can only say, 'The pity of it. Oh! the pity of it.' What a fine fellow he is, too, under the mud. He is like a thorough-bred, who is unhappily also a bolter. To stop him is impossible; to guide him next to impossible; his head is set straight for the precipice. Heaven knows, if I could alter his course by so doing, I would dash at the reins and let him roll over me. To save the girl, though Dick is so dear to me, I would risk losing the father's friendship; but what would it avail to lose it, and yet not save her? There is nothing to be done."

His wanderings to and fro here brought him to his door, where he felt for his latch-key. In doing so the pocket of his summer great-coat swung somewhat heavily against his leg; it was weighted with the two packs of cards he had bought at the club.

"I had forgotten," he murmured to himself with sudden cheerfulness, "there is still something to be done. I am quite sure there is if I could only find the way of doing it. Mrs. Brabazon talks of life with a mission, henceforward that is mine."

CHAPTER VIII.—CHAPERONS.

THE Colonel had not counted without his host of friends in concluding that among them his Hester would find sufficient fragments of a chaperon to make up a whole. As a rule, the fable of the hare with his large circle of acquaintances is only too true a picture of what happens when misfortune befalls, and it becomes necessary to try the metal of our fellow-creatures. But when it is only an inconvenience that has to be remedied, and at no great inconvenience to themselves, they are prompt enough to serve us. It was, indeed, a pleasure to every one, and by some was held even an honour, to

serve Richard Darrell. Though he had not the reputation of his friend Langton for force of character, he was more popular with the other sex. The days of his "good fortune" were over, but there remained for him an attraction of mien and manner which few men possess. He somehow made it evident that his heart was a tender one without a whisper or a pressure of the hand; there was even, or so it seemed to women, a strain of chivalry about him, rare almost to extinction. It was no wonder, then, that when, for the first time, he asked a favour, it should be granted him. And this favour was so pleasant to grant. To have a hand in the introduction of such a girl as Hester to the world of fashion was of itself distinction.

"It is too great an honour for the likes of me," was the humorous quotation, with which good Mrs. West accepted her part of the trusteeship. She had daughters of her own to marry and settle, but it was clear to her that their interests would never clash with those of Hester Darrell. She was of good birth, though her husband had been in trade ("allied with commerce," was the euphonious term for it, now that he was departed); but her means were moderate, and she lived in Bayswater. Her girls were very nice and rather pretty, but she was not so foolish as to imagine they would marry into the peerage; she looked for good husbands for them, but on the same round of the social ladder as she stood herself. "You are dear little gazelles," she would playfully tell them, "but you are not giraffes who can reach to the top of the tree." Now Hester was a giraffe in her eyes, though without spot. She had literally "the highest opinion" of her. Grace and Marion, her daughters, had been at school with Hester, and she was a great favourite of theirs, but she was a still greater favourite with their mother.

Mrs. West had the same quick eye for a good girl that a man has for a pretty one; she was the best of mothers, and without the least consciousness of that circumstance, understood what a terrible disadvantage it is to a girl to be deprived of a mother's care; and considering what she called the "haphazard way" in which she had been brought up, she thought Hester a marvel. "If she marries a duke," she would say, "she will not be spoilt; and if she marries an author"—Mrs. West was not literary, and, I am sorry to say, placed authors, like a herald, on a very low rung of the social scale—"she will make him a good wife." Though she had a good deal of sim-

licity of character, she had seen much of the world, and had plenty of common sense. Without a word having been spoken between Colonel Darrell and herself concerning Hester's position, when he made his proposal to her, she understood a great deal more about it than he gave her credit for. "Of course I will come and keep her company," she said, "when no better woman is at leisure to do it."

"That is impossible," said the Colonel, in that tone which had done so much for him. "I know no better woman."

"Then I am afraid you must have lived a very bachelor life," said the lady rebukefully.

"If I have not yet become a saint, my dear Mrs. West, you see that I at least turn to the saints for succour."

I am not quite sure if Mrs. West, who, though not young, was still far short of the age of canonisation, thought the remark wholly complimentary, but she received it with a good grace, and undertook all that was demanded of her.

Mrs. Brabazon was even more complaisant, though in another way. She was a widow of fashion and of considerable fortune. At one time she had not thought it impossible that she might have been Hester's stepmother; but she felt no grudge against the Colonel because this arrangement, which would have suited her very well, had not come off. She had become resigned to a state of single blessedness, and only indulged her turn for matrimony in getting up matches among other people. She saw the intention that lay beneath the Colonel's proposition as plainly as Mrs. West had done, but not the necessity for it. The existence of poverty among people of her own class was a thing that never entered into her mind. She had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but so had all the folks with whom she was acquainted; and any transmutation of it into a lower metal was beyond her experience. She knew, of course, that even great people sometimes threw the silver spoon away and came to utter grief; but it was altogether an exceptional occurrence, and when they did it she knew no more of them, nor wasted a thought upon how they got on with pewter spoons. She had never heard a whisper of the Colonel's having thus disposed of his family plate.

Her affections were of the conventional type, and concerned themselves almost wholly with her own belongings; and as these consisted at the present time of an only nephew

--for though she had others they were out of the country, and out of sight was out of mind with her—she fancied herself devoted to him, and he had considerable influence with her even when what he wanted ran counter to her own wishes. She was fairly good-natured, and the notion of chaperoning Hester Darrell pleased her vastly. Though long past the flower of her youth herself, she liked its gaieties, and foresaw that with so attractive a companion she would be everywhere a welcome guest. She even proposed to carry Hester off at once to her own house, and thereby relieve the Colonel from all his responsibilities.

"She shall be to me as my own daughter," she said effusively, "and she shall be married from my own house to no one under a viscount or with a rent-roll less than five thousand a year."

This dazzling offer, however, the Colonel declined. Had it been made a few days earlier, before the girl had come home and gladdened him with her love as well as her youth and beauty, it is possible he might have acceded to her request; but his heart had opened widely and responsively to her, and she lay in its very core.

Lady Buttermere, as became a woman of her rank and position, had shown none of this effusion when appealed to, but she, too, had very readily agreed to become one of Hester's sponsors at the font of fashion. "She shall have a seat in my carriage, my dear Colonel, in her drives in the park; and whenever I have a reception my doors shall not only be open to her, but I myself will be her chaperon."

In taking that duty upon her she even gave it some extension in her own mind, and resolved to take good care that her daughters, the Lady Jane and the Lady Gertrude, should not, as regarded any eligible *parti*, suffer by competition with one so beautiful and distinguished-looking as her young friend. It should be her part, not only to guide her affections aright, but to prevent them from taking an inconvenient direction; and especially to "head" them if they should seem disposed to turn towards her son and heir, Lord Crummock.

With these three godmothers to answer for her, not, indeed, in abjuring the pomps and vanities of the world, but in judiciously accepting them, Hester Darrell may surely have been considered fortunate—though, alas! not thirty such godmothers are equal to one mother.

Within three days of Hester's arrival in

London there was a ball at Crummock House, and Mrs. Brabazon called for her by appointment, and took her thither in her carriage. In spite of her pleading on behalf of nurse Askell, a dressmaker had in person superintended her attire, and it certainly did her credit. No masculine eye, however, could have been attracted for a moment to the elegance of her apparel from the charms it was intended to enhance; an impression of some graceful drapery of white lace and a "glimmer of pearls" was all that art had power to convey. For where innocence and beauty reign supreme they brook no rival.

And yet to those who had seen Hester but a few days ago, and had eyes to recognise the change, there was something wanting which had then belonged to her. She had not the same air of naturalness. A sense of something being expected of her weighed upon her spirits and toned them down. As Langton had foretold, she had "got over" the shock of her father's news; but she was not the Hester Darrell that Madame Langlais had known, or whom the young soldier had met in the train at Folkestone. It is probable that every girl of her age entertains some thought, however dim, of the day she will be wooed and won, and even of the Prince Charming who will be her proud possessor; but that is a very different thing to being told that she must needs be quick about it, and that no one who is not a prince will serve her turn. The fruit of the tree of knowledge, of which Hester had so unwillingly eaten, had turned her out of the Paradise of her own happy and simple thoughts. On the other hand, if she had not gathered wisdom from it, it had perhaps better fitted her for the society in which she was about to appear, in which innocence and naturalness, if not absolutely discredited, are open to misconception.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the few words that had dropped from her father's lips had made a match-seeker of Hester; the effect they had had on her in that way was wholly of a negative kind. She understood that she was not at liberty to consult her own inclinations in a matter which she had naturally hoped would have been left to them; and whereas she had hitherto looked forward to her first London season with innocent pleasure, it had now lost all its attractions, and become as spiritless as a dance without music.

Crummock House, as every one knows, is in Crummock Square, from which it stands apart, with its courtyard in front, and behind,

its extensive gardens. It is on the north side of the park, where the other house-property of Lord Buttermere is also situated; a circumstance which doubtless had its influence in the opinion he so often expressed, that Belgravia is as damp as it is dull, and exposed to all the fogs of the river. His lordship was a personage who, independent of his great position, is worthy of some particular mention. His father, the first lord, had been a banker, and in bequeathing his huge wealth to his son, took the shortest way to his heart and ensured his filial affection beyond the grave. For the transmitted title he cared nothing—except so far as it helped, as it did in many ways, to increase his revenues. For all mere gauds and tinsel he cared nothing. Many orders had been conferred upon him by a succession of discerning ministers, but he held above them all a little cross (the outlandish title attached to it went for nothing) given to him by the potentate of an inconsiderable foreign state, because it was genuine gold. The notion of the regard of his own gracious sovereign being conveyed to him in sham jewellery, of whatever form, was abhorrent to his practical mind. Yet, with curious inconsistency, his own benevolences, which were vast and notorious, closely followed the royal example. He had a large well-meaning face with three chins, and a voice the unctuousness of which well suited with that sympathy for human sorrow which he was so fond of expressing. His charities on paper were boundless, but they were never on stamped paper. He took the chair at scores of philanthropic meetings, but he gave nothing except his countenance. His name was always at their service but not his autograph.

Nevertheless, so naturally do men bow the knee and doff the hat to greatness, Lord Buttermere was generally well-spoken of; he was very good-natured, and without a particle of pride: he would talk to his butcher as affably as to a cabinet minister; and would have shaken hands with him in his most sympathetic manner, if by that process he could have cheapened his mutton a farthing a pound. If he had been a bachelor he would probably have let Crummock House, gone into lodgings and established a first-class position as a money-lender, on unexceptional security; but he was hampered by his position. No one but himself knew what he suffered from the receptions which were given once a week at Crummock House; her ladyship impressed upon him that they were "absolutely essential to getting the girls off," and as he under-

stood that the expression meant getting them provided for at their future husbands' expense, he endured the tortures of the operation, but in his heart of hearts he would rather have seen the ladies Jane and Gertrude Crummock disposed of by public auction.

His bills were necessarily considerable, but were larger than they need have been, because he generally disputed them. He would always rather go to law than pay anything, a circumstance which made him very popular with gentlemen of the long robe. Those creditors who imagined that the Earl of Buttermere would never allow his name to be dragged into court for a paltry sum, reasoned on false premises indeed; he saw the force of their logic but arrived at a very different conclusion. It was of course "most painful to a man in his lordship's position (said his lordship's counsel) to dispute so inconsiderable a claim, but he did so on public grounds." It was, perhaps, by the frequency of these proceedings, accompanied by this form of defence, that Lord Buttermere had really got to believe himself to be a person of patriotic spirit, as well as of unquestionable benevolence. At all events, he was on excellent terms with himself; and when his wife, in support of some scheme of extravagance, insisted upon it that it was "due to his order," he would take high ground, indeed, and remind her that he was a philanthropist first, and a peer afterwards.

Not a word of these little peculiarities of her noble host, though he knew them all, did Colonel Richard Darrell disclose to his daughter: the only hint he gave her of the danger of trusting to appearances at Crummock House, was a warning against the wine at supper. "If you wish your days to be long in the land, Hester," he said impressively, "don't touch one drop of Buttermere's champagne, for it's a brand that agrees with nobody."

One would have imagined that on an occasion of such peril, a father would himself have been present to see that the poison-cup never approached his daughter's lips; but there were many things (and they were, unhappily, getting more numerous) that the Colonel "could not stand," and one of them was a public reception. If Lord Buttermere's invitation had been to dinner, he would for his daughter's sake have risked the consequences and dined early beforehand; but the idea of going to a ball where "all the world and his wife," or, at all events, "everybody who was anybody" was sure to be found, appalled him. It was not, indeed,

beyond his powers of self-sacrifice—as will hereafter be made abundantly manifest—but it would have been a sacrifice altogether disproportionate to the result; and, indeed, upon the whole, considering what had passed between Hester and himself he felt that she would get on better, that is, feel less constraint and behave more like herself, at the entertainment in question, without him.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BALL.

WITH the exception of the workhouse, Crummock House is by far the largest and highest house in the parish in which it stands. I do not know who built it, nor do I want to know, for I would entertain no more disrespect for the dead than is absolutely necessary; but whoever did must be sorry for it, if bad taste is, as we are so often told, little better than bad morals. It is a huge whity-brown pile which time itself declines to have to do with, refusing even the ministrations of decay. The rooms, however, are spacious enough, and on ball nights, when the lack of furniture is no loss, have a really splendid appearance. The great conservatory, which occupies the whole breadth of the front floor on the western side, is perhaps the finest in London, and as it is fed at little cost from the family seat at Fromslam, there is no trace of the trail of the serpent economy, so evident elsewhere in the mansion, to mar its effect. The northern balconies command the garden, which on reception nights is lighted up, though so 'inefficiently as to remind one of similar arrangements at a circus.

For the first half-hour it was the custom of the Earl and Countess to stand at the entrance of the blue drawing-room at the top of the stairs to receive their visitors, and Mrs. Brabazon had arranged to come early in order that her young charge should meet with their public recognition. Lord Buttermere saw so many people and cared so little about any of them—to use his own expression, "they went in at one eye and out at the other,"—it was absolutely necessary that her ladyship should stand behind him to point out "who was who." As Hester had been a guest at Fromslam for two months the summer before last, she thought, however, it was unnecessary in her case to take this precaution. The lord recognised her face, as indeed even an ape would have done, but for the life of him he could not recall her name.

"I need not tell you who this is," said the Countess, as she greeted her young guest

with something more than hospitable warmth; "is she not getting the very image of her mother?"

His lordship, with every feature of his countenance beaming welcome (for he had an eye for beauty if not for identification), held out both his hands. "The very image indeed. How is your mother, my dear?"

"Dead," whispered Lady Buttermere behind her fan. "You surely know Hester Darrell?"

"Of course I do, and how's the Colonel?" continued the Earl, proceeding with much presence of mind with the other parent. "I don't ask why is he not here, because I know his wicked habits; but perhaps he will honour us with his presence later on."

There was about as much chance of it as of his late wife's arrival "later on," and his lordship knew it, but he flattered himself that by that gracious speech he had atoned for his unfortunate error. Poor Hester was, however, a good deal distressed; it was not so much the reference to her lost mother that pained her as the reflection the mistake suggested of the sort of people she was coming amongst, and with whom her existence would henceforth have to be passed for an indefinite time, or perhaps even for ever. She was formed by nature for a home life and its simple but genuine ministrations; pretence and affectation were abhorrent to her; for a moment she shrank from the glittering throng around her, among whom "the hushed amaze of hand and eye" was already excited by her marvellous beauty, and longed to be back at home with her father, or if that might not be, even with faithful old nurse Askeil. No time, however, for such thoughts was given her, and hardly knowing what was taking place, she found herself going through the form of an introduction.

"This is my nephew Digby, Hester," said Mrs. Brabazon, "and I think upon the strength of our relationship you may let him shake hands with you."

Hester held out her hand with a little blush.

The gentleman thus introduced to her particular attention was young, tall, and handsome, he had not only "a love of a moustache," but a very pleasant smile beneath it, and when he spoke there was a mixture of tenderness and respect in his tone which could hardly fail to please a young girl's ear.

"My aunt is a dear," he said, "but I would prefer to make your acquaintance as a friend of your father's rather than as anybody's nephew."



"I need not tell you who this is!" said the Countess.

"You know papa, do you?" said Hester, brightening up as a child lost in the crowd welcomes a face which has some reflex of home in it; it was pleasant to her to find in that alien throng some link with her own little world.

"Yes, indeed; I think I may even venture to call myself an intimate friend of Colonel Darrell's." As Hester's face still looked interrogative, for she had never heard her father speak of Mr. Digby, he added modestly, "It is true that I am only a club friend of his, and I am aware that young ladies are rather apt to ignore such people, if not to absolutely disapprove of them."

"At all events that is not my way," said Hester earnestly; "there is one club friend of papa's who is as great a favourite of mine as he is of his. I dare say you know him, Mr. Philip Langton."

Her companion's face flushed ever so little. "Every one knows Philip Langton," he said drily, "as every one knows Colonel Darrell, though not quite in the same way. Your father, Miss Darrell, is the most popular man—and justly too—in all London."

In her pleasure at this praise of her parent, Hester almost lost sight of the depreciation of his old friend with which it was diluted; the colour mounted to her cheek, and her eyes softened and brightened like the sun-dew.

"He is always kind and pleasant to everybody I do believe," she said gently. Then as if suddenly reminded that neither time nor scene were adapted for emotion, she added indifferently, "Have you seen papa to-day, Mr. Digby?"

Her companion smiled, as it seemed, in spite of himself.

"Not this afternoon, no! The fact is I do not go much to the club in the afternoons."

"I am glad to hear it. I don't blame papa of course, but it always seems to me that for young men to spend their afternoons in that way——"

"But I am afraid it is not that," put in her companion quickly. "I should be sorry for you to have the impression that I was at all a pattern young man. Indeed I am quite the wrong pattern, as some people would tell you. I even keep a race-horse or two."

"But you are not cruel to them, I'm sure?"

"Cruel! There is nothing taken so much care of, or treated so tenderly, in this country as a race-horse"

"Then you don't allow them to be whipped or spurred?"

"Never; they are sometimes a little hustled—that is done with the bridle, you know—at the finish."

"But then I am afraid you bet on them."

"Nay," here he smiled drily, "I don't think many people accuse me of that."

Mrs. Brabazon, who had been engaged with numerous acquaintances, now struck into the conversation.

"You must not monopolize Miss Darrell, Digby, in this manner. I have been already importuned for as many introductions to her as there are dances on the card, and much more eligible partners than you, sir."

"Nevertheless, you will give me a dance, I hope, Miss Darrell," said the young man with a pleading look.

She consented, of course.

"I do not wish to be served before my betters," he added, pointing to a dance low down on the programme.

This modesty increased the favourable impression Hester had already formed of him; the true explanation of his humility, however, was that he was one of the best dancers in London, and was very willing that she should find it out for herself in the most convincing manner, namely, by comparison.

If dancing were a declaration, Mrs. Brabazon would have had reason to be proud of the triumph of her *protégée*, for the suitors for her hand were as numerous as bees about a bunch of mayflowers. It was necessary for her to give a hint to Hester to reserve at least one or two waltzes on her list, upon the same principle that a judicious landlady, however pressed for room, always keeps a suite of apartments disengaged in the case of the arrival of somebody "very particular;" otherwise, in her simplicity, the good-natured girl would have allowed herself to be bespoken for the whole entertainment. This was fortunate, for the heir of the house would have been himself left out in the cold.

Lord Thirlmere was not a young man to hurry himself for the sake of any young person, however highly spoken of by other people. He, of course, had heard of Hester's beauty; but he had been on the Continent making the grand tour, as it was once called (but which every Cook's tourist now accomplishes for a ten-pound note), when she had paid her visit to Fromsham, and had never happened to see her. His sisters had warned him of her attractions, for though his little heart, thanks to its thick coating of selfishness, was as well protected against the tender

passion as a submarine cable from friction, it was their humour to suppose it very "susceptible." But he did not much believe in what he called "women's beauties;" he said they always praised the plain ones, and saw nothing in any girl who was worth looking at; an assertion which, though coarsely expressed, has, it must be confessed, some truth for its foundation. He never put himself out in order to appear early at his mother's receptions, but having smoked an after-dinner cigar or two had dropped in, as any other young man might have done, to see what was going on. He was exchanging greetings with his acquaintances with a languid air very unlike that of a son of the house doing its honours, when his eye suddenly lit upon a revolving couple, who instantly attracted his attention.

"There, that's a fine pair of steppers," he whispered to his next neighbour, a young gentleman of his own age. "Who is the filly?"

"That's more than I can tell you," was the reply. "All I know is that she's the prettiest girl in the room. As she is dancing with Mrs. Brabazon's nephew the old lady will probably be able to tell you all about her," and he nodded to where the dowager was seated.

Perhaps Mrs. Brabazon, whose ears were still acute, had caught the injurious terms in which she had been spoken of, or perhaps there was some other reason for her reticence; at all events, when appealed to, she did not afford the desired information.

"I really don't know all my nephew's partners, Lord Thirlmere," was her dry reply. "If you want an introduction, you had better ask mamma."

There was a significance in the two last words which would not, perhaps, have escaped the young lord's notice—for he was by no means wanting in a certain sort of intelligence—had he been in his usual philosophic frame of mind; but the sight of Hester had agitated it as a stone thrown into a pond disturbs its placidity; nay, the metaphor may be even extended, since—for an instant—the stone makes a ring. The idea indeed at once suggested itself to him that she was the sort of girl, so far as looks went, worthy of becoming Lady Thirlmere.

Lady Buttermere happened to be in the same room—for there were several appropriated to dancing—in which Hester was at the time disporting herself, and very well knew to whom his inquiry as to "that uncommon pretty girl in white yonder" re-

ferred. She had had half a hundred similar questioners, and (notwithstanding Lord Thirlmere's cynical remark) of both sexes in the course of the evening, and had had no difficulty in satisfying their curiosity, yet when her son came for the like information she was by no means so ready to impart it.

"There are really so many girls in white, Algey."

"But I mean that one," and I am sorry to say he pointed with his finger, "the one with the hair of an angel and the eyes of a saint. There she is, coming quite close to us."

"Why, you surely don't mean Hester Darrell," exclaimed her ladyship in pretended amazement, "the little girl—though, to be sure, she's grown up now—who stayed with us the summer before last at Fromsham?"

"I don't know anything about a little girl at Fromsham," returned the young man impatiently, "but I have never seen any one half so charming; and I do beg, mother, that you will introduce me to her at once."

This was a thing which Lady Buttermere was by no means desirous to do, yet one which could hardly be avoided. If Lord Thirlmere did not get introduced to Hester by his mother he could find plenty of other people to perform that office for him; indeed, when she had invited the girl to the ball she knew that that ceremony must needs take place. Though aware that Hester was a very pretty girl, she had no idea, however, that she would have made such "a success," and in fact rather resented it, for her daughters, the Lady Jane and the Lady Gertrude, had, she remembered, made their debut without causing any such sensation. It was absurd to think that a young man in her son's position with his good sense and experience (terms which her ladyship would have been unwilling to explain in detail) could suffer any serious damage from such a chit of a girl, but she had certainly never seen him so excited. She was a masterful woman as regarded most matters and most people, but in her secret heart, though she loved him as the apple of her eye, she was a little afraid of her Algey, who sometimes displayed a determination of character—in other words, the obstinacy of a mule—which she had found herself quite unable to cope with. She had no alternative but to obey his behest.

Hester had finished her dance, and was talking to her partner with animation. She was not out of breath, nor pink, nor palpitating, as was the case with most of the

other waltzers. She had been taught dancing by the best teachers, but their aid had been scarcely necessary to her, for it had come almost by nature. She did not think of the time, or her steps, or how she was looking, or even of her partner, when she danced, but gave herself up to the sheer pleasure of harmonious motion. Mr. Scales, the diner-out (a ready man with his tongue though men did call him *l'esprit d'escalier*) had already observed of her that she had the grace of Terpsichore with the simplicity of a May Queen; and his high-flown compliment for once was not misplaced.

"My dear Hester, you have not yet made the acquaintance of my son, I think," said Lady Buttermere in her most natural, and, therefore, her most unwonted manner. "Lord Thirlmere, Miss Darrell."

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to Hester to hold out her hand to this young man, with whose family she was so well acquainted, yet the action evoked a frown upon two faces. Lady Buttermere thought it a very forward movement indeed, and Hester's late partner, notwithstanding that she had treated him with similar favour when introduced to himself, disapproved of it even more highly. His lordship himself, though far from displeased, thought it an evidence of weakness in the citadel which he had made up his mind to besiege, and resolved to conduct his approaches accordingly.

"May I hope for the next dance?" he murmured with just the least trace of his usual drawl; and as the next dance happened to be one of those which Mrs. Brabazon's foresight had caused Hester to keep in reserve, she replied, "Yes, with pleasure."

Fortune had endowed the heir of the House of Crummock with so many gifts that there were but few arts which it had been worth his while to acquire, and that of dancing was not one of them. He could walk through a quadrille with the faultlessness of a soldier on parade, but in a round dance he was "nowhere," and needed a good partner indeed, to prevent her finding herself in the same position. He was not, it is scarcely necessary to say, one of those tearing waltzers whose course resembles that of the monsoon of the desert, and whose track is marked by ruin and dismay, but his progress was slow and tortuous, and consequently subject to incursions and encounters. Poor Hester was compelled to be both stroke and coxswain, to give the time and steer him, but with all her skill was unable to avert collisions. When these took place Lord Thirlmere uttered some suppressed monosyllable, under the circumstances fortunately unintelligible, but which nobody could mistake for apologies; and to no other words did he give utterance, so great were the demands of his occupation upon his attention. Upon the occasion of their third misadventure his lordship's patience, much tried, if not in the furnace, broke off at the hilt.

"It is impossible to dance in such a mob as this," he said. "Let us take a turn in the conservatory."

"Very good," said Hester, not sorry to escape from the perils of the mazy throng, and quite unconscious that she was accepting a proposal for a flirtation, all the worse—as it always is, unless serious mischief is meant—because the young gentleman was by no means good at it.

THE LONE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(For an Irish air, "There is a Lone House.")

I HAVE a lone house on the side of the moor,

Its walls and its roof they are grey;
There my father and mother lived happy and poor,

Till they left it for the churchyard clay.

My love owns a mansion fine
Bowered in roses and woodbine,

But she says that she does not care to stay.
She will come in at the door

Of my lone house by the moor,—

I wish she were here to-day!

I'll deck my lone house with the best that I can,

And strengthen the walls old and grey;
Laying down at her feet the true heart of honest man,

To love her till it moulders into clay.

So she shall ne'er repine

For her roses and woodbine,

Her lordly roof and chambers rich and gay;

She shall dwell content, secure,

In my lone house by the moor,

And turn its dreary darkness into day.

HERMANN SCHULZE-DELITZSCH

The Founder of People's Banks.

By JOHN RAE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM."

CO-OPERATION, it is said, has its nationalities; every country grows its own specific kind of association; England has her stores, France her productive societies, and Germany her people's banks. The remark is not absolutely correct, for there are many co-operative stores in Germany and many productive associations in England; still there is a basis of fact in the statement, and it is worthy of note. The reason, however, must not be sought in any subtle bias of race, but merely in certain local and temporary circumstances that started the movement in one direction rather than in another. We have no people's banks in England, because the co-operative movement here has sprung out of the requirements of factory operatives, who have no need of credit for productive purposes; whereas those banks have thriven so greatly in Germany because their founder happened to live in a community of small tradesmen and artisans working on their own account, to whom credit was the very breath of their nostrils. Delitzsch is one of the humblest of the towns of Germany; its population even now is not more than 8,000, and thirty years ago it was much less; but from small beginnings among the shoemakers of Delitzsch, in 1850, Hermann Schulze has by faith and patience created one of the most remarkable social structures of the century. When he died in the spring of 1883 there were 3,500 co-operative societies in Germany organized under his own control, besides thousands more in Austria, Italy, Russia, and Belgium, which owed their origin to his example, and looked up to him as their father. Those 3,500 societies had a membership of 12,000,000, a share capital of £10,000,000, deposits amounting to £21,000,000, and did a total business of £100,000,000 a year. Here, then, we have a work and a man it is well to know a little more of.

Schulze-Delitzsch was born in 1808, in the little provincial town already mentioned, whose name has for more than thirty years been part of his own. The family surname was Schulze, but that surname is so common in Germany that, like Smith in this country, it hardly serves the office of name at all. When our Schulze was sent to the National Assembly in 1848 as the representative of his native place, there were others of the same name there, and they were usually distinguished, in official documents as well

as ordinary speech, by annexing to their respective names the names of the constituencies they represented. Hence, Hermann Schulze became, for parliamentary purposes, Hermann Schulze-Delitzsch, and Hermann Schulze-Delitzsch he has remained since and evermore. When he re-entered Parliament in 1861, it was for one of the divisions of Berlin, and he was accordingly described for a time in the minutes as Schulze-Berlin, but even official rigour was obliged at last to relax, and the clerks adopted the name the public had come to honour, and which was already written in a more enduring roll than theirs. The town of Delitzsch was at the time of Schulze's birth a quiet country place of some 3,000 inhabitants, dependent mainly on agriculture and the ordinary small industries, especially shoemaking for the neighbouring Leipzig market. His father, Justizrath Schulze, was burgomaster of the town, as his ancestors had been for generations before him, and he held besides the appointment of patrimonial judge on various estates in the vicinity, that ancient feudal office surviving in Germany till 1848. It was not without an influence on Schulze-Delitzsch's future career that he was brought up in the homely life of a small borough, where one comes into closer personal contact with different conditions of men than is possible elsewhere, and where one acquires a sounder knowledge of their real wants and a more solid sympathy with them; nor was it of less importance that he belonged to a professional and cultivated family in which a healthy public spirit had grown hereditary, and which had long guided the local affairs of the citizens with the interest and feeling of being also citizens themselves. Schulze-Delitzsch indeed, on a memorable occasion, made a touching acknowledgment of the influence exercised on his public life by the spirit he had breathed in his father's house. He was speaking at the celebration of his father's jubilee as patrimonial judge in Delitzsch, which took place shortly after his own retirement from the public service in consequence, as we shall see, of vexatious restrictions on his independence as a citizen; and he pointed out what a great difference existed between the functionaries of the generation that was leaving the stage, and the functionaries of the generation that then occupied it. The latter, he said, were a caste apart, looking

solely to the hand that fed them, and moving with disdain among the people whose affairs they administered. But the older generation—his father and his father's contemporaries—while they were servants of the State were at the same time citizens of the nation, belonging to the same ranks as their neighbours, through possessing local property and practising private professions, and standing shoulder to shoulder with them in a feeling of common right and public duty. And, therefore, in renouncing his own place and career as he had recently done, he said he felt sure that he was walking in the ways of his fathers and that whatever future lay before him he would carry into it the paternal blessing and the venerated household gods.

Schulze grew up in inspiring times. The great battle of German emancipation was fought when he was a boy, and fought a few miles from his own home, in the city of Leipzig, to which he was shortly afterwards sent for education at school and university, and where he found the great ideas of freedom and a united fatherland rustling everywhere in the air he breathed. From Leipzig, Schulze went to Halle to study Prussian law, which was not taught at the Saxon University. Halle was then at the height of its reputation, and was, among other things, the chief seat in Germany of those Liberal opinions both in theology and politics which he afterwards professed. At the university he lived the sociable, open-air life of the corps-student. He rode and fenced, and held high discourse on life and philosophy, and drank deep of the delights of friendship, for which his warm, honest nature was made. In the vague enthusiasm of the student clubs of this period were laid the germs of the ideas and impulses which broke all over Germany in 1848.

In 1830 Schulze entered the Prussian judicial service; but in 1835 he returned to Delitzsch for two years to assist his father in his work as patrimonial judge, and in 1840 he settled in Delitzsch for good in the same capacity. A patrimonial judge is an officer unknown here and no longer known in Germany; he was appointed by a landlord, and was intrusted with all the more public side of the administration of the estate. He decided civil and criminal suits, and looked after all the various interests of police, church, roads, schools, and poor. No work could make one better acquainted with the condition of the people. During the ten years he performed these duties, Schulze won unusual confidence by his patience, his com-

mon sense, and his manifest pains to be just. He was the life and soul, too, of every organization for culture or amusement among his townfolk, taking a leading and personal part in their musical entertainments, joining them in their country excursions, and moving out and in among them as one whose heart and interests were like their own. He had views at this time towards literature. In 1838, he even published a volume of poems, not without merit, but now chiefly interesting because it contains a poem expressing, thus early, the resolution to devote his energies to the relief of the wretched. And circumstances were already drawing him to this work. The distress of 1846 afforded an opportunity of proving his faculty for organizing practical and efficient measures of amelioration. He got a committee together and collected subscriptions. To save the middlemen's profits, which, when wheat rose in price, were apt to rise along with it, they hired a meal mill and baker's oven, ground their own corn, baked their own bread, and then gave it for half-price or for nothing according to need; and the result was that, while excesses were committed in most places around, not a bakehouse in Delitzsch was attacked, and when a detachment of military was offered, Schulze answered that it was not required.

The years 1840—1848 were signalled in Prussia by an agitation for a political constitution. With that agitation Schulze strongly sympathised, and when a national assembly was summoned in Berlin for the purpose of joining with the King in framing a constitution, he was sent up as the representative of his native town. The assembly recognised his interest in the social question and his efforts to grapple with it in Delitzsch, by appointing him chairman of a commission to consider 1,600 petitions that had been presented by labourers in distress; but the dissolution of the assembly interrupted the deliberations of this commission before any results were reached. His political attitude was long misunderstood. He was an English Liberal of the Cobden and Bright type, rather than a Continental Democrat, and he was really in that assembly, just as he was a number of years later, as stout an opponent of the revolutionary as of the reactionary party. But it happened that in some of the most prominent divisions of the session, he, as a friend of constitutional government, was in the same camp for the time with the more extreme faction. When the revolutionists proposed to expunge the phrase *Dei Gratia* from the title of the King as a relic of des-

potism, Schulze made a speech, long afterwards remembered against him, in which he said that, while he would never have thought of raising a purely verbal question of that character, yet once it was raised he was bound to say that the business of the new constitutional monarchy ought not to be carried on under the name of the old bankrupt firm of absolutism. And when the assembly itself was dispersed by military intervention, on the 10th of November, it was on the motion of Schulze-Delitzsch that a resolution was carried declaring it to be unjustifiable to levy taxes from the people as long as their representatives were not allowed freedom to deliberate. For this motion he was tried on a charge of high treason on 8th February, 1850, and after a spirited and manly defence conducted by himself, was unanimously acquitted, and welcomed home to Delitzsch with torchlight processions, cavalcades, and every demonstration of enthusiastic admiration. After dispersing the assembly the King took the matter of the constitution into his own hands, and decreed one based, not on universal suffrage as was proposed, but on the three-class system, which divided the people according to their property, and gave the few rich as much power as the many poor. This was resented by Liberals of all types. They refused to serve under the new constitution, either as electors or deputies, and for the next ten years reaction had all its own way. But in the case of Schulze-Delitzsch, those ten years of retirement from parliamentary life were the most fruitful of lasting public benefit in his whole career.

They began, however, in a severe private trial. The office of patrimonial judge having been abolished in 1849, Schulze had re-entered the service of the Crown at the moment when his parliamentary speeches had incurred ministerial displeasure, and, to be out of the way of Delitzsch, he was sent to a post at Wreschen, in Posen, among Polish Jews, who were supposed to be insensible to German aspirations. He accepted the post, and married. After a year's unusually hard work he asked a short leave, and was at first refused, but was eventually permitted, on the express condition that he would not visit Delitzsch while away. He accepted the leave, but ignored the condition, feeling that no government had a right to prohibit a man from visiting his father and his early friends. The Minister of Justice punished this offence by the deduction of a month's salary, and Schulze, rather than accept the punishment, surrendered his career,

returning to Delitzsch, where he began to practise as a lawyer, and soon made an income equal to the salary he resigned. He returned, not to plot revolution, but to plant institutions that are the best bulwarks against it, and perhaps but for his return to Delitzsch at this juncture we should not now have had the people's banks. The Jews of Wreschen might possibly have taken up his ideas after a time, but in Delitzsch he already had the ear of the people, and a thorough acquaintance with their wants and character. He had indeed, while formerly in Delitzsch, started some co-operative societies, a sick and burial fund, a shoemakers' society for the supply of stock in trade; a loan society; but when he came back now he found these societies on the point of perishing. They had been founded, he saw, on a wrong principle. Their original funds had been contributed as donations by philanthropic persons outside, who looked for no interest, nor perhaps for repayment of the principal, and funds given as a charity are administered as a charity. No sufficient examination is made into the solvency or personal character of the borrower, while he, in turn, feeling safe from compulsory measures for repayment, makes no haste to meet his obligations; the capital costs nobody anything, and nobody is careful in using it. Schulze at once perceived that societies cannot be expected to prosper on such a system, and that the only sound principle was the principle of nothing for nothing. He accordingly determined to found a new form of society, which should renounce all gratuitous help, whether from the State or from individuals, and should begin in a humbler but surer way, by basing its operations on the contributions of its own members, and on loans which should be acquired in the open market on the members' joint liability, and under promise of adequate interest. Self-help, and nothing but self-help, was his motto. Nobody knew or would believe in its resources before it was tried; when it succeeded people thought the thing so simple that they called it a second egg of Columbus. The principles on which the new loan society was founded were: 1st. The creation of its capital, at least in part, by its own members, because all credit should have a certain real basis. No difficulty was found in getting this share capital paid up, because the shareholders were to receive credit as well as dividends in proportion to their shares. In Delitzsch the money was subscribed in monthly instalments of sixpence, in other places of a shilling. And nothing could



exceed the surprise shown by the labourers when they found what a power for their own ease and comfort they were creating by the little savings that seemed so insignificant. 2nd. The acquisition of loan capital on the principle of joint liability. A single labourer, however honest and capable, has no monetary credit, because he may fall sick or die, but join ten such labourers together and make them answerable for one another's obligations, and you practically destroy that risk, and create for them a credit that will be recognised in the ordinary money market. This joint liability was at first unlimited, and Schulze thought it essential that it should be so; but when the banks became established, he adopted the principle of limited liability, which has been found in practice to afford quite sufficient security to creditors. Depositors were paid $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest above the rate paid in the savings' banks of the district, but then they were obliged to leave their money for a fixed period, and could not withdraw it when they liked as from the savings' bank. However, this additional penny in the pound of interest was enough to bring to the people's bank most of the

small savings of the district. At first 90 per cent. of the working capital of the banks consisted of these deposits, but the proportion of share capital has been gradually rising, and not more than 75 per cent. is now made up by deposits and loans. 3rd. As a rule business is restricted to members, although since the institution has become a financial success, some of the societies open credit accounts with persons outside, and others have become mere joint-stock companies of the ordinary kind. The maximum loan granted to individuals differs in different places. At Delitzsch it was at first only £8, but in 1867 it had risen with the rise in the resources of the bank to £350, and in some places it is as high as £1,700. The usual term is three months, but the loan may be renewed a second or third time, in some places indefinitely. A very high interest was charged at first, 14 per cent. per annum, but now the rate is 5 per cent., with $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. fixed commission on each loan, bringing the whole up to about 7 per cent. per annum. This will be considered a very high rate here, but in Germany it seems moderate because of the usurious charges of private lenders.

Each bank is managed by a skilled clerk and a board chosen from the members, and though occasional losses are incurred, the trade done is an unusually safe one, the credit being given for short terms only and to persons well known to the board. The report for 1877 happens to lie before me, and in that year the total losses suffered by the people's banks of all Germany did not come to £1 per £1,000. The trade is not only safe, but most profitable. The rate of profit varies very much. In 1877 one of the banks declared a dividend of 50 per cent., while another declared only 1½ per cent., but all declared something, very few indeed less than 5 per cent., a large number over 10 per cent., and not a few over 20. The average dividend of the whole nine hundred and twenty-six banks was 8¾ per cent., and it must be remembered that this dividend represented only two-thirds of the profits actually made by the banks in the course of the year, because one-third was set apart to be added to the reserve fund, and a sum of £1,200 was, according to the laudable custom of the banks, voted as subscriptions to charities or public causes unconnected with their own immediate objects. The shares of the people's banks constitute, therefore, an excellent investment, independently altogether of the special advantages which the banks have been called into existence to confer on their shareholders—the advantages of credit. The normal or par value of a share is different in different banks. In Delitzsch it is at present £15; in Ermsleben, where the 50 per cent. dividend was declared, it is £7 10s.; in other places it is lower still, or, on the other hand, higher than at Delitzsch. But let us suppose a small tradesman holding a Delitzsch share. His £15 bring him a profit, at 8¾ per cent., of 25s., and at the same time entitle him to obtain on his own personal security (unless the board has reason to doubt his integrity or solvency), a loan of £30 at 7 per cent., and on additional approved securities, material or other, a further loan of as much as £350, for use in his business. By means of an investment which already yields him a return most stockholders would envy, he is transformed into a considerable capitalist, free to turn his abilities and opportunities to the best account. Such is the magic of creating capital out of character.

The example of Delitzsch was soon followed in the other towns of the neighbourhood, under the zealous and ungrudging guidance of Schulze, who felt that a great

movement had begun, and therefore set on foot a direct propaganda in the press, first by means of various pamphlets on the subject of co-operation, then by a weekly column of news on the subject, which he contributed without remuneration to a Leipzig journal, and, finally, by a special newspaper edited by himself. By 1860, there were already 210 people's banks, mainly in Central Germany, and in the following year, at a congress held at Halle, it was resolved to unite them all in one organization, with a paid manager, adviser, and promoter, whose salary was to consist of a certain percentage on the profits of such of the banks as were already paying dividends. Schulze-Delitzsch was asked to accept this post, and for love of the movement did so, though the salary was not more than a fourth of that of a legal functionary in a middle-class German town. Of course as the movement grew the salary grew along with it, but Schulze himself then proposed a new arrangement, by which the salary was fixed at £300 a year with £180 for office expenses, and again when business continued to increase, a third arrangement which made the salary £375 a year with £420 for office expenses. In 1864 the organization was further consolidated by the creation of provincial federations, under separate managers, though subordinate to Schulze, the manager of the whole; and in 1865 by the foundation of a co-operative bank in Berlin, for the purpose of providing individual societies with their borrowed capital on favourable terms, and of transacting their larger banking business. This bank has now a capital of about half a million sterling.

The success of the people's banks in Germany and Austria has no doubt been accelerated by the fact that the peasant proprietors in those countries already made large use of credit, but paid very exorbitant rates for the accommodation. But peasant proprietors, after all, form but a small proportion of the members of these credit societies. Only 23 per cent. are cultivators, 31 per cent. are small handicraftsmen, 10 per cent. are wage-labourers, 9 per cent. are shopkeepers, and 17 per cent. are manufacturers or professional men. These banks do nothing for the factory operatives, who need no credit for productive purposes—the trade union and the store are the hope of these classes—and they do nothing for the strata of unskilled labourers below, whose hope has not yet been discovered; but for a large class in every country they are effectual means of comfort and success. They would in our own country greatly soften

the lot of such people as the Highland fishermen and crofters, whose miseries are now so much in the mouth of the world, nor would their novelty be any insurmountable obstacle to their establishment. When Professor Vigano first proposed to introduce them into Italy, he was met on all hands by the objection that such institutions might do very well among the thrifty and industrious nations of the north, but that the Italians wanted the habits on which their success would depend. "Then," said Vigano, "the habits must be formed;" and formed they were with such effect that in a few years Italy had more than 130 people's banks.

While Schulze was engaged in this social work, changes occurred in the domestic politics of Germany which led to his resumption of parliamentary life. The accession of a new king (the present William) in 1859, had given, as such accessions often do, new life and hope to the popular party. A Liberal ministry was called to power for the first time since the revolution, and the event was commonly spoken of as "the new era." The Italian war, with its result, a united Italy, had at the same moment stirred profoundly the popular aspirations after German unity; and under the influence of these renewed movements towards freedom and a united fatherland, Schulze-Delitzsch and some political allies founded the "National Union," which, for many years afterwards, exercised such an important effect on the politics of Germany. In 1861 he was returned at a bye-election for one of the divisions of Berlin. In the Diet he joined the band of earnest Liberals, who soon afterwards established the Progressist party; and for twenty years Schulze, as one of the leaders of this party, rendered most effective service in promoting constitutional reform.

When Schulze returned to Parliament, his position was still so much mistaken by those in authority, that King William was reported to have said, "We shall see in the end who is stronger, Schulze-Delitzsch or I." His conduct in 1849 had not been forgotten, and his organization of banks and stores was only looked on as a possible source of political danger.

But presently the Socialist agitation broke out in 1863, and this rebel and his legions of co-operators were found to be really the vanguard of social defence. Wherever Lassalle went his chief opponents were the members of Schulze-Delitzsch societies, and Schulze himself undertook to warn the working men of Berlin against his fallacious ideas, in a course of lectures which were

afterwards published as "The Working Man's Catechism," and provoked from Lassalle the bitter and trenchant reply, "Herr Bastiat Schulze." Schulze had always looked forward to productive associations as the crown of the co-operative movement, although he thought they could not be successfully established until their members had first acquired the necessary habits of management in the administration of the simpler organs of co-operation, the credit society and the store. But he was fundamentally opposed to the establishment of productive associations by means of State loans, as Lassalle advised, because he held that State loans would enfeeble the industry, thrift, and careful management by which alone such associations could permanently prosper. State help, by legislation, he did not reject, but State advances of money he considered incompatible with the principle of self-help, which he rigidly guarded as the very ark and instrument of the people's safety.

It was now felt that the time had come for a recognition of his long, fruitful, and disinterested labours for the public good, and on the suggestion of President Lette, a sum of £7,000 was soon collected to insure him something of the pecuniary independence he so willingly sacrificed to the cause of co-operation. The only fear was that Schulze might decline it; but his friends made a skilful appeal to the example of Cobden and to his own great principle of nothing for nothing, which, they said, forbade him declining the wages since he had done the work. In a modest and manly reply he accepted this unique testimonial, but would only keep £1,000 for himself, with which he should buy a house in Potsdam, where he had now come to reside; of the remaining £6,000 he would use the interest to pay for an assistant in his office, and for travelling expenses in the interest of co-operation, but would leave the principal under trust for the support of social reformers and the promotion of social reform. His reason for this course is remarkable and characteristic; he held that a moral and social guide of the people was bound to self-denial and simplicity. "He who preaches to the people self-help, self-responsibility, self-reliance as the condition of their economic independence and political freedom, must, in the first place, practise these principles in his own life. That man will gain most influence over the labouring class who earns his own living as they do."

And so Schulze preserved his personal independence and his public authority. It is

impossible here to give any adequate account of his most multifarious public activity in the cause of education, of freedom, of German unity, of social progress, of international peace. He was a good speaker both in the Diet and on popular platforms; in private life a warm and hospitable friend, fond of music and poetry, and while not orthodox in his religious views, was pervaded with a deeply religious

spirit and a love of all that was just and noble and upright. His achievements in life were less the fruit of talents—though his talents were high—than of character, of a rare force and purity of purpose, and that practical wisdom which is as much of the heart as of the head. He was buried with unusual honour in the churchyard of Potsdam on Ascension day, 1883.

NAME CHOOSING.

I.

NOT a great many months ago, a little maiden, born at West Derby, Liverpool, to the surname *Pepper*, was registered in the following personal names, five-and-twenty in number, viz.—*Ann, Bertha, Cecilia, Diana, Emily, Fanny, Gertrude, Hypatia, Inez, Jane, Kate, Louise, Maud, Nora, Ophelia, Quince, Rebecca, Starkey, Teresa, Ulysses, Venus, Winifred, Xenophon, Yelty, and Zeus*. No doubt the child's father—a laundryman—aimed at originality in conferring these designations; and he must be allowed to have hit it. It is not conventional in England to apply to girls the appellations of male characters, nor do many precedents exist for the bestowal of twenty-five names of any kind. But after all, in making the selection, Mr. Pepper, or his wife—for the maternal mind may have conceived the denominational prodigy—sought inspiration from no source more reconduce than the alphabet, and was probably led into some anomalies merely by ignorance of the resources of personal nomenclature. The initials of the names chosen are the twenty-six characters brought home to infant minds by delineations of various interesting objects from the ape to the zebra, only the letter P—the initial of the surname—being unrepresented in the series of prænomenia; and if a glossary of Christian names had been consulted in the course of the selection, it would have been found easy to complete the execution of the nominal plan devised, without resort to masculine appellations. This case of extreme eccentricity in name-choosing has suggested to the writer—who happens to possess exceptional opportunities for studying questions of individual nomenclature—to note some of the motives, ordinary and otherwise, by which English parents are impelled when they act as name-choosers. Each motive, doubtless, often operates singly, and hence any traceable incentive invites separate mention; but it need scarcely be

said that in name choosing, as well as in a good many other human proceedings that might be referred to, motives are a little liable to become mixed. The facts about to be dealt with, it should be stated, are drawn entirely from the civil registers which have been kept in England and Wales by statutory provision since the year 1837.

It shall be shown at the outset how far the case cited is exceptional as to the number of designations given; in other words, how many names English infants are now usually receiving. Of this, the following table yields a fair idea. In preparing it, three hundred birth registers, from ten representative neighbourhoods, have been taken exactly as they stand in the national name-roll for the quarter ended 30th September, 1883; and its figures set forth the numbers of children to whom, in those registers, the different numbers of names were found to belong. The unnamed children are such as had died or had not been baptized or named, before civil birth-registration took place.

Numbers of Names given to 3,000 English Children during the quarter ended September 30th, 1883.

Neighbourhood tested.	Numbers of Children found to have been registered—					Totals.
	Without Name.	With one Name	With two Names.	With three Names.	With four Names.	
London, West End	2	82	180	35	1	300
London, East End	1	50	201	18	0	300
Northumbrian Mining District	2	193	102	3	0	300
Cornish Mining and Agricultural District	1	140	148	10	1	300
Norfolk Agricultural District	4	93	188	15	0	300
Manufacturing town (Stockport)	1	206	92	1	0	300
Cardiff, South Wales	0	88	183	19	0	300
North Wales, rural	1	171	127	1	0	300
Seaport (Southampton)	0	76	204	18	2	300
Midland Agricultural District	2	118	165	15	0	300
Totals	14	1,247	1,600	135	4	3,000

Not to be too minute in inference from a table which lays no special claim to scientific construction, it may safely be concluded therefrom:—(1) that a substantial majority of English children now receive two names apiece; (2) that, nevertheless, the older and simpler plan of giving but one name is still largely followed, while in certain districts inhabited mainly by the working classes it prevails; and (3) that as many as three names are borne by a small minority, and more than three only by a minute fraction of the population.

I. The tendency to repeat familiar names is undoubtedly that in obedience to which most appellations among us are given; and for these, name-choosers usually go to relatives and friends. And not only an existing relationship or affection, but a memory or even a tradition of fond kinship or friendly regard, is likely to supersede other causes which may influence the selection. The meaning of a prænomen preferred on such grounds—and it may be an unpleasing meaning—will be unexplored or made light of; its ordinary associations will be forgotten. No matter if the name be common, out of fashion, or ugly—the single personal or family reason for the choice of it will frequently suffice to outweigh all such objections to its adoption. And other reasons besides those mentioned unite in furthering the result of name-repetition. To repeat a familiar designation is, rightly or wrongly, thought by “plain people” to be more unpretending than to use an unaccustomed one; it is less troublesome than to choose a novelty; and it yields opportunity for paying a compliment, or what is meant to be such.

The prevalence of the habit of name-repetition is closely connected with the present commonness amongst us of a few baptismal names which became popular many centuries ago. The writer once pointed out* that of 100,000 children registered in 1866-7, viz.—50,000 boys and 50,000 girls, 65,892 possessed between them as a first or leading name only 25 different appellations; and the inference was drawn that two-thirds of the entire contemporary babyhood of England would answer to one or other of those 25 denominations. *Mary* was shown to be the commonest name of all. It distinguished 6,819 girls out of the 50,000 called as witnesses, and designated a larger number of individuals than any other appellation, male

or female. *William* came next, naming 6,590 out of the numbers mentioned. The predominance of these two names may ere this have been rendered somewhat less striking than it was; but it is unlikely to have been largely modified. It forcibly exemplifies the way in which the passing on of prænomena for personal reasons will efface their original associations. *Mary* is the great saint-name of the later Middle Ages, owing its original popularity to the exaggerated reverence paid in those days to the Mother of our Lord. Yet the Reformation itself, followed by Puritanism, was powerless to dislodge it from the position which pre-reformation views had assigned to it, for it had already become deeply endeared to the people by family usage. Hence the denominational expression of Mariolatry was lately, and probably is now, the commonest name in Protestant England. *William* came to this country as a baptismal appellation with the Conqueror, whose “might made right eight hundred years ago.” It was pre-eminently unlikely, considering the conditions of its introduction, to secure popular approval. But in time, personal association won for it a victory as decisive as its ducal bearer had won for Normandy at Hastings. The many leading men who bore the Conqueror’s name passed it on largely no doubt to those of lower rank who loved their service; the same went on in humbler circles still. At last, by repetition, *William* became so common that it originated, as it is said, more surnames than any other baptismal appellation. A statement of its chief cognominal derivatives may interest some readers. There are *Williams*, and *Williamson*, to begin with. Then the abbreviation *Will* has produced *Willes*, *Willis*, *Wills*, *Wilson*, and *Wilson*. The diminutive *Guillemot* or *Guil- lot*, has led to *Gillett*, *Gilliat*, *Gillot*, *Gillott* and other forms; while *Williamot*, the more English version of that diminutive, has given *Willatt*, *Willet*, *Willert*, *Willott*, *Wilmot*, *Wilmott*, &c. Again, in connection with the pet shapes of the name are the surnames *Bill*, *Billson*, *Bilson*, *Weeks*, *Wickens*, *Wickenson*, *Wickerson*, *Wickeson*, *Wilcock*, *Wilcockson*, *Wilcox*, *Wilcoxon*, *Wilkins*, *Wilkinson*, *Wilks*, *Wilcocks*, *Willey*, *Willy*, and *Woolcock*.*

Allowing for the fact that both *William* and *Mary* must have been additionally used as Christian names during the last three centuries in reference to royalty, e.g. at the time of the Revolution, it is clear that the repetition-principle in naming is mainly responsible

* In the *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1871, Art. “Christian Names in England and Wales.” The basis of the statement was a table prepared at the General Register Office.

* See “English Surnames,” by the Rev. C. W. Bardsley, p. 44 (Chatto and Windus); also Lower’s “Patronymica Britannica,” Art. “William.”

for their prominence in the name-list of nineteenth-century England.

It may be mentioned that the chief surname-derivative of *William* (viz. *Williams*) stands third in point of commonness among English cognomina, only *Smith* and *Jones* exceeding it in frequency of occurrence.*

The results of a general habit of naming on the repetition principle become inconvenient as population increases, and where surnames are few, as in Wales, the inconvenience must of necessity be most strongly felt. The best cure for it would be a large use of novelties in the way of names. But this would be nothing less than the abandonment of the habit; and people are slow to abandon it. One remedy of modern days has been the borrowing of a name from two people instead of from one. Hence the *Anna Marias*, the *David Owens*, the *John Thomases*, the *Mary Anns*, and *Sarah Janes*, &c. Such combinations of course give some relief from the difficulty which they are meant to meet; but their employment only further confirms the custom of name-repetition. Another more recent expedient has been, while retaining the well-worn titles as first names, to add others more or less novel as second names. The appellation of *The Sorcerer*—Mr. *John Wellington Wells*—is typical of the class of denominations so created. The second name is frequently a surname; in the case of the first-born that, probably, of the mother's family. Most novelty seems to find readier admittance to the second name-place than to the first; so that it may be said of personal nomenclature as of wider and weightier matters—"beginnings are alike; it is ends which differ."

II. If established usage supplies the names of most English children, *current fashion* furnishes those of many, and the designations now being commonly handed on by repetition represent the fashions of past ages. At the outset appellations may become fashionable for various reasons; but the concern here is not with the causes which make them so, but with the practice of following in personal nomenclature fashions already created. There are many people who take pains to adopt the latest style of *coiffure* or the newest form of *ficlu*, and there are many who are careful to use modish designations for their children. In this, as in other matters, the fashion necessarily moves through society downwards, the lower ranks picking it up as the higher drop it. But the story of a name that has once been the mode does not end when it

ceases to be so. Wherever the prænomen has appeared there it is likely more or less to last, on account of the repetition-habit already considered. The fashion as a fashion passes on, and at length disappears; but some permanent marks of it remain where it has trod. A few years ago the Anglo-Saxon prefix *Ethel* came to be used, somewhere high up in social life, as an independent female name in the form of *Ethel*. The word is one of *noble* meaning, and of sound pleasing to most ears. Whether for the latter reason or for some other that cannot be traced, this name became fashionable; and it has now reached, and is largely used by, quite the lowest ranks, while those higher, or such among them as care for the fashions, are looking about for what is newer and more stylish. *Ethel* is certain to be much repeated in the next generation, and its position as a common national name may be taken to be assured. *Hilda*, *Mabel*, *Olive*, and *Winifred* have been in vogue concurrently with *Ethel*, or nearly so, though of these only the last was in any sense a novelty, the rest having been in local and partial use before their general acceptance. *Irene* and the more precise *Eivene* are a later fashion than the foregoing, and *Gladys* is, perhaps, at this moment the latest of all fashions in female names. The personal defects of society-leaders have not unfrequently been consciously imitated by the votaries of fashion; but few who have chosen *Gladys* for their children will have associated it with the *lameness* which it probably commemorates. An authority on Christian names, however, identifies it with *Claudia*, as being the British version of the Roman word, of which the adjective *claudus* is believed to be the basis.*

Male names are less affected by fashion than female names. This would be expected. The boys of a family, who will be the transmitters of its cognomen, generally have a larger share of the family prænomena than do the girls; moreover by common consent greater freedom for the exercise of taste and fancy is allowed in naming the latter than the former. Nevertheless the particular influence in question is not without its effect on masculine names. The following male appellations are among those which may be said to have been the fashion in recent years: *Basil*, *Cecil*, *Cyril*, *Gerald*, *Norman*, *Oswald*, *Percy*, *Sidney*, and *Wilfrid*. Three of these, viz. *Cecil*, *Percy*, and *Sidney*, are distinguished surnames, the two last not being strictly Christian names at all. *Wilfrid*, or *Wulfred*,

* Registrar General's Annual Report for 1853.

* Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names," vol. i. pp. 312, 313.

as it is often spelt, is much in use just now; but though mere fashion has no doubt assisted in giving it its position, another cause for its wide acceptance is certainly in operation, which would frequently place it in the list of *hero-names* to be spoken of hereafter.

Names now and then become the fashion in certain districts without becoming generally so. At East Grinstead, Ticehurst, Hailsham, Rye, and many other places in Sussex, and also to some extent in the neighbouring county of Kent, *Philadelphia* has obtained apparently in this way a firm footing as a woman's name, which it possesses nowhere else. It came into vogue in the quarters named long enough ago, at any rate, to be applied to people now dying at advanced periods of life.

This example suggests the question, "Who sets the mode in names?" The inquiry is for the most part difficult to answer; but in general cases the stream of fashion may not seldom be traced to *royalty*. Among the twenty-five appellations already referred to as having been found to be the commonest in England, appear all the names of past English sovereigns since the Conquest save two, *Stephen* and *Richard*; and several other of these twenty-five designations probably had their rise from royal sources. But it must be conceded that some of these denominations—notably *Mary*, already spoken of—acquired their hold on popular usage apart from royal considerations. In our own days *Albert* was at one time the fashion through association with the Prince Consort, and *Albert Edward* became more recently a favourite combination, which, of course, had reference originally to the Prince of Wales. *Victoria*, although it has continuously appeared on the national name lists to a moderate extent, cannot be said to have come into fashion at any time. This is remarkable considering the unparalleled popularity of our present sovereign. The name, however, does not lend itself kindly to the process of familiar abbreviation, which appears to be so necessary among English folk; and while *Bertie* is agreeable to almost every ear (and is indeed frequently registered in this shape), *Vickie* is felt to be awkward and displeasing. Of the names of the other members of the royal family, *Maud* and *Beatrice* may be mentioned as having most distinctly become fashionable in their turns. The history of the usage of *Alfred* and *Arthur* in reference to the princes is not clear, on account of these names having obtained much acceptance before they were applied to the Queen's sons, the former by continuous usage from Anglo-Saxon days

downwards, the latter as a hero-name, that of the Duke of Wellington. But there can be no doubt that both have found increased favour through their association with royalty. *Leopold* has never become fashionable; but since the young prince's lamented death it has appeared more often than before.

As has been seen in the case of *Arthur*, an heroic appellation may occasionally create a fashion, being ultimately used by many merely because it is "the thing." But in such instances there is doubtless frequently, for a time, a direct reference also to the hero himself. The same admission must, indeed, be made to some extent with reference to royal names that become the mode. And here is a reminder of the mixed nature of the reasons for which names are often chosen. *Beatrice* has no doubt named many children, partly at the behest of fashion, partly out of loyal interest felt in the Queen's youngest child, and partly from other causes. So in many another case. When the source of a fashionable name is not some *prominent* personage, the reasons for its first distribution must differ from those which lead to the primary usage of a royal or hero-name; and they are necessarily too occult and involved for discovery and unravelment.

III. Supposing that parents can free themselves from predisposition to name their children after themselves, their relatives, or friends; supposing, too, that they do not care to be fashionable in the matter of name choosing, they will very probably select just those prænomena *whose sound happens to please them*. Usually when people speak of "liking" names they mean only that they fancy them for this reason. They cannot explain their preferences, and are seldom agreed about them. Mrs. A., having a boy to name, says over to herself many appellations together with the family surname to try their several effects, and from them selects (let it be supposed) *Ernest*, as being on the whole unmatched in beauty of sound. Mrs. B., who has just enthusiastically chosen *Norman* as her infant son's name for an exactly similar reason, marvels at Mrs. A.'s choice, and is thankful for the superiority of her own ear; a like wonder and thankfulness moving in the mind and heart of Mrs. A. with respect to Mrs. B.'s selection at the same time. Such diversities of taste, however, though not based upon any tangible principles, are certainly for the public convenience.

The more educated classes do not venture to *create* names for the sake of gratifying their tastes in sound, but a good many droll in-

stances are to be found in the registers in which people of lower rank have apparently invented appellations to suit their own sense of the beautiful. Here are a few specimens culled from recent registers: *Abina, Annarenia, Cinamenta, Claura, Cleardelinda, Derendo, Emlietta, Johannna, Margelina, Petina, Prethe-*

nia, Suvillia, and Trietta. All these names have been applied to females, not excepting the masculine-sounding *Derendo*, which was allotted to a little girl of the surname *Heaton*, whose birth was recorded at Pemberton, near Wigan, during the last quarter of the year 1882.

EDWARD WHITAKER.

TETHERED.

I.

AN open lake with room for all the sky :
Northward wide slopes and then the tall blue chain ;
To east the depths of pines and, closer by,
Willows that net the ripples, warping oaks,
Cedars, dense elms that hold the wood-doves' cry ;
And stretching to the sun, a boundless plain.

On the free lake, on the free river,
The swans drift by at rest,
Breast the wind's waves in strong endeavour,
Break the clear calm with smooth slow strokes :
To north, to south, to east, to west,
Swans on lake and river.

II.

A careful garden where the ivy spreads,
Lending a rustic touch to shadowing walls ;
And, in the centre space, the patterned beds,
Catching the noonday sun, bloom red and gold ;
And pollard limes send sweetness o'er our heads ;
And there's green lawn, save where their shadow falls.

Lilacs blow first, then carpet posies,
Crisp asters find their turn :
Proof of each season it encloses,
(Even though sparrows are too bold)
The garden with the fountain urn,
With the shapely posies.

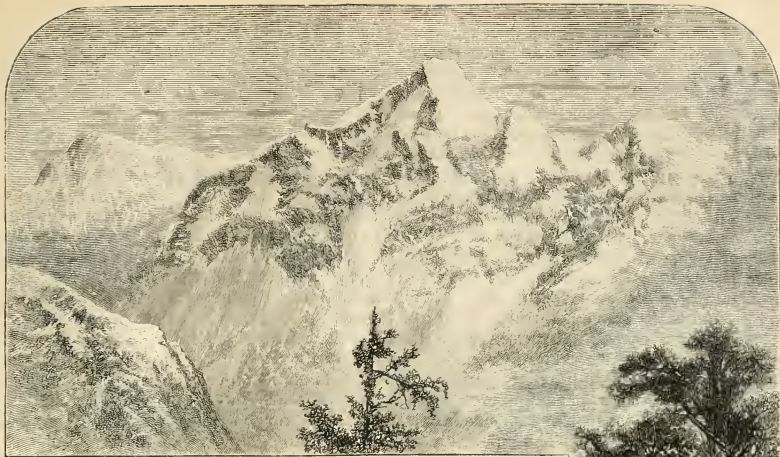
III.

Swans on the river, on the lake's blue deep :
In the walled garden with the limes arow
A swan sits in a corner, half asleep,
A swan that wears a chain upon his limb,
Measured the length that he may come and go ;
And he can reach the urn, and has his keep.

On the free lake, on the free river,
The swans go who knows where :
Guest of the garden, guest for ever,
Room in the fountain's bath for him,
The chain's full length to take the air,
Swan enchained for ever.

One showed a life's long secret, pitying thus,
"Poor swan ! 'tis like a tethered soul of us."

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.



Nanda Devi.

UP THE HIMALAYAS.

Mountaineering on the Indian Alps.

By W. W. GRAHAM.

SECOND PAPER.

ON the morning of the 11th July—18,500 feet high—we woke early, having had a capital night's rest.

It was a lovely morning, though I did not like the wind, which blew cold and clear. There had been a hard frost in the night, and our breath hung in icicles on our chins and bags. Still I was much surprised at the comparative warmth of the weather, having suffered greater cold at some of the recognised Alpine *gites*. Owing to the breeze we had some difficulty in lighting a fire, and the result was that we did not get fairly under weigh until nearly 5 A.M., a delay which ultimately proved fatal. I may remark *en passant* that the extreme shortness of the days, there not being at most fifteen hours of light, say from 4.15 A.M. to 7.15 P.M., is the most serious drawback and will probably prove a great obstacle to the climbing of these enormous peaks.



Well, we started up a snow-slope, Kauffmann leading, and in half an hour reached the foot of the spur up which we meant to climb. For some two hours there was no particular difficulty, though the general slope was rather steeper than is usual. The way led up over very large loose blocks of gneiss, which required great care to avoid dislodging, mingled now and then with a short slope of *névé*. After mounting some distance the rocks disappeared, and a steep snow-slope took its place. The spur, too, gradually narrowed into a broken arête, and at last an immense *gendarme* stopped the way. Down and round this the axe had to be called into play, and we now found ourselves on the north side of the arête. Here we made our first mistake. The top of the arête was formed of loose snow piled up very steeply, and we decided to go along its side instead of climbing to the top. The snow was too soft to cut steps that would bear, and every footing had to be kicked out and patted into something like consistency. Meanwhile the sun had come out, and now beat upon us with a furnace heat. The reflection from the snow was very painful; we literally panted for breath, and I thought I was going to faint. At last we gained the ridge, and fell fairly exhausted on the snow, it having taken us more than an hour to rise about one hundred feet. Our hands and faces rose in great blisters, as though seared with hot iron, owing to the intense reverberated heat. We now worked up a little higher, and sat down to breakfast in the shade of an overhanging rock. Up to this point I had felt confident of success, but an entirely unexpected obstacle presented itself. Kauffmann had been in difficulty for some time, and now, quite overcome by the heat, he found himself unable to proceed. He had felt rather feverish at the start, but had foolishly said nothing, hoping that it would work off, and that the climb would do him good. We consulted. I was very reluctant to leave him, and almost equally reluctant to abandon the ascent. Finally we put him comfortably in the shade, left our provisions and whisky, and Boss and I went on for the peak, which was now less than two thousand feet above us. The slopes became very steep, certainly as steep as the so-called wall on the Strahleck, which I believe to be about 50°. Boss cut away at a great pace, whilst I hacked out each step into a kind of bucket, for I must admit I was reflecting with some concern that we had to come down again. Clouds had been gathering and we were now

in a thick mist, but the slope guided us, and for three hours we went steadily upwards. Suddenly the sun burst through the fog, and we were immediately made aware of the great height to which we had attained. Right above us were some black rocks which we knew formed the top, whilst towards the south-east a splendid peak, *a 21*, which is by the Trigonometrical Survey 22,516 feet, lay well below us, as we were able to see a third peak, *a 22*, which is 21,001 feet, over its summit. We were at the elevation of at least 22,700 feet, and the summit looked quite close. "In an hour," cried Boss, "we shall be there," and we redoubled our exertions accordingly. But it was not to be.

Down came the mist again, wrapping us in darkness like a cold shroud. Unlike the Iron Duke at Waterloo, I would have given anything for another hour of daylight. Worse than ever, it began to snow and hail very fast, whilst a wind rose that chilled us to the marrow. We halted and held a council of war. There was no question as to the possibility of reaching the top; there it was straight ahead of us, as we had seen a few moments before; the question was, if we go on shall we ever get down again? Like Longfellow's Alpine climber, whose ignorance of climbing appears to have been equalled only by his bad grammar, we wanted to be "Excelsior," but we did not exactly see our way to lying up there pale and motionless, even if not beautiful. In fact, we did not see the object of such a proceeding.

It was past two P.M., and hard though it was to have victory snatched from our very grasp, still it was a case of victory and death, and no Westminster Abbey to follow, and accordingly we were obliged to turn. How we came down those ice slopes I shall never know. It was a place where no single man could have held up another, and I was moving mechanically, like a man in a dream, almost crying with vexation and disappointment; nor do I think Boss was in a much more cheerful mood. We reached Kauffmann, tied him on again, and putting a little life into our frozen bodies by the rest of the whisky, started anew for the descent. The snow and hail were worse than ever, almost blinding us, and in crossing a small ice couloir I missed a step. Down I went, Boss's foothold gave way, and he followed with a crash on to me, and had not a small rock caught me in the ribs I think we should have gone to the glacier below in about the quickest time on record. My axe flew out of my hand and lodged some hundreds of feet below, of course

in the most awkward place it could find. I wanted to abandon it but they wouldn't hear of it, and we finally paid Kauffmann out with a double rope of 120 feet and recovered it. This little accident naturally made us lose our way. We found ourselves suddenly on the brink of a terrific void, nothing visible below, and had to retrace our steps. Fortunately we came across a jersey of Boss's which he had left on a rock, it being too warm, and knew that we were right again. Finally, after many slips and mistakes, we reached our hole, stumbling over the boulders in the dark, very tired and wet, and, if the truth must be told, in a very bad temper. Here a new trial awaited us. The snow above had been sleet below, and it had drifted into every hole, and our blankets, clothes, firewood, everything was soaked. I wanted to go further down, but Boss very properly wouldn't hear of that, and we had to stay where we were.

I had taken the precaution of carrying a few matches in a waterproof box, and we tried to light a fire with paper, sticks, etc., soaked in kerosene from the lamps. The wind was very high, and the sleet lashed us like a whip, go where we would, and one by one the matches failed to strike or the wood to catch. Finally we came to the last match. I could not help thinking what a picture we should have made then, cowering in a little hole, and dependent on one tiny piece of wood for food, comfort, and perhaps life itself. It burnt, and the kerosene caught fire. Every countenance lightened as did the match; at least we should get something warm to face the night. But short-lived was our joy; the day was doomed to be one of disappointment. A worse blast of wind howled round the corner, and scattered our last hope far and wide. There was nothing but raw flour and rawer whisky; water was not to be had at these frozen heights; and wet and hungry we had to slink into our wringing blankets. To make matters worse, Kauffmann chose to take offence at some reproof of Boss, and took himself off in the darkness, to sleep by himself—a proceeding which would have been fatal to most men in his state. We called and shouted for him to return; no answer. It was impossible to find him in the dark, so we had to leave him to his own devices and turn in ourselves. I was very tired, but Boss wouldn't let me sleep, and kept stirring me up; for which, though I was very angry at the time, I was afterwards very thankful, as I really believe that sleep in that weather at that height

would have been "the sleep that knows no waking."

Oh, how slowly the hours passed! how I longed for daylight! At last it broke over the eastern peaks. We hurried out, packed up the swag, and stiff and hungry though we were, rushed down the glacier. Half-way down we met the shikari and the coolies coming up to look for us. The little man showed a delight which was as genuine as it was ludicrous. He rushed at me, kissed my hands, and explained that he thought "Dhup" had taken us; "We were his father and his mother," etc. We promptly transferred our loads, and made on for the lower camp. Once there, what a feed we did make! Was ever cold meat so tender and juicy? were chupatties ever so hot and muffin? I really think that our voracity astonished even the coolies, and it takes a big performance in the matter of gastronomy to do that.

Not till now did we have time calmly to discuss our late failure. Defeated we were, but, I trust, not disgraced. We had overcome all the difficulties of the peak, and half an hour, or, at most, an hour of fine weather was all that was needed to have made the first great ascent in the Himalayas. But man proposes and the weather disposes. At any rate we had set at rest, as regards ourselves at least, the vexed question about the rarity of the air. And here, perhaps, it may be of some interest to describe our feelings. I had never believed in the impossibility of breathing at these great heights, else I should not have been foolish enough ever to attempt them, but when one reads so many accounts of bleeding at the nose, panting for breath, &c., one is obliged to pay some credence to them. Now the first thing that struck me was this: Read any old account of the ascents even of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa, the traveller always dwells on the rarefied air which caused this, that, and the other symptoms. Yet in these later days these peaks are mere highways, ascended by young and old, male and female, the blind if not the halt; and, strange to say, without any inconvenience worth mentioning. Why is this? Surely the air cannot have become less rare, nor can the race of man have become endowed with better lungs. There are probably two reasons: first, the public believed in distress from rarefied air, and looked to have it satisfied accordingly. Thus men, finding that they were distressed at the end of a long climb, put it down to the effects of a rarefied atmosphere, forgetting that if they had to do

the same amount of exertion even at sea level, on a treadmill, say, they would be quite as much harassed for want of breath.

Secondly, dietary and pace are so much better understood. Nowadays a man understands that he must start with a satisfied stomach, a thing not always easy to do when the very air seems to feed you; also guides understand pace so much better, and do not now start as if walking for a wager. I cannot do better than quote here a few lines from Mr. Whympers's delightful work which have a bearing on the subject. "As a rule, amateurs and particularly novices, *will not* keep their mouths shut. They attempt to 'force the pace,' they go faster than they can go without being compelled to open their mouths to breathe, they pant, their throats and tongues become parched, they drink and perspire copiously, and becoming exhausted declare that the dryness of the air, or the rarefaction of the air (*everything is laid upon the air*) is in fault."

I should perhaps add that both Boss and myself found it impossible to go with our mouths shut and that we are therefore of the "puffing Billy" order. As, however, we only open that useful organ to expire, and respire through the nostrils, we have always escaped the other above distressing symptoms. Now, as regards our own feelings, Kauffmann's sickness was due to starting out of sorts, and not to any effect of the air. Boss and I ascended certainly to 22,700 feet, and neither there nor at any point of the ascent, did we feel any inconvenience other than the natural loss of breath consequent on every ascent. Nor was the ascent a mere up-hill walk; on the contrary, it presented quite as many difficulties as any ordinary Alpine peak, and on the rock occasionally demanded very great exertions. It is my deliberate opinion that any man in sound health and fair training, may work and be capable of great muscular exertion with no more inconvenience when the barometer stands at 13" than when it marks 30". At any rate, we could not detect any difference, whilst all such symptoms as nausea, bleeding at the nose, loss of sight, &c., were conspicuous only by their absence. One organ and one only appeared to be in trouble, and that was curiously enough the heart, not the lungs.

The beating of the heart became very perceptible, and when we attained a great height, quite audible. It was also slightly increased in pace, though not enough to cause any great disquietude. For this reason, I would recommend any one desirous of reach-

ing great heights, to undergo a preliminary medical examination, a precaution which I took myself. Finally, I do not believe, given the data of a healthy man in training, that the rarefied air will cause any insuperable obstacle to the ascent of even the highest peak in the world, provided the actual difficulties are superable.

To return to our travels. We started on the back track and reached our previous camp in the day, the coolies being lightly loaded. I was in great pain from my foot, which was now so swollen that I could not force it into my boot. Accordingly I had to walk in a thin pair of sambur skin slippers, tied on sandal fashion, and the scrambling along the very narrow, dangerous ledges gave me intense pain. When we reached camp, Boss and the shikari went out after some thar which we had noticed in a very precipitous place. Darkness fell and they did not return, and we got very anxious about them. At last I heard their voices, and presently Boss turned up. He had been having a very lively time of it. The climb had been longer than they expected, and when they reached a place above the thar they were benighted. It would have been better to stay where they were, but he feared that we should be anxious and accordingly descended the cliff. The way the shikari had come down had increased Boss's admiration immensely. "Climbed like a goat," he said. Of course he had the advantage of knowing the ground, and on a subsequent occasion when they met on equal terms, it was soon seen who was the better man. We passed under the place next day, and a more awkward climb, even in daylight, I should not care to attempt. We travelled down to Rini, and right glad was I to see headquarters again. We decided to rest a day or two, to give my foot some chance of healing, and I lay about in the tent, and appreciated for the first time what the Egyptians suffered from the plague of flies. Boss took some of the coolies down to Joshimath to bring up flour, the merchant having of course neglected to send any up as he had promised. He returned next day heavily laden.

We started for Nanda Devi, July 15th. This time, we made up the northern side of the Rishi Ganga. The way was sufficiently steep, there being no road, and we had pouring rain the whole time. On the evening of the second day, we reached a lovely little tableland called Dunassau. The last day's route had been extremely wild, running

along the southern face of the ridge, sometimes with a sheer drop to the river below, some 7,000 to 8,000 feet. Such wild rocks and broken gulleys I had never met with before, and they reminded me forcibly of certain illustrations to Dante's "Inferno," by that weirdest of all artists, Gustave Doré. Dunassau is surrounded on all sides except the north by a rocky ridge topped with occasional peaks. The highest of these is rather over 17,000 feet, and the elevation of the plateau about 15,800. Yet great as is this height, it is used as a summer pasturage, and here we found a great herd of sheep and goats tended by two exceedingly unclean shepherds. On the next day, the 19th, it snowed heavily and we were confined to the tent, but on going out towards evening, we found that ten of the coolies had run away. I suppose the weather was too much for them. We climbed the ridge and had a lovely sunset. Now we saw the north side of Nanda Devi, the distance being only some twelve miles as the crow flies. Inaccessible as the peak looks, and probably is from east, west, and south, we were delighted to see that here it looked feasible, at any rate, for a very long way. The last 1,500 or 2,000 feet still looked black and threatening, but a splendid spur ran up to an elevation of nearly 25,000 feet, and did not appear to offer any insuperable difficulties.

Next morning we sent off the government chuprassi with money to fetch more coolies, we ourselves intending to proceed meantime. However, the spirit of dissatisfaction was, I suppose, catching, for he never returned, and to his desertion, more than anything else, must be ascribed our failure on Nanda Devi. We got some sheep from the shepherds and swagged all our things up to the ridge, then down to a steep ravine through which a stream was dashing, which gave us some trouble to cross. This stream is marked on the map as a glacier, one of those many mistakes which are unpardonable in a survey scale one inch to the mile. Our progress was very slow, partly owing to our having to work double stages, there being fifteen loads for nine of us all told, and partly owing to the nature of the ground, which not only was very broken and precipitous, but quite *terra incognita* to the whole party. We finally camped at a place called Debrigturh, on the southern spur of the range running south from Dunagiri. Of course there are no villages or anything of that sort here. I suppose it is some shepherd's name. Just as we were starting next day, we were overtaken by a

hill man who had been very kindly sent after us by a fellow-sportsman we met below. He had been the guide of the surveyor who is responsible for the map of these regions, and professed to know all about it, with what truth shortly appeared.

We went along the spur, here a very steep grass slope strewed with moraine boulders, and shortly came to a steep gully of which no trace appeared in the map. Crossing this occupied some time, and when on the other side the guide appeared confused, and on being questioned, said he didn't know any more. The surveyor sahib had turned back from here. I had been suspecting this for some time, but I had not imagined that a man would map a really large sheet of country entirely out of his own head. Yet this is the case. The whole of the map, No. 21, comprised between the latitude of $30^{\circ} 15'$ to $30^{\circ} 25'$, and longitude $79^{\circ} 45'$ to 80° , an area of over 150 square miles, and containing no less than nine summits of the first rank, from 20,842 to 25,669 feet, is utterly imaginary in its main features, and has only been filled in by what can be seen from the ridge north of the Rishi Ganga. One whole ridge of mountains has been suppressed, gulleys half a mile wide, and 1,000 feet deep, are omitted, glaciers are put in where no glaciers ever did exist, and where are trees three hundred years old. In short, the map is a very pretty picture, but of no account from the map point of view. Since the above was written, I hear that a well-known mountaineer, who was up in Kumaon shortly after I left, fully corroborates this. He describes the map as "beautifully inaccurate."

The guide thus failing us was dismissed, and Boss took up the lead as guide. Guiding in its strict Alpine sense was wanted here; sharp rocky ridges ran down from the peaks to our north, and fell with high precipices sheer into the stream, some 5,000 feet below. Occasionally, we had to hang on by a tuft of grass or a bunch of Alpine roses, and I do not exaggerate when I say that for half the total day's work, handhold was as necessary as foothold. By nightfall, after twelve hours' work, we had gained some three miles in absolute distance, and this perhaps better than anything will give an idea of the labour involved in working along these slopes. We camped on a little space, the only one we could find, which was not quite so steep as the rest, and after building a wall of stones to prevent us rolling into the river, turned in. I found, however, that sleeping at an

angle of 30° is not conducive to comfort. Time after time did I dream that I was rolling over the precipice, and woke to find myself at the bottom of the tent on the top of Boss, or *vice versâ* (we took it in turns in a most impartial manner to roll down first and make a bed for the other who speedily followed).

On the morrow Kauffmann took the coolies back to bring up the other load, and Boss went forward to explore the route. I lay an interesting invalid in the tent, my foot giving me great pain still, and being quite unable to wear a boot. In fact I had been walking in stockings with a wisp of straw rolled round my feet, ever since we started. During the morning, I wrote letters, my journal, &c., and potted about collecting firewood (our only fuel was Alpine rose and rhododendron, we being considerably above tree level, which is here some 14,500 feet), and botanising; great was my delight to find some beautiful Edelweiss, of a size that I had never seen, in its wild state, though in gardens it attains a great size. I was the more pleased as I had not known before that it inhabited this great chain. Curious is the effect which this little white furzy flower produces; what memories of exciting scrambles and Alpine bivouacs does it not recall! "Noble and white," no wonder it is the national flower of that gallant race of freemen, who nestle neath the mighty peaks of which it is no unfitting emblem, and yet strange to say, it produces almost an equal enthusiasm in the breast of the alien mountaineer. Certainly to myself it always is a kind of moral tonic, a visual ozone.

Next day, we worked along the spur, following Boss, who had seen a place where he thought we could cross the river. When above this, we descended to it, the hill being very steep and covered with thorny jungle. Rain began again, and we found ourselves on the banks of the stream shivering and waiting for Boss, who had gone after some pheasants. This little delay effectually settled our chance of crossing. The stream rose some feet in an hour, and though we tried very hard to bridge the flood, everything was washed away as soon as laid in position. Boss stood up to his knees on a slippery rock, with the water rushing by at some twenty miles an hour, and worked like a horse, but it was of no avail. Once, indeed, I thought he was gone as he slipped and nearly fell. Needless to say that to fall into that torrent would have been certain death, to be battered to pieces against the tremendous rocks that blocked the way. At last, soaked to the

skin and very tired, we gave it up and pitched under an overhanging boulder.

Next day Kauffmann and the coolies returned to fetch up the rest of the provisions, whilst Boss and I worked along the river to see if we could find a crossing. About half a mile up, we came to a most magnificent gorge, one of the finest specimens of water erosion to be seen. Two hundred feet above, the rocks nearly met, their black, smooth, shiny sides overhanging considerably. Through this tunnel roared and raved the torrent, here pent in, in very narrow limits, and raging with a sound of thunder. Yet in this fearful din and turmoil we saw a curious thing. On a tiny ledge, just above the dashing waves, a pigeon had built her nest, and there lay the two white shining eggs in perfect security; no enemy could touch them there. We carefully examined the stream up to the point where it descended the cliff in a grand fall, and found that nowhere in its present state could a crossing be effected. It was provoking: we were halted right under the great cliffs of Nanda Devi, which rose almost perpendicularly above us, and we could see, so near and yet so far, the spur by which we had hoped to climb. To cross, however, was out of the question with our limited appliances, and we reluctantly decided to return. I may mention, *en passant*, that the whole of this valley is marked as a glacier on the map; another proof of the singular care taken by the subordinate who constructed the map. We were engaged in cooking—we did all our own cooking now—and I managed to make a fair hand at chupatties. These are a kind of damper, *i.e.* flour and water baked on an iron plate, and require a peculiar knack to roll them into a true thin circle. Suddenly enter on the scene Kauffmann and the shikari.

"Well, Kauffmann, when are the others coming?"

"Hélas, monsieur, ils sont tous partis."

It was only too true; the coolies had evidently planned the affair, and as soon as they had got out of sight of camp had fairly bolted. Kauffmann's face was so lugubrious, that, serious as the matter was, I couldn't help bursting out in laughter. However, this settled what we had previously almost decided; so we abandoned everything that wasn't absolutely necessary and managed in a couple of days to swag back to Debritignrh. The weather now cleared, and we determined to have a little more climbing. Meanwhile, we sent the shikari back to find some more coolies. He vowed to bring them back in three days, and

offered us his heavy silver bracelet, his most prized possession, as a pledge for his return; and here I cannot resist saying a word or two about this little fellow. To say that he was far and away the best native I met in India, would be comparatively small praise. The way he stuck to us when abandoned by every one else, and we absolute strangers to him, was splendid; always cheerful, ever ready to help in cooking, to carry any burden, however heavy, to show game, &c., always encouraging the coolies, he proved a true friend in need. I think he felt a real friendship for us, as we certainly did for him, and sorry indeed were we all when the time came to part. It is only in times of adversity like these that the true metal in a man comes out.

Meanwhile we started to ascend a very noble peak, nameless unfortunately, and only known by a number (*a 21*), as if it were a convict. The peak is south-east of Dunagiri and is of a very curious shape, but one fairly common in the Himalayas. It is built just like a wedge with a level top, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, whilst the eastern and western sides are slopes of 60° to 70° , and of course utterly inaccessible. During the ascent to our sleeping-place, some 18,000 feet above the sea, we put up a great many of the beautiful snow-pheasant called "monal" in India, and Impryan pheasant in England; so many were there that we called our peak Mount Monal. The ascent from the south-eastern arête presented no difficulties, and we reached the top, 22,516 feet, again with perfect freedom from any unusual distress. This was the highest ascent on record up to date, though we ourselves passed it by some 1,500 feet when we ascended Kabru some ten weeks later. Almost due east, lay yet a third peak, (*a 22*), one of the very finest aiguilles I have ever seen. I could not suppose that it would be possible, but as it was the only one within reach, I thought we might at least have a try. We accordingly swagged up our things, meaning to sleep in a cavern whose mouth we saw some 4,000 feet above us; we reached its mouth and Boss entered to explore. He had gone in some way when we were startled to see him suddenly sliding out on his back at railway speed. The floor of the cavern was pure ice, and on examination I found it to be a most singular place, a true subterranean glacier. The ice rose and the roof fell, meeting about 100 feet from the entrance; but the smooth planed rocks and the little perpetual stream from the foot, to say nothing of two or three little crevasses, left no doubt as to its true

character. It was quite delightful to see this little glacier, about a hundred feet by twenty, exhibiting in miniature all the phenomena of its larger brethren. We slept well, though, owing to the neighbourhood of the ice, it was very cold. However, we started very early next morning, as I wished to investigate the cause of the glacier below. About 800 feet of steep, loose moraine was passed and then we reached the top of the arête and immediately the peak stood before us, rising more than 2,000 feet above, with not a line or trace of snow. Where the arête joined the peak it flattened out, and here very deep snow was lying, for which there was no visible outlet, so that I was forced to come to the conclusion that it was connected with the underground glacier, which thus formed, as it were, the waste-pipe of the basin. The whole presented a very curious phenomenon, and I could not at all understand how the excavation could have been produced through full 800 feet. Well, we looked at our peak, and the more we looked the less we liked it. Certainly, on our side, there was no ascending, but on the other eastern spur it looked possible, so we decided to cross the face; to do this we had to descend the other side of the arête on which we stood, and then cross a long and difficult bit of broken rock.

Three hours saw us on the eastern arête, and just about as high as we had been before. Kauffmann led up a really difficult bit of rock, getting steeper and smoother every moment. We were within one thousand feet of the top, and only some one hundred and fifty feet of difficulty intervened between us and a snow ridge in which the arête terminated, when Kauffmann suddenly stopped. I asked the matter, and he said that he could get no farther. The ledge on which he stood was too narrow for two, and straight above him the rock rose eight or nine feet, quite impossible without help. There was nothing for it but to return, which we did, with some considerable difficulty. While doing this Boss discovered a magnificent ibex, who was watching us intently, probably never having seen a human being before. He was a splendid fellow, as large as a pony, with huge horns curling back to his stern, and as he stood on a ledge, with his grey coat against the black rock, he looked just like a noble marble statue of nature's own handiwork. It was too late to try any more, so we returned, Kauffmann bringing the sleeping bags, whilst Boss and I tried a short cut to camp. Like all short cuts it proved rather long, as we suddenly found ourselves in full view of the

tent, but with a ravine yawning between us, to pass which demanded from us two hours' hard work. Being naturally very hungry, we finished all our provisions, as we expected the shikari to turn up every minute—but no such luck. Next morning we were almost like "the three sailors of Bristol ctee who had but one split pea," for we had but one chupatty, which was amicably divided for breakfast. We then divided our forces,

Kauffmann returning to our last stage to fetch up some meat tins which we had abandoned, Boss going forward to find the shepherds at Dunassau, and I up the hill again to get monal for supper. However, I had no luck; the birds seemed to know that I was on the war path. Yesterday we could almost have stoned them; to-day, when I had a gun, every bird rose more than one hundred yards off. Kauffmann returned with some



Naini Tal.

provisions, and we made a great dinner ready. Boss, however, didn't turn up, and we began to get anxious. At last we heard shouts across the ravine, and in about two hours he and the shikari turned up soaking wet. The stream which flowed from the Dunagiri glacier had risen so much that it was above Boss's waist, and much too strong for the little hill-men, who are less than five feet in height. Added to this was the pleasant intelligence that he thought one of the

coolies must be dead, as the fellow had fallen down the rocks, and he could hear nothing of him. Next morning, however, the stream abated, and they were enabled to cross early, bringing with them the man whom we supposed defunct. He had had a marvellous escape, as he had fallen or bounded more than one hundred feet, and only received a few scratches and been stunned. He had been carrying half a sheep on his back, which broke his fall, and on which he collapsed.

We proceeded to pack and start on the back trail, the forward coolies getting over the stream again. Then out came the sun, and the water rose so fast that three coolies with our blankets and tent were cut off and left on the other side. We went on to Dunassau, thoroughly drenched, and took up our quarters in the goat-herd's hut, where we were hospitably, I might almost say, ravenously received by its numerous inmates. In short, a hut eight feet square and five high, with a fire which, contrary to the old adage, is all smoke—we drenched to the skin and almost eaten up with fleas—does not exactly form a place in which to spend a happy day, or night either. Everything comes to the man who can wait, and morning came to us, and a lovely dawn it was. We bathed, and dried in the sun, and were soon joined by the rearguard; and then all took to the steep little path again

which led over the mountain to inhabited parts once more.

This completed our mountaineering trip in Kumaon; and we now joined the pilgrim track, and returned by easy stages from Joshimath. Our route lay past Chamoli, Nanda Prayag, Karam Prayag—all very sacred spots, to Lobah. The road is always beautiful, the hills being very steep yet covered with trees, principally wild olive. I cannot help wondering why the olive is not cultivated in Kumaon. The climate is admirably suited for it, and the demand for the oil would be far greater than the supply. I trust we may see it tried instead of the tea plantations, which are not very successful in Kumaon. From Lobah we returned by our previous route to Naini Tal, which we reached on August 12th, after a very pleasant though somewhat unlucky trip.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANITY AND SECULARISM.

"I HARDLY know how we are to tackle you," said the president of a secular society, in a tone of unfeigned surprise, to a clergyman who had been explaining his own position in relation to secular efforts for the amelioration of human life, "for, in so far as our methods are constructive, you appear to be as enthusiastic a Secularist as any of us, although you are a Christian." "*Because I am a Christian,*" replied the clergyman; "and my only wonder is that this should appear to anybody to be surprising." Probably, however, it would appear surprising to a great many people. There is a widespread opinion that "Christianity" and "Secularism" are mutually exclusive terms. On the one hand, it is commonly supposed by good Christian people that a man who proclaims himself a Secularist can by no possibility be a Christian also; and, on the other hand, it has been gravely affirmed by a Secularist, whom circumstances have placed in a position of peculiar prominence, that the principles of Secularism necessarily involve atheism. Under such circumstances, a few observations intended to qualify this popular opinion may not be without interest to the general reader.

What is Secularism? Well, that is a question which has received various answers, although the phenomenon concerning which it inquires is tolerably simple. I will not attempt formal definition, lest I meet the fate of the traditional divine who presented a

simple parishioner with a copy of his explanatory notes on the Book of Job:—"I am extremely grateful," said the ingenuous dame, when tendering her thanks for the gift; "I have read the whole of the text, and I think I understand most of it; and I hope, after a few more readings, that I shall understand the notes also." Secularism is rather a spirit than a creed; and a spirit is better illustrated than defined. Here, then, is a well-known German fable, which shall serve to suggest the nature of our subject:—

An old German farmer, lying at the point of death, called his sons around him, and faintly gasped, "My sons, in our fields there lies a treasure buried." "Whereabouts?" cried all the sons at once. "Dig for it," replied the farmer; and died. As soon, therefore, as the old man was buried the sons proceeded to dig; and they dug so earnestly and they dug so well that soon no space of ground belonging to them remained unturned. But no treasure did they find. So when they had completed the task a first time without success they went through it a second time, and with greater care than before, but still no treasure; and at last they gave up the search. But behold, when the season of harvest came in its course, their long-neglected fields brought forth with surprising fruitfulness; and a succession of abundant harvests proved to them that indeed their fields had contained a treasure, a

treasure all the more valuable because of the consciousness that they had themselves contributed to its creation.

Now this fable appears to me to be conceived in the true spirit of Secularism. Let the field be the world, and the sons of the farmer the children of humanity, and there is no mistaking the moral of the story. There lies before humanity the possibility of a higher good, which is attainable in the present world—that is its first point; and the second is that this good is to be neither miraculously bestowed nor accidentally stumbled upon, but is rather to be wrought out by work of human heart, and brain, and hand. And these thoughts may be said to represent the distinctive teaching of Secularism. It is affirmed that such teaching necessarily involves atheism; but surely it might as reasonably be affirmed that it necessarily involves cannibalism. That such teaching should ever be separated from the highest sanctions of religion is greatly to be deplored, for religion is its natural basis, faith is its justification, and Christianity is the noblest expression of all the truth which it contains.

Consider first of all, since it touches the most fundamental doctrine of religion, the emphasis which Secularism places upon the fact that the good must be realised by means of appropriate labour—that the treasure is the natural result of the toil. "Use the means at hand," it says, "and labour for the good, and then the good will ever grow, and life will be gradually made better than it is." Most true; but is this a principle of atheism? If so, it can never be shown to be true. The forces which move the world are so numerous, the influences which affect human life operate in so many indirect and incalculable ways, that it is impossible to foretell, even approximately, the entire result of a single action. How, then, do we know that our efforts for the good may not result in the perpetuation of the evil? The Secularist has no answer to this question except that he is compelled to believe that it will not be so. A sufficient answer, doubtless, but nevertheless one requiring for its adequate justification not merely a Theistic, but even a Christian basis. Such a belief can be justified only on the supposition, as the ground of things, of a moral power and consciousness, which is one with the moral consciousness of man, and which is ever working with and through man for the certain realisation of the good. In truth, consciously or unconsciously, the Secularist is as one of the sons of the old German farmer, and labours because he hears in his

inmost consciousness the voice of the Universal Father, calling to him to dig, and assuring him that he shall not dig in vain.

The second point which Secularism emphasizes is that it seeks a *present good*—a good to be realised on earth, and appertaining to the natural life of man. Doubtless the relation to Christianity of this aspect of Secularism requires very careful consideration.

It must be observed that, whether agreeable with Christian teaching or otherwise, Secularism, in this second aspect, is a natural and necessary outcome of the civilisation of the century. The growth of the scientific spirit, the recognition of the invariability of cause and effect, and the application of this principle to purposes of practical life, have modified the conditions of civilisation, and necessarily influenced the mental type of the age. The loftiest intellects, which once found scope for their exercise chiefly in the fields of theology and metaphysics, are now deeply engaged in the various departments of science, and in the application of scientific discovery to purposes of ordinary life; while, on the other hand, the masses of the people, who breathed of old a semi-supernatural atmosphere, have become, by the combined pressure of science and civilisation, in the main confined within the limits of the visible world. In such a state of things it is inevitable that the theological and the metaphysical will occupy a secondary position in human thought, and that the political and practical—the things immediately affecting the present life—will chiefly engage the attention, and excite the interest of a community.

Undoubtedly this mental bias carries within itself the danger of an intellectual perversion against which it is the duty of Christianity to guard her converts. To a certain extent, therefore, she must necessarily place herself in opposition to the secular spirit of the age; but there is much greater danger of her exaggerating the extent of this duty, than of her under-estimating its importance. If Christianity can do nothing more than simply resist the secular aspirations of the age, if she has no sympathy with the spirit which seeks the general improvement of life, then she must be resigned to the extinction, or at all events to the temporary cessation, of her influence. But it is an unfathomable mystery—unless indeed some of those who "profess, and call themselves Christians," are to blame in the matter—how the idea of such a want of sympathy can have arisen, and prevailed. Christianity, no sympathy with the pursuit of earthly good! In a very real sense she

has been pursuing earthly good from the first days of her organized existence. When the early Church took up the cry that Christ was to come again, was it not that it might console itself in the midst of tribulation with the prospect of better things to come? And has not this expectation continued to be the inspiration of Christendom through the centuries? And has it not, within most orthodox limits, expressed itself in fantastic forms of material millenarianism? From these latter very secular anticipations the Christian conscience has indeed commonly recoiled—not, however, on account of their *secularity*, but rather on account of their gross *materialism*.

This distinction between the secular and the material introduces what is perhaps the most important consideration in connection with the subject of the relation of Secularism to Christianity. There is an element in modern Secularism which is strikingly suggestive of that material millenarianism from which the cultured conscience of Christendom has recoiled. The "present good" which Secularism seeks is too largely a good dependent upon external conditions. When the inventor of the phrase, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," tells us that "everybody knows what happiness is," he is necessarily thinking of a condition of mere sensible satisfaction which is common to every stage of human, and indeed of animal development; and the Secularist disciple of Bentham appears very commonly to have no higher ideal than this. I by no means suggest that in his anticipated millennium he ignores the importance of personal character; but whatever importance is attached to it would appear to be due to the fact that it is a necessary condition for a state of general comfortableness. It is a means rather than an end.

Now it must be at this point, if anywhere, that Christianity and Secularism diverge from one another; for with the former personal character is ever the end, and not the means. For the Christian the highest realisation of the good is *in man*, rather than in the life around him. He believes that the highest privilege of humanity is to know God, in His aspect of perfect manhood. He conceives that the Divine character lies as a vague ideal within the spirit of every man, requiring only the external manifestation to impart to it distinctness of form; and he affirms the realisation of that ideal to be the ultimate aspiration of humanity. Among the

advantages which the sons of the German farmer derived from their pursuit of the hidden treasure, he will enumerate, as far above the material prosperity following the abundant harvests, the health and strength they would gain, the power of endurance and self-control they would develop—in a word the higher manhood which is commonly the result of labour. And this higher manhood is the "present good" which the Christian Secularist seeks. He finds it easy to conceive a state of merely sensible satisfaction in a very low stage of human development—indeed he finds it possible to imagine, without any outrageous violation of probability, that in some unknown African wild there may exist a society of anthropoid apes who have contrived so to adjust their social relations as to produce something not unlike the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and he is conscious that he would not be satisfied with their condition. He aims not at a life of material comfort, passed in green pastures, and beside still waters; but rather at a life in which the noblest faculties of the soul shall have full scope for their exercise, and an adequate recognition of their nature, a life in which, through every variety of condition, and every degree of station, truth shall be honoured, justice respected, and love supreme.

Nevertheless the wise Christian cannot forget that the inner life and the outer circumstance are in immediate relation to each other, and that the ideal manhood at which he aims requires an ideal environment for its manifestation. Every reasonable aspiration, therefore, of the most material Secularist will be his aspiration also; but not his highest aspiration. He will welcome every social change which will increase the temporal happiness of the world, and will throw all his soul into the struggle to lessen the wrongs and miseries of life; but at the same time he will seek, with it, is believed, a profounder insight into the causes of things than some reformers and philanthropists manifest, to eradicate from the human heart those baser qualities from which all wrongs and miseries have flowed, and to create in the world, by slow degrees, a higher and purer manhood:—

"To kindle generous ardours, feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense,"—

and so—by the diffusion of the higher good within the soul of man—to join

"The choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

FRED. W. FORD.

A NEW ENGLAND WINTER.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

“A H! there is the real American sky at last!”

If I heard these words once, I heard them fifty times as American passengers came on deck on the morning of Oct. 28, 1883. The sunrise was lovely, and by degrees, as the stars paled before the growing light, the sky became the purest azure, slightly flecked with light snowy clouds. All my transatlantic fellow-voyagers took an opportunity of telling me that I should see the sun for the first time in my life, and that, throughout the winter, clear blue sky and bright sunshine would be the rule.

Never were prophecies more utterly at fault. While the morning was still young, a misty haze began to dim the sky, the little white fleecy clouds darkened and spread, and before mid-day the atmosphere was as dull and depressing as if we had been off London Bridge and not in Boston harbour. There was certainly one point in which American cities are superior to ours. There is practically no smoke, even in the depth of winter, the anthracite coal which is in general use being smokeless.

Towards the afternoon a slight drizzle set in, which by degrees changed to confirmed rain. However, those of my fellow-passengers who took up their quarters at the same hotel were unanimous in saying that this weather was exceptional, and that the morrow would be worthy of the country. Next morning told a different tale. Rain was descending in steady torrents, and the sky was so black, and the air so foggy, that at 11 A.M. the gas was lighted throughout the hotel.

This was a foretaste of the weather which prevailed for more than five consecutive months, and which, on universal testimony, was absolutely unparalleled in the history of the States.

One day, Tremont Street afforded a remarkable instance of the vicissitudes of New England temperature. On the east, there were high banks of snow which had been partially melted and then frozen into ice. In the middle of the road there was snow-slush more than a foot in depth, and on the western side the dust clouds well-nigh blinded the foot passengers.

Repeatedly the temperature sank to 15° or 20° below zero (Fahr.) within the city, and to 30° below zero on the coast. Yet, the atmosphere is so bracing that I have

suffered far more in England when the thermometer was at 25° above zero, than I did in Boston with it at 20° below.

Until this last winter, I never realised the value of the human ear.

Did the reader ever hear of “ear-muffs” or of “pantiles” as articles of costume? I never did until lately.

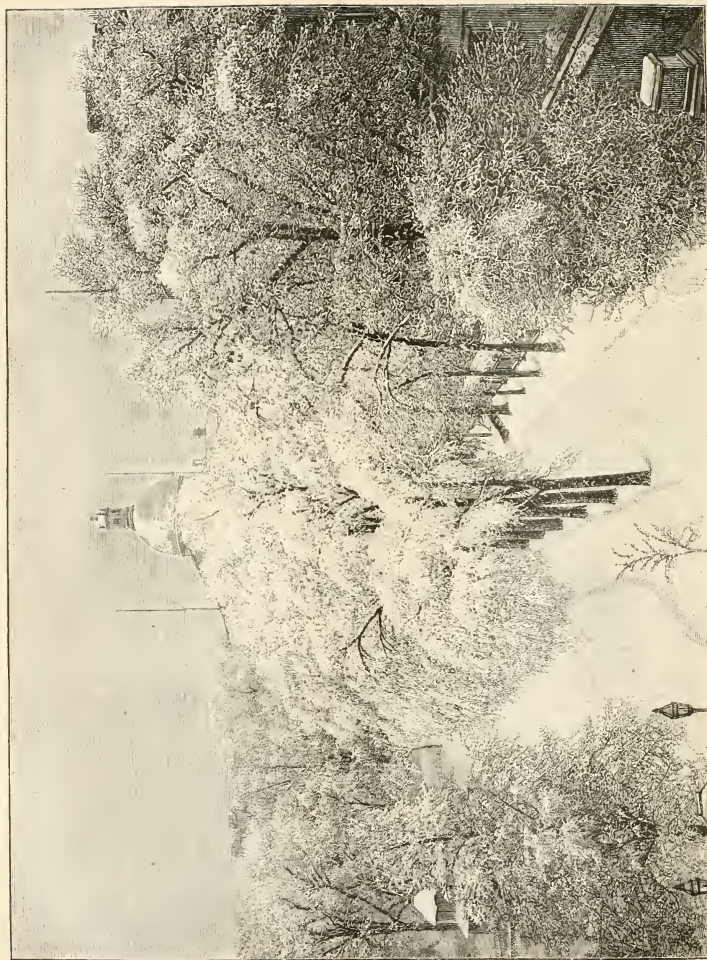
Ear-muffs are kidney-shaped cases, made of seal-skin or velvet, lined with wash-leather. They are slipped over the ear and held in place by an elastic band passing under the chin.

Pantiles are closely fitting caps made of felt, which leave the eyes, nose, and mouth free, but cover the ears and sides of the face. Hats or ordinary caps can be worn over them, and they are much used by the drivers of hack-carriages and horse-cars. Those who cannot afford a fur cap, ear-muff, or pantile, tie a handkerchief over their ears, no one being foolish enough to leave the ears exposed to the wind.

For those who are obliged to brave the cold winds for any length of time, three articles of dress are necessary, all made of fur. First comes the cap, which has a peak that falls well over the eyes when folded down, side pieces which guard the ears and cheeks, and a hind flap which partly protects the nape of the neck. This may seem to be sufficient for all purposes of warmth, but a still further protection is needed. No matter how thick or how ample may be the cap, the north-west wind *will* force its icy way underneath it. So it is necessary to have a large fur collar, or semi-cape, the collar of which, when turned up, reaches above the ears, and diverts the course of the wind.

Lastly, we come to the feet. Ordinary boots are useless in a New England winter. The extraordinary vicissitudes of temperature cover the ground with successive layers of melted snow and ice, and make the pavements, which always slope considerably, as slippery as if they were well-used slides. Nothing but india-rubber will give the slightest security of footing, and in consequence there is an infinite variety of rubber boots and shoes.

The regulations with regard to snow are admirable. No sooner does snow fall heavily, than ploughs traverse the main streets, followed by snow carts. The ploughs clear away the snow from the centre of the streets, and fling it towards the sides, whence it is removed



Engraved by

BOSTON COMMON IN THE EARLY MORNING,

FEBRUARY 23, 1854.

[J. D. Cooper.

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by the carts. But, during this last winter, a most remarkable state of things occurred. The snow was so far in excess of previous calculations that the plough could scarcely be forced through it, and the carts could not cope with it. So the roads presented a perfectly unique aspect. Every householder is obliged to clear the snow from the front of his premises, and does so by throwing it into the road, whence it will soon be removed by the carts. But, as the snow continued to fall, and the carts were useless, a continuously increasing quantity of snow was flung into the roadway, where it formed a high mound traversed by two deep channels formed by the plough and the tram-cars.

Excepting the slipperiness of the paths (side-walks, as they are called in America), this state of things was rather amusing. But when it was necessary to cross a road, amusement was changed to abject terror. The snow wall on either side was so high, that only in very few places could it be over-passed. Then the roadway itself was one mass of four-horse tramcars, sleighs, and heavy waggons, forming an almost continuous barrier a mile or so in length. Then, when you made a step, you had not the least idea how deeply you would be buried in the very uncleanly snow, or whether your foot would rest on stone, ice, or plunge into a pool of water. Once started, to go back was impossible, and the only chance of reaching the other side was to make a step when the horses and vehicles permitted it, and then to charge the opposite snow bank, and force your way over or through it as you could.

Even in fine and calm weather this task would be a difficult one, but when a fierce north wind is blowing, and a heavy snow storm falling, the difficulty is tenfold.

It was terrible work for omnibus horses. I saw in New York three horses lying dead within a few hundred yards, and another which was so severely injured that it would be killed as soon as the proper officer arrived. In two of the cases the calks of the shoes had been caught between the points of the tram-rails, causing the horse to fall and snap the fetlock by its weight.

Sometimes, when a four-horsed car was pulled up, the horses were frozen by a cloud of vapour, which presently hoisted and drifted down the streets as a shower of snow. All carriage-horses, and most of those which were employed in carts, were clad in waterproof housings; while in the covered carts a sheet of waterproofing was fastened to the upper portion of the tilt, so as to protect the driver

from the snow. There was a hole in the waterproof just large enough for the driver to see where he was going, and two small holes allowed the reins to pass into the cart.

The reader must understand that this was not the ordinary winter's climate. It was so wholly unexpected that no precautions could be taken. We in old England had, on January 18, 1881, a good example of an ordinary blizzard, as such storms are called in America. Not being prepared for it, we were for a few days almost paralysed by it. New England would have thought little of one such blizzard, but was not prepared for an almost ceaseless succession of them. For nearly five months there was, on the average, a fresh snowstorm every three days, and one storm lasted continuously for one hundred and ten hours. Trade was in abeyance, no one venturing outside his door if by any possibility he could remain under shelter.

Despite all its inconveniences, the snow had its redeeming points. No one who was in Boston on February 29, 1884, will ever forget the wonderful sight presented by the Common in the early morning. It looked like a piece of fairy-land. The trees with which the Common is planted were so heavily covered with snow that their branches were bowed nearly to the ground, forming long arcades of white. The morning sun had melted some of the snow on the upper part of the trees, and the water had trickled down to the tips of the bent-down twigs. Being out of reach of the sunbeams, the water froze into icicles, each of which glittered with coruscating colours as the light shone upon them.

Above all rose the dome of the State House. In imitation of the Invalides in Paris, the dome has been gilded. The contractors, with the usual honesty of contractors, substituted Dutch metal, *i.e.* gilt copper, for gold leaf. The storms, and rains, and hails, and snows of years have rubbed off most of the gold, so that when the sun shines the dome glows with crimson, azure, green, and purple, streaked here and there with gold.

Snow in New England has yet another phase. The youth of New England would feel that life had lost all its charm if the snow were not plentiful, and did not endure for a long time. About the middle of November the streets suddenly became gorgeous with stacks of mysterious objects, all aglow with polished steel, scarlet, blue, green, and gold. Many of these objects were decorated with figures of swans, eagles, wolves, otters, dol-

phins, and other inhabitants of land and water, while others were distinguished by names of a fanciful, and generally patriotic character. These brilliant articles were packed together in such a manner that it was not easy to analyse their structure, but the idea suddenly flashed on me that the approach of snow had been announced in the newspapers, and that these were sleds, to be used in the national sport of "coasting." As the reader will see, this sport is necessarily restricted to the young of the male sex, sixteen or seventeen being, as a rule, the maximum age for a coaster.

Any piece of sloping ground will make a "coast" provided that it be covered with snow. In coasting the boy goes to the highest point, takes his sled in his hands, runs a few paces down the slope, so as to gain a good impetus, flings the sled on the snow and himself on it, so that he shoots down the hill head foremost. He steers the sled by means of one foot, which is allowed to trail behind.

Skill in steering is of very great consequence. Sometimes eight or ten sleds may be seen rushing down the same coast. Now, simple as coasting looks, it is by no means easy, as any mismanagement of the sled will cause it to capsize, and sled and boy are projected in unexpected directions. Collisions with the sleds that are following would be inevitable but for the steering power, and would involve no small amount of danger.

Single sleds are insufficient for the more ambitious minds. They do not go fast enough, are not heavy enough, and only hold, or rather sustain, one person. So the double sled is constructed. Its simplest form is two ordinary sleds, one in front of the other, and connected by a plank. As many as can pile themselves on this apparatus do so, leaving the steering to the captain of the party. The double sled enjoys a wonderful variety of names, according to the locality. In some places it is called a "pair of bobs," in others it is known as a "double ripper," and in others as a "buck-board." This last title, abbreviated into "buck," seems to be most in favour.

Some of these bucks are of very great dimensions, and will carry fifteen or sixteen persons. Girls often enjoy morning rides in these machines, when safety is the order of the day. In the evenings, however, the real fun takes place, the bucks racing against each other. The owner of a racing buck is as proud of his property as is a yachtsman of a swift vessel, and there is nearly as much trouble taken in designing the lines of a

buck as if it were a racing yacht. They are much too heavy to be steered by the foot, and their course is guided by an apparatus which is fixed on the front of the sled, and is always in charge of an experienced steer-man, or conductor, as he is sometimes called. These races are wonderfully exciting, even to the spectators, the sleds roaring over the hard snow like thunder, and their occupants shouting, blowing horns, whistling, and making all the noises which are not prohibited by law, such as pistol-firing, &c.

By a natural process of evolution the boy's sled was developed into the "buck," and the buck in its turn is the precursor of the sleigh proper.

The first drive in a hack-carriage, when the runners are used instead of wheels, creates an indelible impression. You are so low that you seem to be sitting on the ground. The silent, gliding movement is totally unlike the rattle of wheels over the road, which as a rule is, in the cities of America, of the roughest character. Then if a snow-drift should block your passage the driver charges it at full speed. Up you go on one side with a tremendous jerk, that knocks your head against the back of the carriage. Before you have recovered yourself down you go on the other side, and feel very much as if you were on a horse that had balked just before making his leap.

But the sleigh proper is not made for wheels, the whole of the metal framework, runners included, being made of the very best iron and steel forged together, so that they form a single, light, elastic, and graceful framework. Some of the smaller sleighs were made like swans or eagles, and in one instance the predominant ornamentation consisted of fox tails. Plumes, if they can be so called, of fox tails were set upright on the heads of the horses, like the feather ornaments of the Egyptian and Assyrian chariots, or those which may be seen at ostentatious funerals, while a pair of fox tails was affixed to the outside of each head-stall in such a manner as to point outwards and backwards. Fox tails hung under the horses' throats, and the "standards," *i.e.* slender upright rods, were terminated by fox tails.

The handsomest and best-appointed sleigh that I saw was very large, holding some ten or twelve passengers, and being drawn by six horses. Scarlet and silver formed the predominant colours, and were relieved by the black bear-skin rugs which protected the occupants from the cold.

The framework, which was singularly

graceful in form, was of burnished silver, and the harness was scarlet mounted with silver. All along the outside of the traces little silver bells were strung, while the body of each horse was encircled with three loose scarlet straps, also strung with bells.

On the saddle of each horse was a floriated silver standard, carrying three large bells with clappers. These bells were beautifully tuned, and the whole were so carefully arranged that, while the little bells on the harness kept up a perpetual tinkle, those on the saddles produced harmonious chimes. One of the occupants was a skilful performer on the horn (not the *cornet-à-pistons*), and the six lamps with which it was finished were silver, with red glass, so that the whole was as near perfection as could be imagined.

The ice-yacht is another remarkable invention, which permits amateur sailors to enjoy their favourite sport, even though the water be frozen. The hull of the ice-yacht is not unlike a "buck" sled. Suppose that we fasten a pair of skates side by side, and at a little distance apart, place a third skate about two feet behind them, and connect them with a flat strip of wood (— : : — in this fashion), we should have a good model of the hull of an ice-yacht. The third skate revolves on a pivot, which passes through the deck, so that a handle can be attached to it, like the tiller of a yacht, the skate acting as the rud-

der. This simple hull is fitted with mast and sails like an ordinary yacht. The cutter is the usual rig, but I saw a good many ice yachts rigged as yawls. The pace at which these curious vessels travel is almost incredible, and in a stiff breeze they heel over to such an extent that the weather runner is lifted high above the ice, and all the crew, except the steersman, have to clamber upon it, hold by the shrouds, and lean to windward as far as they can.

Partly owing to their speed, and partly to the length of the runners, these quaint yachts can traverse the ice when it is scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of a man standing upon it, and the steersman thinks nothing of charging cracks a yard in width, provided that he can do so at right angles.

Sometimes skaters transform themselves into ice-yachts, either single or double. A sheet of canvas is stretched on slight spars, and held in the hands so as to act as a sail, and by this curious device the skater can double his ordinary speed, altering his course partly by shifting the angle of the sail with the wind, and partly by using his skate as a rudder.

There is much more that might be said of a New England winter, but space is valuable, and I must perforce content myself with describing the phases of the exceptional climate of 1883—4 which least resemble the winter as we know it in our own country.

HERE OR THERE?

MAY God be near thee, friend,

When we are far away;

May His smile cheer thee, friend,

And make all light as day:

Look up! the sky, the stars above

Will whisper to thee of His changeless love.

In distant, desert places

The "Mounts of God" are found;

His sky the world embraces,

And makes it "holy ground:"

The heart that serves, and loves, and clings,

Hears everywhere the rush of angel-wings.

To God the "there" is here;

All spaces are His own;

The distant and the near

Are shadows of His throne:

All times are His, the new, the old—

What boots it where life's little tale is told?

'Tis not for us to choose;

We listen and obey:

'Tis His to call and use;

'Tis ours to serve and pray:

It matters little, here or there,

God's world is wide, and heaven is everywhere.

We cannot go so far

That home is out of sight;

The morn, the evening-star,

Will say, "Good day!" "Good night!"

The heart that loves will never be alone;

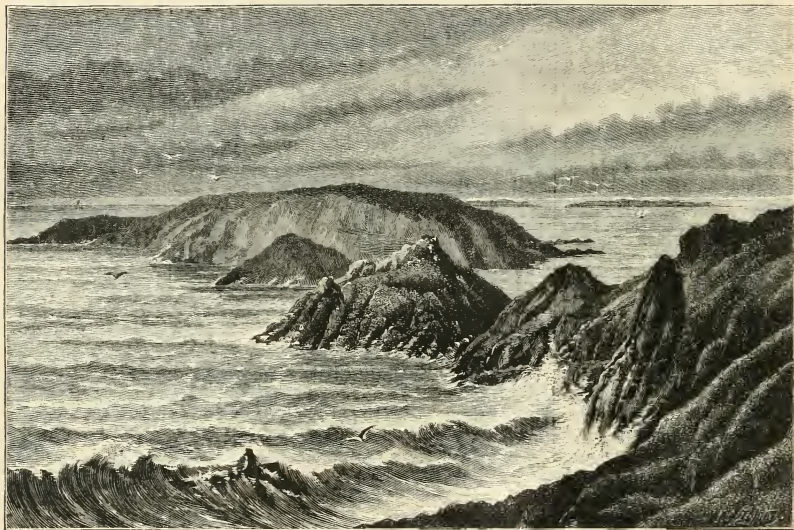
All earth, all heaven it reckons as its own!

HENRY BURTON.

THE CAVES AND ROCKS OF SERK.

BY CHARLES GRINDROD, AUTHOR OF "PLAYS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY," ETC.

ON a fine day in summer, with a smooth sea and a bright sky, if you take a boat and row round the seven miles of the little island of Serk, you will have as fair a glimpse of Nature at her wildest as any coast can offer you. In other lands Nature has her pet scenes, her places of honour; but here her glory is everywhere—here she nowhere rests herself: there are no drops in the scenery, no breaks in the rugged grandeur—



From a photo.]

Breeqhou, and the Gouliot Rocks.*

[By P. Godfray.]

from end to end there is nothing ordinary, nothing unworth lingering over. It is of the caves and rocks of this small island—this strange ocean rock-wart—that I would give some description; more especially of the first-named, forming, as they do, the most remarkable series of sea-caves in Europe, and being perhaps nowhere rivalled, at least within similar compass, either as regards their beauty or their number.

From the Point du Nez at the extreme north to the high cliffs of Breeqhou away westward, a line of coast stretches, the wildest and most beautiful in all Serk; and along this line are the three island caves best known to fame—the Boutiques, the Moie Mouton, and the Gouliot. The first of these, the Boutiques, or merchants' (pirates' or smug-

glers'?) cave, is reckoned the largest cavern in the island. It is best approached by its opening on the eastern side of the Point du Nez, and consists of a long and rather dark tunnel, crossed at its most beautiful part by a couple of transepts, from whence it ascends abruptly, by a staircase of steeply-piled boulders, to a huge upper chamber, popularly named the "chimney." This latter opens by a narrow slit on to the hill above, or, more strictly, into the middle of a rocky chasm which leads from the sea on the western side to the high ground overlooking the Point.

There is no great difficulty in seeing the Boutiques: any low tide will serve for it. A few shallow pools to be waded through or stepped, and a tough scramble over and among boulders at either end, make the sum of the labour. You may escape the fatigue of the first set of boulders at the eastern

* The accompanying illustrations are from photographs by Mr. P. Godfray, of Jersey, and Mr. B. Collenette, of Guernsey.

entrance either by beginning, as many do, with the "chimney," or by descending, as I did on my second visit, a steep rock close to the Point du Nez opening. In the latter case you must look well to your footing, as in event of a slip you will probably break your leg, for the fall would not be a soft one.

On my first visit I was disappointed with the Boutiques. As with most of the Serk caves, very much depends on the fortune of the light and the hour, and the difference is everything. The most beautiful part is undoubtedly where the double transept lets in light from the north-west on what in a great church would be the supporting piers of the central tower. Here the walls are of the richest hues, like the dyes of some old mural painting on the decayed face of a ruin. When I last saw the cave the sun was streaming through these transepts, and a perfect glory of rich reds, purples, and oranges, and, above all, a bright translucent green, mingled in one halo of colour. The ascent from here to the upper chamber is very remarkable. It

is like going up the broken steps of a cathedral tower, but the steps are great boulders piled in fantastic confusion, through and over which you have to pick your way as best you can. The "chimney" itself is a vast chamber, grand, gloomy, and of great natural interest. Loose rocks in the roof appear ready to fall at any moment, and some of the fresh-looking boulders on the floor make you feel that in lingering here you are taking your percentage of chance of being crushed by the next to give way.

From here to the Moie Mouton are some lovely little bays, and some of the grandest rocks in the island. La Sagnie Bay lies just below the picturesque grounds of the Seigneurie, and is reached from above by an innumerable flight of steps cut out in the red decomposing rock which gives so fine a colour to this inlet. Just at the western angle of the bay are Les Autelets, a group of black, strangely-massive rocks which stretch from the beach into the sea, standing one before another like a row of sentries. Their square



From a photo.]

Le Grand Autelet, looking south.

[By P. Godfray.

massive forms, dark colour, and isolated positions, give them an effect of boldness beyond their size. Like so many of the metamorphic rocks of Serk, they are singularly stratified, and the layers are twisted and rolled into

every shape of distortion, like what is sometimes seen, but in a much less marked degree, in the syenite rocks of the Malvern Hills.

The Moie Mouton cave is one of the finest caverns in Serk alike for form and colour,

but especially as regards the latter. Its chief entrance, and the best one for effect, is by the side of a narrow fissure on the west of the Moie. The floor of this entrance is strewn with great wave-polished boulders, and, though when the water covers these deeply a boat can go a long way in, you had better choose a low tide, and brave the labour and wetting of stepping over, or rather jumping to and from, the slippery stones, for then only will you see the cave as it ought to be seen. It is certainly not one of the easiest caves to explore, but the trouble is all forgotten in the beauty. These boulders are of the deepest felspar crimson, and the walls and roof are striped with broad belts of serpentine green, more vivid, when the sun shines full on them, than the brightest malachite. Other colours are here, but the eye cannot take itself from this wondrous contrast, so bright yet harmonious.

The form of this cavern is curious. After traversing a long tunnel, and wading through a deepish pool, you come to a sort of stone screen or parclose, in the midst of which is a trefoil opening just large enough to let you pass. Through this you drop to a lower floor beyond, and, after another wade up to your knees, traverse a second tunnel, almost at right angles to the first, and at length find yourself in front of the cave's northern entrance, looking out upon the Port à la Jument.

A little south-westward from the Moie Mouton, and just opposite the grand cliffs of the island of Brecqhou, or L'isle des Marchants, are the Gouliot caves, perhaps the most famous of all the Serk caverns. To understand the position of the Gouliot caves, not having yourself seen them, you must imagine a group of passages channelled out of a rocky promontory, running through the latter in an irregular direction from north to south, with other passages opening westward from them to the sea. Mainly, they may be divided into two sets—a couple of large chambers, parallel with one another, and joining at their southern end; and westward, again, from these, and also parallel with them, a long, more or less winding corridor, or set of corridors—the Gouliot caves proper. The first-named two chambers differ essentially from these last ones, and are, though of grand size and rich colouring in places, not very distinct from many others of the Serk caverns. It is in the westward or south-westward chambers that the unique glories of form and colour are found which have made the Gouliot caves so famous. Owing

to their complex arrangement, it is very difficult to give an idea of their exact position. They may be reached by either sea or land; but they can only be seen, at least to full advantage and with perfect safety, during spring tides. Visitors usually approach them by a steep path which winds down the side of the rocky cliff opposite the island of Brecqhou. This path brings you to the mouth of the first of the two large chambers I have described, and which is popularly called the "kitchen." The entrance is a kind of vent or slit upwards of a huge, dark cavern which reaches southward to the sea, looking out on the little bay of Havre Gosselin. It is piled up from the floor to the slit-like mouth where you enter, with those great boulders of red felspar and alga-coloured granite, which make so much of the beauty, and are so characteristic, of the Serk caves. Down these boulders you work your way to the floor below, and find yourself in an irregularly-shaped chamber of considerable height, opening to the sea southward (Havre Gosselin side), and also westward, opposite the Gouliot Rock. Turning sharp round to your right, you enter another chamber, parallel to this last, and very similar in character, which brings you back to the shore on the same side, but at a lower level than, where you first entered—in fact, you find yourself on the rough beach immediately below the path which led you to the mouth of the "kitchen." In the middle of this chamber is a short passage running south-westward into the *inner* Gouliots, and which, from being always more or less flooded by a deep pool of water, is called the "well."

From the beach, facing westward, you now pass through an arched rock, and turning round to the left over a rough shingle, which the tide usually covers, you enter a long corridor, the first of the true Gouliot caves, and which runs parallel with the two outer caverns just described. This and the other chambers and passages connected with it seem to be part of a sea-fairy's palace—they are grottoes rather than caves, and their walls are everywhere fretted and frescoed with a boundless wealth of marine life—they may indeed be said to be *living*, for there is scarce an inch of their surface uncovered by shell, sponge, or coralline. Roof and walls are gemmed with sea-anemones, sparkling like jewels in the slant sunlight—plum-green and red, with every shade of brown and olive between—while patches of yellow and golden-hued sponge dapple the sides, and the surface is everywhere lined with a yellow-

ish or olive green, grass-looking growth, which gives a subdued colour to the whole—everywhere, in splendid extravagance, with the strange plant-like polypes from whose cupuled branches spring the embryo Medusæ, miniature resemblances of those beautiful parachute-shaped jelly-fish, pink, and orange-striped, and blue-tinted, that float so lazily along the tideway, expanding and contracting as they go, with their delicate fibre-tendrils stretching out over the water. Rough acorn-shells and barnacles thickly stud the walls, and rich fragments of sea-weeds of every hue make a beautiful carpet for the floor.

As you wander through these half-lit corridors, with a sense of everlasting twilight about them, the sound of the echoing waters, now near, now distant—you know not where, above, below, all around—fills you with a strange awe, part joy, part terror, especially, as is best, if you are alone. These caves are not dark: they are grottoes; a labyrinth of sea-openings, bathed with dim sunlight, mysterious and dream-haunting, but never gloomy as our ideas of caverns mostly are. Here surely, if anywhere, might dwell the fair sea-spirits of poetry, and hold their mystic revels, and bathe their pearly limbs in the green clearness of the cave-pools.

Passing along this corridor you come to another chamber on your right, opening to the sea westwards, whose walls and roof are still more thickly hung with that strange grassy covering, like half-transparent drapery, which everywhere in these caves gives such sombre yet harmonious colouring, soft and beautiful as veiled light. Finally, turning a little to the left, and arching into two passages, it brings you to the central chamber, the Banqueting Hall, the inner glory of this Fairy Palace, whose ante-rooms and corridors, only, you have been traversing. Here light more freely enters, and enables you to see better the fresh wonders that rise before you. The same beauties are here, but intensified and increased. The same grassy covering, the same corrugated yet softly-toned surface, the same profusion of anemones, but richer and more numerous, and more gem-like in the glancing sunlight that streams in from door and window. No less than four openings break into this magic chamber—the passage by which we have just entered, a wide vent in the southern slope of the dome, the inner doorway of the “well,” and an entrance, or exit, which may be called the *postern* of the palace, the beginning of a long, winding, steep-sided passage which leads into the sea without, only a few yards from the

rugged base of the Gouliot Rock. This passage, because it is little known, and is also more beautiful than all else I saw here, I would fain try to picture.

To see it you must swim, for there is always deep water in it, and no boat can enter it. I judge it to be about ninety or one hundred feet in length, the sides are very steep, and the space between is extremely narrow, and for some distance arched across. On one occasion, when I swam it at rather high water, there was barely room to pass under this arch, and I had a somewhat uncomfortable scrape through; and at all times it is well to swim or float carefully, as the acorn-shelled sides are apt to leave their marks painfully on your naked feet. Indeed, on my second swim here I put on a strong pair of climbing boots, which enabled me to rest astride in the passage, and so have leisure, and without hurt, to examine the beauties around and below. To see these fully, certain conditions are necessary—a calm day, as the sea at times runs very strong in these cave-passages; a rather low tide, or the rare anemones, only found here, will be hidden from view; and an afternoon or early evening sun, according to the season, when the level rays stream in through the passage, and into the cave within, and light up the rich colours to perfection.

The first time I swam this passage was on a beautiful September afternoon when the sun was just sinking to the west, and the whole place was filled with warm radiance. Imagine the glory of such a scene under such conditions. A narrow inlet, from a yard to two yards in width, with steep sides far above you, and open to the sky throughout save where the one arch crosses at the farther end; with some ten or fifteen feet of clear green water below you, in which the brightest sea-weeds—red, green, purple—are floating joyously; here and there, magnified as by a lens, broad clumps of golden-yellow and crimson-hued sponges, every object showing distinct as in a case of crystal; stream-jets glancing across from either side from those strange, dark-green *sea-squirt* masses, here so luxuriant; the walls and arch beyond with their rich coral-like fretwork, and olive-brown, grassy surface, all dancing with dappled light; and the whole sides, level with your eyes as you swim, painted with such hues as you had never dreamed before—the colours of those rare actinias only found in this one cave—patches of rosy-tinted, magenta, bright apple-green, orange, pure white, and parti-coloured anemones,



[From a photo.]

The Coupée, with Le Tas de Serk in the distance.

[By B. Collenette.]

alternating along the walls—small and delicate, but magnificent in their broad clusters; some closed, others with their long stalks and spread tentacles just bathed by the running tide.

A fine cave, unique in its way, is to be seen in Brecqhou, a small island opposite the Gouliot Rock, and divided from it by a narrow strait through which the tide runs at a furious pace. This cavern is on the south side of the island, and requires some heavy scrambling over boulders to get to it. It is called the Pirates' Cave, from a tradition that it was formerly used as a stronghold by these free-lances of the sea. It is hardly so much a cave as a kind of huge entrance-hall, arching almost to the top of the cliff, but not extending very far back into the rock. As you gradually ascend to its floor over the rough boulders, with its mighty dome arching high above you, you are impressed with its vastness—there is a sort of oneness and simple grandeur about it which affects you differently from other caves.

On the south side of the Havre Gosselin—a charming little bay, easily reached by a steep path from above—is a small cavern called by the great novelist himself the "Victor Hugo" cave. It is rich in the predominant red colouring of the Serk caverns,

and is well worth a visit; but a calm day must be chosen, and a sea without any swell, as it is difficult to take a boat into it when there is any motion, owing to the numerous rocks at the sides and entrance.

The Coupée has been so often described as hardly to leave anything fresh to be said about it. It is one of those scenes which guide-books are so apt to over-paint, and thus spoil the pleasure of surprise. But when all has been said, it is a grand accident of Nature—a strange freak of hers, half purposed, half mischanced. A long, narrow, winding track, of a few yards width, being the crest of two precipices, it joins Little Serk with the main island, and is the only link between them. The sea beats on either side of this slender causeway: on the one hand a precipice of noble outline, dark, and almost sheer down to the water; on the other, one more gentle, but looking over a bay full of broken rock and rich-coloured cliff, with a far view of many isles and headlands beyond. When I last saw it, the sun was setting gloriously over Guernsey, while on the Jersey side the full moon rose over the sea with all the splendour of clear autumn.

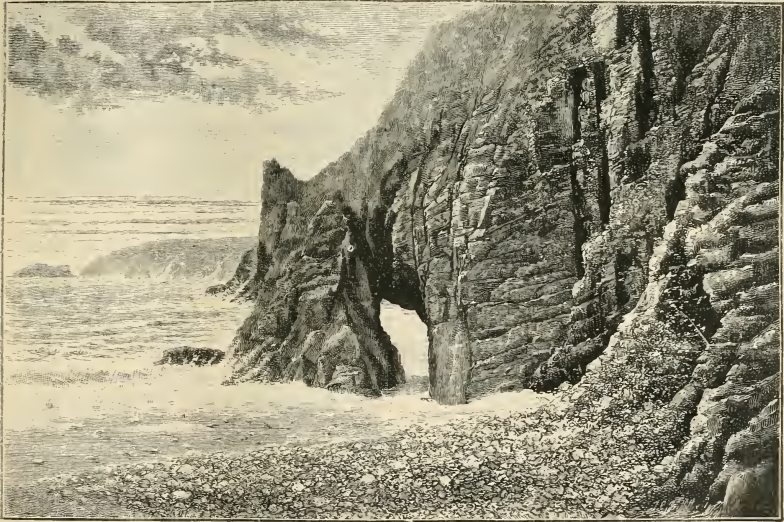
Many visitors are under the impression that there is not much scenery in Little Serk. This is an error. The group of detached

rocks, the Bretagne and others, at its south-western end, are among the wildest in Serk, but they should be seen, as the island altogether should, from the sea. The boatmen, who know every passage and sunken rock, will thread you through this labyrinth of an archipelago, and steer boldly where you would think it impossible to sail, so deep does the water lie within a few feet of the steep, almost sheer coast-line.

On rounding Little Serk several fine rocks come successively into view. The first of these is Le Tas de Serk, a large mass, almost a small island, and one of the most prominent

objects seen on approaching Serk from the south-west or east. It is at the extreme southern point of the island. Farther on, a little past Brénière Point, is a bold pyramidal rock, sprinkled thickly with white algae, called La Moie du Pot; and near it is Le Pot, one of those curious hollows, open to the sky above and communicating with the sea below, so common to the Channel Isles, and which are called *Creux*.

Beyond this are four caves, in or near to the Coupée Bay, and all worth visiting—the Lamentation Cave the Convache Chasm, the “Blow Hole,” and the Pigeon Cave. These



From a photo.]

The Natural Arch in Dixcart Bay.

[By B. Collenette.

are easily seen, some even without leaving the boat. The Convache Chasm is especially worth a visit. It is almost like a miniature Gouliot, and consists of a main corridor running right through the rock from the eastern side to the beach of the Coupée Bay, with a second opening to the sea at its centre. At low water you can take a boat through the cave, and leave it again by the side passage. Here are large clusters of beautiful white anemones, and they are seen to perfection in this well-lighted corridor with their delicate tentacles full expanded in the clear water.

In Dixcart Bay, one of the favourite bays of Serk, and which has a fine natural arch

much affected by artists, are several remarkable caves. On the eastern side, in particular, are two caverns which I believe to be the most extensive in the island. I found that the boatmen knew, or seemed to know, little about them, and having heard some vague rumours concerning one of them, my curiosity was excited, and I thought I would find out the mystery for myself. We (my boatman and I) first explored the cave at the end of the Hogsback, or Point du Château, and a somewhat rough task it proved. The cave is very dark, and strewn all along with the most slippery of boulders. The wind, too, from a cause which we presently discovered,



From a photo.]

Entrance to the Creux Derrible.

[By P. Godfray.

would scarcely leave our candle alight, which made the difficulty greater. After a long, seemingly unending scramble, light suddenly appeared, and with it a considerable pool to be waded or swum through. As my boatman was not fond of swimming, and the depth was unproved, I made the rest of the journey alone, and after a long wade up to my chest, eventually found myself looking out into the blue water of Derrible Bay, on the other side of the Hogsback. The cavern, indeed, had cut right through the headland, and in an almost direct line. There is no colour in this cave, and not much of any kind to reward the labour and wetting, except the surprise at the finish, and the great extent.

In the last respect I think the other Dixcart cave, on the same side, but close to the beach, even excels it. This cave is of grand proportions, and at its entrance has some fine colouring, but it soon becomes dark, and it also has a lengthy pool to be waded through, as deep as, or deeper than, the former one. So long a tunnel was here that I really began to doubt whether I should ever get to the end of it. My candle was nearly burnt down, and I was far out of sight of my guide on the other side of the pool, as this cave does not run straight. At last I reached a shingly beach, which gradually ascended to the floor of the final chamber—a high,

spacious, almost circular cavern, strewn over with innumerable small, rounded pebbles. Though it is difficult to form an estimate without correct measurement, my own impression is that this is the longest cave in Serk.

Derrible Bay is one of the most interesting bays in the island, and has some fine caves in or near it, besides the famous Creux, one of the two or three noted points in Serk which most people visit. The Creux Derrible, or Terrible, is a huge gaping chasm in the land above the bay, of great width and depth, and with nearly perpendicular sides of a reddish-brown colour. This pit is sunk nearly to the water level, and communicates with the sea by a double cave-passage. In rough weather, with a high tide, the entering waves are said to dash almost to the summit of the Creux, and the effect must then be magnificent.

Between here and the eastern side of the Point du Nez are many fine caves, of which space will not allow a detailed description. Chief among these are Les Ponchettes; the Point Derrible Caves; the Creux Broun, or Brown; the Lâches Cave or Creux Malzar—a long, dark cavern, with a large terminal chamber, much resembling the second Dixcart Cave; the Chaussée Chanchané, near the picturesque Creux Harbour; a group of communicating caves in La Sagnie and La

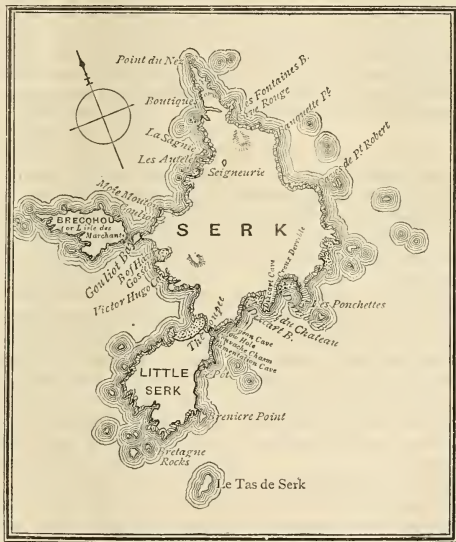
Mazeline Bays; the noted Creux Chien or Dog Cave; and more particularly the Caves de Point Robert, a singular chain of tunnels through half-detached rocks, at the end of which, approached by a short corridor, is a lofty chamber, in form and spirit much like some ancient temple, and lighted dimly by a fern-shaded window in the midst of its domed roof.

There is one cavern, the last I shall describe, that I would specially point out to those visiting Serk, as it is not only one of the loveliest of the island caves, but it is almost unknown — so much so, that I found persons who had lived in Serk for years, yet had never even heard of it. It is a gem, and a hidden gem, too, for no one would guess the treasure of beauty which lies behind its dark, narrow crack of an entrance. It has no name, and I used to speak of it, from its prevailing colour, as the "Red Cave," which my boatman, to whose kind zeal I owed the joy of seeing it, improved into "Cavè Rouge." Its position is between the Banquette Point and Les Fontaines Bay, and close to the Creux Belêts, a miniature of the Creux Derrible on the south-eastern coast.

This is one of the hardest caves to reach, whether by land or sea, as, owing to its peculiar position, it can only be visited during the lowest tides, and after a stiff scramble over intervening rocks and boulders. The entrance is between two black, sharp-sided, jutting rocks, seldom left by the water; but this soon opens into a narrow chamber of impressive height, and divided about twenty feet from the floor by a double arch spring-

ing from a central column, for all the world like an old Norman pier, with base and capital in rough resemblance. This column is nearly round in front, and extends back some ten to twenty feet, just like the heavy piers that support the central tower of a great church. Above the spring of the two arches there is some rich, fresco-like colouring, and in the midst a luxuriant mass of green sea-fern; while from this point a platform extends backward, one knows not where, and which, to continue the

fancy, reminds one of the triforium gallery of some time-worn old minster. But the glory, the absolute uniqueness of the place, is the colour of this column and its arches, and, to a less extent, the walls on either side of them. Bright red in itself, the stone is everywhere covered with a smooth, velvety alga, as fine to touch and sight as the down of the most delicate moss, and of the deepest blood-red crimson — a



The Coast of Serk. (Showing the position of the Principal Caves.)

hue so subtle yet splendid, when the morning sun is shining on it, as almost makes the "sense ache" to look on it.

If you lay your face against the wall and glance your eye along it, you will find, too, that the deep crimson colouring gradually merges, as it runs sea-ward, into a delicate olive-green, in exquisite contrast to the richer and prevailing tint.* Beautiful pebbles of ruddy-stained quartz, rounded and polished by the waves, with others of different hue, form a fitting pavement for this fairer of natural chapels.

* This second colour, if I rightly remember, is no mere complementary effect, but a distinct and permanent rock-stain.

THE NEW MANAGER.

By KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK," "THE HIGH MILLS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—SOPHIE JOLLIFFE.

MRS. JOLLIFFE, who was the only member of either partner's household who professed a dislike for the brewery, declared the house had been built with a direct view to the discomfort and inconvenience of its inmates.

Her chief objection to it was that the business offices had been built in the very centre of the ground floor, on each side the once spacious hall of the old manor-house. The front entrance was therefore all but useless to the family during business hours, and unless in some special haste, the ladies went round to the town through the orchard and garden at the back.

All day the front door was understood to belong to the business premises and to be used by the family or visitors to the family by favour. Private callers knew this, and came with a knock of apologetic gentleness, and glided down the passage past the offices, with the air of trespassers.

But in the evening the household, as though in revenge for having been so shut in upon itself all day, breaks out and invades the brewery premises without ceremony. Servants take their work or enjoy their romp in the silent yards, blow the yeast about in the stallion room, make use of the clean casks for seats, or shoe-cleaning tables, or any purpose they like.

Windows, like so many awakening eyes, open all over the house, letting the inner brightness, concealed all day, peep out in the glow of rich old furniture, gilt picture frames, quaint colouring of porcelain vases, a glow of well-bound books, rich hued curtains, flowers, ethereal azaleas or dazzling cluster of Vanthol tulips.

The kitchen door is now open and cooks sip her tea at the table, reviewing with a severely critical eye her forces ranged ready for cooking on the long dresser in sight of the yard. But on the whole they bear the ordeal of her scrutiny remarkably well. The fowls are certainly white and plump enough now, whatever they may have been before her skilful stuffing and trussing. The bundle of asparagus has a beautiful blue-green bloom that tells of its very recent arrival from the garden, and the pared potatoes under water have not an eye left to offend hers. As for the shelled peas they could scarcely have

been more of a size had they all come out of one pod. The eyes of the silver-grey salmon are as bright as though it still retained life enough to resent the uncomfortable curl in which its body is tied.

The front door is thrown open and a bright carpet laid down from it to the warm and cheerful interior of the house.

This pleasant change in the Pelican's aspect had just taken place when the new manager arrived on the evening of the Saturday Jolliffe had given notice of his coming.

Not that business was quite over yet—but as it was time it should have been over, the household had in a manner taken possession.

Mr. Jolliffe was still busy in his private office, which although furnished with the very strictest view to business, was also the most comfortable room in the house. Its leather-covered chairs, so solid and sober-looking, had a sly luxuriousness of their own no one suspected till seated a little while. The low, broad-topped fender had a power of inviting and drawing the feet to the fire which always burnt there summer and winter, for the deep bay window, with its wire blinds below meeting its Venetian blinds above, let in but a subdued sunshine, that never alone rendered the room warm enough for Jolliffe.

The long, low, leather-covered table had now piles of half-crowns, and piles of coppers, and rouleaus of gold, and little hillocks of sixpences and smaller silver. There were also letters, bills, lush new swan-quills in generous profusion and picturesque disorder. The miniature sacks containing specimens of malt, were as neatly made and tied up, and the tiny squares of dried hops as sharply and neatly cut, as though they had been presented for the Pelican's inspection by merchants from Fairyland.

Jolliffe was short and stout, fair and florid, blue and sanguine of eye, silver-haired. He had fresh-looking lips that were constantly quivering with a merry saying even though they often dared not give it utterance. He was possessed of "a meek and quiet spirit" that beamed in his comely old face and gave one almost a reverence for his silver hair, yet there was that about him of unmistakable evidence that he loved a little too much, like Isaac, the savoury meats of life. His wife was a scold, and her vulgarity and love of interfering with her neighbours had very early in life deterred Jolliffe from entering

the Church, for which he had been educated. He fell back, however, with perfect good-humour and content on the comforts she could give him in return for the honours he had lost, which comforts consisted of good dinners and perfect freedom from household concerns. She had brought up his daughter well, and, in short, left him to a life of ease and comparative idleness.

Jolliffe's rosy, genial face, violet velvet skull cap and the open cheque-book on the table before him, added to the look of comfort and prosperity the room already wore.

Even Mrs. Jolliffe, when fully convinced there was no avoiding the dreaded intrusion of "Lovibond's man," had agreed, indeed insisted, that the intruder was to be impressed by everything being made the best of. It must be owned she had lent a finishing touch to the pleasing confusion of the table in the private office, and had herself seen to the irreproachable order of all else in the room.

"We must awe the man into common respect," she said, "or he will be wanting to give us out our tea and sugar by the week, and looking over the butcher's book. Let him know that, whatever he does in the brewery, I intend there shall be no stint in the house."

It was partly to teach the new-comer how little his arrival interfered with the arrangements of the family that this evening was chosen for inviting a few neighbours to a little music. If, too, he proved worth such consideration they might afterwards let the evening be passed off, as arranged, for his introduction to Mr. Hall and his pupils. Mr. Hall was the Messrs. McIntyre and Jolliffe's brewer, who lived in the large newly-painted house in the High Street of Stoke Bassett. His pupils were generally referred to by Mrs. Jolliffe as "Hall's idiots," though Jolliffe declared they were young men of average intellect; and perhaps her objection to them was rather the necessity of asking them occasionally to Sophie's little parties than their want of mental power.

However it might be, they were expected on that particular Saturday evening, and were being freely discussed by their hostess and her future son-in-law, Mr. Keith Cameron, who stood where he could command a good view of his classical head in the drawing-room mirror. If his blue eyes had kindled and dilated when looking into Sophie's as they did when they looked into the reflection of themselves in the glass, she must have been a cold-hearted girl indeed to withstand

them. But that peculiar brightness came only from a sudden encounter with themselves; and the habitual languor and absent-mindedness came back when they turned to duller objects.

Sophie was not down yet, and Mrs. Jolliffe was touching the weak petals of the tulips, which, she said, "those clumsy louts of Hall's would be sure to knock to pieces."

Mr. Keith Cameron said he thought everything about a brewery very nice except such cads as the brewer's pupils, and gave Mrs. Jolliffe his heart-felt sympathy in having to invite them into her domestic circle.

"I suppose," he observed, looking with visible reluctance from the mirror to Mrs. Jolliffe's plump, impatient fingers among the Vanthols, "we shall have the seraphic tenor in great force to-night."

Mrs. Jolliffe's brows contracted slightly, and her double chin as slightly elevated itself.

"Oh, as to Mr. Dwining's voice," she answered rather quickly, "I like it very much, and indeed if the other two were as unaffected as he is I should not mind them. Young Dwining's really good nature never reminds you he has money and good expectations. In fact there's not a touch of conceit or vanity about him. I do so hate a vain man."

Mrs. Jolliffe's cheeks were hot as she finished the sentence, and she gave such a shake to one golden cup in the Vanthol group that it fell all to pieces, though it might well have lasted in beauty through the evening.

"I think Dwining is vain in one way," averred Mr. Cameron with more animation than he usually showed. "If not he wouldn't have presumed to ask Sophie if she were really engaged to me. What difference does the young cad suppose it could make to him?"

Mrs. Jolliffe stood with her head thrown back and the fallen petals in her hand. Had Jolliffe seen her so he would have beaten a retreat as soon as possible, but the inexperienced Keith was not on his guard, and added, in a more lengthened drawl than usual, "If the young malt-squasher had been worth a thrashing he should have had one before I had the pleasure of listening to his yelling this evening."

Mrs. Jolliffe, it is true, was constantly professing an abhorrence for the brewery, but that others should in any way throw contempt on it, or those connected with it, was a very different thing. She turned,

clenching the tulip petals in her hand, looking at her daughter's betrothed with eyes whose anger he could not easily mistake, and said—

“If there is anything contemptible in Mr. Dwining's pursuit, or work, or whatever you like to call it, it is hardly good taste for one who proposes connecting himself with a proprietor of this house—to find it out.”

“Now, my dear Mrs. Jolliffe,” cried Keith, affecting a tone of impatience but really feeling a little alarmed, “you know I like the brewery of all things, but it has its cads like every other place, though of course if I had known you were so friendly towards Dwining, I shouldn't have said what I did.”

The slightly jealous tone in which the last words were uttered soothed Mrs. Jolliffe's anger, sufficiently to deter her from giving vent to the long-gathered impatience at what she called Cameron's “dilly-dallying.” She had long been, as she told Jolliffe, within a hair's breath of giving him her mind. As on other occasions, so now, she reserved the gift, and contented herself with merely wondering aloud “what could be detaining Sophie.”

“It may be difficult to decorate to Dwining's taste,” suggested Keith, sinking languidly into a chair by the open window that looked down upon the orchard.

Mrs. Jolliffe's brow cleared still more. What she most desired was to see Keith thoroughly jealous. *That* might stir him. Sophie might turn pitying, and so things were brought to a climax.

Before she could answer Sophie came into the room followed by Jolliffe, rubbing his hands with perfect self-complacency.

Sophie Jolliffe was not an artist's or poet's ideal of a lovely woman. She was so stout as to make her figure, of average height, appear much shorter. She was subject to nervousness and sudden flushing, apt to be abrupt and hard in manner. She was apparently rather inclined to disagree than to agree with people in ordinary conversation, and very slow to admit fresh impressions and ideas into her mind. These are not attractive characteristics in face, figure, or intellect. But they were what impressed one at a first meeting with Sophie Jolliffe. They were all the faults she had, and those who knew and loved her excused even them. It was said she only seemed to disagree because she knew her own slowness of comprehension and hated false acquiescence. She had the most rigid ideas of truth and

honesty, and would never play with either to relieve herself or others of embarrassment. She would rather appear awkward and rude than act a part or accept as real the pretence or affectation of others. It was more this sense of honour and unswerving straight-mindedness than any other mental attributes that gave her round English face the really noble and restful air it wore in repose. It may be imagined that with this high code of honour imposed on herself by her own free will, Sophie had suffered much in the knowledge of how her father and McIntyre managed, or rather mismanaged, business affairs. She had other causes too for the sadness those who knew her thought so inexplicable, disappointments in friendship, which were sure to come to one whose standard was so severe. She would break off with those who shocked her ideas of right, but she would continue to love and regret what she had put away from her. She had her own peculiar notions that she was weaker morally than most people, and needed all the stern discipline she gave herself. It was a hard, commonplace, unpractical sort of struggle, and she had no natural sparkle or vivacity of spirits to help her through it. Her sadness did not take a spiritual or interesting aspect and deprive her of appetite and sleep. The more miserable she felt the more inclined she was to fall into her father's weakness and set an undue importance on what there was for dinner, and to indulge in her natural tendency to heavy sleep.

Keith Cameron's love-making had brought something of a rose hue into her life's leaden sky, and a freshness and perfume to its thick dull atmosphere. Whether it made her happier or not she could not tell—it at least made her know what she had hardly hoped before—that happiness was possible to her. For this she felt she owed him much gratitude, so much that in her high sense of honour she was not sure she did not owe him all she could give, her love, her life, herself. She was still struggling for light as to this, but she feared it was so. It was the first matter of importance in her life on which she felt it only honourable to hesitate, and in her hesitation Keith and her own people chose to take her consent for granted, and though she always showed a gentle deprecation, she feared she was drifting into the future they desired for her.

As she came into the drawing-room with Jolliffe, Keith, glancing listlessly round, thought she looked prettier than usual. He

had given her some not unnecessary hints on taste in dress, and was flattered to see she had followed them rigidly this evening. Her black satin dress subdued her fulness and colour and showed but half her well-shaped but too rosy arms. Her unusually thick and long brown hair was in neat classic coils close to her head, and in it and her bodice she wore the sprays of white heath he had given her.

CHAPTER VII.—THE NEW MANAGER.

"OH, mamma!" cried Sophie, with far more than her usual animation, "I've seen the new manager and like him decidedly. Papa's just shown him to his room."

"He's a very nice fellow," decided Jolliffe, rubbing his hands as he invariably did before dinner to get them supple for his knife and fork. "I've had a chat with him in the office and am quite favourably impressed."

"Of course you would be," commented Mrs. Jolliffe, throwing the tulip petals into the fire with an air of supreme contempt, "because you knew you wouldn't enjoy your dinner if you were not."

"Quite so, quite so, my dear," chuckled Jolliffe, winking at Keith. "You have the deepest insight into poor human nature of any woman I ever knew."

"There's that Hall and his cubs," said his wife as a prolonged knock sounded through the house.

"Have I made the most of your flowers?" asked Sophie, sitting down in the window where it opened on the balcony over the orchard. This brought her almost as low as Keith's feet. He looked pleased, and answered with less than his accustomed languor as he glanced round the room—

"Charming! charming!"

"This sheet of white out here," said Sophie, looking over her shoulder on the pear-trees, "seems to throw out the colours so."

"Ye—es," replied Keith, "especially of the roses on somebody's cheeks."

"The rosewood mahogany, you mean," answered Sophie brusquely in a moment.

Keith attributed the change to the entrance of Mr. Hall and his party. Mrs. Hall had for once not only accepted Mrs. Jolliffe's invitation, she often did that, but had come. She was something of an invalid, and Mr. Hall generally had to apologize for her when both had promised to spend an evening at the brewery. Somehow gentlemen who make themselves great at small evening parties or dinners and expect to sing three

or four comic songs generally do have to apologize for their wives not coming. Mrs. Jolliffe had been so certain the brewer's wife would not come that she really had no place for her at table, but as it was always uncertain whether McIntyre would come or not she felt, as she saw Mrs. Hall's fashionably arrayed figure on the landing, that after all she might not be inconvenienced, and there was no need to be uncivil to her if McIntyre kept away. He was sure to do so, she said, as it was his duty to come.

Mrs. Hall was a large, pale, plain-faced woman, and in spite of being generally overdressed—fortunately she was in mourning—had all the manner and appearance of a lady. It was only when she began to talk she dispersed the pleasing illusion. She was a good-hearted woman, kind to the pupils, and Sophie liked her.

Mr. Hall had scarcely to speak before his characteristics made themselves known. He was very short, very fussy, and as demonstrative in attire, as large patterns in cloth, eccentric breast-pins, buttons, and uncontrollable linen could render him. He had large dark whiskers, dark eyes, bright and small, and a loud voice that usually prefaced its utterances by a commanding sort of cough.

No. 1 of the three pupils was Ned Dwining, athlete and dunce, withdrawn by an impatient uncle from what he called the humbug of University life and sent to something practical. He was broad-shouldered, well-featured, and had blue eyes with all the despair a failure at college and in love could give them, against the opposing influence of sound health of body and mind, a comfortably full purse, and a determination not to be a fool as well as a dunce.

Pupil No. 2, Mr. Todd, was rich, sickly, and small, possessing a wardrobe which Mrs. Hall declared he could never live through, and which she displayed to ladies of her acquaintance on certain days when he was out. Hall cringed to him, and quarrelled with his other pupils because they declined to pay him like respect.

No. 3 was Mr. Joseph Waller, the son of a poor author, whose money was never paid, and who had to walk a mile out of his way to avoid the ferry when he accompanied Dwining to the cricket matches across the river. He was tall, and fortunately picturesque as to long hair and whiskers, for his wardrobe was the reverse of Mr. Todd's. Indeed Mrs. Hall had requested that any invitations to Mr. Waller might be sent fully a week before the time, as, she added

mysteriously, "His circumstances require the laundress should know when he's going out." Waller was supposed to be scribbling himself in secret. He was much bullied by Hall, who declared he ate three times as much as the others. So he did, and was painfully aware of the fact. Mrs. Hall was very kind to him, or, as he told Dwining, he should have thrown himself into one of the boiling vats long since.

Dwining and he smoked their pipes together on a corner of the brewery leads when Hall was out of the way, and had much sympathy with each other, both being in love, though the object of Waller's attachment was a different one almost every week. Hall said that with his beggarly means and prospects he might at least keep quiet. Yet he was the greatest flirt in Stoke Bassett, and Miss Vickory was constantly arriving with love letters received from him by the young ladies. Mr. Waller's last "craze," as Mrs. Jolliffe unfeelingly described his love, was for a cousin of Sophie's, now staying with her, but not yet arrived down-stairs.

Of course Mrs. Jolliffe was charmed to see Mrs. Hall, and praised her husband for having persuaded her to come.

"Oh, don't give me credit," he cried, holding up his heavily ringed hands deprecatingly. "It's nothing but female curiosity, nothing else in the world."

"Oh, I'm sure, William!" protested Mrs. Hall as she held Mrs. Jolliffe's hand. "You shouldn't be a-saying of such things. What's the new manager to me?"

"Well, Mr. Jolliffe, sir," exclaimed the brewer in his loudest tones, shaking his host's hand more heartily than was comfortable, "so, to use a Byronical term, here's the Hassyrion come down like a wolf on the fold, eh?"

"Quite so, quite so," answered Jolliffe, turning to shake hands with the young men.

"Well," continued Hall, advancing to Sophie and Cameron, "I think we shall prove ourselves six to his half-dozen. To tell you the truth, Miss Jolliffe, I *did* persuade Mrs. 'all to come—the best thing in the world is to *haw* these sort of fellers. What do you say, Mr. Cameron? Ah, there's Miss Bowerby."

"If we're not hawed," remarked Keith to Sophie as the brewer bustled off to meet her cousin, "we shall undoubtedly be hipped. But here comes your devoted Dwining, blushing like a damsel of fifteen."

Miss Bowerby made Sophie appear quite slim—she was a large handsome girl, very

good-natured and silly, always laughing, and fortunately blessed with fine teeth and dimples, and had dewy dark eyes, and dark hair, which likewise might be said to dimple with laughter, for it was all glossy waves over the whitest of brows and behind the daintiest of ears. She had no sooner laughed over Hall's facetious greeting than she went into fresh and but ill-subdued mirth at Waller's adoring one.

Mrs. Jolliffe had only just returned with the brewer's wife, having been with her to take her bonnet off, when a tall figure appeared at the door, and Jolliffe advanced to meet the new manager.

The first impression Sophie had of him was that she saw a man much shaken by hardship of some kind. Gentlemanly, soldierly, even elegant, as his strikingly tall form was, it seemed to Sophie, as it moved with Jolliffe through the several introductions, to have something of the slightly yielding undulation of a mast that had to bend without breaking to incessant storms. His face was deeply lined under the eyes—dark grey—and full of light and intensity, and from the corners of the mouth to the nostrils. The mouth, sensitive in spite of the firmest of lower jaws, and the eyes, might have belonged to a man of twenty; but the lines in the face and the touches of grey in the dark hair, told plainly of twenty years more—twenty years more of very real life, if not, as Sophie thought, very hard and joyless life too.

He went through the introductions just as a man of the world and a man of good breeding might be expected, endeavouring not to observe the general ill-feeling towards himself of which he was really fully conscious. Perhaps he was over-duly conscious of it. Sophie had an idea he was so, and felt for him. When he was introduced to her he appeared to read this feeling in her honest blue eyes, and to be thankful to her for it.

Jolliffe observed that he still glanced about him expectantly when all had gone through the form of introduction, and thinking he guessed his thought, said—

"Mr. McIntyre promised to be here to meet you this evening, but he's so uncertain we never wait dinner for him. My dear," calling to his wife, "we won't wait for McIntyre."

"Nobody thinks of such a thing," answered Mrs. Jolliffe curtly. "It's *you* we're waiting for." Upon which Jolliffe gave his arm to Mrs. Hall and led the way. Hall took Miss Bowerby; Cameron, Sophie. The

pupils followed Mrs. Jolliffe and the new manager; Dwining, as Waller afterwards told him, "looking gimblets beyond them into Cameron's back."

The dining-room was the only one thing in the house that still retained all its old manorial glory. It was a really fine room, occupying the whole length of the building, and with a ceiling representing a sky scene, and a group of flying eagles, said to be by a master-hand. From its contrast to the other rooms, it generally impressed those entering it for the first time with surprise and admiration, and Mrs. Jolliffe quite expected the manager would share the feeling of most strangers. To her surprise he hardly glanced round it, but led her to her seat as if it had been the most commonplace white-washed apartment in the world.

Dinner was irreproachable. Jolliffe consequently was in excellent spirits and a most genial host, especially to the new arrival, who began to lose much of his reserve and painful sense of intrusiveness.

"What do you think of him?" asked Sophie of Cameron, as Hall was absorbing the attention of the new manager and Jolliffe by one of his long-winded and most extravagant incidents.

"My opinion is," was the answer, with a slight rising of the blonde eyebrows, "that there's a screw loose somewhere in such a fellow coming here on this business at all. He's no cad."

"What is your definition of a cad, Mr. Cameron?" asked Mrs. Jolliffe, who had overheard his last word only, and thought he was alluding to Dwining.

"Really," replied Keith, opening his eyes to their widest and shrugging his shoulders, "I always avoided the thing so much that I am no authority whatever on the subject."

Jolliffe did not like the prominence of his wife's chin and the swelling of her throat, knowing well what such signs meant; and hoping to prevent the conflict being single-handed between her and Cameron, said, "Now, Mr. Hall, this is a matter for your experienced and discerning mind. What is a cad?"

"He certainly cannot plead my excuse," said Keith to Sophie, though not at all in too low a tone to be heard by whoever might be listening. Dwining not only heard, but saw the look of unmistakable meaning that accompanied the words, and bent over his knife and fork with unusual assiduity.

Hall, while pondering over some all-convincing reply to his host's question, happened

to catch sight of Waller repeating a line of poetry with his shaggy whiskers almost close to Miss Bowerby's laughing face.

"My idea of a cad," said the brewer, looking hard at the offending pupil, "is a fellow who enters on a career as a gentleman and—and a schientist without either means, manners, or morals to hact up to it."

"Mr. Dwining has *his* opinion on the subject, I can see," observed Mrs. Jolliffe, scornfully to notice Sophie's pleading look.

"Come, Dwining," cried Jolliffe, trying to laugh the matter down.

"A cad, sir," answered the young cricketer, carefully avoiding to look at Cameron—"I have known the best fellows I ever knew to say, is a man who suspects all his acquaintances of being cads till they teach him otherwise, sometimes in a way more convincing than pleasant."

"Perhaps," remarked Jolliffe, with a still lingering academic wink at the ex-undergraduate, "as Ulysses practically explained the term to Thersites;" an allusion which, while delighting Dwining, so clouded the subject to the general company that it was at once dropped.

Sophie had scarcely dared to look up from her plate for the last minute or two. Her natural nervousness came over her with unusual force. She could hardly struggle against it. Raising her eyes to see if Pascal had noticed anything of the hidden meaning of the unpleasant turn the conversation had taken, she found his eyes looking directly at her, and with a deep and kindly scrutiny. Reserved and painfully doubtful of herself as she was, such a look from one who must already know some of the trouble that surrounded her, and who was evidently keen enough to guess of more being within herself, added much to her confusion. She hardly knew how she could have concealed it had not her mother at that moment risen.

CHAPTER VIII.—JEALOUSY.

MCINTYRE was in the drawing-room when the ladies reached it, and made a feeble excuse for not having arrived in time for dinner.

There could hardly exist a greater contrast than that presented by the two partners of the Pelican brewery.

Donald McIntyre was a man whose present hopes and ambitions were as a little cluster of green growth on an almost dead tree. He called his past dead, and would derive neither comfort nor caution from it.

His wife had died leaving a son fifteen

years of age. He had cherished this boy as holding two lives instead of one, and the whole ambition of his life had been centred in him, and, as he considered, wrecked. For he had opposed him in his first great ambition for himself, and opposition in his own flesh and blood was what McIntyre had never been used to and could never forgive.

That happened eight years before McIntyre was asked to become guardian to young Keith Cameron, the son of the woman he had intended Allan to marry.

His interest in this young man was part of the top-growth of fresh leaves on his withered tree of life. His face and form almost illustrated his history. The latter was thin and dried, and the clothes hung loosely on it. The former was like parchment, and made more wild-looking by the shadowy grey hair—not venerable white, but sad, shadowy, dark grey hair, generally pushed almost upright by the restless, wandering fingers, and surrounding his head like a vapour of the past. But in the dark, haggard eyes shone the new interests. The new top-growth was very apparent in them, and in the eager, unintentionally falsetto voice, with its faint Scotch accent, and even in an occasional glow of quite pure carmine on the high-boned cheeks.

Sophie thought he looked more dreamy and wild than ever; and though these two were never great friends, she often had a longing that she might, as his ward's wife, do something to render his existence less lonely and cheerless.

That evening, as she saw him increasing the disorder of his vapoury-looking hair by thrusting his trembling fingers through it, and noticed that his lips were blue with cold though the evening was unusually warm, she felt full of affectionate pity for him. She kept his cold hand in both her hands a minute, and slept on her chair beside him as he sat at the window in the last glow from the sun. He seemed surprised and touched.

"Well, little girl," he said, passing his disengaged hand caressingly over her smooth hair, "and how does the world use *you*?"

"Bewilders me rather," answered Sophie.

"Does Keith bewilder you?"

"Yes, as much as any part of it."

"He is a part of it then?" said McIntyre with his falsetto laugh. "I thought lovers seemed to each other beings from different spheres."

"If I ever forget the world a little while," replied Sophie, "it's certainly not when I'm with Keith."

She spoke with an unconscious yearning and pathos that somehow struck a long silent string on McIntyre's ill-used harp of memory. He looked at her till there was really sympathy in his eyes.

Mrs. Jolliffe and her visitors were at the little tea-table in the inner drawing-room.

Sophie laid her hand again on the one she had just relinquished.

"Mr. McIntyre!"

"My dear!" He spoke the words almost in alarm. Her utterance of his name had been so earnest.

"Don't think me unfeeling, but I want to speak of something you would rather not have mentioned. But you will forgive me if it would do me good to speak of it?"

He drew back slightly, but Sophie persisted, looking into his eyes with a pleading that would not be refused.

"You loved your wife." The hand trembled, perhaps struggled a little, but Sophie would not let it go. "Your whole life has shown how you loved her. You let no one take her place."

He stared at her in amazement, which Sophie prevented from deepening into anger by looking steadily into his eyes.

"You loved your son. You let no one take *his* place."

The eyes were now riveted to hers—like those of some poor bird charmed against its will, and the shadowy head shook with a negative to her question.

"Not Keith."

The head was shaken still more decidedly.

"You would not even let him take the place of the noble lad you lost. But this is what I wanted to say. You are the only one I ever knew in my life who has made me really believe in love. Your poor wrecked life—"

"My dear, my life is really only beginning," and the falsetto laugh and strange statement ended the sudden fit of confidence and sympathy between the two.

Sophie's ideal lover became merged once more into the tiresome, useless partner in the firm, with his absurd, dreamy notions; and McIntyre's renewed vision of true girlhood, such as Sophie had given him for a moment or two, changed to his normal idea of the egotism and heartlessness of youth, that can see no hope but in itself, recognise the worth of no ambition but its own.

"And how do you like Pascal?" inquired McIntyre, as his own and Sophie's heart drifted from each other rapidly as they had approached.

"I see nothing to dislike in him yet—except, of course, that he causes you and papa vexation."

"Is there nothing of the bloodhound let loose on his favourite scent in him?"

"Nothing whatever of the kind that I can see."

"You don't think he is one to be carrying this investigation farther than his instructions compel him?"

Sophie looked surprised. McIntyre never by any chance spoke to her on business, yet now he questioned her with a sort of feverish earnestness, and gazed in anxious suspense into her eyes.

"I should think decidedly not," she answered.

"Oh! you do."

"Yes; and I believe he will not find his necessary business much to his liking."

"Ah, yes. Then he would in all probability wish to simplify his task, and get it over as soon as possible?"

"That is what I should think."

"Thanks, thanks."

Sophie grew still more perplexed, for McIntyre seemed to have forgotten her, as he sank back in his chair, looking with wan, dreamy eyes on his thin hands as their fingers locked and unlocked tremblingly.

"No," he murmured, without looking at her, "he would not be likely to prolong or complicate it."

Sophie was still looking at him in wonder, and some increasing alarm at the wanness and tremulousness that seemed so to have gained upon him since she saw him last, when she heard her father's laugh at the door, and saw him bringing Mr. Pascal at once towards McIntyre.

"Ah, there he is!" cried Jolliffe. "Mr. Pascal, we are indebted to you for the triumph of getting him here to-night. How are you, friend Hermit? Here's Mr. Pascal, who's come to teach the poor Pelican the art of supporting her numerous progeny without drawing so much on her own life blood."

McIntyre rose and shook hands with the new manager. He only gave one anxious, furtive glance at his face, then sank down again, saying, with a laugh full of depression,

"You startled us. I had forgotten all about business, and was indulging in a fit of sentiment with Miss Jolliffe."

Sophie could scarcely conceal her surprise. How was it the latter part of their brief conversation had gone from her mind, as it evidently had gone from his, and the recollection of the first part returned? How had

it happened? When? The transition of thought and feeling had come in a moment—a moment, too, when one would have expected everything of the kind to have vanished at the appearance of a stranger, especially a stranger regarded with so much foreboding as the new manager.

Sophie, as her father spoke to McIntyre, glanced again at Pascal, and found his eyes regarding her in a manner that made her colour painfully. But the last look at his face had solved the mystery as to her own and McIntyre's change of thought to the spirit of their brief confidence. It occurred to her that though they had, before Pascal's entrance, changed the subject of conversation, they had remained in the same attitude; and perhaps even the expression of the brief flash of confidence and sympathy remained, and was seen by Pascal, and was reflected back for them from his face.

Pascal hardly looked at McIntyre, but stood listening while Jolliffe made some good-humouredly sarcastic allusions to his partner's few and far-between visits to the brewery.

Sophie, although Keith had come to her side, could not help watching the two men when Jolliffe moved away and left them together. She felt concerned for each in a manner. McIntyre had shown her involuntarily, in his weakness, how he dreaded Pascal's intervention, and Pascal, she felt, with a keenness of perception rather unusual to her, had observed enough of this to cause him to shun the nervous, haggard eyes of McIntyre, and to feel his position in a way he certainly did not feel it with regard to her father. Unused, as McIntyre had been for many years, to glance even mentally at the true state of his affairs, Sophie saw that being constrained to do so now in Pascal's presence, made him grow more and more confused and restless. He glanced at the window and shivered.

"Will you allow me to move your chair farther back?" asked Pascal, stooping and speaking with extreme gentleness.

Sophie thought there was something of a school-boy's timidity in addressing a much-dreaded master. There was certainly fear of repulse in his manner and voice.

"Thanks, thanks," answered McIntyre, looking up with almost childish relief and gratitude.

Pascal, too, was evidently relieved at receiving no repulse, and retained McIntyre's trembling hand on his arm while pushing the chair back. Both seemed more at ease when, having ensconced McIntyre in the sheltered

corner to the left of the window, Pascal stood beside him, looking greatly pleased at his little attention being accepted. McIntyre rubbed his cold hands, and turned his head from side to side with something of the growing trust of a maimed bird beginning to understand that the discoverer of its helplessness intends it no injury. He seemed to like to have the new manager standing there with his hand on his chair-back, and when Pascal's glance wandered round the room McIntyre's wan eyes looked up at him wistfully, almost confidingly, fascinated, Sophie thought, as she had partly been, by the mingling of strength and kindness in the dark, narrow face.

"The man must be a bit of a hypocrite," declared Mrs. Jolliffe to her husband. "He can't have all that respect for poor McIntyre, knowing it's his fault the business has come to what it is. He bends down to him and listens to what he says, as if he was hearing his lady love's first kind words."

"Quite so, quite so," laughed Jolliffe. "Just as I looked, my dear, when I heard you first fondly whisper——"

"Oh, bosh! Do get Keith to start the singing. I'm tired to death of talking to that woman."

"That woman," poor Mrs. Hall, still beamed under the delusion she was being repaid for making the effort to come out by Mrs. Jolliffe's pleasure in her society.

Hall glanced occasionally at his wife's rich dress, and remarked to one of his pupils in regard to Pascal that there was nothing like having such a man. Keith Cameron got "Sophie" to sing, and the charm of her rich mezzo-soprano voice in "When sparrows build" seemed to bring a warmer, purer atmosphere into the room, that made it have a summer of its own to blend with the white-robed, incense-breathing summer without.

Young Dwining, for the first time since his oration on eads, ventured to look at her, and his blue eyes, which had been clouded over with vexation at himself, Keith, and all the world, brightened and dilated with a manly and unrestrainable admiration and pleasure. In vain Keith tried to interpose his "stony British stare" between this honest, loving gaze, and Sophie's consciousness. He saw her look up and meet it, and felt as irritated as even the coldest of lovers might be supposed to feel at the sight of her eyes growing brighter under it, and the sound of her voice more rich and true: changes perceived by Dwining, Keith saw, and making his ordinary-looking face, com-

mon to thousands of his age and health, positively handsome. This sort of Freemasonry between their natures, established, Keith felt sure, without the wills of either, was more provoking to him than any studied show of mutual liking could have been. Dwining's glance seemed like a key unlocking the soul Keith could not touch, and making it look from her eyes and float out on her voice.

Mrs. Jolliffe had wished Keith to be jealous, but she would hardly have cared to know how his usually listless fingers, turning over Sophie's music, literally throbbled for acquaintance with the fine column of young Dwining's throat.

His natural vanity gave him coolness enough to ask himself if any one noticed his cause of mortification, and he glanced round the room with eyes that could scarcely even feign languor. Mrs. Jolliffe, Hall, the rich pupil, and Mrs. Hall were at whist; Waller and Miss Bowerby flirting by the Vanthols. Keith's glance grew more careless as it sought out McIntyre and Pascal. Scarcely though had his eyes reached the new manager, than they were withdrawn back to Sophie's music, gleaming with fresh rage.

Pascal had been regarding the group at the piano with the utmost attention and interest. Keith hated Dwining twice as much as before on seeing this. He hardly knew how he had patience and presence of mind to place another song before Sophie when she was entreated to sing again, or how he returned her smile as she looked up at him as if things were just the same between them as before. The song was one she had composed to some old verses that had taken her fancy, and she sang them now with a brightness and freshness that brought a sense of morning in the garden to her listeners.

"May I look at the words?" asked Pascal, coming up to her as she finished.

"If you can read them," said Sophie. "I copied them as I found them," and she handed him the song, which he read.

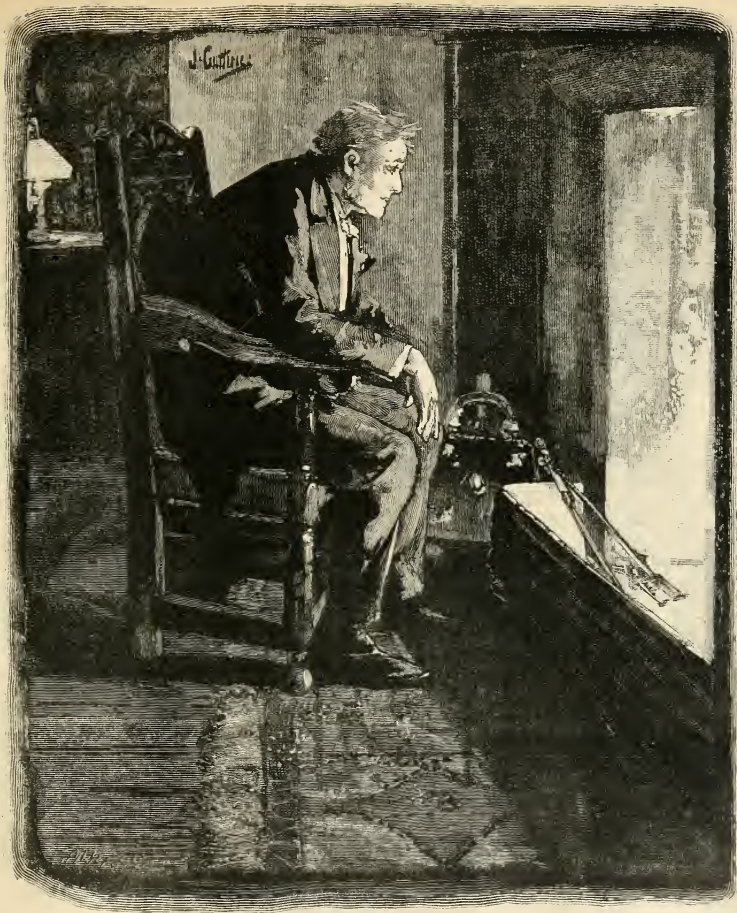
"THE MAYDE AND THE ROSE.

"See eche pink loefe itself repete
Above the rose's harte,
The moyrnye sonne, however swete,
Is sic to mayke them parte.

"Yet at thy louve's first care'sse toche
Thou woldst a soule unclose,
And murmur that it hath as moche
Reluctance as a rose."

"Pretty, if one could believe at all in the idea," observed Keith, with more of a sneer in his drawl than Sophie had ever heard before.

"You don't, then?" asked Pascal, handing back the song.



“Does he mean it?”

“Hardly,” drawled Keith, intending his words only for Sophie. “It’s the light no doubt in which ladies wish their hesitation to be looked at, but it’s generally supposed, I imagine, that hesitation as to one fellow only means that another’s in the way.”

Pascal glanced at Sophie but withdrew his eyes instantly. Keith, without daring to see what effect his words had taken, went straight to Dwining and asked him to sing. He did so partly because he felt he could not endure to hear him asked by any one else, and partly because it was some relief to confront him, and speak out some of his inward passion even if it was under the veil of a request.

Dwining was far too much under the spell of Sophie’s soft, song-inspired eyes, to notice any more unpleasantness than usual in Cameron’s manner. The two were always unpleasant to each other, the only difference being that Keith was gracefully, Dwining awkwardly so.

Mrs. Jolliffe called across the card-table to Dwining, imperiously seconding Keith’s request, and Jolliffe petitioned for “When the bloom is on the rye.”

“Not that,” said Dwining as he stood by Sophie. “I never get through it without a break.”

“I’ll get you through it,” she answered with bright confidence, and Keith had to see

how completely Dwining was in her hands, ready, rather than oppose her, to risk his dignity—to make a fool of himself, Keith thought, rather than not surrender himself to her influence, not show his full and unquestioning acceptance of her promise.

Dwining was in good voice, and his many blunders were concealed with consummate skill by Sophie's accompaniment, such skill indeed that only Keith's jealous ear detected them.

Dwining's natural shyness disappeared in the little fit of laughing congratulation he and Sophie indulged in with their heads over the music folio when the song was ended. She was serious in her praise, he in his thanks, yet each received the other's words in jest and were half-grieved with each other for doing so. The dialogue was absurdly inconsequential in itself.

"You sang it really better than when we practised it last week."

"You made it seem so."

"But I hope you believe me?"

"I believe in your kindness."

"I'd rather you'd believe in my word."

"You won't believe me when I say it was only you saved me from utter collapse."

"No."

"Then you think I'd presume to flatter you?"

"You seem to think I would you."

"Now, that *is* unkind."

What could seem more trifling and absurd, thought Keith. Yes, if he had ears only, but having eyes also, he could see the trivial argument was as exciting to the two engaged on it as though it went this wise—

"I love your voice, it teaches my fingers cunning."

"My voice is your slave, only to be led by you."

"You are too proud to take my praise, I am too proud to withdraw."

"I would have you know I mean not only my voice but my whole being would be guided by you to things of which it is itself incapable. Believe me in the trifling matter they hear us talking of. It is all the belief I dare ask or you give. It is all, but give me that."

Keith could fancy that any instant Dwining might have snatched Sophie's hand, or that Sophie's eyes might become tearful—so much in earnest had the really trivial words been spoken. It seemed to Keith that they were using such idle words to veil a livelier love passage than had ever passed between Sophie and himself. Did it strike any one

else as it struck him? Yes; again Pascal's eyes seemed reading Sophie's blushing face, with more interest than Keith thought warrantable in a stranger. It immediately convinced him the state of things between Dwining and Sophie must be even more apparent than he had thought. He felt bewildered and irritated beyond endurance. Only a day before, when a friend bantered him on his delay in persuading Sophie to agree as to "the happy day," he had, with an air of graceful vanity, if not insolence, intimated that only a word from himself was wanting. He had done this in perfect sincerity, having quite believed the hesitation was all on his side.

Keith, as a rule, was not an impulsive young man, but he certainly was to-night much inclined to do something to humble Sophie, as he felt she had humbled him. Yet he told himself that the first thing to be done was to completely conceal from her that he was either surprised or irritated. He sang and accompanied Sophie and Dwining in a trio, and even persuaded the other pupils to join in glees; Keith condescending to sing with them. Still, all through the evening he saw that almost involuntary but earnest claiming on the part of Sophie and Dwining of their right to be confidential and to interchange sympathy, and something more than sympathy, in the name of the music in which they were both enthusiastic. He could have borne it to a certain extent, but when he saw how they drew each other out, and how charmed they appeared at the result of so doing, Keith felt very much as though he was being made a fool of.

"You never go to Saint Matthias's," he heard Dwining say to Sophie.

"No," answered Sophie. "You know I'm not High Church at all."

"But the singing is glorious. Have you never been?"

"No, but I mean to go some day."

"Come to-morrow?"

"Well, I may as well then as any other day."

"You will?"

"Yes, my cousin wants to go."

"And you'll be there to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"Really."

Dwining's words were nothing in themselves. It was the fervent entreaty in his eyes when he said, "Come to-morrow;" the tender yet apologetic doubt as he asked "Really?" the pleasure Sophie showed in stilling the doubt by her honest look and

word of assurance : it was all this made Keith wish it would not be vulgarly eccentric (to say the least of it) to throw Dwining out of the window by which he stood. How many times had Keith asked Sophie to go with him to St. Matthias's, and invariably in vain, she always excusing herself on the plea of her devotion to the old parish church.

Although it was past midnight when McIntyre and Keith returned to the Poplars, the good fire in the library tempted them to enjoy the semblance of winter in the heavily dewed summer's night.

"A very decent fellow, that man of Lovibond's," observed McIntyre, warming his hands. "I'm very glad for Jolliffe's sake ; it would have been so unpleasant for them to have had a vulgar or an inconsiderate person quartered upon them."

Keith knocked off the end of his cigar and stood looking at it with his elbow on the mantel-piece. McIntyre glanced at him, wondering a little at his silence ; but his perfect features were as usual imperturbable, except that they had a slightly pensive expression extremely becoming. At length he did answer, showing he had not been oblivious to his guardian's remark.

"I fancy though," he said, admiring the turn of his wrist as he held his cigar, and speaking in a more inert drawl than usual, "there *may* be unpleasantness."

"Do you?"

"I fancy it might be as well for me to be out of it all."

"Out of it ? Then what do you mean to do?"

"Don't know at all," lisped Keith.

"My dear boy, this is childish. What can you mean?" McIntyre leaned back in his chair, and looked at Keith with an alarm in his eyes the occasion did not seem to warrant. "Surely," he added, with his high-pitched laugh, "you are jesting."

Keith shook his head, hiding a yawn, and answered with languid decision, "No." His weariness was not affected. His first occasion for jealousy had caused him as much pain as it would have done a better man.

"But—but," said McIntyre, "I surely don't understand you. You cannot possibly mean your affection for Miss Jolliffe is to be endangered by her father's present difficulties?"

"I fancy my plan of life will be entirely changed," answered Keith calmly. "One thing I'm resolved on ; I had certainly better be absent while things are so out of shape at the brewery. But we can talk of this next week. I am keeping you up ; and if Hall's funny songs have bored you as they have me, you want rest. Good night."

"Good night," said McIntyre with white lips.

When Keith had gone and his light though languid step was heard on the stairs, the head in the arm-chair fell forward upon trembling hands ; then it was lifted, and the eyes looked into the fire with all the pathos of a child charged with some crime it can but partly understand.

"Does he mean it?" said McIntyre, half aloud ; "does he really mean it, and does he want his money ? And must I be ruined !—disgraced for the whim of a boy ?"

UNDER A THORN-TREE.

WIFE, you see I kept them snugly,
Our old pictures of langsyne—
Old ideals grow often ugly,
Not this cottage one of mine—
Yours a colour in September—
Wife, it seems but yestermorn
When we sketched, do you remember ?
Underneath that crimson thorn.

Yes, that large white owl was near us,
In our woodland painting place,
Seeming both to see and hear us
With an interested face ;
Looking, oh so wise and woolly,
We could fancy he might say,
"Ah, I knew love's phrenzy fully
In my young and heedless day !"

Did Sir Robin too deride us
Up against that autumn sky,
On a tree which could not hide us
From his bright and merry eye ?
"Bob," you said, "seems sketching boldly
In his mind, a larder bare,
With us twain both crying coldly,
'Not a crumb for Bob to spare !'"

Then you questioned archly, sadly,
"Must love's summer always go ?
Can it be that love loves madly ?
Owl and redbreast tell us so !"
And I drew a robin peering
Through a cottage window-pane,
Singing o'er his crumb-feast cheering,
"True love's summer does not wane."

"Oh, the owl's a cynic, dearest,
And a satirist is Bob—
Love," I said, "oft sees the clearest
All its wealth which none may rob—
If to Heaven's Gate we take it,
Asking for its blessing there,
Love will have a fount to slake it
That can keep it fresh and fair."

So we left that thorn-tree gaily,
Happy-plighted, hand in hand,
And our love has since been daily
To us twain a summer land.
Now the bells of age are tinkled
In our ears, my white-haired wife,
But though old love grows not wrinkled
If its summer is for life.

H. E. WARING.

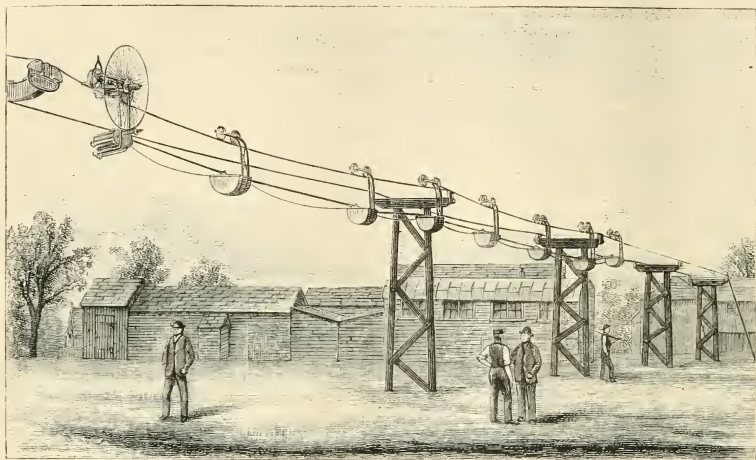


Fig. 1.

TELPHERAGE.

By PROFESSOR FLEEMING JENKIN, LL.D., F.R.S.

TELPHERAGE is a name applicable to any automatic system of electric transport, so that we may possibly hereafter talk of telfhering goods as we now speak of telegraphing messages; but although the word is meant to bear this extended signification, I propose in the present article to describe only the one form of Telfer line shown in the illustration (Fig. 1) taken from a photograph of a line in Hertfordshire. It will be seen that this line consists of two series of parallel rods suspended from posts. One set forms the up line and the other the down line. The train in the picture is hanging from the nearest line with a locomotive in front. This train consists of a series of buckets or skips joined by wooden rods so as to keep them evenly spaced over a distance equal to two spans. The rods are borne by cast-iron saddles on a cross-beam carried by braced posts. This form of line, train, and locomotive was the first result

of an attempt to design a system of transport in which all parts should be specially adapted to the employment of electricity as an agent for the transmission of power.

The main peculiarity, as it seemed to me, of this new agent was the ease with which power so sent could be subdivided. With steam we necessarily employ the power at one spot near the heavy boiler, but with electricity we can supply fifty trains with 2-horse power each, as easily as we can supply one train with 100-horse power. By taking advantage of this subdivision, and by distributing the weight of the trucks over a great length of line in many small trains, it would, I thought, be possible to design a roadway with a sub-structure lighter and cheaper than even the lightest possible form of steam tramway. I chose a suspended line in the first instance, because insulation was thereby rendered

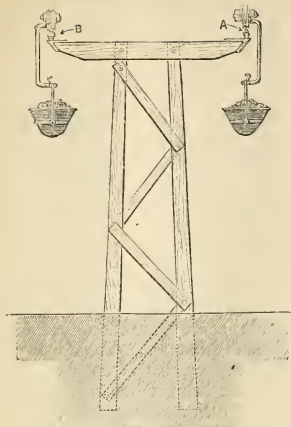


Fig. 2.

suspended, it seemed desirable that the carriages should run on a single-wheel path, as in the ordinary forms of wire tramway; and further that each train should itself be long, so as to carry out the idea of distribution of weight to the greatest possible extent. These then are the chief mechanical features of the new Telpher line. But electricity not only gave the means of distributing the power, it also gave new and remarkable facilities for controlling that power by automatic arrangements. The current can be supplied to each train in just the amount required to maintain a given speed, whether the train is on the level, or running up hill, or running down hill. When running down hill, after the current has been cut off, a break comes into action as a further safeguard against excessive speed; and it has further seemed desirable to introduce a block system by which one train may be prevented from coming within any given distance of its forerunner.

With the view of practically testing various solutions of these problems on a scale sufficient for the class of traffic contemplated, experimental works were erected by the Telpherage Company, Limited, at Weston, in Hertfordshire, on the estate of the chairman of the company, Mr. M. R. Pryor. Many forms of rope, rod, post, saddle, locomotive, and truck, were erected and tried during a period of more than a year. Finally a short line, 700 feet long, was constructed which re-entered on itself, so that trains could

easy, and this course was followed by several other advantages; the small trains were removed from interference, and at the same time all danger was avoided of accidental injury to persons or cattle from the powerful currents to be employed; fencing, earth works, bridges, and the purchase of land all became unnecessary. If the road were to be

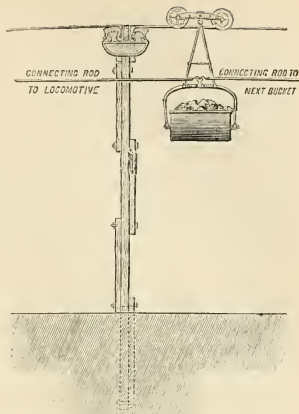


Fig. 2A.

be run round and round. The line consisted of ten 50-foot spans bridged by flexible round rods of steel five-eighths of an inch in diameter, joined by two semicircular ends each 100 feet long, made of stiff angle iron, supported on posts about 10 feet apart. A siding was also erected on to which a train could be run at will. Two trains were sometimes run simultaneously on the Weston line, though the dynamo employed was not very well suited for the double traffic; habitually only one train was used. The present article is not intended for the engineer or man of science, and the unprofessional reader can form no conception of the multiplicity of petty details to be designed and redesigned before even moderate success can be obtained with an invention so novel in all its parts as that with which we were engaged. It will therefore be sufficient to say that in the end our locomotive and general system were so far perfected that we were able to invite all and sundry to come to Weston and inspect the running, and that during somewhat more than a fortnight, while the exhibition was held, no serious hitch occurred. The experimental trains weighed about a ton, and the speed was from four to five miles an hour. This speed cannot in my opinion be much exceeded with flexible lines. The block system was in action, but the automatic break and governor were not then applied. Since that time the break was tested on another short line erected at Erith before being sent

to South America. The successful testing of the governor came later still, and now the company is prepared to guarantee that a line shall perform its work of transporting so many tons per diem satisfactorily to the purchaser. At the moment of writing this article the invention has therefore reached a transition stage. It is no longer a mere ingenious idea or a pretty plaything, although when made on a small scale it forms a singularly attractive toy. Mechanical and scientific experiments have been tried with success on a practical scale, the next step is to work the lines commercially.

I do not purpose to enter into any arguments as to the probable issue from this ordeal. Questions of that kind can be profitably raised only in engineering or scientific journals. My present object is to explain popularly how trains can run at all on suspended roads, how trains can be driven by electricity, and how the running can be automatically controlled (Fig. 2). The first question I am invariably asked is this, "How do the trains pass the posts?" A glance at the two views in the second illustration ought to make this clear. In the left-hand drawing the spectator is supposed to be standing between the two lines and looking straight at the framed post. A beam stretches across this post, overhanging on either side, like a bracket. At each end of the beam there is a cast-iron saddle, to which the rods are attached. These rods appear as mere points at A and B, as if sawn through just where they leave the saddle. A pair of trucks are shown, one on the up line and the other on the down line; the wheels support a bent stiff arm, which comes round under the bracket, and carries the bucket containing coal or ore. It should be clear that a truck of this shape can be pulled past the bracket without fouling it in any way.

The weight in the bucket is far below the point of support, and hangs from the saddle or the rope, as a weight, w , will hang on a stiff curved arm, as shown in Fig. 3.

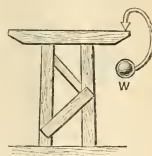


Fig. 3.

In all this there is nothing novel. This arrangement of post and truck has been in use these twenty years for lines along which trains or buckets were pulled, sometimes by a separate continuous rope, sometimes by making the supporting rope itself travel with the bucket resting on it. These overhead rope-ways are excellent things for short distances, but it is difficult to use them for long distances, sharp curves, or varying inclines. On a Telfer line the trains are pulled along by veritable locomotives, each locomotive hauling from five to ten trucks. No loss results from the alternate descent and ascent of the trucks between each post. Each truck is of the same weight, and when one is descending a corresponding weight is ascending.

Before describing the special arrangements used on the Telfer line it may be well to explain briefly how electricity can be used to drive machines in general. When a current of electricity flows round an iron core, when, for instance, it flows through a bobbin of cotton-covered copper wire disposed as is shown at A in Fig. 4, it converts the iron into a magnet. The poles are marked N and S in the diagram. If the current is large and the turns of copper wire numerous the magnet will be powerful. When two bobbins, A and B, are placed as in the diagram, with the same current flowing in each, the attraction between the two magnets will turn the central portion B C round, as shown by the

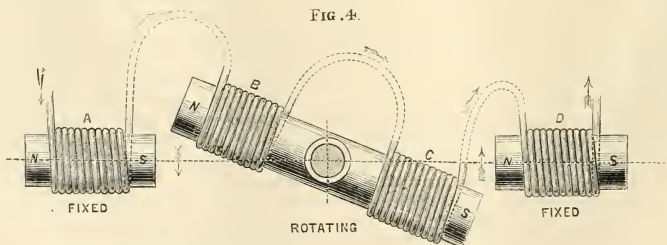


FIG. 4.

arrow; the action will be assisted if there are similar bobbins at C and D. Now let there be an arrangement by which when B comes opposite A the direction of the current in B and C is reversed, while the flow round A and D remains unchanged; the polarity of the

magnet B C will be reversed; and as the two poles of A and B, which are close together, will now be both north poles, these will repel one another, and as the wheel continues to revolve it will receive a fresh impulse, tending to carry on the rotation.

It is easy to imagine mechanical arrangements in which these two elementary impulses, due alternately to attraction and repulsion, are continually repeated as B passes a series of magnets like A, arranged in a ring. And in this way it is clear that the ring may be driven by means of forces depending on magnetism due to a current received by the motor. The actual motors employed to receive power from electric currents differ largely from the elementary form just described; but in all of them the action depends on analogous changes of magnetism due to analogous changes in the path which the current follows.

Any motor which can be driven by receiving an electric current will, if driven independently by a steam-engine, send a current through the same circuit. In other words similar machines are used to produce and receive the current, but when used to produce the current they are commonly called dynamos, and when used to receive the current they are called motors.

Any system for transmitting power by electricity consists essentially of two dynamos joined by electrical conductors, so that the current generated by the one dynamo flows through the other. Then if the one be kept going by a steam-engine or water power the other will be driven in virtue of the electric current generated. It will be seen that the function of the electric current is closely analogous to that of a belt joining two pulleys; but this electric belt, as I may call it, may be of great length—a mile is not more for electricity than a yard for leather. The electricity will go up or down, round any number of corners, in the air, or underground, or below the sea. It will stop, start, reverse a thousand times a minute. It will split up and ramify, so as to drive a hundred wheels in place of one. Altogether the most wonderful gearing yet known; not frictionless, however, for some portion of the power transmitted is as inevitably wasted as if the connection were made by gross ponderous matter. No means exist, or can exist in this mechanical world, by which, whether in art or nature, power can be transmitted without loss. In all cases this loss takes the form of heat, and all the heat thus lost on our earth is ultimately radiated into space,

whither we have no desire to pursue it for the present.

When electricity is thus harnessed to perform the duty of connecting a machine which drives with one which is driven, power is lost in the dynamo generating the electricity, and power is again lost in the dynamo driven by the electricity, these two machines being heated by the process; power appearing as heat is further lost in the conductor joining the two machines. In all this, electricity behaves precisely as shafting, spur-wheels, belts, compressed air, or water under pressure would behave when called on to perform similar duties. In every case the power received at the farther end of the series of connecting links is less than that supplied at the near end. Considering the extraordinary distance through which electricity will play the part of a connecting chain, the loss entailed is not extravagant. Last year, (1883), Marcel Desprez, using about 11½-horse power to drive a dynamo at Vizelle, performed work at Grenoble representing nearly 7-horse power. The distance between the two places was about eight and three-quarter miles, and the bronze wire used for transmission was only one-thirteenth of an inch in diameter. An iron wire about a fifth of an inch in diameter would have given the same result, which may be expressed by saying that the loss from all causes was about 37 per cent. of the power developed by the prime mover. To achieve this result Desprez required no new invention. He simply applied well-known laws, and used well-known forms of dynamo. His loss would have been still less if he had used a larger wire, but he seems to have set his heart on driving home to men's minds the fact, long since enunciated by Sir William Thomson, that by the use of what may be called metaphorically high-pressure electricity, a large horse power may be economically sent through a small conductor. *Ceteris paribus*, using the same dynamo and the same motor, the loss in the conductor diminishes as we increase the size of that conductor, and the duty of the engineer, as was pointed out by Sir William Thomson from the first, is simply to use that size which is most economical, taking all circumstances into account. The large conductor costs more than the small one, but wastes less power.

The iron rods of a Telpher line, when thick enough to support the train, are also sufficiently massive to convey so much electric current as will drive with small loss many trains simultaneously over lengths of at least

five miles extending in any direction from the water-wheel or stationary engine producing the current. If the traffic were light this distance of five miles might be considerably exceeded, and it will hardly ever be necessary to have stationary motors nearer to each other than ten miles, each driving for five miles to the right and five miles to the left.

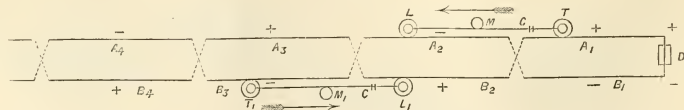
If I may assume that the unscientific reader has now learnt, in some degree, how a current of electricity can turn a shaft or axle, it will be clear to him that the shaft may by any ordinary gearing be so connected with the driving-wheel of the locomotive as to haul a train along at the desired speed. In order that these driving-wheels should not slip on the rod, but should take so firm a hold as to allow the locomotive to haul trains up steeper inclines than can be faced by steam tramways, two special forms of grip have been devised and tested. In one of these there are two steel driving wheels with vertical shafts, which nip the rod between them, being pressed together by a spring applied in a novel fashion, so as to cause no injurious friction tending to impair the efficiency of the machine. In the second form of grip the locomotive holds on in virtue of its weight, as an ordinary locomotive holds on to an ordinary rail; but in order to get the desired adhesion for steep inclines, india-rubber tyres are used, like those of an ordinary bicycle. The weight of the whole machine is so small that these can be used without any rapid abrasion taking place, and the grip of the rubber in wet or dry weather is astonishing. A locomotive weighing 3 cwt. cannot be made to slip on the rod with a pull of less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., and this pull would be ample for very steep inclines. The illustration at the beginning of this article shows a locomotive with one form of the first, or "nest grip," as it was called; but the details can hardly be made out, and would only be interesting to professional readers. The newer locomotive with the india-rubber tyres is simpler and

cheaper—it appears in the tailpiece of this article; it has two driving-wheels, one in front of the other, and each free to follow any curve in the line, like the two wheels of a bicycle. Experience has yet to decide which of these two types will ultimately be preferred.

I will now endeavour to explain how the electric current is supplied to the motor wherever the train may be. The two ends of the conductor working the electro-magnets of the motor, are joined by insulated wires to two insulated wheels of the train, the distance between which is equal to the length of one span. If then one of these wheels is joined by a conductor to the one pole of the dynamo producing the electric current, while the other wheel is joined to the other pole by a second conductor, it is obvious that the current will have a complete circuit open for it, the motor will be driven, and the train hauled along. The connection of these two wheels with the two poles of the dynamo is managed after the following fashion:—

Each span of the line is bridged by a separate steel rod. These rods are insulated from each other at the saddles, but the rods of the up line are connected with those of the down line by cross wires, as shown by dotted lines in Fig. 5, where A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4 are spans of the up line, and B_1, B_2, B_3, B_4 spans of the down line, seen in plan. D is the dynamo which electrifies rod A_1 positively, and rod B_1 negatively. Not only rod A_1 , but the whole series of rods in connection with it become positive; not only rod B_1 , but all the rods in connection with it become negative. No current will flow until the circuit is completed by some conductor which joins a positive with a negative rod. Now let the two wheels L and T , with which the motor is connected, be placed as in the diagram, so that one is on a positive section as at A_1 , and the other on a negative section as at A_2 ; we shall then have a complete circuit beginning at the positive pole of the dynamo D ,

FIG 5.



passing through part of A_1 up through the wheel T , along the conductor on the train, through the motor indicated diagrammatically at M , down through the other wheel L to A_2 , and thence back through B_1 to the

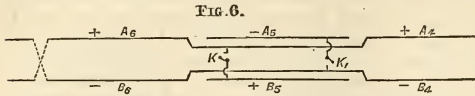
negative pole of the dynamo. Inspection will show that a second circuit is open through the train on the down line by the wheels T_1 and L_1 ; further examination will make it clear that on whatever spans the train

may rest a current will flow round the motor. (The conductor joining the trailing wheel of the train with the motor is seen in Fig. 1, hanging from the stiff rods which connect the buckets.) Any number of motors can receive each a due share of the whole current produced by the dynamo. Each train receives approximately the same current because the main conductors act like large pipes, and the cross connections through the train like small pipes. The whole positive series and negative series of rods are in fact charged like two reservoirs, able to send practically the same current from one to the other when joined by similar connections at any point. This uniform distribution through a number of cross channels from two main leads is one of the main features of electric incandescent lighting, and the arrangement of dynamo adapted for this system of lighting is also adapted for the system of propulsion just described.

The ordinary wheels of the train are insulated from one another and from the buckets by using wood as part of the small frame. Nevertheless, if each wheel as it passed were allowed to rest even for a moment on two adjacent sections it would join these sections for that moment, so as to open a short path of very small resistance through which a very powerful current would pass without traversing the motor. To avoid this waste, and to prevent the fierce flash which would otherwise follow the passage of each wheel, a short insulated gap piece is fixed on each saddle between the sections. When the two terminal wheels rest on this gap piece the locomotive receives no current, but the train is carried past this point by its inertia. No inconvenience has been found in practice when this electrical dead arc, as I may call it, is as long as 15 inches. It will not often be necessary to make it longer than 3 inches. Several ingenious step-overs have been devised so as to do away entirely with the dead arc, but it has not been found necessary to employ them. The careful reader may observe that the current is reversed each time the train passes from one section to the next. This does not reverse the direction of rotation in the motor; a little thought will show that if all the poles of our elementary motor shown in Fig. 4 are reversed at once, the direction of the forces in action between those poles is unchanged. To reverse the direction of motion we must change one pole and not the other near it; this can be effected by a change in the connections analogous to a rearrangement of valves in a steam engine.

If I have so far been successful in explaining how a current of electricity can turn a wheel, and how this current can be supplied to the locomotive running on a single-wheel path wherever the train may be on the line, it will be a much easier task to show how the speed can be governed. Let us suppose that mechanism be arranged, with the aid of a centrifugal governor, by which, whenever the speed exceeds the desired limit, the metallic connection between the wheels L and M is broken, say at C, Fig. 5; obviously the current will cease to act for a little while, the motor will exert no pull on the train, the speed will slacken, the governor will again make connection and again the train will receive its impulse. A perfectly simple arrangement of this kind would not, however, answer well, because when the critical speed was reached, the contacts at C would chatter rapidly in close contact; a torrent of sparks or flashes would pass, and either the contact pieces would be fused together by this petty lighting, or the surfaces would be so oxidised as to interpose an insulating barrier; in one event the governor would cease to act, in the other the train would be brought to a standstill. To avoid this a double artifice is employed. The centrifugal governor is so arranged that when its shaft makes, say, five hundred revolutions, the revolving weights suddenly fly out to a considerable distance, breaking the contact sharply, and with a long gap. The weights do not fall back to renew the contact until the speed has fallen very sensibly below that at which the weights first diverged, say to four hundred and fifty revolutions, then the contact is remade suddenly and holds good till the speed again reaches five hundred. This device allows some variation of speed, say 10 per cent. above and below the resulting mean velocity of the trains, but such a variation as this is of no importance in practice. Each time the contact is broken a flash occurs attended with heat, which occurring as it may several times in each minute would soon oxidise metallic surfaces. To avoid this a supplementary carbon contact is provided. The flash slowly burns away this carbon leaving the main metallic contacts unharmed. In fact an electric arc-light is produced for a moment by each action of the governor. Hardly any sensible wear is seen in the carbons after an hour's run, but they require to be examined at the beginning of each day's work. The present is the first published description of this governor, which is simpler in its action than those I had previously devised.

Next comes the method of blocking, that is to say, the method by which each train keeps a space clear behind itself into which no following train can penetrate. Before the date of my



first Telpherage patent Messrs. Ayrton and Perry described and exhibited before the Royal Institution a wonderfully ingenious system of protection for the trains of their electric railways. My own system is of a simpler kind. I provide a by-path for the driving current at certain sections called idle sections, as shown in Fig. 6. Habitually the rods A₃ and B₃ are joined to the by-path by cross connections at K K, but each train as it passes sends back an electric signal which breaks this cross connection. Any following train which might arrive at the idle section would find it insulated and would at once be deprived of the driving current; it therefore stops. The preceding train on arriving at the next idle section sends back a new signal re-establishing the cross connection, the current then again flows through the second train, which again starts on its journey. This plan was tried with complete success at Weston. The signal required is no more complicated than a single signal sent by a Morse key to a Morse receiver. Small independent telegraphic wires are used to send these signals, but these wires are not shown in the diagram. It may be observed that the main current does not habitually flow through either K or K₁, and is therefore not interrupted when the cross connection is broken. No flash therefore occurs at the break to damage the action of the apparatus. In the great majority of cases no block system will be required on main lines, one train will hardly ever overtake another, and if it does, no harm will result.

A block system will, however, be a useful adjunct at sidings and termini, where the arrival of one train might be inconvenient before the previous train had started.

The automatic brake is a still simpler affair, being merely a centrifugal brake of compact design, in which diverging weights press against a fixed rim, and produce the retarding friction. It might be supposed that the friction due to such an arrangement would be too small to control a train weighing at least one ton. But a very small resistance opposing the rotation of the motor-

shaft is sufficient for the purpose, because this shaft revolves with the great velocity of 2,000 revolutions per minute; a resistance equivalent to the weight of 6 lbs., at the end of a 6-inch arm, will check the train with one horse-power. Moreover, the great velocity acts favourably for our purpose in another way. Each pound of matter in the diverging

weights of the governor, revolving at a mean distance of 6 inches from the shaft, will press outwards with a force of no less than 680 lbs. A small and light governor is, therefore, all that is needed as a brake.

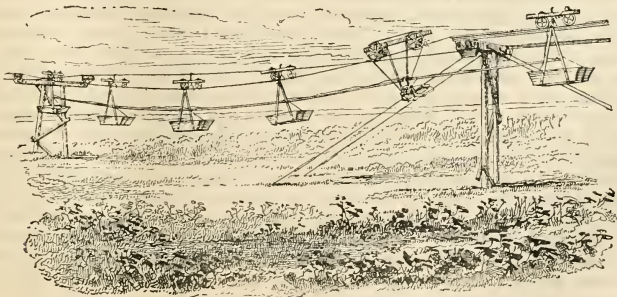
In limiting my description to designs which have been carried out under my own superintendence, I must not be understood to suggest that these are the only means of working out the problem. Electric railways are already successful at Portrush, Brighton, and elsewhere. An ingenious arrangement for the rapid transmission of a light carriage has been exhibited by Mr. Danchell. Storage batteries have been used for tramcars. Electric haulage for canals has been proposed by Messrs. Ayrton and Perry, whose inventions for electric railways are of exceeding ingenuity. There are also many ways in which aerial Telpher lines might be designed, worked, and controlled. No one can yet say which form of electric transport will be most important, and electric transport in any form can hardly be expected to rival the traffic conveyed by steam. Nevertheless, when all deductions have been made from the sanguine hopes of an inventor, it can hardly be doubted that the electric transmission of power will play a considerable part in the transport of goods. Whatever may be thought of the special contrivances described, it is certain that we can conduct power with no excessive loss to places many miles distant, that we can subdivide that power almost at will, and that we can control the power by automatic arrangements of a simple kind. These are important facts, and must lead to important results hereafter. The aerial Telpher line described seems suitable to half-settled countries, where roads, railways, and canals are not as yet constructed, and where the traffic is not sufficient to warrant their construction. It will climb steep hills and go round sharp curves, and is therefore suited for broken, hilly ground. It may also find an application wherever it is important not to interfere with agriculture, and where it is necessary to remove the conductors from possible inter-

ference by men or beasts. The automatic character of the arrangements will allow these lines to be run out to sea for a considerable distance to load and unload ships; and the fact that machinery can be driven in the neighbourhood of these lines by the use of a couple of flexible conductors attached respectively to a positive and negative section, may lead hereafter to the establishment of a network of these ropes not only to act as roads, but also to supply the power to dig, reap, and thrash on farms. All this sounds Utopian, but the rate of progress during the last fifty years is encouraging for the future. Sir John Leslie, when writing his public dissertation for the last edition but one of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, about the year 1830, could smile at electricity as a superficial science; he alludes, indeed, with admiration to Ersted's great discovery published in 1820, that the needle of a small compass was turned aside when brought into the neighbourhood of an electric current, but then remarks that this has given rise to "numerous speculations that frolic in the giddy maze of electric and magnetic currents." In cultivating the attractive sciences of electricity and its younger branch galvanism, "Experimenters," he says, "would seem to satisfy themselves with a humbler and looser species of reasoning." How far away all this sounds; much farther off than the Reform Bill. Now we have five-and-twenty nations meeting in Paris to settle electric units, based on no loose reasoning; we have this year seen a thousand horsepower expended night after night in lighting one building by electricity. The world is girdled with cables by which we trade and govern, but the telegraph has already ceased to be a marvel, and our merchants' clerks think nothing of being able to hear one another speak through the fine network

of wires on our housetops. To-day the transmission of power by electricity is still unfamiliar, but the laws of that transmission are already well known to many with an accuracy which would delight good Sir John Leslie if he were here to-day. Most assuredly before long the transmission of power by electricity will be an important factor in the industry of many countries.

What degree of success may attend Telferage remains to be seen. The cost at which lines can be erected and worked will determine the extent of that success. These lines must be cheap or their use will be restricted to certain exceptional cases. Some hypothetical estimates have been given in a paper read before the Society of Arts, but mere estimates are not satisfactory. The first cost and maintenance must be determined by the erection and working of commercial lines, and the first of these ought to be constructed in Great Britain, so that their working can be watched both by the public and by those who own the patents. But in Great Britain the Telfer line has to compete with road, rail, and water carriage, where these modes of transport are already fully developed, hence some delay has occurred in making a start with practical work; moreover electricity is at this moment rather at a discount. Our hopes of rapid progress were raised too high in the matter of lighting, and the check given to enterprise in one application of electricity has acted as a deterrent to experiment in the new field. Those among us who are impatient, take comfort in the old proverb, "Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano."

NOTE: JANUARY, 1885.—Since writing the above, a contract has been arranged by which the first British line will be erected at Glynde for the Sussex Portland Cement Company—to deliver 150 tons of clay per week.



SUNDAY READINGS.

By J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D.

FEBRUARY 1ST.

Read Jeremiah x. 1-16, and Hebrews i.

IN the concluding verses of Psalm cii. a pious Israelite stretches forth "lame hands of faith." It matters not who he was—whether David, or Jeremiah, or Daniel, or some lonely exile during the captivity. He has given us a most helpful "prayer for the afflicted when he faints, and pours out his meditation." And helpful for more than the afflicted; for the song contains the elements of all that is best in thought, purest in desire, and strongest in action. It is a Psalm of Life, as to which nothing were more to be wished than that we who read it may be confirmed in its truth by the blessed Spirit of God.

We observe the distinct and pre-eminent "Thou art." The psalm sets before us the earth with its foundations laid of old, the heavens with their battalions of stars and planets, the wide realm of Nature, the all-embracing reign of law. But above the universe, penetrating the whole system and every part of it, conditioning everything yet conditioned by nothing, God is—"the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy." And to Him, the living God, the adoring gaze of the soul ascends. There is the felt need, and there is the felt answer to the need. "I said, O my God." St. Augustine, referring to the days when, godless and homeless, he roamed over the fields of knowledge and exhausted the resources of life, thus describes his experience: "These were the dishes in which they brought to me, being hungry, the sun and the moon, instead of Thee." No such mockery is offered to the hungering heart in the words under our view. Sun and moon are moved aside. "O Eternal, thou art our dwelling-place in all generations."

We observe again the contrast instituted between the Maker and the made. There are two ways of regarding the physical world. Let it be set over against the idea of our existence, then there seems about it a perpetuity which torments us. Who has not felt at times the solemnity of "the silences and immensities?" For example, the boundlessness, restlessness, phosphoric brilliance of ocean, when, from the deck of the ship, beneath the shining moon, we look down and around on the waste of waters. Again, how ill-timed seems boisterous mirth amongst the long hill-sides and the deep valleys of the

mountainous land? The stillness and the solitude are sometimes awful. We feel as if, from the everlasting realities of the material universe, there comes the voice, half in pity, half in scorn, "Take your moment, O creatures of a moment, and then begone for ever."

But there is another side to the picture. When the points of the contrast are man and nature, nature seems the abiding. When the points of the contrast are nature and God, nature is only the perishing and corruptible. Measured by the thought of Him, what is the world? To the man of faith, in his "prayer for the afflicted," it seems only one of many vestures taken from the wardrobe of the great King, a garment in which He has clothed Himself, but of which one day He will uncliothe Himself, and fold it up, and make all things new. All that is made is being ever modified—life comes out of death, death is the condition of life. Flux, motion, perishableness, is written on the face of the world. But He? Suns may disappear, worlds may rise and fall, *He* is from everlasting to everlasting. It is in the thought of God that we have the pledge of continuity even for time. And then time and eternity are two separate conceptions. Eternity is not time indefinitely prolonged. Though we pile ages on ages, we are no nearer the conception of eternity at the end of the intellectual effort than at the beginning, because eternity is a state different from time. And the inhabitant of eternity is God. Coming, going, changing, are words which belong to time; they have no place in the sphere of the eternal. "As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same."

It is in the consciousness of this living God; it is in the light of this contrast between the Maker and the made, that we read the higher truth, and see the right direction of our life. Apart from God, who, what is man? An old English author dwells on the care of the ancient Egyptians for their dead, as that care is proved by the mummies on which their skill was spent. "Of their living habitations," says Sir Thomas Browne, "they made little account, conceiving of them but as *hospitia* or inns, while they adorned the sepulchres of the dead, and planting these on everlasting bases, they defied the crumbling touch of time and the misty vaporiousness of oblivion. Yet all were but Babel vanities.

History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller who passeth through these deserts asketh of Time, sitting on a sphinx, who builded the cities, and she mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not." So with our striving and toil: until they are associated with the eternal it is impossible to escape the impression of a certain "vanity, vanity, all is vanity." They are not "planted on everlasting bases." Time "mumbleth something" about the world and this life, but what it is we cannot assuredly gather. The fountain-light of our day, the master light of our seeing, is elsewhere. Man's true life is "hid with Christ in God." By this faith the just live.

FEBRUARY 8TH.

Read Psalm xci., and St. John xv. 1-11.

There are wants which belong only to the surface of our life. When they are satisfied an addition is made to our happiness, at least for a time; but the soul itself, the deepest part of us, is untouched, unblest. There are wants, again, which are occasioned by social circumstances and conditions. As these vary, desire changes its aspect; either it discovers new objects or it renews the face of the old. Once more, there are wants which are created by personal taste or temper. To one man many things seem to be necessary, which scarcely fall within the line of another's vision. In all such cases the longing is only partial, and it goes down only a little way into the inner being. But when Christ speaks, as in St. Matthew xi. 29, of rest to the soul, He refers us to a good in whose direction every heart is stretching, which all seek as the pearl of blessings. His word meets the world's cry—let it be added, the world's despair. For poets have sung and prophets have preached, and philosophers have theorised, and yet the golden age has never come. Generation transmits to generation, as a question unsolved, "Where is the place; what is the truth of rest? Is not the experience of the past only a sorrowful, 'Think nothing gained till nought remains?'"

More beautiful, more gracious sentences never fell on the ear of man than those in which the Son of Man conveys His answer to this question, His reply to this protest. Substantially it is that rest to the soul begins with a *supreme submission*, and is completed in a *progressive education*. May His Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, lead us into His mind, the mind of Eternal Truth.

"Take my yoke upon you . . . and ye

shall find rest"—thus adopting a figure well known among the Hebrews, Christ insists on a supreme submission. There is a noteworthy emphasis in the language, "my yoke"—not only as in a well-known paraphrase, "that which I impose," but "that which is especially mine, which I have proved, in bearing which Master and disciple are one." For He, too, began with the yoke. "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." Now and again in His life we obtain glimpses of a forcible subjection of desire to law. "Father, save me from this hour; but for this cause came I unto this hour." "O my Father, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not what I will but what Thou wilt." He *learned* obedience.

Now it is in this learning of obedience that we find rest to the soul. In every age men have understood that the root of unrest is desire, impulsive, uncontrolled, always desiring. An oriental religion which comprehends an immense multitude of mankind, and whose spirit is reflected in some voices not altogether without influence even in our practical western world, teaches that the only way of blessedness is to repress desire, to deny the will to live, to refuse this will more than is needful for bare existence, nay, to anticipate as far as may be the repose of not-being. "Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;" but it may point us in the direction of the real cure—not the repression of the will to live, but the submission of the individual to the will of God, the passing away of the old things of self-will, and the new-becoming of all things through life in Christ who liveth in us. "Our wills are ours to make them Thine." Ah! it is good to have a distinct up-look, to have a Master, to be a scholar in the school of Him whose sacrifice has interpreted the meaning and the uses of life. Only through such obedience is the true liberty gained; true peace only when the attitude of critic is exchanged for that of learner, and under the yoke we are brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. "Take my yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your soul."

This rest, begun in submission, is completed in a progressive education. "Learn of me." As the ox by means of the yoke is kept in the intended course, so by means of Christ's yoke the will is guided in the way of peace. Endeavour is no longer desultory and fitful; the life possesses the unity of a great attraction. The doctrine to be learned is Christ Himself. And there is a pith in His assertion

which must not be overlooked. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." That is much more than the statement of the encouragement to come; it is really the announcement of the lesson—and a very needful and blessed lesson it is:—that rest is not the product of circumstances; that it does not depend on abundance of things; that it is not to be associated with what we have, but with what we are. It is identified with character—*meek* and *lowly* in heart.

Let us reflect. Is there any more fruitful source of disquietude than that bearing towards others, towards the facts of our world, which is the opposite of meekness? How we are worried, for instance, over slights which we conceive to be offered to us; how we are exercised about miserable trifles bearing on social position, on what is due to us, on the way in which we are treated by this one and that one, on the estimate of our neighbours, on the criticisms of our several circles, and so forth! How many are the troubles which we thus create, how many more do we sharpen and increase! Undoubtedly pride, in one form or another, is responsible for much of our unrest. Luther has described the world as "like a thistle-head, which always points its prickles up on whatsoever side you choose to turn it." Pride will so lay hold of these prickles that the stings remain in the flesh to wound and irritate; the meek and lowly have the secret of leaving them alone, or of so grasping as to crush them. "The lowly heart that leans on Thee is happy anywhere."

Is there not a blessed restfulness in this character? Read the Psalms, there the question is answered. The *miserere* with which they often begin is lost in the waiting on God, and the close is a triumphant *jubilate*. Read the life of Christ, there too the question is answered. The last discourse before He suffered, with Gethsemane and Calvary full in His view, is charged with joy; and it is His joy that He bequeaths to all who trust Him. Even as the point nearest the centre of the circle is least subject to the perturbations acting on it, so the peace of the mind to which the Father is revealed in the Son "meek and lowly in heart," is the perfect peace. In the glowing words of the prophet, "it shall be as a river and his righteousness as the waves of the sea."

FEBRUARY 15TH.

Read Deut. xxx. 11—20, and St. Matt. ii. 20—30.

"Behold the goodness and the severity of God"—such is the voice of nature. Its scenes

combine the lovely and the awful, the fertile plain and the barren wilderness. The storm is a token of God no less than the sunshine. Elements that are pitiless, no less than elements that are pitiful, do His pleasure. In the sunny south of Europe the eye surveys regions "where brighter skies dispense serener light;" curving bay, smiling town with villa and palace nestling amid luxuriant foliage, the hilly background crested by ancient castle, and in the distance the mountain with its jagged peak,—these are the features of a landscape which compels the exclamation, "A lovely world after all!" Yet is it not in these regions [that the desolating earthquake and the consuming volcano perform their dreadful task? Equally distinct is the testimony of life. The same twofoldness in the Divine manifestation is declared in the facts which belong to the affections of our being. These are the source and occasion of the purest gladness; are they not also the source and occasion of the most crushing sadness? Oh the blights of many kinds! Oh the broken hearts! Oh the mystery of pain! Oh the tragedy of sorrow! Oh the confusions of wasted lives! Behold the goodness, behold also the severity of God.

Undoubtedly we belong to a sphere over which both goodness and severity preside. The Apostle, in the eleventh chapter of Romans, cites the history of Israel as the outstanding evidence of this double presidency. And the example which he presents reminds us of things with which we are all familiar. We speak, for instance, of the principle of natural selection, of the survival of the fittest, and so forth. Is not this principle the witness for a Divine severity? That there should be a constant weeding out—lives seemingly selected for life prospered in ever-increasing measures, lives seemingly rejected, "nigh unto a curse," cast away like branches which are gathered that they may be burned: that everywhere, as mere matter of fact, we read, "many are called but few are chosen"—is not this a demonstration that, in the government of the universe, severity as well as goodness has its place? Now, since it is the part of wisdom to recognise what is, let us inquire what are some of the truths or lessons suggested by the contemplation of this quality in the plan of the All-Loving and True?

First, then, we may assume that each of the two factors of the Divine rule is tempered by, and fulfilled through, the co-operation of the other. We see enough, indeed, to warrant the confidence that it is so. Our

own experience shows us that goodness is something else than mere good-nature; it has its severe tones and aspects; it is not impulsive, not capricious: the truth which it holds in love it holds also in righteousness. Human affection, we observe, rises to the height of goodness in the measure in which it is constant to the right, in which it is guided by moral principle and directed towards moral ends. And, therefore, it must often refuse, sometimes rebuke, if need be, it must chasten. The element of severity is indispensable to its purity and strength. And what is indispensable in human affection is the witness for the truth of the Divine loving-kindness. Severity is not foreign to the goodness of God, it is the complement of His goodness. He has set His bow in the cloud, and in that bow can be read the sentence, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

And thus, to look at the matter from the other side, the goodness is never far from the severity. Even where it appears most awful, there are subserviences to some other and larger good, which indicate that the intention to bless is predominant in the world. The dire catastrophe, in consequence of which hundreds of lives are lost, may convert a neighbourhood into a valley of weeping; but it calls out the sympathies of thousands; it unites persons, otherwise far apart, in activities of benevolence; it directs attention to faults, the rectifying of which saves life and economises labour for generations to come; it is the occasion, in a word, of the manifold operation of goodness. Who of us has not felt that the trial, the sorrow which, for the moment crushed, was no work of an enemy, but the way through which a loving presence drew nearer to us, seeking us for a wider and fuller blessing? The surgeon looks severe when he thrusts his knife into the quivering flesh; afterwards when the wound is healed, do we not find that the severity was good? Richard Baxter interprets the proximity of the good to the severe in the fervent cry: "O healthful sickness! O comfortable sorrow! O enriching poverty! O gainful hope! O blessed day that ever I was afflicted!"

Of this, then, we may be assured: that the discipline of character, the completion of our life in the life of God, is the result of this conjunction of goodness and severity in the rule and way of God. "Our God is a consuming fire." We must submit to this fire. It burns severely but wholesomely:

burns the self-seeking, the self-will, the selfishness—that which love rejects; and thus it fits for the only real blessedness of man—communion with and likeness to God. Augustine worshipped the Will which sits as the Purifier and Refiner when he wrote: "Thou, Lord, Who madest, *re-makest* and comfortest."

And what is the secret of spiritual growth? Is not the severity of God the opportunity of patience? It is in suffering that character is perfected. "The proud heart and the lofty mountain are never fruitful." What we all need is, a devotion to God and His Kingdom which shall be neither fitful nor changeful, but which shall take root in and grow from a surrender of the living self to Him. The root first, and then progress. Beautifully is the secret unfolded in the 119th Psalm. In sentences such as these: "Thou art my portion, O Lord, I have said that I would keep thy word;" "Oh, how love I Thy law!" "How sweet are Thy words to my taste!" "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are good, and that in faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me"—we see the experience of God that is wrought by patience leaving the will with Him, and, as the result of this experience, the embrace of both the goodness and the severity.

FEBRUARY 22ND.

Read Psalm cxix. 25—40, and Romans vii. 9—25.

Most of us are conscious of a friction, often very painful, between opposing inclinations. This friction is expressed in a wonderful picture of the soul's life drawn by St. Paul. "The good that I would I do not: but the evil I would not, that I do. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." The preference of the real self is in one direction, but there is "a stream of tendency" bearing the action in another way—"into captivity to a law of sin." Shall it be said that the apostle's experience is one altogether exceptional? Scarcely a person will read this paper who does not feel its truth, who does not feel that there is in him a better which is thwarted, sometimes defeated, by a lower, by the irruption of appetite, or the fit of indolence, or the burst of passion, or the petulance of wayward temper. Wordsworth describes our journey through this world as a retreat, the gradual receding of the "Heaven that lies about us in our infancy." Be this as it may, there is one retreat

of which we are all sadly aware—the retreat from lofty purpose, from the self-denial of love, from the dutifulness, constant and loyal, which delights in the law of God, from Christ's agony and Christ's heaven, into a low-toned earthliness in which, though the spirit may be willing, it ingloriously yields to the flesh that is weak.

The sleep of the three disciples in the garden, and the word of Jesus concerning the sleep, remind us of two illustrations of the conflict between the spirit and the flesh.

First, with regard to our sympathies. The men who have been awakened to hear the reproachful, "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour," were not stolid and half-hearted. They were sleeping for sorrow. Their hearts were with their Lord; but the flesh had been unequal to the strain. Let it be recollected that Jesus also had begun to be very heavy; the same sleep threatened Him; but the will was strong enough to master the flesh. It was the absence in them of this volitional strength which explained the defeat of the willing spirit. Now is not this a forecast abundantly verified? Sympathies right, even earnest, but no watching with Christ. Feeling of a kind even intense, but sleep. The sensibility is genuine so long as the mood lasts. It represents the person at the moment as really as the inaction which succeeds represents him. The want is the will to control and command. In its aspirations, the spirit mounts up with wings as an eagle, but the gravitation of the flesh is not kept in abeyance: "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

And so with regard to resolutions. This Simon whom we behold sleeping has, only a few minutes ago, protested his readiness to go to prison, to meet death in behalf of his Lord. There is one thing he declares he will not do: he will not deny his Lord. And the other two, all the disciples, chorused his boldness. Now when he thus protested, when at a subsequent period he drew out his sword ready to fight, we may believe that he had, at the moment, courage enough to carry out his purpose. But he failed precisely where we are all apt to fail. We do not take into account the obstacles, the possible resistances, the delays, the risks arising from the weakness of the flesh. There is nothing more interesting, more pathetic, than the proneness to lapse from the Peter of the spirit to the Simon of the flesh, and the battle against this proneness to be found in many human souls. Cranmer, for instance. He was not, by the constitution of his mind,

a hero. He was timid, easily cowed, and keenly sensitive of pain. That he did what he did, that he was what he was, is a most striking evidence of "grace abounding." Most touching was the giving way of his spirit in the later period of his life, when "he who would not fly when flight was open to him," submitted and recanted. Yes, but grand to the point of sublimest heroism, was his bearing when at length, "firm from the naked feet to the bare head," he extended the hand that wrote the recantation, and, before the body was touched by the fire, thrust it into and kept it in the flames. The resolution had vacillated, the weak flesh had conquered, but then came the victory—victory through Him whose tears and blood are the assurance of strength for the willing spirit.

Much to be pondered, ever to be remembered, is the sentence uttered in Gethsemane: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak!"

It sounds the call to self-discipline. How striking the phrase: "Lest ye enter into temptation!" It was the sleep that was the way of the entrance in the case of the three watchers. It unfitted them for their part. It separated them from their Master. It was loss to Him, loss unspeakable to them. They had to arise and go, unprepared, unready. The fatal thing is the entrance of the self, of the will, into temptation. There is no sin in the temptation; the sin is when we incorporate ourselves with it. Watch the entrance, says the Lord. That is, watch the weak part in the character, the danger that is hidden in the environment. "Watch and pray that ye enter not."

It sounds the call to faith—so kind, so gentle, is the utterance: "Why sleep ye?" The Lord Himself finds the answer: "I know it, my brethren, the spirit was willing, but the flesh is weak!" And there is mercy for the weakness; only in the mercy there is that which says: "Go and sin no more." Unreservedly may we confide in this merciful and faithful High Priest. "I have trusted in the Lord," said the Psalmist, "therefore I shall not slide." He could reckon on reinforcements of help for the time of need. Are not these reinforcements ours? Is not the word "nigh to us in our mouth and in our heart?" the word in which the willing spirit asserts its sovereignty over the weak and hindering flesh,—“I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.” “Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—THE CONSERVATORY.

IF Lord Thirlmere was heavy in hand as a dancer, he was still more difficult to get on with as a talker. Women have the credit of being able to lift conversation when it flags, but there is a limit to the powers of social science. To talk with Lord Thirlmere was like keeping up the ball at lawn-tennis with a bad player; he had a slow delivery and every ball fell short of the net. "You were staying at Fromsham with my people, were you not?" he murmured, in a tone and manner so confidential, as to make some of those among whom they made their way exchange significant glances with one another.

"Well, of course I have stayed at Fromsham; except for the pleasure of hearing himself speak," thought Hester, "why on earth should he say that? and especially why should he whisper it in my ear?"

"Yes," she replied, "I was there the summer before last."

"I wish I had been there too," said his lordship, with a little sigh.

"Your sisters said that you do not care for Fromsham."

"Nor do I. In my opinion it is a horrid hole," was his energetic reply.

"A hole? Why it's on a hill," said Hester, "and commands one of the most charming views in England."

"I wish it looked out upon a railway station," said the young man sullenly.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Hester, "what a very peculiar taste!"

"Oh, it isn't that: one view—I am speaking only of inanimate objects you know," he interposed in a soft tone—"is in my opinion neither better nor worse than another one; but whenever I am at a country place in summer, that is, when there is no hunting or shooting, I like to see my way out of it; when there is a railway station I say, 'Come, one can get away.'"

Hester smiled, then rejoined with sudden gravity, "I have felt, I own, something of that kind myself in Paris. The sight of the railway always comforted me a little when I felt home-sick. 'Those iron rails,' I said to myself, 'stretch all the way down to Boulogne, which is opposite dear old England, and within a two hours' journey of home.'"

"What a queer idea," rejoined his lordship. "I shall think of that when I am in exile. But I can't conceive any one wanting to go away from Paris."

"Not when your father and all that are dearest to you are in London?" said Hester with a sigh of reminiscence.

"Not a bit of it," returned his lordship. "When I want anything of the governor, I write; that is," he added naively, "I write to my mother."

"Ah, you are her darling, no doubt; she would get you the top brick of the chimney if you wanted it."

"Well, I don't know," replied the young man doubtfully, for this simple metaphor was unfamiliar to him, "not, I am sure, if she had to climb for it."

Then he began to laugh, honestly and naturally; a picture of Lady Buttermere upon the house-top, with a little ladder in one hand and a hammer in the other, suggested itself to his not too easily amused imagination, and tickled it. Laughter was a new sensation to him, as it is to many young men of his class, and like the eastern prince, he felt grateful to the person who had conferred upon him a new pleasure, and to whom he had almost a mind to throw his handkerchief.

"My mother is awfully fond of me, of course," he continued, following up a hidden stream of thought. "But there are some things to which she would never consent without a precious row, I promise you."

Why Lord Thirlmere should "promise her" this interesting fact was a problem to Hester, but she understood by this time that he had odd ways of expressing himself, and only concluded that this was one of them.

They had now reached the conservatory, a stately place with quite a tropical growth of foliage, and in which only a few couples were promenading amidst the statues and the flowers. A fountain, surrounded with moss and fern, rose to a great height, its silver fall mingling not inharmoniously with the distant dance music.

"What a Paradise!" murmured Hester, to whom such a spectacle was as novel as it was charming.

"And not without its Peri," was the gallant reply.

Never before had his lordship mounted to

such a height of compliment, or expressed one in so poetical a manner. He looked so excessively pleased with himself that Hester could not, for the life of her, restrain a tremulous little laugh, which fortunately for her companion's *amour propre* was lost in the merriment of the fountain, which indeed it greatly resembled.

"Do you admire Moore?" Hester inquired when she had recovered her gravity. Her companion stared, as well he might, considering that he had not the faintest notion of his indebtedness to that poet, of whom indeed he had never so much as heard. Then a sudden inspiration seized him. "I couldn't admire more if I tried," he murmured tenderly.

This time Hester laughed aloud, or at least so loud that the fountain could not be held responsible for it; not at the joke, which though apt enough was but a little one, but at its incongruousness with the joker, and what was strange enough (though not to them who know how the master passion can stimulate the most lethargic nature to activity) the other perceived the reason of her mirth.

"You didn't think I was up to that?" he observed cunningly. "Bless you, I'm full of fun" (this was a slight exaggeration, but excusable in the flush of a first intellectual success). "If I can get the right sort of girl to listen to me; that is to say, I mean," he stammered hastily, for Hester's face had undergone a change as though a Venus had suddenly turned into a Diana, "a fellow does not get everybody to understand him."

"That is sometimes fortunate, for there is such a thing as understanding without appreciation," observed Hester drily.

The sarcasm was thrown away upon the young gentleman, but not the tone or the manner. He had never felt so uncomfortable or half so much ashamed of himself, since his first whipping at school.

"I am awfully sorry if I have offended you," he said penitently.

"I did not say you had offended me, Lord Thirlmere."

"No, but you looked it; you looked like the governor when my college bills come in—well, not perhaps quite so bad as that."

Hester bit her lip but the smile would come.

"And you could not look ugly, you know, if you tried," he added, completing unconsciously his picture of the paternal wrath.

The evident genuineness of the compliment might well have disarmed any woman,

and Hester had by this time called to mind the sort of person she was conversing with, not his expectations—for those did not weigh one feather with her—but what should reasonably have been her own in such a case; and though that "right sort of girl" still stuck in her throat, she blamed herself, though surely with injustice, more than him for it. As she stood with flushed cheek, her little foot upon the fountain brim, a familiar voice addressed her.

"Forgive me for interrupting a tête-à-tête, Algey, but I have brought a friend who is very desirous to make the acquaintance of Miss Darrell."

The speaker was Lady Jane Crummock, a tall, neutral-tinted young woman, rather æsthetically attired, but with a gentle face and voice. Her companion was a much smaller and younger girl, dark as a Spaniard, with a flush glowing through her olive skin, and a manner indicative of extreme shyness.

"My name is Maria Barton, Miss Darrell," she murmured, in a tone that was almost apologetic; "and we are cousins."

There was no question about the fact, and yet the statement might have been made in error, to judge by the effect it had upon the person addressed. Upon all other matters concerning himself, save those connected with club life or the race-course, Colonel Darrell had always spoken to his daughter with great frankness; but upon his relationship to the Bartons he had never, or scarcely ever, spoken. She knew that some sort of feud existed between the two families, and all she had heard of her relative—and it was not very recommendatory—had come from nurse Askell. Hester unconsciously drew herself up, as one who feels called upon to fight her father's battle.

"I believe there is a relationship," she said. Then perceiving the colour rising yet higher on the other's cheek, and even the large dark eyes becoming moist with tears, she added hastily, "Indeed, of course there is; and it is very good of you to wish to know me."

"No, it is not good of me," was the simple rejoinder, "since all the advantage must needs be on my side. But hearing that you were in the same room—for every one is talking of you—and having no other relative in the world but my father and mother, save yourself, I thought I would venture, though I felt it was a great liberty——"

"It is no liberty at all, and a very natural thing to do," interrupted Hester kindly.

"Do you really think so? Oh! I am so



"In the conservatory."



glad!" answered the other eagerly. "You looked so kind and pleasant that I thought it might be so, so I took my courage in both hands."

"They could not have held much," put in Hester, smiling at the hesitating girl—she was little bigger than a fairy;—"but even less would have sufficed for the occasion. I am not a very formidable person."

"You seemed so to me, who know nobody, and am too insignificant to attract any one's notice," returned the other simply. "And then I knew—though I am sure I don't know why—that—that my people—and your papa were not on the best of terms. That is bad enough of itself; but that you and I, who are of the same blood, and have no quarrel, should ignore each other's existence—though of course you could get on very well without *me*—seems to me so sad; now if *you* had made the first advance it would have been quite different."

"You are very modest, cousin."

"On the contrary, I feel that I have been very pushing—and—and selfish; but it is so nice to hear you call me cousin. Oh! Hester! Hester! if you would but let me love you!"

The strangeness of this appeal, which was only surpassed by the unsuitability of the circumstances under which it was uttered, disturbed Hester not a little. On the other hand, she could not resist such pleading. It was evident to her that some unusual motive lay beneath the girl's impassioned words. Perhaps she was unhappy at home, and yearned for sympathy and affection that were there denied her. That she had sought her out of her own free will, and not acting under the instructions of another, Hester felt certain. And surely, though her father might have reasons for declining to have relations with Sir Abraham and his wife, he could entertain no prejudice against this innocent and simple girl.

"It is impossible to say to each other here, my dear," said Hester kindly, "all that we would wish to talk about; but if you will come and lunch with me to-morrow I shall be very glad to see you."

"Oh! thank you, thank you! But will you be quite alone?" asked the other hurriedly.

"Yes; papa has an engagement to-morrow." Here Hester coloured a little. She felt that it would be necessary to tell him of her appointment with her cousin, and that it was even possible he might object to it.

"If you find it inconvenient in any way," returned the other, reading her companion's

thoughts, and blushing in her turn, "perhaps you will be good enough to send me a line to my address—I am stopping with some friends of my father's in Brook Street."

"Then your people are not in town?" said Hester. She felt that her tone expressed satisfaction at the circumstance, though she strove to hide it.

"No; I am quite alone; but I return to Shingleton on Thursday."

So ignorant was Hester of all that concerned her relations, that she did not even know where Shingleton was; but this fact she did contrive to conceal. The two girls parted with a cordial hand-shake; and Maria Barton took her departure with Lady Jane.

"Upon my life!" said Lord Thirlmere complainingly, "I have never been condemned to so long a tête-à-tête with my sister since we used to be locked up together for stealing jam. Who, in the name of Fortune, is your gipsy friend?"

"The same blood runs in her veins as in my own, sir," Hester answered with mock severity.

"Dear me! I'm very sorry," stammered his lordship.

Hester laughed, as well she might. She had not been accustomed to people without a sense of humour. "That is my cousin, Maria Barton."

"Indeed! Old Sir Abraham's daughter, is she not? That girl will have a pot of money."

"Call her back and I will introduce you to her," said Hester, smiling.

"Oh dear, no! I am quite content with the companionship the gods have vouchsafed to me."

"The gods decide you have had enough of it," said Hester drily. "I have promised the next dance to Mr. Digby, and here he comes to claim it."

"I had no idea you were such old acquaintances," said Lord Thirlmere, with a little frown on his somewhat straightened forehead.

"Old acquaintances! I never saw him in my life before this evening."

"Then you must have got on uncommonly well together, since you already call him by his Christian name."

"What do you mean, Lord Thirlmere?" inquired Hester in a rapid whisper, for the gentleman in question was approaching them very nearly.

"Well, simply that his name is Digby Mason," and with that the young man (leaving Hester ready to sink into her satin shoes)

stalked away, with a nod at the new-comer, as slight as the human head is capable of giving in moving from a state of rest at all.

"Jealous already," was Mr. Digby Mason's comment to himself, as he offered his arm to Hester. "It seems, then, that, like her father, this young lady knows how to play her cards. With such bread-and-butter looks, however, it is no wonder that she should know on which side her bread is buttered."

Depreciation of Hester was far from Mr. Mason's thoughts; but the fact is, he was "jealous already" himself, and indignation at his fancied rival had stung him into epigram.

CHAPTER XI.—INTERROGATIONS.

It is curious, considering the eulogies that have been pronounced upon early rising, that not a word has been said in praise of those who sit up at night; while millions of persons are sunk in thoughtless slumber, a few thousands, and those of the very highest rank, set at nought the importunate promptings of nature, and calmly continue their occupations without a whisper of approbation to cheer them, and even unconscious of their own sacrifice. A middle-class father, when his daughter is engaged in some scene of fashionable revelry, resents above all things the notion of sitting up for her, and has even been known to only give an unwilling consent to her thus amusing herself, upon the understanding that she and her mother are to return home with the utmost quietness in order that his slumber may not be disturbed. Very different is the behaviour of the parent who belongs to that aristocracy of which we are so justly proud. At whatever time his female belongings come home, he is ready to receive them with open arms, or if he is not, it is only because he happens to return at a later hour even than they do. So it was with Colonel Richard Darrell, who had let himself in with his latch-key (having passed the long hours at his club without a murmur of impatience), only a few minutes before Hester was dropped by her chaperon at his door.

"Well, my darling, and how have you enjoyed yourself?" was his eager inquiry, as he rose from his arm-chair and gazed at her at arm's length with affectionate admiration. "To think that other people should have had the privilege of looking at you for the last few hours, and not your own father, makes him downright jealous."

The rejoinder that he might have accompanied her if he pleased, might have occurred to some ill-regulated minds, but not to Hester's, or if it did, it was only to be dismissed the

next instant as disloyal and unfilial. His obvious pride in her delighted her more than all the incense which had just been offered at the shrine of her beauty; the very words he used—so natural and aimless—pleased her ear. Had he asked about her partners it would have been different, for that would have reminded her of a matter which she was doing her best to forget.

"Yes, papa, it has been upon the whole a very pleasant evening."

"Come, that's well, and I need not ask you if the queen of all the garden of girls had her sovereignty acknowledged? As it was not a ball at the blind asylum it must have been so."

"At all events nothing in the way of compliment has been paid to me at Crummock House equal to that," said Hester, with the prettiest of curtsies. "That could never have been an extempore effort even of my young papa's."

"Never thought of it till I saw you, upon honour, Hester; the spectacle of your charms evoked it. And how did old Mother Crummock behave to you?"

"If you mean Lady Buttermere," said Hester reprovingly, "she was graciousness itself. So was his lordship, when she had once made him understand that I was the same young lady who had once stayed in his house for six weeks; but just at first he didn't know me from Adam."

"He must have known you from Adam, my dear, though probably he would not have done so from Eve. If you had been a security and he had caught sight of even a dog-leaved corner of you, he would have recognised you at once. Well?"

"Then Mrs. Brabazon performed her duties of chaperon to perfection."

"Left you to yourself pretty much, that means, I suppose."

"On the contrary, sir, she took every care of me."

"You returned to her side after every dance as a chick moves to the hencoop, did you?"

"Always, or at least almost always," replied the truthful Hester, with just a tinge of blush, as she thought of that excursion into the conservatory. "Lady Jane and Lady Gertrude were very kind and friendly."

"Place aux dames, you are quite right to speak of the ladies first. And now for the cavaliers; or were there," he added smiling, for he was very careful to avoid all seriousness on such a subject, "such troops of them that it is difficult to particularise?"

"I danced every dance, papa," said Hester demurely; "look at my shoes," and she put one dainty foot out for his inspection.

"Cinderella's slipper cracked," he exclaimed, with an air of great concern.

"Yes, and long past twelve o'clock, papa, into the bargain."

If the scene was not idyllic, such talk was at least simple and homelike, and mutually assuring; it seemed to the Colonel that his old relations with his daughter were now re-established, and that he might venture upon the subject, not indeed next his heart, but most upon his mind.

"And did you give any of your cavaliers more than one dance, my love?"

"Yes, and an uncommonly good dancer he was. I took a great fancy to him from the first, and no wonder, for he told me he was a great friend of yours."

"Indeed, you make me curious, for I can't think of any friend answering to that description, likely to be at Crummock House."

"Oh! but he was, I assure you, and I called him by his Christian name by mistake; only think of that!"

"I *am* thinking of it!" said the Colonel with amazement.

"I apologized, of course, when I discovered my error, whereupon he said that he was sorry I had found it out. A very polite young gentleman I do assure you, with a charming smile, and just enough of a cast in his eye to give character to his face."

"Digby Mason!" ejaculated the Colonel, with a disturbed air; "oh, that will never do!"

"What won't do?"

"Your calling him by his Christian name, and so on."

"But I didn't call him by it when I found out his surname. Mrs. Brabazon introduced him as her nephew Digby, which of course put him on an exceptionally familiar footing, and then he was full of your virtues."

"Virtues? Why, what did he say about me?"

A terrible apprehension was in the Colonel's mind that Mason might have told her of his card-playing, which indeed was all that he knew of him. He had always kept that side of his life as much as possible out of his daughter's sight.

"Nay, I am not a flatterer like my dear young papa," said Hester roguishly. "I will only say that what he said of you was very pleasant for me to hear."

"Then he had the sense to hold his

tongue," was the Colonel's reflection. "Well, and besides Mr. Mason, whom I count for nobody," he went on aloud, "who else made a favourable impression upon the belle of the evening?"

"If you mean me, papa, nobody," was the quiet reply. "I did not say that Mr. Mason had done so; I only remembered *him* for your sake. As for the rest, a vision of studs, shirt fronts, and uncommonly stiff collars is all that remains to me."

"Do you mean to say that Lord Thirlmere did not dance with you?" cried the Colonel. His tone was aggrieved, and even angry.

"Well, he tried to dance with me, and I am sure he did his best, papa, but like Lord Feenix he has very 'wilful legs.'"

"My dearest Hester," remonstrated the Colonel earnestly, "how can you say such things? There is nothing a young man dislikes so much as ridicule."

"But I should not dream of saying it to *him*," protested Hester naively. "Indeed, he was quite aware of his deficiencies in that way, and spent half his time with me—I mean his waltz time—in the conservatory."

"That was much better," murmured the Colonel.

"Well, while we were there, a curious thing happened, about which I want to talk to you. A very nice girl, who seemed to be more out of her element even than poor me, came up and introduced herself as my cousin."

"Out of her element! she must have been down to supper," exclaimed the Colonel contemptuously.

"No, she was quite correct in every sense; she introduced herself as Maria Barton."

"Indeed!"—the Colonel frowned and twisted his moustache. "And what did she do that for?" he inquired curtly.

"From no motive but a good one, I am sure," answered Hester gravely. "She said that, except her parents, she had not a relation in the world save myself, and that she hoped above all things we might become friends. I don't think she has a very happy home, papa, dear."

"Your last statement is highly probable," was the dry rejoinder.

"And I am sure she spoke the truth about wanting to know me, nor was it suggested to her by any one else, as you are thinking. She is quite alone in London for a few days, and since that is so I ventured to ask her to lunch with me to-morrow. Have I done wrong?"

The Colonel rose and began to pace the room. "I don't say you have done wrong, Hester," he replied, "though I think you have acted a little hastily. I have had no communication with these people since your mother became my wife. Sir Abraham is a self-sufficient, self-seeking, self-made man, and Lady Barton—well, I cannot trust myself even to speak of Lady Barton."

"But Maria, papa? Why should a winsome, innocent creature (as I am sure she is) like her be punished for the sins of her parents?"

"It is the common lot," said the Colonel grimly; then, with infinite pathos, he added suddenly, "it is *your* lot, my poor darling."

"Do not say that, papa. Whatever happens to me I shall not think that. I can never say, as poor Maria hinted, that I was not happy at home. I am so much better off than she."

The Colonel groaned.

"Yes, a thousand times better off if my suspicion of her position is correct. If she has not her father's love I can indeed afford to pity her. Can I not, papa dear; can I not?"

She threw her arms about the Colonel's neck and kissed him passionately. "You will surely let this poor girl come and see me?" she whispered in his ear.

"I can refuse you nothing, Hester," he answered, in a smothered voice, "for I can give you so little. Yes, she may come."

No triumph of the evening (for she had not been unconscious of it) had given her one-tenth of the pleasure she felt in that success. "I knew you would," she said softly; "I felt sure, or almost sure, you would; and now I must go to bed, for I am very tired, and cannot sit up all night like my dear young papa."

With one more affectionate embrace she left him—full of bitter thoughts. If he had had her, or some one like her—oh! so like, so like her—by his side for those long, lonely years, would he have ever come to this present pass? Cigar after cigar he lit, and smoked, and threw away, and in the blue wreaths they made such visions of the past and of the tantalising might-have-been he saw as wrung his heart. Ye fools, who think that with the sons of pleasure there is no hour of barbed regret, would you could have seen this poor fortune's favourite as the dawn broke in upon him in its youth and freshness, and drove him to his pillow!

CHAPTER XII.—THE COUSINS.

IF Hester felt "very tired" after her un-
wonted dissipation, it was only the fatigue

of limb; and perhaps even that she had a little exaggerated to her father, whom for the first time in her life she had not been unwilling to part from on the occasion in question. She had obtained the wished-for favour at his hands, and was a little apprehensive that it might have been hazarded, or at all events the grace of his permission dashed, by any further conversation on the subject. As for sleep at all events, she was no more inclined for it than the Colonel himself, which was fortunate, since she would have, as she well knew, before she sought her couch, to reply to the interrogations of nurse Askell.

Of course she had not been so cruel as to keep the faithful old woman up for her, as if she had been a lady's maid, a class who have such work "considered in their wages," and have, moreover, no call to rise the next morning much earlier than their young mistresses; but the fact was that that ancient retainer's "sitting up" by no means involved the loss of sleep. She had been a sick-nurse in her day, and knew how to make, at once, the most and the least, of any spare time, by passing it in slumber; a gift shared by the present writer, who, however, likes to have his regular hours of repose also, which nurse Askell did not require. She woke in a moment from chair or sofa as fresh as paint, and with a conviction, which nobody could shake, that she had never so much as closed her eyes. It was one of the few weaknesses which she possessed, and which Hester hailed as evidence that the good old woman was but human; otherwise it would have seemed only natural that she must have been snatched away before her prime, a danger which might now be considered passed.

If such a term can be properly applied to old age at all, nurse Askell was a fine old woman, straight as a dart, with a face wrinkled indeed, but through much smiling; kind honest eyes, and hair like a silver crown. She was a dependant, of course; she had been a pensioner for years on the Colonel's bounty, but there was nothing about her of the hireling. Her world was of the smallest, but she did her duty in it with unconscious completeness. If the Colonel had been told that there was a woman ready to die for him, he would have replied, with an incredulous smile, that he had heard the statement from more than one pair of lips, but that was some years ago. He had not the least idea, and would have been rather shocked to learn it, that he was regarded with such devotion by this faithful creature; but Hester knew it, and loved her for it.

"So my precious darling has come back at last," was the old woman's greeting as she met her young mistress on the stairs; "you must be put to bed this very minute, or all your roses will drop off your pretty cheeks."

But she well knew that a young lady in her ball dress is not so quickly disposed of, and was looking forward with eagerness to a gossip.

Hester told her little experiences, in a different way, of course, from that she had used to her father, and her recital seemed to give every satisfaction.

"But was there never an admiral, my dear, among all your partners?" was the unexpected inquiry.

"An admiral? good gracious! no; at least no one that looked like an admiral."

"I suppose he wouldn't have worn a cocked hat and that, even if there had been," murmured nurse Askell in soliloquy.

"Why no, there was nobody in uniform."

"Ay, then you don't know for certain?"

"Well, I really think I'm pretty certain," laughed Hester; "but why did you want me to dance with an admiral?"

"Because it's him as is to make you happy, my dear. I'm sure that's the way it will turn out—

'The Luck of the Darrells, whatever it may be,
Shall come by the sea and shall go by the sea.'

and it's high time that the good luck shall come."

"But, my dear nurse Askell, you surely do not seriously believe in a legend of that kind?"

"Legend, indeed? it's as true as the sun; it always has been so, and it always will be so. Did not the first Darrell make his money by taking the Spanish galley in good Queen Bess's time? Did not another lose it by privateering in the great French war? Was not the family mansion in Kent swallowed up by the sea? These eyes have seen it, the garden that grew smaller and smaller, for all that could be done to keep the hungry waves away, and then the falling of the walls as they eat away from underneath, till nothing remained of them. Was not your great-grandfather lost, with every other soul on board, in the *President*? And now is it not high time that the sea should begin to do something for us, Miss Hester?"

"Well, if it comes by turns I suppose it is," assented Hester, smiling.

"And mark my words, it will do it," said the old woman solemnly.

This prophecy fell on very barren ground. Even if her family had been much more

ancient and highly placed, Hester would never have had the egotism to believe that the great forces of nature concerned themselves in its fortunes one whit more than in those of nurse Askell herself, but to express incredulity would, she knew, have been to wound her old friend's feelings.

"Talking of one's family reminds me, nurse, that I have made the acquaintance of a relation this evening, of whose very existence I was hardly aware; my cousin, Maria."

"What, one of them Bartons?" exclaimed the old woman; her voice had suddenly become harsh, and on her forehead quite a new crop of wrinkles had suddenly made their appearance.

"Well, nurse, there is only one," said Hester quietly, "and a very nice girl she seems. She came up to me to-night and introduced herself to me in the kindest way."

Nurse Askell smothered an observation, in which the word "imference" was alone intelligible.

"I cannot see how there could be anything impertinent in her so doing," continued Hester gravely; "it seems to me quite natural that she should wish to know me."

"No doubt," returned nurse Askell with a toss of her poor old head, that ended in a palsied shake, "it's natural enough for her; she's a nobody, and you are a somebody, my dear."

At this Hester would probably have laughed outright, had not the same sentiment been already expressed to her by Maria herself; though she did not agree with it, she supposed that the position and popularity of her father did place her on some sort of artificial eminence, when compared, at least, with the daughter of the city knight; and she was too simple and honest to pretend to misunderstand the hint.

"I confess, nurse, I see no sort of difference between Maria's position and my own—except, indeed, that she is an heiress, but I dare say that some people do think of me, for my father's sake, more highly—"

"Well, of course they do," interrupted nurse Askell impatiently.

Here Hester did venture upon a smile, for she had been about to say, "More highly than I deserve."

"You may laugh, Miss Hester," continued the old woman gravely, "though I don't think the Colonel ought to be made the subject for jests; but you may depend upon it that when you come to tell him what has happened to-night, I mean about this chit of

a girl wanting to make up to you, that he won't laugh."

"But I have told him all about it, nurse Askell."

"You have told him!" exclaimed the old woman, holding up her trembling hands. "Oh, Miss Hester, that is sad indeed. I fear you have given master a bad night." Her tone could not have been more horrified if she had said, "Then you have poisoned him."

"Well, of course I told him," said Hester gravely. "You would not have had me receive her here without his knowledge?"

"Receive her here! You don't mean to say that you asked that woman's daughter to come here? Oh, Miss Hester, what have you done?" The speaker's tone and manner were so agitated and indicative of distress of mind that Hester, though she knew what a thorough partisan her companion was, was seriously alarmed, and began to think that she had made some grave mistake in making friends with her cousin.

"My dear nurse Askell, one would think that I had invited Lady Barton herself."

"Heaven forbid!" returned the old woman piously. "Things are bad enough as they are, but surely the Colonel has not agreed to see this—this young lady?"

"Well, as it happens, papa has an engagement to-morrow, when she comes to lunch."

The old woman gave a sigh of relief. "And Lady Barton's not to drop her, or call for her, or anything of that, Miss Hester?" she continued, with the air of a general dictating terms.

"Lady Barton is not in town, and Maria herself only remains here for a day or two."

"Thank goodness for that," murmured the old woman; "now get to your bed, dearie, and dream of something better than Bartons."

"Admirals," suggested Hester, smiling.

Unhappily dreams are not within our own control (if they were, what good times even the wretched would have for a quarter of their existence!), and the vision of no bronzed veteran in cocked hat and epaulettes, with a wooden leg, visited Hester's pillow. Unaccustomed to such late hours, she slept far into the morning, and when she rose the Colonel had already left the house. So grave was the impression the old woman's conversation had left upon her mind, that his absence was almost a relief to her. If some accident had chanced to detain him, or had Maria been a little earlier than had been agreed upon, it was just possible

that they might have met, and so far from the idea of such an occurrence affording her pleasure, as it would have done but for those words of warning, it gave her nurse Askell's own favourite complaint, the "shivers," even to think of it. This feeling, in spite of herself, made her not quite the Hester of the previous evening, as regards her manner towards her cousin, upon that young lady's arrival, which happened to the very minute agreed upon.

"How charmingly punctual you are!" was her greeting to her guest in place of the more affectionate welcome she had premeditated.

"I am not too punctual, am I?" replied Maria timidly. "You said two, and so I came at two; but I never know at what time to come when people ask me in London: one only knows that the hour fixed is not the hour. But in our case you seemed so different, that I really thought," stammered the poor girl, "that you meant what you said."

"And so I did," said Hester, laughing. "Why, have I not just praised you for your exactness?"

"Yes, but you see I am not at all accustomed to praise," said Maria naively, "so that it seemed to me like satire."

"Well, at all events, I hope nobody blames you," said Hester cheerfully. "I am sure you don't deserve it."

"Oh, yes I do, sometimes," returned the other with great gravity. "In the first place, I am rather stupid: that you will say I can't help, because people are born so; but it is not sufficient, as mamma says, to account for my so often saying the wrong thing instead of the right one."

"Every one does that, Maria. The wise man, as papa says, is he who puts his foot in the least number of holes."

"But there are so many holes," said Maria plaintively.

"Of course; life is like a rabbit warren in that respect. But they are not so wide as a barn door and they don't go right down to the Antipodes. Some mistakes are even creditable, like that of the Indian officer the other day, who had spent all his life in campaigning, and who shook the Queen's hand when he ought only to have put his lips to it."

"I should have dropped down and died on the spot, if that had happened to me," exclaimed Maria confidently.

"The Queen, at all events, it is said, was very pleased with him, and if so, it did her credit. It is better, surely, to be a brave

soldier who only knows his duties, than to be a courtier who studies etiquette."

"Oh, much better," said Maria earnestly. "I feel so grateful to those who fight for us, far away from home and friends, while we sit at home at ease and admire them so."

"Do you know many soldiers?" inquired Hester, with just the least touch of sarcasm in her tone; such society as she had been accustomed to was mostly military, and though some of them had distinguished themselves, they did not come up to her ideal of the heroic life.

"Oh no, we see very few soldiers."

"Then you had some one particular in your mind?" Hester's question was put playfully enough, but the effect it had upon her companion was remarkable. In an instant she was one blush not like a rose which has leaves and greenery to mitigate it, but like a carnation. Some girls having detected this weak point in the maiden armour of one of their own age and sex, would have followed up their advantage with an arrow or two, but her cousin's evident embarrassment and even distress were a shield to her, for Hester was incapable of knowingly inflicting pain. "Well, I agree with you," she went on; "there is something as nearly approaching chivalry as one can imagine, in these days, in a soldier who has seen service and yet maintains a modest reticence upon the subject; it is what one seldom finds in any other profession."

"Never," returned Maria, with the confidence of a septuagenarian who has passed his life in society.

"The barristers may circle round the subject of the law, like doves about a dove-cote," continued Hester, "but sooner or later they will settle down upon it plump. The doctors are even worse, not even our sex protects us sometimes from the details of that last interesting case of theirs; but the poor soldier, notwithstanding those lines about his shouldering his crutch and showing us how fields are won, is, upon the whole, inclined to spare us. That is my experience at least."

"And mine," assented Maria eagerly.

It was strange (but very pretty) to hear Hester talking so dogmatically of her experience of life; but in Maria's case it was ludicrous (though also pretty) to the last degree.

Her air and manner were so simple, and though her fairylike figure was shapely and womanly, her face was so childlike in its expression, that her wisdom seemed the

wisdom of a babe. And yet her enthusiasm was as genuine as though her faith had been founded upon a rock. Hester, whose woman's instinct at once divined the nature of the rock (a very soft one), was amused, but also greatly interested, in her new-found relative.

Maria, on her part, who had come with the intention of making friends, found her task a very easy one, and notwithstanding her natural timidity, felt herself before the meal was completed quite at home and inclined to be confidential. Not a word, however, did Hester ask her respecting her own belongings; all that was said about them was volunteered. On the other hand, out of courtesy to her guest, it was necessary to interpolate now and then, in the other's simple narrative, something more than mere "Yes" and "No." Hester gathered from it that her cousin's father sat in Parliament for Shingleton, and hoped to continue to be its representative after the next election, but that of this there was some doubt. He was "nursing the borough" in the Liberal interest, but found it rather refractory.

"The Darrells are on the other side, I am afraid," said Maria.

"Well, yes, I believe papa is a Tory," said Hester, smiling at her cousin's apologetic tone; "but he is not very fierce about it. I don't think you and I, at all events, are likely to come to blows about such matters."

"Quarrel, oh dear no! Sooner than do that I would at once come over to your opinions," observed Maria simply.

"It is very kind of you to say so," laughed Hester, "though I am afraid your political principles are not strong enough to make it much of a compliment."

"But how nice it is of your father not to be fierce about them," returned the other.

It was evidently also an unexpected pleasure. The Colonel had been represented to her no doubt as a very overbearing and dictatorial personage. Some sense of this gave a touch of dryness to Hester's rejoinder.

"In London," she said, "it is not, I believe, usual to quarrel about politics. It is not, I have been told, good taste even to argue about them; friends agree to differ. Mr. Langton, my father's oldest friend, for example, is quite a red-hot Radical, but you and I would never guess it."

"I wish it was so with us," said Maria earnestly. "Everybody is either a blue or a yellow, and the colours don't mix. Dear old Sir Reginald, who is so pleasant in other

ways, begins to stiffen his tail and growl like a mastiff whenever politics are mentioned at home."

"And who is Sir Reginald?"

"Sir Reginald Drake, our neighbour, of whom papa bought the Castle.

"What Castle? You forget I know nothing about it."

"Medbury Castle, where we live."

"Why, you told me you lived at Shingleton!" exclaimed Hester.

"Well, it is near Shingleton," said Maria with a faint flush, "within quite an easy drive."

"I have surely heard of Medbury Castle," said Hester with interest. "It was besieged in Cromwell's time, was it not? I remember a strange story of how the moat was crossed by the Ironsides. Why, it has quite an historical renown."

"It is a well-known place enough, I am sorry to say, for we suffer for its reputation—what is called a show place."

"So it was your modesty that made you give Shingleton as your address, instead of Medbury. I like you for that," said Hester frankly. "I am sure our friends Lady Jane and Lady Gertrude would never confuse Fromsham with their post-town."

"But Medbury is not our "family seat;" papa bought it only the other day of Sir Reginald."

"And Fromsham has only belonged to the Crummocks for one generation," said Hester.

"I am sure I wish we had never bought the Castle," said Maria, without taking notice of this last remark. "Poor Sir Reginald would rather have parted with his right hand, and now he lives in a cottage in the park that once belonged to his own keeper."

"Dear me, how sad! Why, that is like old Sir Henry Lee in Woodstock. I hope, to complete the parallel, he has a gallant nephew in the army in love with the heiress of Medbury, and that, in the end, the king or the baronet will enjoy his own again. That was not quite the story, by-the-bye, but it was something like it." Then poor little Maria became a carnation again. Hester would have spared her, as before; but this time she felt on more familiar terms with her, and that to pursue the subject with a little playful badinage would no longer be an intrusion. "You shake your head," she continued, smiling. "Sir Reginald has no nephew. He has, perhaps, a son. It is easy to see I have touched a tender chord, cousin."

"Indeed, indeed, it is not as you think," pleaded the girl earnestly.

"You mean that there is not at present any engagement?"

It was wrong to press her so; but Hester was little more than a school-girl in years, and naturally roguish and fond of fun.

"Oh no, oh no; he does not even suspect—oh dear, what am I saying?"

"Poetry," replied Hester, "or at all events equivalent to it.

*'She let concealment, like the worm 't' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek.'*"

The cheeks in question grew more and more damask; the little figure began to tremble, and, to her companion's horror, the girl suddenly burst into tears. Hester ran up to her and impulsively clasped her to her bosom. She felt that she had too rudely handled the delicate creature, who reminded her of Cowper's rose, "The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower and bowed down its beautiful head."

"I never meant to hurt your feelings, my dear cousin; pray, pray forgive me."

"It is I that should ask pardon for my stupid folly," murmured Maria—"unless, indeed, I may blame a kindness to which I am not accustomed, and which led me to say more than I should have said."

"But you have said nothing, my dear," said Hester soothingly; "it is only that I have had the bad manners to guess at something, and guessed rightly. Your little secret is quite safe with me."

"Thank you, thank you," replied the sobbing girl; "but it was shameful of me to tell it, Hester."

"Your face told it, my dear, not you."

"Then it is a wicked brazen face," exclaimed the other vehemently.

"Really!" said Hester smiling, "now I should not have thought that unless I had had it on such good authority. It seems to me such a simple, innocent face," and she touched it tenderly, as though it had been the flower of which it reminded her.

"It was not a thing that any girl should have told," whispered Maria remorsefully. "He knows nothing about it himself."

"Are you quite sure, my dear?" said Hester playfully. "Well then, let us hope he will find it out; and if not, nobody will be any the worse, at least so far as I am concerned."

"I am sure they will not. I feel you are so kind and true, that I hardly regret having revealed it to you. How nice it must be to have some one in whom you can confide! Oh, Hester, can I not persuade you to come down to Medbury?"

"I? no." She answered gravely, unconsciously disengaging herself from her cousin's embrace. "In the first place I have not been asked, and secondly," she went on still more seriously, as the other was about to speak, "even were I asked, nothing should induce me to leave my father."

"That means you will never come," said Maria despairingly; "that is visiting the sins—I mean that is making us suffer for the faults of others indeed. Oh, cousin, do not cast me off."

"Certainly not, my dear," was the quiet but affectionate response. "I shall always be glad to hear from you and to see you." There came a double knock that shook the little house. "That is Mrs. Brabazon coming to call for me for a drive. I am afraid we must say good-bye now."

The girl rose in haste and obedient as a chidden child. "I will go at once; only let the lady go up-stairs" (for they were still in the dining-room), "and I will slip out."

"You need not be frightened at Mrs. Brabazon, my dear," said Hester, smiling. "She is only fashionable to look at, and very good-natured."

"I am frightened at everybody but you, Hester," said the other simply. "I am but a poor little creature, though not I hope incapable of gratitude. Thank you, thank you, for having taken pity upon me, and for all your kindness. May I kiss you, cousin?"

"Well of course you may; have I not been just kissing you?"

"Yes, but that is different," said Maria simply.

Then she clung to her in a close embrace, as the ivy clings to the tree, or rather the honeysuckle clings about the wild rose, taking its comparative uprightness for strength.

At the door she met an old lady returning from her walk, whom the man servant addressed as nurse Askell. As they brushed against one another in the narrow passage, Maria smiled an apology, but the smile was not returned. On the contrary, the old lady passed on with a certain harsh avoidance impossible to misunderstand.

"Even the very servants of the house shrink from me," was the girl's piteous reflection; "I shall never get to be dear Hester's friend."

CHAPTER XIII.—FROM EPSOM.

WHEN Hester entered the little drawing-room she did not find Mrs. Brabazon alone.

"I have ventured," she said, "to bring my

nephew with me, who wishes to inquire after your health after the fatigues of the ball."

It was a stilted introduction enough, and not at all characteristic of the speaker. The fact was she had brought Mr. Digby Mason at his own earnest entreaty, and by no means of her free will. She did not approve of the young man's "running after" Miss Hester Darrell, as she termed it; but when her nephew put his smile on (which he did when there was a necessity for it, and not otherwise, like a glove) she could deny him nothing. He wore it now as he addressed his young hostess.

"You left us very early last evening, Miss Darrell, and I am afraid you must have forfeited many engagements."

"My dear Digby, you talk like a racing man," said Mrs. Brabazon. "You should remember that we are not all of us on the turf."

The young man seemed to wish her under it by the glance he flashed at her; to give an impression of his being "fast" in any way was the very thing he wished to avoid with Miss Darrell, and he felt sure that his aunt knew it. Hester's reply was not of a nature to reassure him.

"I don't know what you call early, Mr. Mason, I thought it very late. I am not so accustomed to turn night into day as you gentlemen of fashion."

If his aunt had not been present, Mr. Digby Mason would have protested that he for his part liked early hours and kept them; but though he had great audacity it was not quite equal to the assertion in the presence of such a witness.

"The time may have hung heavily on your hands, but it did not—or at least some of it did not—upon mine. May I ask, Miss Darrell, where it was you learnt dancing?"

"I? Oh, at Madame Langlais'. The school—though it was certainly not much like a school—where I lived in Paris. She had a little carpet dance every Wednesday and Saturday."

"How charming!" cried Mr. Mason.

"I dare say you would have liked to have been there," said Mrs. Brabazon. "As the only male partner, you would have probably been in request."

"That is really not very complimentary to Mr. Mason," laughed Hester, who took the young man's evident annoyance for embarrassment, and felt a natural compassion for him.

"It is very good of you, Miss Darrell, to take my part," he said; "my aunt is always

very cruel to me ; only what I was about to say about your dancing instead of what it really is, an expression of genuine admiration, will now seem to be like a return compliment."

"Then don't say it," said Hester quickly. "For my part I think dancing is a natural gift for which nobody should be praised any more than for having any particular coloured hair. Practice may improve it, but—" she hesitated.

"But never perfect it as in your case," put in the young man gallantly. "It is the same with men as with women. You must have found a great difference in your many partners last night."

"I only remember one of them, however," replied Hester, "very particularly."

"Indeed," said Mr. Digby Mason, with an innocent air, but with a flush of triumphant pleasure that belied it. He was convinced, and not without reason, that so far as dancing went, at all events, he had been the most satisfactory partner that Hester had had.

"I suppose it would be unfair to ask the name of this fortunate individual."

"Of course, it would be unfair," put in Mrs. Brabazon, scandalised at this audacious method of fishing for a pretty speech, and still more so at the girl's readiness to bite.

"It would not only be unfair, but unkind," said Hester quietly; "for the reason for which I remember the gentleman in question is, that he danced so uncommonly ill."

Mrs. Brabazon burst into a laugh, which would have lasted longer, but for the obvious discomfiture visible in her nephew's face.

"Come, Hester," she said with sudden gravity, "we can talk about Lady Buttermere's reception just as well in the carriage as here. We are only waiting, remember, till you are ready."

"A thousand pardons, I will not keep you five minutes," said Hester, and left the room.

For full a minute after her departure not a word was exchanged between the two visitors. Mr. Digby Mason bit his lip, and, with his back turned to his aunt, gazed through the window at her steeds below, champing their bits and tossing their heads, in their impatience of inaction.

"Have you still a mind to drive with us, Digby?" inquired Mrs. Brabazon presently.

"Why should I not have?" he answered fretfully. "I am not aware that anything has occurred to alter the views I expressed to you half an hour ago."

"I am surprised to hear you say that; at least, if you mean it," was the dry reply.

"You have experienced no little annoyance, I know, and you are disappointed in your reception. You thought you had made some impression upon this girl, and you find yourself mistaken. The only man whose attentions last evening she remembers was, as she as good as told us, Lord Thirlmere, which proves her to have a judicious and convenient memory."

"You know that she does not care one-halfpenny about Thirlmere, who has clearly only made himself ridiculous in her eyes," answered the young man curtly, "and you wish to make me dissatisfied with the girl."

"I wish to make you more satisfied with yourself, Digby," was the soothing rejoinder. "You are justified in looking a good deal higher in your choice of a wife than to the hand of Hester Darrell. She will certainly have no fortune to speak of, and your tastes and pursuits are such as to make it necessary you should marry money. As to a love match—a folly in any case, but in yours a downright absurdity, for, indeed, my dear Digby, there are not the materials for it in your nature—for that, it is above all things necessary that the passion should be reciprocated, and it is clear to me that your merits are not appreciated by this young lady. I don't say it to her disadvantage—though you know how foolishly fond I am of you. How is it possible that a girl fresh from school and ignorant of society, should know how to estimate a man like you? Wit, talents, and address are thrown away upon her. Take my advice, my dear, and if you do not feel it yourself, spare me the pain of seeing you snubbed again before my eyes."

If Mrs. Brabazon's portly coachman, sitting Jovellike above the thunder on his hammer-cloth, had happened to look up at the window at that instant, he would have seen a face so scowling that it might well have ruffled even his serenity.

"Come," continued the lady persuasively, "think better of this, Digby; you hate sitting in a carriage with your back to the horses, you know you do. Take a walk and a cigar instead."

The young man shifted his legs irresolutely. His aunt's arguments were not without their effect on his mind, but it was not these which moved him so much as his consciousness of the truth of what, "only cruel to be kind," she had so bluntly said of Hester's reception of him. He had expected cordiality, welcome from her, whereas he had been almost repulsed. Perhaps if his aunt had said no more he would have taken the suggested

cigar and under its judicious influence all would have ended, literally, in smoke. Unhappily, like many of her sex, the lady did not know where to stop.

"Remember, Digby," she continued, "even if you had found yourself in a position of advantage with this girl, which is clearly not the case, you would not as a suitor—however much he may like you as a club friend—have been a *persona grata* in the eyes of the Colonel. I do not say for a moment that Hester Darrell has any mercenary views for herself, but her father is looking out for a rich husband for her, and whomsoever he recommends she will, I have no doubt, dutifully take. There is her step on the stairs. You must make your choice at once. Nothing will be easier than to take your leave of her; indeed, she does not even know of your intention to accompany—"

"I shall come in the carriage," interrupted Mr. Digby Mason decisively. His natural confidence had returned to him, for some reason which his relative did not comprehend, though she had in fact herself supplied it. The next moment Hester entered the room equipped for her drive.

Mrs. Brabazon was quite right in supposing that Hester did not take Mr. Mason's intention of making a third in the carriage for granted. She did not even suspect it; nor, indeed, is it very usual to see young gentlemen of eight-and-twenty or so lolling in barouches in the park. She did not in her own mind thank Mrs. Brabazon for having brought him to Welham Street at all, and was resolved, so far as it implied any compliment to herself, to ignore his coming altogether.

"I am very sorry my father was not at home, Mr. Mason," she said; "he will be sorry to have missed you; unfortunately he had an engagement for the day."

"Then you actually don't know where he has gone?" exclaimed Mrs. Brabazon.

"No, indeed I do not," said Hester. The other's air seemed so unnecessarily commiserating (as though her father was not at liberty to go where he liked without consulting his daughter) that she was almost guilty of the flippancy of adding, "Do you?" In spite of herself Mrs. Brabazon could not help flashing a significant glance at her nephew, but her telegram met with no response. He had taken to his old resource—the window.

"I wonder whether I should be an insufferable bore to you two ladies if I asked for a drive in the Park," he said; "it is absolutely too hot to walk."

"Well, that's frank at all events," laughed his aunt, "though it's not exactly gallant."

"Indeed I didn't mean that, Miss Darrell," exclaimed the young man earnestly. "I meant that if you had no objection it would be a great pleasure to me."

"It is your aunt's carriage, Mr. Mason, not mine," said Hester, mustering a smile, which was not, however, an encouraging one.

Mrs. Brabazon was far from smiling; her nephew's clumsy speech—a thing of which she had never before known him guilty—was too indicative of the state of his mind, and convinced her that he was something more than *épris* with this (from a material point of view) exceedingly undesirable young woman. She did not, however, dare to thwart him.

"If you promise to be a very good boy and sit still, and only speak when you are spoken to," she said, "you may come with us."

If any backing of this invitation was expected by the young gentleman from Hester, he was fated to be disappointed, for all she said was, "Our stairs are very narrow, so I must ask you to precede me;" an observation of course addressed to both her guests, but which was especially directed to Mr. Digby Mason, who had already crooked his arm with the intention of offering himself as her escort.

This unlooked-for presence of mind, though by no means displeasing to Mrs. Brabazon (who gathered that this young lady would be a match for her nephew in quite another sense than that he hoped for), a good deal disconcerted her; so much so, in fact, that she found nothing to say till they were in the carriage, and even then the very last thing that she should have said.

"What a beautiful day for the race!" she exclaimed, with a patronising glance at the Green Park, intended to include Nature herself.

"What race?" inquired Hester simply.

If Mr. Digby Mason had dared, he would have made use of a certain popular repartee, and answered the "human race," but he felt that matters were too serious. If Colonel Darrell (as he suspected) kept his daughter in such complete ignorance of his "goings on," as not even to have told her that he was gone to Epsom, he would not thank the man who gave her that information. His best plan was, therefore, to confine himself to generalities.

"You did not know, then, that it was the Derby day?" he answered with an indifferent

air. "I am afraid you will find the Park robbed of half its attractions in consequence."

"Do so many people go there?" inquired Hester.

"Well, a good many," admitted Mrs. Brabazon; "chiefly men, however. We shall not see many four-in-hands, no doubt. But it doesn't make much difference as regards the ladies. There are many men who do not think it wise for ladies to go to the Derby, or, indeed, to interest themselves in such matters at all."

She felt that she had committed an indiscretion, and was making reparation for it. If Hester discovered the nature of her father's "engagement" she would now understand why he had not communicated it to her. She saw that her nephew had already forgiven her. His countenance, indeed, expressed great satisfaction. But he was not thinking of his aunt at all. He was reflecting that it might some day fall to his lot to open Hester's eyes with respect to the Colonel's proceedings, and that the opportunity might be advantageous to him.

"I dare say papa is gone to the Derby," observed Hester quietly.

This simplicity amused Mr. Mason, as simplicity (when he believed in it, which was seldom) always did.

"It is just within the bounds of possibility that he has," was his sardonic rejoinder.

"Then I am glad it is such a fine day," returned Hester earnestly. "I sometimes think he doesn't take enough exercise, and spends too much of his time at the club."

"Then she *does* know," was Mr. Mason's reflection. "I wonder how much she knows. We are not only skating on thin ice but getting near some deepish holes."

"There is so little temptation to walk in London," said Mrs. Brabazon in that feeble tone in which a person utters a platitude which he knows to be such.

"Do you really think so?" inquired Hester. "For my part, one of the reasons which sometimes makes me wish I had been born a man is that I should then be able to walk about London by myself. Its associations are so interesting. Scarcely a street, except quite the modern ones, has not been the residence of some eminent men whose works we read, or whose deeds form part of our history. The mere fact of so many generations having lived and passed away here, even if they did nothing meritorious—I don't know how to express it; but Mr. Locker's poem on St. James's

Street, conveys exactly what I mean—has a certain charm."

"It's very bad for the horses," murmured Mr. Mason, who perceived that something was expected from him in the way of sympathy.

"What is?"

"Why, St. James's Street; it's a precious steep bit, you know. That's a fine stepping pair by-the-bye, is it not?" he added as a mail phaeton drove swiftly by them. "You are smiling at the way they are tooled, and well you may. That's young Jephson, the money-lender's son; one can't become everything in a day. You should get your father, I mean any one who knows about London, to tell you about Jephson—*né* Jehoshaphat, as you would say in Paris; a very remarkable outcome of our high civilisation."

"Indeed," replied Hester, not without a secret reflection that a man who preferred horses and money-lenders to all other objects of human interest, was also a remarkable outcome. "I never happened to hear papa mention the gentleman."

Mrs. Brabazon perceived the direction Hester's thoughts had taken, though she could not fathom them. She was pleased to see Digby "putting his foot in it," and with so much greater completeness than she herself had done, that it was no longer possible that he could reproach her.

A couple of cavaliers known to Mrs. Brabazon here rode up to the carriage; one of them had danced with Hester on the previous evening, and she gave him the bow and smile for which he was hungering. He divided his difficult attentions (for his horse was fidgety) between the two ladies, but the younger one had the larger share. The other talked familiarly and in hushed tones to their male companion.

"I suppose you are all right about Lancaster—you generally are?"

"Well, I was not in this case at all events," was the rejoinder, delivered with some emphasis, though almost in a whisper. It seemed that Mr. Mason wished there should be no sort of doubt in the mind of his friend that he was a loser by Lancaster. Then raising his voice, he added carelessly, "It was a mere trifle I had on him, just to give me an interest in the thing, but such as it was I lost it."

"It will be a great disappointment for the Col—"

"Your mare's leg is against the wheel," exclaimed Mason hastily. "Miss Darrell, will you permit me to introduce my friend

Mr. Armytage? He is well acquainted with your father." Another bow and smile; a little more tittle-tattle resembling talk "only as mist resembles rain;" and the occupants of the carriage were again left to themselves.

"I am glad those highwaymen are gone," said Mr. Mason with an air of genuine relief. "Nobody on horseback, unless he is the postillion, should ever come near a carriage. I wish we rode in scythe-wheeled chariots like the ancient Britons."

"I congratulate you on your humanity," said Hester; "it is delightful to see a person so solicitous upon his friend's account."

"I didn't care tuppence about him," said Mr. Mason frankly; "I was thinking of what might happen to *you* if his horse kicked."

"Then I suppose I ought to be still more grateful," was the grave rejoinder.

Had she caught that allusion to her father, or had she not? he wondered. If her ears were as sharp as her tongue she certainly had. It was plain, for all her simplicity, that she was sharp as a needle, but he did not like her less upon that account. To Mr. Mason (to use a metaphor, under the circumstances of some audacity) when he had "set his heart" upon anything, difficulties in the way were only incentives. And how very beautiful she was! Sitting opposite to her in the carriage was a positive luxury to him, and luxuries were the only pleasures he cared for; it was one too which he knew he would not easily find an opportunity of enjoying again, which added to its charm.

"We were talking just now of postillions," said Hester presently, "a being that I have seldom seen, and there *are* postillions." She pointed to a carriage with four horses that was rapidly approaching them.

"You will see plenty of them presently," said Mrs. Brabazon—"the people are beginning to come back from the Derby."

The carriage was now returning home, and as they neared Apsley House they met many conveyances covered with dust, and presenting quite a different appearance from the spick and span vehicles of "the Drive;" so great was the throng that they had to go at a foot's-pace, and opposite the Wellington Arch were compelled to stop altogether. There was a block in Piccadilly. Up Constitution Hill was pouring an unbroken stream of vehicles, the vanguard of the returning Epsom army. Their humbler occupants were in a boisterous and excited state, and interchanged a shower of chaff, occasionally diversified on their own side with peas, with the crowd that had assembled in the streets

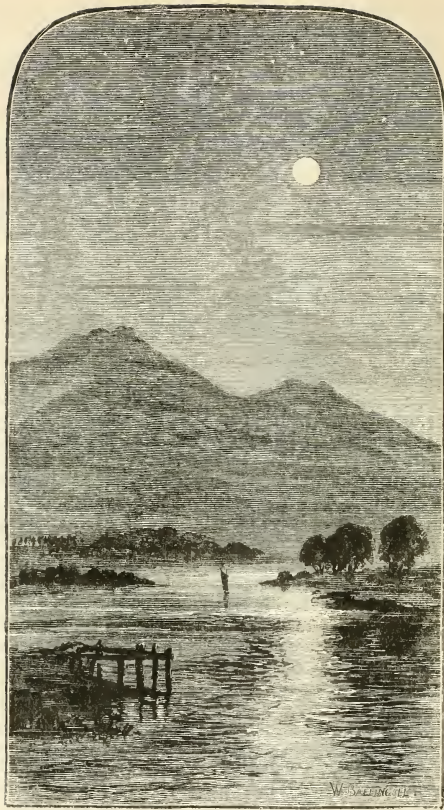
to greet them. The spectacle, altogether new to Hester, excited her amusement, somewhat to the disapprobation of her stately chaperon, to whom the humorousness of a crowd was a subject wholly contemptible. The girl's face, however; suddenly grew grave enough.

"Look, look!" she cried, "there is papa. How sad and grave he looks! what can have happened?" Close in front of them, moving very slowly, passed a well-appointed four-in-hand; on the box-seat sat Colonel Darrell, wearing a pale set face, which turned neither to the right nor to the left. He had a large cigar in his mouth, which did not, however, mitigate in the least the melancholy expression of face, which seemed to gaze right into vacancy. Hester shrank back in her seat with an instinctive feeling that he would not like to be recognised, but she need not have taken the precaution. He was blind and deaf to all that was going on about him; the present had no existence for him, he was thinking of the incurable past which he hated and the miserable future that he feared.

The four-in-hand moved on, and, with scarce an interval, Mrs. Brabazon's carriage followed it at a foot's-pace. Its occupants kept silence (Mr. Digby Mason knew what had happened, and his aunt suspected it); it was like a funeral procession. The Colonel was dropped at the corner of Welham Street, somewhat to the indignation of those who were delayed by the stoppage of his vehicle. And only a minute or so after he had reached home, Hester and her friend also arrived there. Mrs. Brabazon uttered a few parting words with as much cheerful indifference as she could assume; and Hester replied to them in the same strain. But her heart was full of an undefined alarm. She had never seen her father look like that, she was saying to herself; moreover, he was the last man in the world to show his feelings when subject to the observation of others.

"A most unfortunate rencontre for the poor girl," Mrs. Brabazon observed to her nephew as they drove away. "It is clear the Colonel has been very unlucky at Epsom."

"Hard hit, I should say," was the dry rejoinder. "A man who backs a horse when he ought to bet against him is likely to be hard hit." Mr. Digby Mason was a man who always bore the misfortunes of his friends with equanimity; in this case he had his reasons for not being much distressed. The first favourite, Lancaster, of whose prowess he himself at one time had entertained a high opinion, had been "nowhere" in the race.



A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

THE dry leaves dropped upon the way
 With constant sound, like falling rain ;
 I would give much this weary day
 To hear that sound again.

Behind, with sharp and even rim,
 Black hills of cloud possessed the sky ;
 A star was glimmering far and dim
 Through a faint light on high.

The woods were dark, and all abroad
 The fields were dark, and pathways dim :
 My soul yearned for the living God
 Thro' the thick cloud which foldeth Him.

When all at once, up soared the moon,
 With sudden flood of tender light—
 A gracious flood ; and, lo ! right soon
 Woods, fields, and ways were bright.

The solemn trees stretched out their boughs
 And caught the light. With quiet mind,
 "Surely," I said, "this is God's house ;
 And where men seek they find."

Tears filled mine eyes, but they were sweet ;
 And, standing on the shining road,
 I knew what Spirit led my feet
 By darksome ways to God.

NIMMO SMITH.

CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND.

By THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

SECOND PAPER.

A COMPARISON between the two systems upon which the trade of England is now being carried on, and which are becoming more and more antagonistic every day, cannot go back for much more than thirty years. The Rochdale Pioneers started indeed in 1844, and the Christian Socialists in 1849, when the agitation took form and consistency for such an amendment of the law of partnership as should enable poor folk to fight their own battle in the world of trade. But it was not till the session of 1852 that the first Industrial Societies Act was passed, and the heaviest fetters fell from the working man's limbs.

It was about this time that the free trade policy of 1846 and the following years was beginning to bear its legitimate fruit in the increase of the prosperity of the country "by leaps and bounds," to use Mr. Gladstone's famous phrase. And this increase continued for more than twenty years from that time, when it culminated in 1873. Thus taking quinquennial periods, we find from the statistical tables published by Government, that our exports and imports were, in round numbers, £260,000,000 in 1855, rising in 1860 to £375,000,000, in 1865 to £488,000,000, in 1870 to £547,000,000, and in 1873 to £682,000,000. During these years there had been occasional panics and fluctuations, but the volume kept steadily rolling up. In 1874 the returns showed a considerable fall to £667,000,000, followed in 1875 by a further fall to £631,000,000, and in 1879 to £611,000,000. Or, taking the value of exports only, the fall between 1872 to 1879 was from £256,000,000 to £191,000,000.

But this falling off in value, or price, does not represent a falling off in quantity. Upon this point, says Mr. Giffen, "We are not left to conjecture. British and Irish exports in 1873 were £255,165,000, and in 1877, £198,893,000, a reduction of £56,272,000, which is exactly in the proportion stated" (of the fall in prices), "so that there has been an average falling off in prices of more than 24 per cent." To which testimony we may add that of Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the continuous fall in these years was "a decline of price mainly," and of Mr. Chamberlain at Cardiff in January, 1883, "What is most striking in connection with trade is the falling off in price. While

the volume of our business is continually increasing the profits of manufacturers and merchants are, I am afraid, continually diminishing." To the same effect the *Economist*, in the review of the trade of 1882, writes—"There has been a fair demand for manufacturing products both at home and abroad, and yet there has been comparatively little profit made," and it would be easy to add authoritative testimonies in almost any number to the same effect, if there were any need to do so. I have no room for the statistics of later years, but no one will seriously question the broad fact that the state of things indicated above has not altered in any material respect in the last quinquennial period, and is not likely to alter for the better so far as we can see. Its results may be summed up generally in a few plain propositions.

In the third of a century during which the present industrial system has prevailed, the volume of our trade has increased as rapidly as the most sanguine free traders predicted it would.

During the earlier part of this period very large profits were made, which went chiefly to the capitalists and employers of labour.

During the latter part profits have been declining, and seem likely to decline still further, while a larger share of them have been going to the working people.

Whether it be *propter hoc*, or simply *post hoc*, it is the fact, that in these last years the staple industries have been getting into fewer hands, very large capital being necessary to make any profit at all. The smaller capitalists, when not ruined and driven out of trade altogether, have taken to combining in joint-stock companies, in order by their united capital to be able to hold their own against the great houses in each trade.

By these means the competition has been steadily growing keener and keener, until the most prosperous and able traders are taking alarm, and showing signs of distrust—an inclination to reconsider whether, after all, the leaders of thought on these trade questions in the last generation may not have been somewhat hasty, not to say arrogant, in their dogmas as to "unfettered competition" (as distinguished from free trade) and the laws of supply and demand.

If any reader is inclined to question this I would ask him to glance at the doings and sayings of two noteworthy gatherings which have been held in London in these last days of January. The first, the London Chamber of Commerce, sat at the Mansion House, the proper centre of the commercial life of England. This was only their third meeting, so that our English Chamber of Commerce is probably the youngest amongst national Chambers. Why is this, that the leading nation in trade and commerce has only just established such a Chamber in its metropolis? If she gained her position without one against nations which have always had them, why make the change now? It seems to me that there is only one answer to this question. To use the words of the leading Liberal paper, "This youngest of City institutions is in some degree a representative of, and substitute for, some of the oldest." Precisely so; or, put in other words, our metropolitan merchants and manufacturers have at last discovered that trade and commerce must be organized; and so, having allowed the old guilds, by which our forefathers organized them, to fall decrepit, they are driven to found this Chamber. Eleven trades are represented in the sections, and it seems already clear that the functions of the Chamber will not be confined to external relations and promoting or opposing bills in Parliament.

But if the Chamber of Commerce is cautious and somewhat reticent as to the conditions of our industrial life, this certainly cannot be said of the other gathering. The "Conference on Industrial Remuneration" met under the presidency of a Cabinet minister, and numbered amongst its speakers not only Privy Councillors, M.P.s, and leading merchants and employers, but almost all the best-known writers on social questions, and representatives of labour organization, who certainly left nothing to be desired in the scope and outspokenness of their discussions, which dealt frankly enough with every phase of industrial problems.

In passing, one may remark that while large employers of labour, like Mr. Lowthian Bell, President of the British Iron Trades Association, Sir Thomas Brassey, and others, advocated arbitration, a sliding scale of wages, industrial partnerships, and other alleviations and safety valves, only one speaker stood courageously on the old lines. This was Mr. Houldsworth, M.P., who sang the old song of "the great law of supply and demand," which must govern

industry, in obedience to which stability of employment was neither possible nor desirable, "the instability and unsteadiness of trade being its best stimulant." But the notable fact about this remarkable gathering was the unanimous admission that the state of British industry has fallen into a deplorable and unprecedented condition, which it is the duty and interest of all of us to probe to the bottom and remedy, if remedy can be found.

Hitherto we have been on the surface, but now we must go a little deeper. I have been taken to task both in public and private for asserting that competition has given the control of trade to "unscrupulous men," whose habits and methods are dragging down the upright merchants and manufacturers to their own level. I am neither merchant nor manufacturer and do not claim any more weight for my opinion than that of an observant outsider is entitled to. I will quote therefore the actual words of persons engaged in trade and manufactures, whose names, however, for obvious reasons I cannot give. "Since 1864," writes one, "a class of men have come to the front" (in Manchester and Liverpool) "who have brought in a style and system of business which it seems to me wants putting down. I have incurred considerable loss of income, and got a great deal of ill-will, because I could not conform to the system." Again, "These new cotton lords, managers of large mills in the spinning and manufacturing centres, are paid inadequate salaries, which leaves a wide door open to bribery and corruption; for, coming as they do to Manchester and Liverpool and mixing with men of superior means, they cannot afford cigars, dinners, wines, spirits, &c., unless someone is at hand to cater for their wants." "There are certain branches of trade" (connected with the cotton and woollen manufactures), "such as oil, in which it is impossible, however good and cheap your article may be, to succeed unless you get well in with the buyer, and stand ready to treat him to all he requires. In some cases they prefer from 3d. to 6d. a gallon in cash, and I have known men who are local preachers to take this as a matter-of-course part of their salary." Again, "In the purchase of cotton I was told by a manager that they know exactly how much they can get from each agent, or broker, say $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, or $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and those men who, like myself, will not give, get no business." "We have some large houses in the trade who have men who can sing good songs, and keep as it were

open house, with unlimited supplies of wines, cigars, spirits, &c., so that a man can pass a pleasant afternoon say from 3 to 6 without any expense save that he must be a customer. I know one large house who boast that they did 6,000 bales in one day, who do this to an enormous extent." "I can show you a system of making up cloth to deceive the natives of India and China, marking 33 yards with 36, which they say only means folds, but which was always understood to mean yards. It was publicly talked of on the Manchester Exchange lately that the great leading firm of — had had to fall in with these ways after fighting so long to maintain the integrity of their cloths." "Such is the terrible pressure to live that a very large cotton broker remarked to me only a week ago in Liverpool, that many well-known brokerage houses had been obliged to relax their rules and connive at irregularities, such as playing Nap in private offices, supplying drink and cigars, giving donations to managers, and other practices at which their fathers would have been horrified."

It is needless to add to the sad tale, which I might do to any extent, alas! in other staple industries. But now before leaving this side of my subject I should like to ask the "benevolent men under the guidance of science," who are claimed as the supporters of this competitive system, how they are going to stop these practices? or even less objectionable practices than these, such as buying goods from needy manufacturers at a price below the cost of production? I have tried again and again to understand, even to imagine, how competition can be kept "fair," or "honourable," without a controlling power somewhere; and with a controlling power the "law" of unrestricted competition breaks down, and takes the form of concert, co-operation.

Having made this necessarily short and imperfect, but I hope not unfair, survey of the competitive side of trade during the last thirty years, it remains to glance at the co-operative side. For the purpose of comparison, it would scarcely be fair to go behind the first Industrial and Provident Societies Act which was passed in 1852. For some years even then the working people of the North had been feeling their way slowly towards association on the Rochdale system, but there is no trustworthy record of their numbers or progress. No sooner was the Act passed and a legal position placed within their reach, than the scattered societies began to register and to show a wish for closer re-

lations *inter se*. Their instinct was to hold together for common objects. Already, in April and May, 1851, in anticipation of the passing of the Act, conferences had been held for the purpose of establishing an union, at Bury in Lancashire, and in London. At the former 44 stores were represented, numbering 3,873 members, and the names of 39 other stores not represented were handed in, making a total of 83 already in existence in the North. In July, 1852, a second conference was held in London to consider how the Act could be best turned to account for the advancement of co-operation. The records of that conference show that the total number of societies had already risen to upwards of 150. We must pass over the efforts at organization in these early years, which, though not successful, educated the leading workmen in all parts of the country to look forward and aim at closer union. The first great practical advance was not made till twelve years later, when, as the result of long deliberation at many conferences, the Wholesale Society was established at Manchester in March, 1864.

The number of societies which combined for this effort was 44, and in the first year the business transacted amounted to £94,000. In 1865 the number of societies rose to 59, and the business to £143,000; and in 1868, the year when the next important step in the movement was taken, the societies in union numbered 191, doing a business with their wholesale centre of £423,000. I must not follow the career of the Wholesale Society further, though, so far as material progress goes, it is probably the part of the whole movement which would be most likely to impress strangers. Developing as it has done into one of the largest purchasing and distributing centres in the world, it has, in spite of great temptations, committed fewer blunders and taken less taint from the surrounding competitive trade world than could have been fairly hoped. There has been no falling away from the central principle, that the smallest country village store shall have precisely the same terms as the largest of the leviathan stores in the manufacturing centres of the North. In 1883 it had 663 shareholding societies on its rolls, and did a business of more than £4,500,000.

The Wholesale Society had been no sooner established than it became clear that a mere business centre, a machine for purchasing and distributing, would not satisfy the aspirations of the co-operators. They had never ceased to proclaim their wish for and determination to

establish an Union, which should exercise a controlling power in the movement, holding all the societies together, enabling them to act promptly and efficiently, settling all disputed questions, encouraging a high standard in business, and constantly keeping before the members the principles as to the morality of trade, which had always been acknowledged as vital since their adoption by the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, and the affiliated societies. After a preliminary meeting at Manchester in 1868, the main object of which was to advocate the establishment of industrial partnerships, a congress met in London in June, 1869, at which the permanent basis of the present Union was fixed.

In every year since there has been a congress of the societies which are federated in the Union. A central board is elected each year, which is divided into six sections—the midland, northern, north-western, Scottish, southern, and western. Each section of the board sits monthly in its own district, where it keeps in constant touch with all the societies, and organizes local meetings and conferences. The central board meets quarterly, and reports, as does also each of the sections, to the yearly congress, which is ambulatory, meeting in each section by turns. The congress is, in fact, the Parliament of the movement, and the central board the executive government. At the last, or sixteenth, congress (1884) the societies represented numbered 1,241, with 667,163 members, and a share capital of £7,585,996. They had done a trade in the twelve months of £27,865,054, and had paid in dividends to their members £2,167,585, while their reserve fund stood at £308,506. So far from the Union showing signs of depression during the bad years from 1873 there has been a steady increase in numbers, trade, and profits, and the only cause of embarrassment of the societies is the accumulations of capital which the members are desirous of leaving in their hands, and the managing committees have some difficulty in using satisfactorily.

The remarkable feature of this co-operative trading world, as contrasted with the competitive, is not, however, this steady advance, and the absence of times of inflation and depression. It is yet to be seen how co-operation will comport itself when in possession of a considerable share of the great producing industries. As yet it is only just beginning to take hold of these, though the grip is rapidly getting larger and firmer. But what really strikes one as the vital dis-

tingtion is the utter helplessness in the one case, and the well-established power of control in the other. The Chamber of Commerce, and the Associated Employers in the cotton and iron trades, seem helpless in the face of such practices as those lately quoted. If one co-operative society invades the district of another, or indulges in any practice which may be prejudicial to the general body, there is an immediate appeal to the local section of the central board, or if necessary to the board itself. Hitherto I am not aware of any successful attempt to defy this authority, and it seems less likely every year that there should be any. For year by year the propaganda grows. More and more persons not directly connected with any society become converts, and notably since the meeting of congress at Oxford, in 1882, young men from the Universities, whose only object is the maintenance and strengthening of the moral side of the movement, have joined the ranks. Outside of the Union, but in intimate relations with it, "a guild of co-operators" offers a sphere of usefulness in the movement to such recruits, and they are doing, and are likely still more in the future to do, yeoman's service in keeping the Union true to its standard and its principles, in helping weak and struggling societies to get firmly on their feet, and spreading the organization in parts of the country where it has not yet taken hold.

Looking at the marvellous progress which has been made within the memory of men not yet old; at the difficulties which have been overcome, and the loyalty to principle and resolve to allow no backslidings on the moral side which the societies display, and which grow stronger every year, it can scarcely be wondered at that co-operators in this country should look forward confidently to developments in no distant future which take the breath away from the average sober British citizen, and make him sceptical as to the wits of those who indulge in such castle building. The co-operative Pisgah is indeed a tempting hill to ascend, but even if space permitted I distrust the role of prophet. This much, however, I may be allowed to say of those amongst whom I have spent so much of my life, "the things they have done are but earnest of the things that they will do."

There are several questions which, in conclusion, I would ask readers who are really in earnest in this matter and not playing with it for the sake of a little intellectual or sentimental excitement, to put to themselves

very seriously, and not to be content with mere evasive, wash-and-wear answers.

Was free labour a pre-Christian institution, or was servile labour a recognised and essential condition, not only in the huge Eastern empires, but in the noblest national communities of the old world, in Greece, in Rome, even in Palestine?

Is servile labour any longer possible in our day amongst civilised nations? If not, why?

And if, as I firmly believe, the inquirer must be forced to the conclusion that it is Christianity which has wrought this great revolution from servile to free labour, let him go on to the next inquiry, founded on the state of the industrial world as it lies before him in this year A.D. 1885.

After substituting free for servile labour, can Christianity stop there, having regard to the confusion and misery which is admitted

on all hands to exist in industrial life all over the world?

If not, upon what lines is the further advance to be made? Are the Christian principles of righteousness, self-sacrifice, brotherhood, love, of universal application or not?

If not, where are you going to draw the line?

If yes, then apply them thoroughly and fearlessly, in the certainty that though you may blunder in following them, they can never lead you wrong; and that when you have picked yourself out of the holes and ditches by the roadside, into which you will doubtless fall now and again, and wiped the mud and water out of your eyes, the road will be still there, lying straight before you to the gates of the eternal city, and the voice sounding with ever-growing certainty, in the world around you, and in your own hearts, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

OUR NORTH-SEA FISHERIES.

By JAMES G. BERTRAM, AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF THE SEA," ETC.

AMONG the fishes most esteemed for table use are some which are obtained in their greatest perfection in the German Ocean, and which are all at their best in the winter months. The cod, for example, is in excellent condition from November to March; indeed, that fish, it is said, never attains perfection till it has swallowed a few mouthfuls of snow, while, according to Buckland, the haddock is not worth eating till cold weather has set thoroughly in. "The colder the weather and the colder the water the better for the cod and the haddock." The aldermanic turbot is likewise in prime condition for food during winter and spring. This classic fish often realises in the market about Christmas time a very high figure, partly because of the greater demand which arises for it in the dinner-giving season, but more likely because the stormy weather, which then usually prevails, hinders its capture.

While promenading, one December day, on the pontoon which borders the harbour of Great Grimsby, and which is the piscatorial bourse of the stormy North Sea, I became an eye-witness of the sale of scores of large cod-fish at about a guinea each, turbot changing hands at a few shillings additional. These, let it be noted, were wholesale prices, to which probably 15 or 20 per cent. would be added before the fish found a place on

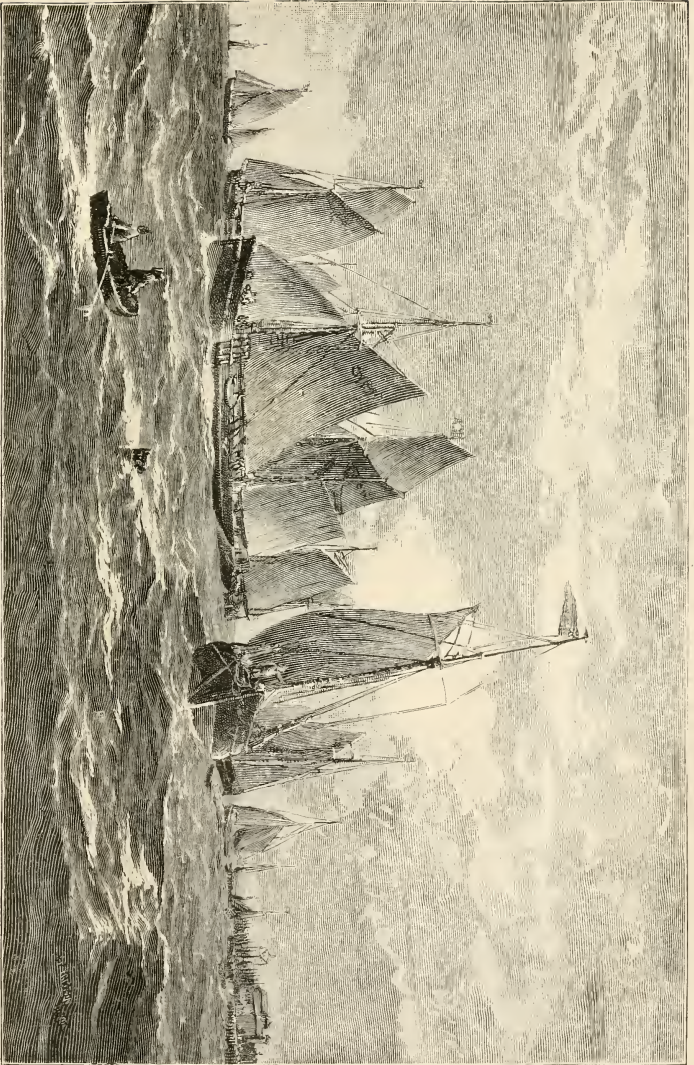
the dinner-table. As a matter of fact, a cod-fish in the dead of winter has, now and again, been sold at a higher price than the salmon itself, when it is at its best, about the end of May. Long ago such prices would have been pronounced "impossible." But I have known, say in the "thirties" of the present century, a Newhaven fishwife sell in Edinburgh her biggest cod-fish for as many pence as they now cost shillings at Hull or Great Grimsby; whilst for tenpence, and occasionally for less money, might at the same time have been purchased a hundred of the finest oysters for sauce—large, delicious, fat, and succulent; "whiskered pandores" from the once productive scalps of Prestonpans. And the day has been, also, when a fine Firth of Forth turbot cost but a shilling, the customary lobster to furnish the necessary garnish being obtainable at less than half that price. All readers of Sir Walter Scott's novels must be familiar with the Antiquary's bargaining with Maggie Mucklebaekit for the "bannock fluke" (turbot), the "cockpaldie" (lumpsucker, a delightful table fish), and the "partans" (crabs). In the "thirties," most kinds of fish were cheap. "Fine fresh herrin' three a penny" was a familiar cry in its season all over Scotland, while the delightful "caller haddie" was not thought to be reasonable when sold at

more than a halfpenny a pound. When the price in stormy weather, during which fish of all kinds became scarce, exceeded threepence for a four-pound fish, the fish-wife would exert her eloquence in vain, even her favourite expression, "haddies the day are just men's lives," failed to induce customers to deal. The haddock, happily for the comfort of materfamilias, is still a plentiful, and, all things considered, not dear fish. Haddocks, however, as well as many of the other denizens of the deep, are often taken at times when unfit for food. It is rather unfortunate that many of our best table fishes are only accessible to their captors when in their worst condition for table use, as being about to spawn; at which time all their flesh-forming properties have been diverted to the formation of their milts and roes.

No authentic statistics can be obtained of the number of cod-fish which are captured, nor, indeed, of any of the other members of the *Gadidae* family, of which there are more than a dozen, including the well-known ling and hake, as also the much-appreciated whiting; nor have we ever seen a calculation of the number of turbot annually captured in our immediate waters by British ships, or brought to us from the North Sea by industrious Dutchmen; but both cod and turbot are exceedingly plentiful—as, of course, they ought to be, considering the wonderful powers of reproduction with which they are endowed. These fishes yield such vast numbers of eggs, that it has been said, if all were to come to the table as full-grown fish, one score of male and female cod would yield a supply sufficient for a year's consumption. It is at some of our larger fishing ports only, that the magnitude of the contribution made by the "harvest of the sea" to the national commissariat can be properly realised. On the pontoon of Great Grimsby already referred to, a large portion of the fish commerce incidental to the great North Sea fisheries is transacted. There, at all seasons of the year, can be witnessed that active selling and buying at wholesale, which must needs be carried on before the piscine delicacies of the deep waters can reach our breakfast or dinner-tables. On the platform skirting the harbour, known as "the pontoon," daily sales of the fish newly landed from the fertile fishing fields of the German Ocean take place with great celerity. The parcels are put up to sale at what is called "Dutch auction;" that is to say, the seller names a figure for his basket of soles, or half-dozen cod-fish, and should there be no responsive nod from some one

or other of the buyers, he reduces the price to a figure at which some one takes the lot, and transmits it to London or Edinburgh, or some populous place nearer at hand. Fast trains are waiting to carry away the tons upon tons of cod, turbot, haddocks and flounders, which the trawlers or cod smacks may bring into the harbour. Some portions of the cargoes are not sold at Great Grimsby, but are at once forwarded to Billingsgate, from whence they are speedily distributed throughout the great metropolis by the various East and West End fishmongers. Poorer people in the populous parishes of London are supplied in the matter of fish and many other edibles by the hard-working costermongers, who seem to possess some magic means of knowing when the market becomes glutted with such a particular denizen of the deep as the toothsome flounder, countless thousands of which can occasionally be purchased at an almost nominal figure. At such times the coster will load his barrow or donkey-cart with a considerable purchase, and within an hour or so, will be found disposing of his wares on his own particular beat, probably far away from the market.

Returning to Great Grimsby, a noticeable feature of the place is, that the harbour, or rather the dock, is well filled with floating perforated boxes containing living cod-fish. There are several hundreds of these cod cages to be seen, all of them crowded with fish in tolerable condition; for a living cod-fish, be it noted, is of greater value at Great Grimsby than two dead ones. On making inquiry I found that no food is ever given to the caged fish; who consequently look hungry and gape with all their might when a chest is opened for the inspection of the curious in such matters. The cod-fish confined in these cages range in weight from about twenty to forty-five pounds, and they can live, it has been found, in such confinement for a period of six or seven weeks. The advantages of keeping the fish alive are sufficiently obvious: they can be killed as they are required, and in stormy weather afford a supply when fishing cannot be prosecuted. With a stock on hand the market can be fed in such a way as to obtain the best prices. A telegram from London or elsewhere, received in the morning, obtains immediate attention, the boxes are opened, the victims at once selected and felled by a smart blow on the head with a bludgeon, after which the fish can be crimped and be sent off as required—a dozen, or a hundred, according to demand. When the boxes have all been filled it has become



Engraved by]

THE FISHING FLEET LEAVING GRIMSBY.

From a Painting by MR. F. E. FENSTON.

[C. ROBERTS.

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the custom to tie a few fish—say ten or a dozen—by the tail to a rope, and allow them to remain in the dock till they are wanted. Both of these plans for keeping cod-fish alive seem to be somewhat cruel, and the effect of leaving them without food must be to reduce their weight and impair their condition.

A large fleet of fishing vessels, both liners and trawlers, rendezvous here, and the town generally is permeated by that ancient and fish-like smell which indicates the business carried on. Crowds of North-Sea fishermen are everywhere about, the majority of them mere lads; but an occasional Dutchman or two may now and again be encountered, as well as some of those hereditary fishers whose fathers and grandfathers, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, sought fortune in the bosom of the ravening waters. The fisher folks of the North Sea, who hail from Great Grimsby and some other English ports, are not as a rule hereditary fishermen, their ranks being recruited from all classes and from many parts of the country. Apprentices are received from workhouses in towns, agricultural districts, and the great manufacturing centres, so that for one of the old hereditary fisher folk there will be nineteen, perhaps, who have little knowledge of, and no sympathy with, the traditions as to sights and sounds of good or evil omen which form portions of the belief of the old school of fishermen, who can interpret the voices of the winds and read their own fate in the fantastic forms of floating clouds. The public occasionally hear of the lawless lives which are led by some of the fishers of the North Sea, of cruelties inflicted on the apprentices, and even of deaths by violence. Some of the fisher lads lead, no doubt, a hard life, but on the whole I am not prepared to say that, all over, they fare much worse than lads on shore who are dependent on others. Many of the boys take to the sea in a spirit of romance, but the coarse realities of a fisher-boy's life on board of a cod smack speedily tones down the off-imagined delights of "a life on the ocean wave." The prose of the situation is all too soon realised.

Having personally seen the fishermen at work on the North Sea, I shall now venture to tell my readers something about the way in which our chief food fishes are captured. The venue where the work is carried on, is enormous. The North Sea may be described as one great fish farm extending across ten degrees of latitude, and eleven degrees of longitude, and embracing an area

equal to 89,600,000 acres. The waters of the German Ocean are not all fished; there are resorts which are more favoured than others by the fishermen, as, for example, the Dogger Bank, a fishing ground of vast extent, containing numerous submarine valleys, populous with many kinds of fish. Roughly estimated, this happy hunting-ground of the North-Sea trawlers and other fishing craft, may be said to afford an area of about 20,000 square miles. It is divided into various districts, each well known to those resorting to it; such as the Well Bank, the Silver Pits, the North-west Flats, the Great Fisher's Bank, the South-west Flat, as well as numerous other well-filled resorts of the line fishing and trawling fleets.

For a long series of years these places have been "worked" by the fishing craft of Great Britain and those other nations that possess a frontier on the North Sea. Miraculous draughts of fish at certain seasons of the year are obtained from the places I have named; some of the localities, indeed, literally swarm with the finny treasures. Of soles it has been calculated that as many as might form a mass equal in size to St. Paul's cathedral have been taken out of the Silver Pits during the past twenty-five years; and who can count up the marvellous numbers of turbot and other members of the *Pluronectidae* family which in the same period have been caught and brought to market? We might as well attempt to count the individual hairs on our head as take a census of the fish population of the German Ocean. For three hundred years and more we have been daily drawing on its stock of prime cod, and, for all we know to the contrary, they are probably as numerous as ever, or, if that be possible, even more numerous; they exist, we have been told, in "mountains." It has been calculated that the immediate waters which surround the coasts and islands of Scotland contain probably 70,000,000 of cod, ling, and hake; and if that be so, who will venture to say that there are not more than ten times that number in the area of the great North Sea, say 700,000,000 of the larger members of the *Gadida* family. As regards the haddock, it is ten times more numerous than its larger brethren, and the dainty whiting is equally abundant. "Flukes" of all kinds being captured in millions, must assuredly exist in tens of millions; and as nearly all fishes are so prolific in their breeding seasons as to yield their ova in tens of thousands, it is only reasonable to expect plentiful supplies. But notwithstanding the power of increase

which is characteristic of fishes, even so great an expanse of water as the German Ocean can only breed and feed a limited number.

The larger portion of the fish which now enrich the national commissariat are the produce of the trawl nets. These chambers of horror are "fixed up" in the shape of gigantic bags of netted twine and strong cord, which being trailed along the bottom of the sea with a wide open mouth, capture all the fish which they come upon. As a matter of course, the net is so arranged as to have its

mouthpiece always open—yawning for prey, whilst the meshes of the bag at the extreme end are far too small to admit even of the escape of very little fish; hence it comes to pass that tens of thousands of infantile soles, turbot, haddocks, &c., are day by day captured, and being unfit for the market, are thrown overboard—unfortunately suffocated by the weight of bigger fish. No person who has not taken part in the fishery, or at least been an eye-witness of the hauling in of a trawl-net, can possibly form any



Entrance to Fish Dock, at Grimsby.*

idea of the enormous waste of fish life which takes place from the cause stated. The fact has oftener than once been made public that the skippers of trawlers, ashamed to let the thousands of little soles that have entered their nets be seen, have thrown tubful upon tubful into the sea—all dead.

A trawler may either engage in fishing on "its own hook," to use a common saying, or as one of a fleet, acting under the orders of an experienced captain, who is known as "the admiral," and who works his squadron by means of signals, which tell the

fishers when to dip their nets and when to draw them. As a rule, fishing of any kind is rough work, and fishing in the German Ocean is no exception. Strong winds usually prevail, and the vessel heaves and tosses about in a way that a landlubber thinks anything but comfortable. The North-Sea trawlers, when I was among them a few years ago, were all sailing vessels, and the hauling of the net was veritable hard work. On the Scottish seaboard steam trawlers are now at

* The illustrations, in the text of this article, are from photographs by Mr. W. Garthwaite, of Grimsby.

work and, as the phrase goes, are "making a good thing of it." They are independent of winds and tides, and the work is therefore much easier, being lighter than it is in the sailing trawlers, on board of which, however, there is now being introduced steam capstans, which help to render the work lighter. When the trawl or "gear" has been thrown overboard, supper is served, usually a stew of fish and potatoes, cooked in a very rough-and-ready fashion by the lad who officiates as cook, and whose kitchen utensils are of the scantiest. After partaking of that meal the crew go to bed for an hour or two, with the exception of one of the hands, whose duty it is to remain awake and watch. When the signal is given to "up trawls" the labour is considerable, or rather used to be, when it was accomplished entirely by means of manual work at the capstan. The reward of the workers, however, is sometimes very satisfactory, as a matter of a ton of fish of various kinds may be secured in one haul.

I am refraining in this, I fear, rather bald description of the work from the use of the technical phraseology, "fishing lingo," as one of the men called the terms in use. All obey the signals of the admiral. When he signals to "sail," sail is the order of the day, each vessel of the fleet being handled according to the skill and resources of the skipper, but all the craft, although some of them are badly enough steered, manage to keep well together and forge ahead in front of the breeze. When the green rocket goes up it is a signal for "the gears," as the nets are called, to be cast overboard, generally in pretty deep water. As has been hinted, the work of hauling is somewhat severe, and used to take sometimes over two and a half hours to accomplish. The sight of the fish as the lot is tumbled out on deck is interesting, the observer being on occasion rewarded with a peep at some of the rarer monsters of the deep. But time flies, and there is little to spare for the handling of the curiosities which may have been captured; the catch has to be assorted and classified ready to be sent off to market. For this purpose they must first of all be "cleaned," an operation which is performed with much dexterity, and in which all the crew assist; then the pads or trunks are filled

with the catch and labelled with the name of the vessel as well as the person to whom they are consigned for sale. Curiously enough, "Prime" and "Offal" are the two categories into which fish are divided for market purposes, and the "offal," as it is called, contains some excellent fish. Why the toothsome haddock, for instance, should be classed among the "offal" instead of the "prime" is difficult to understand, but so it is.

Those trawlers which join the fleet have the advantage of sending the produce of their nets home by the steam carriers. The transferring of the trunks of fish from the one vessel to the other is at all times a work of considerable danger, but like other fishery work it has to be done, no matter how boisterous the winds may be or how rough the sea. The labour involved in this affair of transshipment may be guessed, when it is stated that during some voyages the carrying steamer will take home as many as two thousand five hundred boxes or trunks. Trawlers fishing on their own account have, of course, to run home every now and again



The Royal Dock,
at Grimsby.

with their catch, which places such vessels at a considerable disadvantage as compared with those that remain "fleeting," say about a fortnight or three weeks at a time.

As has been indicated, it is somewhat difficult to obtain reliable statistics regarding our fishing fleet, either as regards the number of vessels at work or the quantities of fish caught. The trawl fleet which finds its rendezvous in the Humber numbers some eight hundred vessels, and the cost of a first-rate

ship for trawling purposes is about £1,600. I have seen it stated in print by a practical fisherman that there are at least as many as three thousand deep-sea British trawlers at work, and that the average catch of these vessels may be assumed as being a hundred tons per annum, the total value of the aggregate catch being about three and a half million pounds sterling per annum.

To that sum falls to be added the produce of those craft which go out to the North Sea



In the Graving Dock, for Smacks, at Grimsby.

to fish with lines for cod and other round fish. This kind of fishing goes on more or less around the coasts of the United Kingdom all the year round—although, as I have already stated, cod-fish are in their best season in the winter season. The cod smacks of Great Grimsby and the adjacent port of Hull have been greatly improved during the last twenty years, and the size and build are "constantly being bettered," as an old fisherman said to the writer. Some of the cod craft hailing from Hull and Grimsby cannot

have cost much less than about two thousand pounds, and happily for the owners there are insurance offices, chiefly local and conducted on the mutual principle, in which such ships can be insured either against total or partial loss. Owners largely avail themselves of these chances, at a yearly cost of about two and a-half per cent. I am not able to state with any degree of precision the number of cod smacks which "work" the North Sea fishing ground or which fish off our immediate coasts, but the fleet, all included, is

a large one, and the capture wonderfully large.

As a live cod-fish is worth twice as much as two that are dead, every skipper exerts himself to bring home as many live fish as he possibly can, and for this purpose his vessel is furnished with a well, or rather a series of wells, which takes up about a third part of the craft, and into which the cod-fish are tossed so soon as they are caught, but not till their bladders have been deftly punctured, in order to restore their equilibrium. Cod fishing is more laborious work than trawl fishing, and is also much more expensive. What makes it so, is the large amount of money which must be expended on bait and the time spent in baiting the lines. The English cod-men as a rule prefer to bait their lines with whelks, but as these shell fish are becoming somewhat scarce, and consequently dear, lampreys and herring are now used by way of supplementing the supplies. Scottish fishermen are fond of the mussel as bait. They maintain that it is by far the most attractive lure that can be offered to the fish. But mussels nowadays cost a large sum of money per voyage. Formerly the members of a fisherman's family were able to gather all that were required; but these free stocks have long since been pretty well exhausted, and the bait has to be purchased at so much per ton. In one week the fishermen of Burnmouth and Eyemouth on the Scottish coast

used 61 tons of mussels in baiting their long lines, at a charge probably of about fifty shillings a ton; but the money was well expended, as that quantity of bait yielded cod, whiting, and haddocks to the amount of £2,500.

A cod line extends for several miles and has fixed upon it a very large number of hooks; a suite of lines for cod fishing is as a rule 7,200 fathoms long and has fixed on it as many as 4,680 hooks. At one period nearly every hook would capture its fish, but at present such good fortune is not looked for. If ten per cent. of the hooks take a cod, it seems to be thought pretty good fishing. Although on some days a score of fish will not be caught, yet three or four hundred cod and ling, with lots of haddocks, skate, and halibut, are occasionally taken in the course of a single day; and after fishing for about eight or ten days the smack will return to harbour with her cargo, embracing perhaps three or four hundreds of living fish and double that number of dead ones preserved in ice, which is a costly item in cod fishing.

Our remarks apply to fishing in the great North Sea as carried on by English fishing craft, but the German Ocean is crowded with the ships of other nations which have access to it—French, Swedish, German, Dutch, and Norwegian—each fishing after its own fashion, and all of them industrious in gathering in that great "harvest of the sea."

TRANSFORMATION.

FOLDED hands on a shrouded breast,
As though he fain would pray,
Who hath no word to his God addressed
For many a dreary day—
Hands that utter a mute request
When the lips are closed for aye

Is there no woman about to weep
Over that lonely bed?
Never a soul to watch the sleep
Of the newly sheeted dead?
Yea, that face on the wall will keep
A silent watch o'erhead.

Eyes alight with a gleam of joy,
As the race of life began,
And the world held out some glittering toy,
To him who fastest ran.
Great God, was *that* the radiant boy?
Is *this* the ripened man?

Shut the books, for the tale is told,—
He hath travelled far afield;
Lay vexed bones in the hallowed mould
Till life's deep wound is healed,
Till the dross be purged from the precious gold,
And the image of God revealed.

The sun looked in with a cruel glare,
And the face on the wall laughed down
On the still white form that rested there
With fixed and final frown,
And cries arose in the stifling air,
The cries of a wakening town.

And the day trolled on, like a well-worn jest,
Brief jest of a summer day,
And children over the door-step pressed,
As a hearse was driven away—
And the sun sank down in the golden west,
And the bats came out to play.



UP THE HIMALAYAS.

Mountaineering on the Indian Alps.

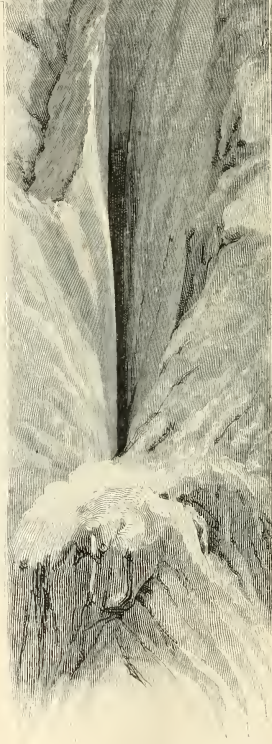
By W. W. GRAHAM.

THIRD PAPER.

IT had always been my intention to make an expedition into Sikkim from Darjiling, that being the most eligible starting point in India, and shortly after the completion of our Kumaon trip, we made our arrangements and left Calcutta on August 21st.

The journey is comparatively short—twenty-five hours—is undertaken by many tourists, and should be by all who visit India; the result being that the one train a day is usually crowded to excess. As we roll out of the station, the scene changes almost as by a miracle. No more bazaars swarming with native life, no more of the dirty bustees (villages) which seem to be the chief components of the self-styled City of Palaces; we pass into what seems almost primeval jungle, dense groups of palms and bamboos with their shining polished trunks and delicate feathery foliage, while now and then we pass a little tank reflecting the forest glories in its mirrored surface. Soon Duna Dum is passed, once a thriving military station, now doomed to extinction. Here stand really magnificent houses with statued and terraced gardens, once the possession and pride of those old Anglo-Indians, who lived *in* the country, and not *on it*; now, alas! fallen into the hands of the ubiquitous Baboo, who, Gallic-like, cares for none of these things.

A little farther and the scene becomes one vast flat paddy-field, without fence, ditch, or tree; the level only broken here and there by a few mud huts, nestling together on an artificial mound. This lasts more than one hundred miles till the Ganges is reached at Damookdea. A steamer takes passengers to the station on the other side, about four miles, and an awkward crossing it is. The leads are constantly going in the shallow water, for this fickle river has a play-



ful knack of changing its channel so often as seems good in its eyes so to do, to the great tribulation of our captain. On the other side, the Northern Bengal Railway lies in wait for the unfortunate traveller. Built on the narrow metre gauge, that greatest mistake amongst the many errors of Indian railway policy, a single coupling to each carriage, and that as long as possible, the occupant of one of these man-traps has a pretty lively time of it, the whole desire and object of the line being apparently to afford the maximum of oscillation compatible with the minimum of speed. However, the terminus, Siliguri, is reached at last, and after due sustenance of the inner man, we seat ourselves in the wonderful hill railway, which is to carry us up to Darjiling, seven thousand feet above.

With the tiny engine and two-foot gauge, it is almost like a toy railway, but rattles off at a great pace when started. The first eight miles are level, and just as we are asking ourselves how the first hills are to be passed, the train swings to the right and begins to climb without any hesitation or slackening of pace. The track follows the east road, swings round very sharp curves till the train looks like a snake, rushes along the edge of ravines and precipices, all this time ascending a slope varying from 1 in 17 to 1 in 25. Presently Agony Point is reached, a sharp corner over a high precipice and no guard rail. It is rather startling at first, and one is inclined to ask one's self what would happen if the train ran off the line. We soon had a practical answer, as a truck suddenly left the rails. The engine was immediately stopped, literally in its own length, a lever taken from it (the officials are evidently accustomed to these little trifles), the truck lifted on again and a fresh start made in a few minutes. The devices for rising are very ingenious. In one place, the line makes a complete loop of some forty to fifty yards radius; in others, are shunting stations, where the train is shunted up a zigzag, at each siding gaining a rise of eight, ten, or twelve feet. Finally, just before reaching Kurseong, it is rather provoking to see the section of line which was passed an hour before, lying immediately beneath. After Kurseong, the slope decreases, though the train passes along the brink of some tremendous ravines, and Darjiling is finally reached in about seven hours, the distance being some fifty miles.

Darjiling claims, not without reason, to be one of the prettiest hill-stations in India. From the transverse mass of Senchal and

Goom, a narrow spur shoots almost due north, the sides marked with roads as steep as possible consistent with locomotion. Here and there rises a shining white bungalow, while the whole hillside is covered with short deep-green bushes, for Darjiling is the head-quarters of tea-planting, the Olympus of tea-drinkers, where the best Pekoe in the world is produced. There are nearly two hundred planters in the district, and many thousands of sturdy Bhooteas are on coolie work to supply the ever-growing demand for best Indian tea.

On the extreme top of the ridge is Jellapahar, the military cantonment. It is a curious fact that in India the military department, like the monks of old, always gets possession of the best sites. I suppose it is one of the very few connecting links between the Church dormant and the Church militant. Below, and north of Jellapahar, the ridge steadily sinks, crowded with tiny little bungalows, for space is valuable. There are a rather fine church, club, and various buildings used for government purposes when the rulers of the land take refuge in the hills. North still, and we come to the Mall, *the promenade* of Darjiling; and on the other side of this is a comparatively large demesne with a very pretty Gothic building. This is Government House and grounds, wherein the king *pro tem.* of Bengal delighteth to wander. Little trouble is it that it occupies a quarter of the total available building space.

From the town the view is magnificent, but mount Senchal or Tiger Hill, and it is even finer. From your very feet the ground falls almost precipitously for five thousand feet to the Rangeet and Rammam; the eye ranges over a succession of wooded ranges, till it rests, at forty-five miles distance, on the Snowy Ranges, the greatest peaks in the world. From north-west to north-east, through more than one hundred degrees, runs the mighty chain. That cluster of peaks in the north-west is Mount Everest (29,000 ft.) with his attendants, the highest measured peak on the globe. Then the range falls, only to rise again due north in the superb mountains Junnoo (25,300 ft.), Kabru (24,000 ft.), and the mighty double-topped wall of Kanchinjanga (28,150 ft.). Eastwards they run, peak upon peak, chain upon chain, till they end in the far north-east in the snowy cone of Chumulari. I despair of describing the delight with which I gazed on this superb panorama. Yet there was one drop of bitterness in the cup, such as any mountaineer who looks on peaks with somewhat a professional eye may feel. The magnificent flowing curves of the *couloir*, the hacked and

battlemented front of the ice-wall, the spiked and broken glacier with its towers and moats of a translucent blue, the dark frowning precipices fill the mind with a sense of beauty mixed with awe. There is ever present some such sensation when we behold a grand and venerable cathedral, save in so far as we recognise the eternal and overwhelming superiority of the works of Nature to those of man. But to the mountaineer the sight conveys something more. Those lovely curves sweeping down the *couloir*, which from their very mathematical precision of form impress the mind with some such truly æsthetic feelings, as does the exquisite grace of a Greek statue or an Etruscan vase, are yet the tracks down which sweep volleys of stones, the climber's deadliest enemy. Those dark transverse arcs across the glacier tell him of huge chasms yawning for the unwary footstep; those scarcely visible bands of purest white warn him of the more treacherous foe, the covered crevasse. The frowning ice-wall and the broken séracs alike menace difficulty and danger; this enfilades the easiest line of ascent, that prepares him for many an hour of toil and danger. Nay, even the crowning Alpine glory, the cloud-banner, flung out proudly from the topmost peak, has its own significance. It means that on the height is raging a wind threatening defeat, and possibly destruction. In short, a hundred phenomena, to the average spectator only so many added glories, to the mountaineer are written symbols. They constitute a book whose characters he alone can read, and in whose every syllable lies a warning and a threat.

But I am digressing: *revenons à nos moutons*. Our preparations were soon made, and we started from Darjiling on the 25th. The caravan consisted of our three selves, Gaga, our sirdar, a sturdy, honest Tibetan, who had the additional advantage of speaking Hindustani and a little English, a merry little Bhootea cook, and twenty powerful coolies, who made light of the 70 lbs. a man they carried. These Indo-Chinese are rather intractable at the best of times, and Gaga had very little control over our men, who dawdled and halted at their own sweet will. The hill tracks were very bad—owing to the constant rains—and leeches were in swarms. The extraordinary number of insects and their aggressiveness is one of the greatest drawbacks to travelling in Sikhim. Mosquitoes are bad enough, bamboo ticks are worse; but the pinnacle of infamy belongs unquestionably to the “peepsa.” This is a

tiny dipterous fly, probably of the genus *Simulium*, whose bite leaves a small spot of extravasated blood under the skin, and whether you open it or leave it alone, the irritation is equally intense. Kerosene oil keeps them off in some measure; but the remedy is almost as bad as the disease. On the other hand, there was something to make up for these little troubles. The jungle was magnificent—creepers, orchids, and the most superb magnolias; while the size and variety of the moths and butterflies is almost beyond description. We amassed a little collection of over two hundred varieties, and a German collector living at Darjiling caught in one year, within a radius of thirty miles, upwards of eight hundred varieties, nearly one half of which were butterflies, and more than one hundred absolutely new to science.

Our progress was necessarily slow, and we did not reach Bora, at the foot of the true mountains, till the seventh day. The distance is about thirty-five miles, but the path traverses at least double this distance, and crosses no less than five distinct mountain ranges. Some idea of the road may be formed from the fact that it involves ascents and descents amounting to 23,000 and 16,000 feet respectively. The country is thinly inhabited, but is remarkable for a large number of those singular monastic institutions, for which Tibetan Buddhism is so famous. The largest of these, Permiangtse, we visited. It occupies a commanding position on the extreme summit of a ridge, and is about 8,000 feet above the sea. It consists of a large chapel surrounded with detached buildings, tombs, praying-stones, &c., and gives shelter to about one hundred monks. By the courtesy of the prior we attended at the service. The monks entered in procession, the superior orders in yellow, the inferior in red gowns, every man with a rosary and a small praying-wheel. Prayers were chanted and responses made in almost Gregorian tones. Incense was burnt and oblations of tea made to the three images of Buddha which are seated over the altar, and the service closed with the reading of a homily by the superior. I could not help being struck with the strong outward resemblance to the Roman Catholic ritual, and well might the first Jesuit missionaries exclaim that some one must have preceded them in their mission. Outside, one cannot but remark the extraordinary variety of appliances for praying, which the Tibetans have formed almost into a mechanical science.

The praying-wheel is universal, and perhaps merits a description. It consists of a cylinder turning on an axis and containing a roll of paper on which is written as often as possible the one universal, all-sufficient Buddhist prayer, "Om mani padmi haun" ("O God, the jewel in the lotus"). Volumes have been written on the significance and symbolism of this mystic sentence, in which is summed up the prayers and thanksgivings, the future hopes and fears of the largest religion in the world. These cylinders vary from two or three inches in height to eight feet, containing millions of repetitions of this phrase, and every revolution means the repetition of their contents. Many are placed in a stream so that they may be constantly turning. Prayers are printed on flags which fly from a forest of tall bamboo poles; they are engraved on paving-stones and walls, so as to benefit the passer-by. In short, if this vicarious praying be of any account, the Tibetans must be quite the most religious people in the world.

From Bora to Jongri, the way is very difficult and quite impassable for beasts of burden. The successive belts of vegetation are very interesting. During the six thousand feet ascent, one passes from tropical bamboos and creepers, through walnuts, beeches, &c., belonging to temperate climes, then through the firs and pines, and lastly passing the limit of trees, into a dense impervious jungle of rhododendrons. Finally, the ridge flattens out into a rolling tableland, some fourteen thousand feet above sea-level, and here stands a solitary little stone hut, the habitation of the herdsmen in summer. We found the hut occupied by a goitrous old woman and her grandson, the joint guardians of the herd of yak which are annually sent up to the high pastures. A few presents made them readily allow us to share the house, which was certainly better than tents. As a general rule, September is fairly fine in the mountains, but 1883 was very abnormal, and, to our horror, the rains set in worse than ever. There was nothing for it but to wait, so I dismissed most of the coolies, retaining just sufficient to act as porters for excursions.

On the 4th and 5th September, we explored the west side of Kabru and followed the great glacier which descends from Kangchinjanga. Then for a fortnight came blinding rains and snowstorms, and with the exception of a little shooting and some employment in botanizing and geology, we were almost confined to the hut. I shall never look back to that time without thinking

what a splendid companion Emil Boss was. Ever cheerful and ready, full of anecdote and resource, he was the life and soul of our little party, and it was due to him and to him only that we did not weary of our enforced confinement. On the 23rd we crossed the Guicho La, 16,500 feet ("La" means Pass), purposing to attack Pandim from the north, but found it impracticable. I do not know of any more formidable peak. On the west side, it drops sheer, whilst the other three are guarded by the most extraordinary overhanging glaciers, which quite forbid any attempt. We returned on the 26th, the weather being consistently bad. However, on the morning of the 29th, I was awake by an unusual cold. I looked at my watch, 4 A.M., at the thermometer, 22° inside the hut. There was a sharp frost, the air as clear as possible, while the stars shone with no indecisive twinkle, as in our northern climes, but with a steady, fixed burn. The moon was hidden behind the western ridge but yielded just enough light to make the glaciers glow with a pale, unearthly, bluish glare. Right at the head of the valley, Kangchinjanga shone as though armoured, whilst the vast range of Pandim and his attendant peaks shone with an almost phosphorescent glow. Over the head of Jubonu hung Orion, flashing as no regal diadem can; due north glittered the Great Bear, the Sat Rishi of the Hindus, their quiet steady flame-like eyes watching the sleeping earth below. Well might the mystic feel that they were the eyes of some all-seeing, impassive being, gazing over the crowd of human animalculæ below, bringing happiness to some and caring not, misery to some and feeling not, without pity and without change. The biting cold soon dispelled such reflections and I turned in again, with the certainty of fine weather coming at last. Early on the 30th we started for Jubonu, which lay immediately east and above our camp. At 2 P.M. we reached a suitable camping place, well above snow line, and pitched there, our altitude being rather over eighteen thousand feet.

At earliest dawn next day we started, leaving the coolies behind. The snow was in good order and Kauffmann led the way at a great pace. He is generally admitted to be one of the fastest step-cutters living, and this day he fairly surpassed himself. The glacier was crowned with steep rocks, the edge of a noble amphitheatre formed by Jubonu and Nursingh. From these, we proceeded to cut steps up a steep snow

couloir. This got steeper and steeper, and at length we were forced to take to the rocks at the side. One place, greatly resembling the celebrated chimney on the Breil side of the Matterhorn, gave a good deal of trouble, but at length we reached the little platform at the foot of the final crags, which rose some three hundred feet clear above us. Fortunately, there was a small crack between the cliff's face and the glacier, which here fell at quite an angle of 70° for several hundred feet. Along this we passed to the north side of the peak, whence a short but exceedingly steep slope led us to the summit. This was incomparably the hardest ascent we had in the Himalayas, owing to the great steepness of the glacier, which exceeded anything I am acquainted with in the Swiss Alps. The height of the peak is 21,300 or 21,400 feet according to divergent G. T. S. measurements. At these elevations the sun is felt more than is generally supposed, and we were considerably inconvenienced by the heat reflected from the snow during our descent.

On the 3rd we carefully examined the eastern side of Kabru, and decided on an assault from this quarter. An attempt on this mountain, one of the most beautiful and renowned peaks of this mighty chain, had long formed part of our projects, and a short description of its appearance may not be out of place. As seen from Darjiling it is in the foreground of the chain, and rising to the height of 24,015 feet, is, next to Kang-chinjanga itself, the most conspicuous summit in the group. Three arêtes, all equally difficult, abut on its southern face, which presents a huge wall of glacier and rock, above 10,000 feet in height. Above this rampart rise two more peaks, the one to the north-west, being some hundreds of feet the higher, the two being connected by a narrow arête forming the most perfect catenary.

We started on the 6th from Amluthang, and made our way due north, till we reached the flanking moraines of Pandim. Here the Praig River, a strong ice-cold stream, had to be crossed waist deep, and a hard passage it was for the coolies. We were all heavily laden, having taken extra clothing and five days' provisions. We now turned due west, and made our way up the eastern glacier of Kabru. On its banks we met with immense quantities of edelweiss, the climber's flower, and success was prophesied accordingly. We then had to scale the highest moraine I have ever seen, fully 800 feet, and this led us to the foot of the eastern cliff of Kabru,

which falls here in the most superb precipice. Snow fell heavily, and we pitched our mountain tents here, the elevation being some 16,500 feet.

Early next morning we were on our route upwards, intending to strike the summit of the south-east ridge. Our progress was very slow, owing to the new snow. We made for the base of a great rock buttress which fell from the ridge; and when arrived there a discussion arose as to our best route. I was for trying to ascend under its northern face, though the way seemed barred by a very threatening ice-wall; Boss voted for the southern face, up which an easy *couloir* led to the very top. Kauffmann, though a splendid man of action, is a man of few words and fewer opinions, so that we were equally divided. However, I yielded to superior experience, and after two and a half hours' scrambling we reached the top, considerably over nineteen thousand feet. Here my worst fears were realised, as we found ourselves on the top of a detached mountain, cut off from the arête by a precipice of three hundred or four hundred feet. Kauffmann scrambled over the edge, to see if a descent was possible, and whilst gone a great crash of rocks falling six thousand feet to the glacier below aroused our worst fears, which were not allayed till his shout came echoing back in answer to our anxious calls. He came scrambling back, quietly mentioning that the rock he had stood on had given way, and was just as cool as though he had not just escaped by the skin of his teeth. There was nothing for it but to try my route, so we descended, met the coolies, and turned up the northern face, finding, at last, a narrow ledge just wide enough to accommodate the Whymper tents.

This was the highest elevation at which we slept, being certainly 18,500 feet; the night, however, was mild, and the coolies, who were very tired, preferred to stay up with us. I had always sent them down on previous occasions, to avoid exposing them more than necessary. At 4.30 the next morning we three started, roped together, for the difficulties began at once. A long *couloir*, like a half funnel, had to be crossed in a slanting direction. On it the snow was lying loose, just ready to slide, and the greatest care had to be taken to avoid starting an avalanche. Then came two hours step-cutting up the steep slope before mentioned, and we reached a long snow incline which led us to the foot of the true peak. Here we found a ridge of rocks cropping through the snow, and up these we went as fast as

possible, for time was precious. After nearly 1,000 feet rise, at 10 A.M. we reached the top of the ridge, and not more than 1,500 feet above us rose the eastern summit. A short halt for food and then came the tug of war. All this last slope is pure ice, at an angle of from 45° up to 60° . Under ordinary circumstances, step-cutting up this would have occupied many hours. Owing, however, to the recent heavy snow and the subsequent cold, it was coated three or four inches deep with frozen snow, and up this we cut notches for the feet. Kauffmann led all the way and at 12.15 we reached the lower summit of Kabru, at least 23,700 feet above

sea. The glories of the view were beyond all compare. North-west, less than seventy miles, lay Mount Everest, and I pointed it out to Boss as the highest mountain in the world. "That it cannot be," he replied; "those are higher," pointing to two peaks which towered far above the second and more distant range and showed over the slope of Mount Everest, at a rough guess some eighty to one hundred miles farther north. We were all agreed that in our judgment the unknown peaks, one rock and one snow, were loftier.

Looking from such a height, objects appear in their true proportions, and we could distinguish perfectly between the peaks of



known measurements, however slight the differences. I learnt afterwards that these peaks had been observed by Sir Joseph Hooker, the famous botanist, during his explorations in Sikkim, and also by the famous pundit, A—K—, during his wonderful journeys in Tibet.

However, we had short time for the view, for the actual summit was connected with ours by a short arête, and rose by about three hundred feet of the steepest ice I have seen. Soon the ridge narrowed to a wall of ice. From my left hand I could have dropped a pebble down the most terrific slopes to the glacier ten thousand feet below; from my right down a steep slope for a hundred feet, and then over what we had seen from below to be a rock cliff of many thou-

sand feet. The ice was so hard that it took us an hour and a half before we reached our wished-for goal. The actual summit was exactly like a great ice wave cut about thirty feet deep by three gashes; into one of these we climbed. A bottle with our names was left to commemorate our ascent, and then we turned to retrace our steps. Going down is always worse than going up, and we had to proceed backwards, just like descending a ladder. At last we reached the rocks, and had a glorious meal, heightened alike by keen appetites and a delightful sense of an undertaking successfully accomplished. We fixed a large Bhootia flag to a smooth slab of rock, and then hastened downwards, the latter part of the descent being performed in the dark, till the moon rose and lighted us into

camp. This we reached about 10 P.M., having thus been nineteen and a half hours on foot.

As this was the highest of our ascents, so was it the most dangerous. The last 300 feet were the hardest of any, yet no more difficulty in breathing was noticed than if they had been 10,000 feet below.

Of course, there must be some limit where man must stop; but I do not believe it

will ever be reached in mountaineering. Emboldened by our success, we thought of attempting something even more formidable, and carefully examined Junnoo, 25,300 feet, but came to the conclusion that it was too late to attempt such an ascent. We accordingly gave up all further climbing, and returned by steady marches to Darjiling, which we reached on the 22nd.

CHRIST AND THE HIGHER LIFE.

By PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, D.D.

THAT there is a higher life which we may and ought to live, all men in whom there is any religion may be said to feel. They know that they ought to be better men than they often are—that they are capable of living more purely, simply, and sincerely than they often do. The mere idea, therefore, of a higher life is common enough. It rises irrepressibly in the human heart, and keeps haunting men even when they have thrown aside religion. Christ is not its only preacher, nor Paul or John its only apostles. It is with us when we would bid it away; it is a dream to many who have never realised it; it holds the sinner in the very midst of his sins.

What is peculiar to the gospel is not the bare idea of a higher life, but the revelation of the true character and power of such a life as described by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Colossians and elsewhere. According to this description the higher life is a life "above"—a divine life—a life "hid with Christ in God;" and it is further declared that this life originates in an act of resurrection, and derives all its strength from the same heavenly Power which raised Christ from the dead. It was the profession of the Colossians that they "were raised together with Christ," and they were to prove the reality of their profession by living "above" with Him.

Let us dwell for a little on these thoughts.

I. As to the nature of the higher life.

It is a life "above." It sets its "affections on things above"—"where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God"—"not on things on the earth." But is not this just what some have objected to in the Christian life—that it concerns itself with another world rather than with the present—that its thoughts and affections are set on things celestial rather than on the improvement of things terrestrial? Is not this very exaltation a weakness and delusion? To make the present life better; to do good now; to raise the world and elevate and purify society and

make it happier by making it healthier and wiser and better—what nobler ideal can there be than this? Can there be any other ideal? Is not all else visionary? But certainly this is not the Christian ideal. Christ indeed declared the "kingdom of heaven" to be "at hand"—to be nigh to us—in our very hearts. Yet it was a "kingdom of Heaven" and not of earth. It was from above. It was a "life manifested"—"that eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us." It was, in short, a higher divine life that was to radiate our poor human life and to glorify it. It was no mere development from below—it was a revelation from on high. Apart from this reality of higher revelation Christianity has no meaning. Cut away its divine side and it is not merely maimed; it is destroyed.

But let us be careful to clear our sense; for no doubt it is exaggeration on one side which has bred negation on the other. The higher divine life in Christ is not merely a life in the future while it embraces the future. It is concerned with another world and its affections are set on things above—but not in the sense of despising the present world or neglecting things on the earth. The "kingdom of heaven is within us" truly speaking and not in any figure merely. It is *now*, and not only a far-off kingdom to be reached after death—and the things "above" are things not far away, but to be possessed now, if only fully possessed hereafter.

What are they? They are the things which the apostle speaks of as the "fruit of the spirit," "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" "charity which is the bond of perfectness;" "the peace of God ruling the heart;" "the word of Christ dwelling richly in us in all wisdom." They are, in short, spiritual qualities. It is this spiritual quality, and not any idea of locality or time, which is the special note of meaning in the apostle's

language. When he speaks of "things above" and not on the earth, and of Christ sitting on the right hand of God, he is not contrasting heaven and earth as places, if they can be ever rightly so contrasted. He is not setting the future life against the present. But he is contrasting, as so often in his epistles, the *spiritual* life with the *natural*, and setting the one against the other. The real point of contrast is the self-life, or what he often calls the carnal life, on the one hand, and the spiritual or divine life on the other hand. It is an essential condition of the higher life no doubt that it embraces the future as well as the present. It is transcendent; it is as it were timeless, and so carries in its heart the idea of immortality. It is "life eternal." But this does not set it off from the present life, and still less cast disrespect upon any present interest. On the contrary, the higher life takes up the present and glorifies it in the light of the divine. As heaven has been said to lie about us in our infancy—a celestial atmosphere wrapping the innocence of childhood; so heaven is in the heart of every good man—a celestial atmosphere answering to the growth of the divine within him. The higher Christian life, rightly conceived, not only does not separate itself from our ordinary work here, or make the saving of the soul something distinct and apart from doing good now, but it finds its highest development in well-doing. It takes up into itself every aspect of our present existence—personal, social, even political—and throws around all its own hallowing lustre. It raises our whole life by rooting it in God; and so far from disesteeming or belittling any real interest of humanity, it really magnifies and exalts every such interest. It implies the cultivation of every noble quality and high affections of our nature; the amelioration of human society; the development of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise;" it "thinks on these things." No language could more directly include all the manlier and stronger, as well as the softer and more passive, which are sometimes supposed to be the more Christian virtues; for the word here translated "virtue," and nowhere else used by the apostle in all his writings, is an old heathen word evidently made use of for the very purpose of showing that whatever real good there was in the heathen conception of "virtue," as

specially *manhood* or *valour*, was not only not ignored by Christianity, but absorbed and transfigured by it. Whatever tends to exalt or idealise man—to make him more of a true hero—courageous, temperate, and self-restrained in the hour of danger, as well as whatever makes him meek and lowly of heart; the zeal that works for God and the bravery that may die for Him, as well as the purity that can alone see Him, all belong to the higher life. The Christian ideal is no one-sided development of our manifold nature, still less is it any mere longing after a "heavenly Jerusalem" "with milk and honey blessed." Such pictures have their use. There is good in a vivid realisation of the heavenly state if God grant us such a blessing. But there is a higher good in rightly setting the affections on things above—in the culture, that is to say, of all good within us—the achievement of every real virtue—the beautifying and ennobling of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come. This is the true life that is hid with Christ in God—every fibre of which is strong, and growing to be stronger, because it is rooted in Christ. The root is deep down. It may make little or no show of the secret source of its strength, yet as the tree that is fair in spring blossom, or golden with autumn fruit, draws all its glory from its hidden nourishment deep under ground; so the Christian draws every beauty of character and all fruit of well-doing from the secret life that is "hid with Christ in God."

II. But the higher Christian life is not only divine in its character, but entirely divine in its source and motive power. It is no process of self-culture or mere moral discipline. While disclaiming no aid of human effort, philosophy, or art, it is yet never self-originated or self-sustained. It springs only from the living root—Christ. It is a new life rising on the extinction of the old life of self. For "ye are dead," says the apostle, and "your life is hid with Christ in God." In other words, it is his clear thought that all true virtue and beauty of character are only found in Christ and in the Christian Church. They only flourish in a divine soil quickened by the Divine Spirit. The higher life only springs from this higher source, and otherwise it is impracticable. It becomes a reality in those who have died to the old life, and have been raised together with Christ to the new—and in no other. The same divine Power, which raised Christ from the dead, works in those who are "raised together with Him," and

without being raised with Him we cannot live with Him. Resurrection is no mere phrase with St. Paul; it is one of the most significant keynotes of his theology, as it is one of the deepest facts of his own spiritual experience. Even in those who have entered on the new life in Christ there may be much imperfection; but out of Christ—apart from Him—without resurrection in Him—there is no higher life in the Christian sense. No one reading the New Testament can doubt that this is its teaching.

But is it so, then, in point of fact? Are there not many noble and beautiful characters who have lived apart from Christ,—have never even heard of His name? On the other hand, have there not been many notable Christians far from stainless in character—proud, self-willed, unrighteous, unloving? Can it be reasonably maintained, therefore, that the Christian is the only perfect type of character? Do we not hear nowadays that the higher types of character are not so much found in the Church as in the halls of science and the walks of mere human philanthropy—among those who deliberately profess no higher impulse than what they call the “enthusiasm of humanity”? What is to be said to all this?

The true thing to be said, we may be sure, is not to misjudge facts, or in any way to speak deceitfully for God. Facts are always to be faced, and truth to be spoken fearlessly.

We may, however, suggest two lines of thought which may be useful in such difficulties. First. That the Christian type of character is always to be estimated by its ideal as rendered by the highest examples, and not by the conduct of many who may profess or call themselves Christians. The Christian ideal is shown in such men as St. Paul himself and St. John, “the glorious company of the apostles, the noble army of martyrs;” such names as St. Francis and the blessed saints of all ages. There is really a host which no man can number; “a cloud of witnesses” descending all the line of Christian history.

It is true that even the best Christian men and women have but feebly represented Christ Himself—they are but far-off likenesses of Him “who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth.” In their very efforts to attain the ideal set forth in Him they have too often distorted some aspect of that ideal, and exaggerated or limited it, now on this side, now on that. Yet, where is there any list of worthies to be compared with the roll of Christian saints, workers, and teachers? Has not humanity taken a new beauty and

the world a new glory in the light of Christ? Where is to be found such types of higher virtue as in the story of the Christian Church? Where such examples of courage, truth, purity, self-sacrifice—“magnanimous acceptance of privation and suffering” for the good of others? Where else is to be found holiness—the saintliness which lives above the world and yet for the good of the world—that the poor may be blessed and the sinner saved? Can holiness even be conceived apart from Christ and the Church of Christ; and have not saints from the beginning told us that all their true life was in Christ—that His Spirit inspired all their life and suffering—that it was His grace alone that was sufficient in them? Is it not those who have lain lowest at the feet of Jesus, and like Mary, if only in figure, poured their tears around His sainted feet, who have also risen to the highest altitudes of human virtue and laboured more than all for the good of their fellow-creatures? The Christian man who has gone fearless to the discharge of duty, thinking only of duty; the Christian woman—gentle, courageous, kind—who has counted not her own life dear so that she could save her child or any poor human creature from suffering; many unknown in all ages of the Church, who have shown the power of their religion not by their words but by their life,—who have been “steadfast, immovable, abounding in good works;” if there are any nobler, or more beautiful, or in any sense better characters than such as these, I do not know them. And all such have declared that their only strength for good lay in God. Their lives, while shining before men, have been confessedly hid with Christ in God. They have known no other foundation than that which is laid—Christ Jesus. Apart from Him they have felt themselves weak and powerless for good. It is His risen life in them which has alone lifted and strengthened the feeble aspirations of their own will, and clothed with beauty and vigour the poor shoots of their own goodness. All their righteousness, and love, and power of well-doing have come out of Christ and Him only. It is the living Christ alone in which they lived and suffered; in which they hoped and worked; and in sweet and sustaining communion with which they died.

Secondly. If there is goodness where the name of Christ is unknown, or which refuses to acknowledge Him, let us not deny it. No theories can alter facts. The ancient idea of *splendida vitia*, or uncovenanted mercy, cannot be reasonably entertained. No vice is ever

splendid, and the mercy of God cannot be limited. "As the rain" it "cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not void." It works unknown in many a heart, and makes it to bring forth and bud. And if we must have a theory on such a subject (I do not myself care for any theory) the better theory is that all goodness, even when seeming apart from Christ or professing to have no connection with Him, has yet really its root in Him. This is its secret, unconscious to itself. As Luther said long ago, "God is wherever there is any true faith, hope, and love." "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." The apostle saw the divine lying dimly in the hearts of the Athenians, in the very excess of what seemed their idolatry. And so all goodness rests on the divine, however deeply covered the latter may be from view. It comes from above—from the Christ whom no man hath seen, and yet to whom, as a light in the darkness, we stretch our hearts, and who girdles us with His presence, unseen yet felt—the life of our lives—our dwelling-place in all generations.

If we are to hold to religion at all we must hold to it as a life beyond our own poor lives. We must hold to God—to Christ, the "image of God," who died for us and rose again,

and who ever liveth; the "life that was manifested," the ideal which we can never reach, and yet without contact with which we should perish; and our poor humanity, instead of struggling upwards, would go downwards beneath the load of its own craving desires. So felt the apostle in the midst of all his spiritual well-doing. "O wretched man that I am!" he said, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." O my fellow Christian, shall we do without Christ when St. Paul thus felt his helplessness without Him? Shall we try to climb the steep of the higher life in our own strength, or by the help of any mere "religion of nature," when he was forced to say, "In me," that is in my flesh, "there dwelleth no good thing"? Shall we prevail where he was weak, or triumph where he failed? Shall we not rather say, "We thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord!" "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE EARTH'S INTERIOR.

By PROFESSOR A. H. GREEN.

KNOW, indeed! What can we *know* about the interior of the earth?" will be the cry, I was going to say, of many a reader; but that would savour of assumption, perhaps of presumption; well, then, of a large part of those who glance at the title of this article.

Certainly it does not look at first blush as if there were much chance of our finding out for certain anything about the inside of the earth. Stars almost infinitely far away baffle us less than the regions that lie only a few miles beneath our feet. For we can see stars, and we have telescopes and spectroscopes to fall back upon when our eyes fail us, while nothing can give us a sight of the underground realm that is so much nearer to us. Sight cannot help us here; none of our senses can directly. But is the case therefore hopeless? Most assuredly not. If we were to be tied down, even in the material world, to what our senses tell us, we should make but little way towards unravelling its mysteries.

The inferences of scientific reasoning overleap the bounds of sense and tell us of things which no eye can see, no ear can hear, and no touch can detect. By which of his senses did Archimedes find out the alloy which the rascally goldsmith had introduced into the golden crown, and determine its amount? What sense will make us aware of the myriads of heat and light waves that with ceaseless pulse are speeding their way through the realms of space, and filling with never-ending quivering regions which, as far as our means of perception go, are as still and as empty as they are boundless? To come to a homelier illustration, but one more pertinent to our present subject. Before me lie two balls of the same size. One I have cut across, and find it to be made of wood all through. The outside of the other is made of the same kind of wood, but some one has taken away my saw and I cannot ascertain by actual inspection what it is made of inside. By merely poising it in my hand I feel that

it is far heavier than the first ball, and this is enough to convince me that it is not all wood, but is, partly made of some heavier material. Simple as this reasoning is, it can be applied to the case of the earth. Its density, taken as a whole, is about five and a half times the density of water. Now the density of the different kinds of rocks that we find on the surface averages not more than two and a half times that of water. Inside the earth then we are sure that there must be a considerable amount of matter much denser than that which forms the outside crust. Again, I roll my heavy ball gently along the table; it does not run in a straight line, but, as it begins to stop, bends decidedly to one side. We say at once that the heavy stuff inside it lies, not in the centre, but on one side of it, and we assert this without a moment's hesitation, though we can neither see nor feel the position of the weight within. With equal confidence we say that the earth has no bias of the kind, or else it would not continue to rotate about the same axis. However the dense matter within it is arranged, there must be as much on one side of its axis as on the other. Here, then, are two things we do *know* about the interior of the earth.

Again, if we go down a deep mine we find that the rock at the bottom is hotter than at the top; if we sink a very deep well, the water comes up warm. By observations of this kind it has been found that the earth gets hotter the deeper down we go into it; the rate at which the temperature increases is not everywhere the same, but on the average it may be put at one degree Fahrenheit for every sixty feet we go down. We have been able to get only a very little way down into the earth, nowhere as much as a mile, and therefore we cannot say how far down the temperature continues to rise, or whether the rate at which it increases is the same at all depths. But what little we do know makes it all but certain that the earth is very much hotter inside than at the surface. For consider what would happen if we were to put a coating of clay some inches thick round a red-hot cannon ball. The heat from the ball would travel, or be conducted, through the clay, slowly because clay does not allow heat to pass rapidly through it. Still there would be a constant flow of heat from the ball through the clay, and this heat, when it reached the outside of the clay covering, would pass away or be radiated into the air. In the end the ball would grow cold. Now in the case of the earth, we know that we have an outside

cold shell, which corresponds to the clay coating. Whether the earth is hot all through like the cannon ball we are not certain, but we have found that a portion of it, an interior shell, is hotter than the outside crust. The heat from this hot part must be constantly flowing away through the outside shell and passing off into space, and unless there is something which constantly supplies fresh heat, the inside hot shell would before this have grown as cold as the outside crust. This has not happened, so there must be something which keeps furnishing the shell with heat and makes it cool much more slowly than it otherwise would. Several possible ways of keeping up this supply of heat have been suggested: the most likely explanation is that the inside of the earth is very much hotter even than these warm depths we have been able to get down to.

We do then really know something about this inside of the earth which seems at first so utterly beyond our ken; we know that it contains matter much denser than that which forms the outside crust; that this heavy matter must be arranged symmetrically about the axis round which the earth turns; that a portion certainly, very probably the whole, is hotter than the surface. This is, I fear, the sum total of our actual knowledge; but if we make this a basis for speculation, can we frame any reasonable guesses as to the probable composition and state of the earth's interior? First, as to the heavy stuff inside, what is it? It does not seem unlikely that it consists of one or more of the heavy metals, and something may be said in favour of the view that a large part of it is iron. One of the considerations which suggest this idea is a curious instance of the roundabout way by which we are sometimes led to scientific inferences.

Besides the larger planets there are myriads of very small bodies careering about, some in crowds, some singly, through space, and from time to time some of these approach near enough to the earth to be pulled out of their path by its attraction and fall on to it; they are called meteorites. Meteorites vary very much in their composition. Some are stony; there are others made up almost entirely of iron. The latter always contain a little nickel as well, and have some other peculiarities of character. Some of the stony meteorites can scarcely be distinguished from certain lavas that are brought up by volcanoes from within the earth, but till lately there was nothing known on or in the earth corresponding to the iron me-

teorites. Now it is not an improbable conjecture that some meteorites at least are fragments of a planet which has been blown into bits by explosion. Granting this, and bearing in mind how closely some stony meteorites resemble some of our terrestrial rocks, we are rather led to think that this planet may have resembled our earth in composition, not in this respect only, but in all respects, and in that case there must be something somewhere in the earth which corresponds to the iron meteorites. But if there be, it cannot be anywhere on or near the surface, for there it would be impossible for iron to remain iron for any length of time: it would combine with the oxygen of the air, or, in plain language, rust. If there be anything of the nature of the iron meteorites, it must be far down in the interior of the earth, where oxygen cannot penetrate.

"A very ingenious story, sir; does great credit to your imagination. But you don't surely put it before me as a *scientific* speculation, with its 'may-have-beens,' its 'not unlikelys,' and all that." Well, I hardly think it could have claimed to be a speculation of the least weight fifteen years ago, but a recent discovery has shown that this guess, wild as it looks, is not perhaps so very far off the mark. In 1870 some very large masses of native iron were discovered on the shores of Disco Island, off the coast of Greenland. They had all the distinguishing character of meteoric iron, and at first no one doubted that they were meteorites. Further examination of the district has made it highly probable that this is a mistake. It has been found that many of its rocks are lavas, and these lavas are full of iron, from pieces of considerable size down to grains visible only through the microscope, which have, equally with the large blocks, all the distinguishing character of the iron of meteorites. The iron in the lava certainly came up from below, and in all probability the bigger blocks were also carried up from underground, perhaps from very deep underground, by the lava. Still, even now it is not certain that it exists down below as iron; there may be there some compound or ore of iron from which the metal may have been extracted by a natural smelting process in the glowing hearth of the volcano. But enough of this tissue of uncertainties; all we can say is that there are facts which lend some support to the view that deep down in the earth there are large quantities of metallic iron.

Now to follow another of the seductive paths of speculation. If the temperature

continues to increase for far down at the same rate as for the small depths to which we have penetrated, we should soon reach a depth where the heat would suffice to melt nearly every substance we know, *provided the melting-point down there is the same as on the surface.* The limitation conveyed in the last words of the preceding sentence was for a long time ignored, and it was also assumed that the rate at which the temperature rose continued the same to all depths. Under these circumstances the interior of the earth must be in a state of fusion, and it is not so long ago since every one believed that this was the case, and that a solid shell not many miles thick was all that separated us from a seething fiery mass kept in a state of fusion by extreme heat. This theory came in handy to account for many natural occurrences, such as volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, and its neatness and simplicity gave it a great hold on popular favour. But it was not long allowed to remain unchallenged. The premises on which it rested were seen to be unsound. It was seen that the fusing points of most substances could not be the same at great depths as at the surface. The material of the interior of the earth is pressed down by the stuff above it with enormous force, and in the case of most bodies the heat required to melt them becomes greater as the pressure upon them is increased. Unfortunately we do not know either the pressure or the temperature or the material of which the earth is composed at points deep down in it, and, if we knew all three, we should not be able to say whether the temperature at any depth would be able to fuse the material there, because we do not know how much a certain increase of pressure would raise the fusing point of that material. All we can say is that inside the earth there is great heat tending to promote fusion and great pressure tending to hinder it; which of the two will gain the mastery we cannot say.

Again the theory of a thin crust and molten interior was attacked on mechanical grounds; it seemed doubtful whether so limp an earth would hold together under the forces that are for ever tugging at it and straining it. It is perhaps not obvious at first sight that there are any such forces, but a little reflection will show that the earth is subject to strains, and that it must have some considerable degree of stiffness to be able to resist them. We all know that the attraction of sun and moon pulls up the waters of the ocean into a heap and causes the tides; these bodies pull equally at the solid part of the

earth, and if that is not strong enough to resist the strain, it will be dragged out of shape and might even be broken. Sir W. Thomson has attacked this problem and has come to the conclusion that the solid crust of the earth cannot be less than 2,000 miles in thickness, and may very probably be much more; indeed his investigations lead rather to the view that the earth is solid from surface to centre. There are certain weak points in Sir W. Thomson's method of treating the question which prevent us from looking upon his results as absolutely conclusive; and even if we go with him in the belief that the earth as a whole is extremely rigid, there are yet facts which show that the outside crust is capable of being bent to a very considerable degree. To these facts we will now pass.

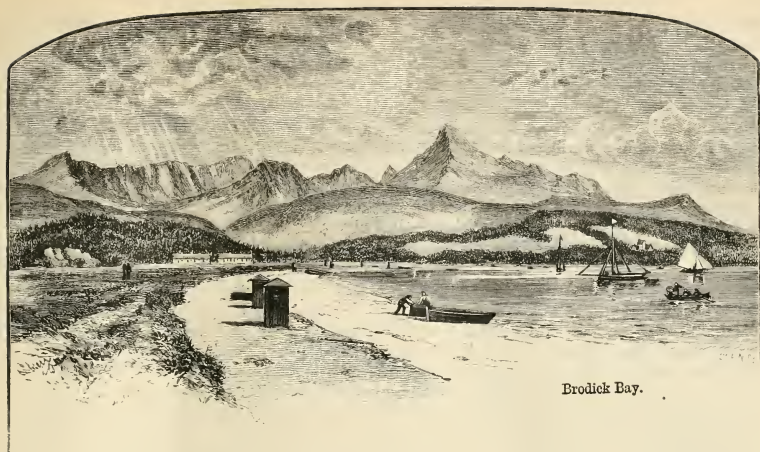
Our dear mother earth makes good her claim to be a goddess by the way in which she renews her beauty year by year; whatever be the ravages of winter, each succeeding spring makes them good again. Yet to those who look below the surface she bears evident marks of age. Her face is more wrinkled and shrivelled than the face of the most wizened old man or woman we ever set eyes on. Her wrinkles show themselves on this wise. A large part of the rocks of the surface of the earth are made up of beds which were laid down at the bottom of the sea. These beds must have originally stretched out in great level sheets, but there are very few cases in which we find them now retaining their originally horizontal position. They are everywhere bent into folds; sometimes they now form a succession of arches and troughs of wide sweep and gentle curvature, but frequently they have been squeezed and jammed up till they became folded upon one another over and over again and crumpled into the most complicated puckerings. He who sees these things cannot deny that the crust of the earth is decidedly flexible.

Here then we are on the horns of a dilemma. The physicist gives us good grounds for thinking that the earth as a whole is very rigid, the geologist brings positive proof that its crust is flexible. Of the various hypotheses that have been put forward about the constitution of the interior of the earth the following seems to meet best the requirements of the case. Let there be an outside solid shell of moderate thickness, from thirty to sixty miles perhaps, and a very large internal solid ball, and let ball and shell be connected by numerous solid

ribs. The ribs will aid in supporting the crust, and we shall have a structure rigid enough to satisfy the demands of the physicist. At the same time when forces of sufficient magnitude are brought to bear upon the shell, and we know that enormous pressures are constantly called into action upon it in a way we cannot explain here, the shell will undergo the crumpling which we see has been produced in it, while the globe, as a whole, still maintains its stiffness. The space between the shell and the solid core will be divided by the ribs into compartments, and these may be supposed to be filled with stuff which is reduced to a semifused or pasty state by the joint action of heat and heated water aided by the great pressure that exists at that depth. In all cases, whether fused, or pasty, or solid, the material that fills up the space between the outer shell and inner nucleus will be just about the temperature which would keep it fluid under the pressure to which it is subjected. Its state will depend upon a very nicely balanced adjustment between pressure and temperature. The pressure at one spot may just suffice to keep the material solid, and then if the pressure be a little relaxed, it will become fused; elsewhere the pressure may fall a little short of the amount required to keep the matter solid, and in that case a slight increase in pressure would have the effect of solidifying matter which had been previously in a state of fusion. From this region of matter, either fused or verging upon fusion, we may suppose that the lava poured out from volcanoes is derived, and the state of things we have imagined to exist there enables us to explain, in a fairly satisfactory way, many geological facts and physical phenomena which cannot be enumerated here.

This then is perhaps the best guess we can make as to the state of the earth's interior; but before leaving my readers I would impress upon them what a large amount of guess-work it contains. One great difficulty in dealing with this question arises from the fact that we cannot in any experiments we make get anywhere near the state of things which exists far down inside the earth. There is no question in any branch of science, not even in astronomy, with its boundless spaces and myriads of worlds, which brings home to us so forcibly our own littleness and nature's greatness.

That we have the courage, trammelled as we are, to attack such a problem, is an earnest that we are greater than we seem.



Brodick Bay.

HIGHLAND RESTING-PLACES.

By "SHIRLEY."

I. OUR JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

DON'T you think our Glen is at its best in the twilight ?

"Loud is the Vale; the inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea:
Yon star upon the mountain top
Is listening quietly."

That verse incarnates the most intimate spirit of Glen Cloy. We go out to look at the sky, which is hardening after a day of rain; and the rush of the stream and the roar of the waterfall contrast with the peace of the night—with the serenity of the overhanging and attentive heaven.

But where is this Glen of which you contrive to give us so charming an impression ? (I am asked in a flattering little three-cornered note on scented paper, which I shall put aside and keep with my *souvenirs*.)* My dear Madam (or Mademoiselle), it is not one but many glens that you shall have to visit, as you accompany us through the varying year. My admirable friend the Professor is never happy except on the top of a mountain where he can see every star in the sky (and they are extraordinarily brilliant on the Bel Alp), and the sheet-lightning playing over half a continent. I am, on the other hand, a lover of glens; they are cosier, more domestic, more adapted for daily life. Now

there are glens all over our island, and after a lifetime devoted to the pursuit, I have found a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter glen, each of them lovely in its own way, and as unlike the others as it is possible to be. We are presently in our autumn valley—a valley hidden among the Arran Mountains, and opening upon the Western Sea. Tennyson and King Arthur have immortalised this "island valley of Avilion" "where falls not hail or rain"—hold, that will not do—the rainy Hyades are its tutelary stars—but it is a soft, caressing, life-giving rain, into which the Atlantic has breathed the mild ozone of the Gulf Stream, and which does not wet or chill as the drizzle and mizzle of the east coast chills. So sweet and occidental is it that the sea might fitly bring palm-leaves and cactus blossom to our feet, as it brought them to Columbus when he was still in mid-Atlantic; and among the myrtles, the fuchsias, and the hydrangeas of this sheltered shore, brilliant tropical creatures might find themselves at home. Yet is there no feebleness or effeminacy in our landscape; for, out of this tropical splendour of vegetation, grim granite peaks, like riven dolomites, rise with angry energy into the sky.

Our island neighbours—the Maxwells, the Mowbrays, the Grahams—are away on the Continent (ever since that summer trip of

* The present series is a continuation of the papers entitled "Alpine Resting-Places," and "Life and Letters by the Seaside," which appeared in Good Words during 1883 and 1884.

which you may have read, the "languishment for skies Italian" takes them captive once a year, and they leave us without remorse or pity); but my old friend, the Antiquary, like a limpet to its rock, is constitutionally adhesive. The spasmodic craving of the Alpine climber "to sit upon an Alp as on a throne," is a malady from which he does not suffer. Without him, when May and Mabel are absent, one would be apt to feel lonely at times; but the old gentleman is a host in himself. If not the direct representative of the immortal Mr. Oldbuck he must be at any rate a not remote connection. Simplicity and shrewdness, clear insight and garrulous irrelevance, immense practical common sense and a passion for worthless trifles (as the vulgar esteem them), are some of the contrasts which make him so dear to his friends, and so grotesque to the rest of the world. All night long—at least till the rest of us are a-bed—the light streams from the open window on the other side of the glen,—so high it seems like a star; and there, behind black-letter roll or massive folio, the old gentleman is seated, like a mediæval wizard at his spells. He looks up as I tap at the window, and with a cordial though somewhat absent welcome (he keeps a flavour of old-world politeness, and an equal courtesy for peer and ploughboy) bids me enter. Many a pleasant day and night have I spent among the venerable litter of moth-eaten wisdom which the room contains.

A cadet of a good old Scottish stock, he claims kindred with more than one noble house whose family names are familiar sounds in Scottish history. He is proud of the distinction,—not in the vulgar, ostentatious fashion of the British snob; he is proud of the old name as he is proud of a rare fifteenth-century manuscript, or of a picture by Jamesone or Holbein, or of the great china bowl in the corner, which was given to his ancestor by the King for good service rendered in the Gowrie House at Perth. Though a simple commoner, he would have been an Earl if the title had not been limited to heirs-male; and the picture of the old Lord, his granduncle, hangs over the mantelpiece—a magnificent masterpiece of Wilkie in his prime. It is a picture which Titian or Velasquez would have been proud to paint; and I know, indeed, no Spanish Don by the one or Venetian Doge by the other in which so much of the high, mature sagacity of a serene but vigilant Old Age has been more nobly expressed. The white-haired old lady, on the

other canvas, is the Earl's wife, whose romantic story was once widely known. It is now almost forgotten, but will bear to be repeated.

On the bleak Buchan coast stood, in the middle of the last century, and still stands for anything I have heard to the contrary, the house of Ardoch—Gordon of Ardoch—a family long well known in these northern parts. The castle is built on a high rock above the bay, and commands a wide prospect of land and sea. It was only a year or two after the '45—a wild winter night—the then laird and his family were safely housed, but the rough fisher folk were already gathering on the shore. For the sound of guns at sea, heard at intervals through the fury of the storm, showed that a large vessel was in distress not far from the land. Of course in such a night it was hopeless to expect that any ship could live; and before the laird and his people reached the beach the guns had ceased, and the ship was in fragments. Not one of the crew reached the land; neither crew nor passengers were ever heard of again; but by a strange freak of fortune a baby's crib, in which a baby was sleeping the sleep that babies sleep, was carried far up the bay by a monstrous wave, and stranded upon the shore. The little girl thus miraculously rescued was taken to the house, and all inquiries as to her kith and kin proving fruitless, was brought up with the laird's daughters. She came in time to be the pet of the household, and her two closest friends were Anne and Joanna Gordon.

The tale is perfectly true; yet it sounds almost incredible. Another winter night, when she had almost grown to womanhood, the story repeated itself. Again there was the wild December gale—the sound of signal guns through the darkness—a ship again upon the rocks. This time, however, several of the passengers escaped. They were brought to the castle, and hospitably entertained. Next morning at breakfast a blooming bevy of girls entered the room where they were assembled.

"Is this also your daughter?" one of the guests inquired of the laird, looking curiously at the girl who had been saved from the sea so many years before.

"Dear to me as a daughter," said the worthy man, "but brought to me even as you have been," and he told the story of the first shipwreck.

"She is the very image of my sister, who, with her baby, was lost seventeen years ago

when returning from the East," was the reply.

So they pieced the story together, until no doubt remained that uncle and niece had thus mysteriously, after so many years, been brought together under the same roof.

Of course, in the end, the girl left Ardoch, and went to reside with her uncle in Sweden. He was a wealthy merchant of Gottenburg, at which port Thomas Erskine, a younger son of Erskine of Cambo, was then British Consul. The Erskines of Cambo were cadets of the house of Kellie, the Earldom of Kellie having by James VI. been conferred upon his trusty adviser, Thomas Erskine, a younger brother of the powerful Earl of Mar. Two of the Gordon girls went with their friend to Gottenburg—Anne and Joanna—where they were introduced to Thomas Erskine and his brother Methuen. In 1771 Anne Gordon became the wife of Thomas Erskine; ten years afterwards her sister Joanna was married to Methuen. At the time of his marriage there were a dozen lives between Thomas Erskine and the peerage, yet in 1799 he succeeded to the Earldom. He left no family, and dying in 1828 was succeeded by his brother Methuen—the last Erskine of Cambo, and the last of the direct line to whom the title descended. The story was often told at Cambo in the old Lord's time,—how it had needed so many hair-breadth escapes to bring Anne Gordon and Thomas Erskine together. This was the old Lord that Wilkie painted; and, as I have said, he never painted a finer or shrewder face.

To-day I found my old friend busy at his *Notes and Queries* article on Lord Crawford's last indignant protest* on behalf of Scotch law and Scotch jurisdiction, and his comments on the famous controversy (as you will see if you can find the paper) are as keen as they are learned. "It is not the first time that an Earl's coronet has been lost," he said to me with a bitterness which no personal injury could have roused, "has been lost by a verbal quibble; but it is the first time that an impossible clause in a charter which never existed, has led to such monstrous injustice. Go away and look at these volumes, while I settle Lord Redesdale."

The volumes which he pushed across the table to me—the fac-similes of all the most memorable of our historical manuscripts—are among the most princely ever printed in this country. By-and-by they will be worth their weight in silver, if not in gold. They have become rare and costly already, indeed,

* "The Earldom of Mar," by the Earl of Crawford.

and are hidden away in the libraries of wealthy book-hunters. But nobody reads them; and yet they bring us into vital relations, into curiously direct contact, with the Kings and Queens and statesmen and scholars who wrote them. If a copy could be placed in each of our national schools, and the teacher were able to say, *This was written by Mary, that by Elizabeth, this by John Knox, that by Argyll*—history would be vitalised. When we read, for instance, the noble plea for freedom which the Scottish nobles and gentry who stood by Bruce addressed to the Pope, do we not feel that the side-light thus cast upon the patriotic struggle is more vivid and illuminating than any amount of laborious comment or picturesque description? Some day I may give you the notes which I made at the rustic table outside the window (what a view of land, and sea, and sky it commands!), while the old gentleman continued to pile argument upon argument, and authority upon authority, for the discomfiture of Lord Redesdale. Meantime here are one or two characteristic extracts which will serve to show you how varied and interesting are the contents. The first are a few noble words (almost as fine as Barbour's, "Ah, freedom is a noble thing") from the aforesaid declaration of the Scottish Peers; the other, a childish scrawl, from one whose tragic story is not like to be forgotten. You remember what Barbour says:—

"A! fredome is a nobill thing!
 Fredome mayse man to haif liking!
 Fredome all solace to man giffs;
 He levys at ese that frely levys!
 A noble hart may haift nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him please,
 Gyff fredome failythe; for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all other thing,
 Na he, that ay base levyt fre,
 May nocht know well the propyrtie,
 The angr, na the wretchedome,
 That is comlyt to foule thrydome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it
 Than all perguer he suld it wyt;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse,
 Than all the gold in ward that is."

Well, here is the original of that first genuine outburst of Scottish poetry—written in Monkish Latin, which is yet unable to hide or obscure the fire and fervour of its patriotism. "From these evils innumerable, by the help of Him who, after wounding, heals and restores to health, we were freed by our most gallant Prince, King and Lord, our Lord Robert, who, to rescue his people and heritage from the hands of enemies, like another Maccabeus or Joshua, endured toil and weariness, hunger and danger, with cheerful mind; to whom, as to him by whom deliverance has been wrought for our people, we for the defence of our liberty are bound,

both by right and by his deserts, and are determined in all things to adhere. But if he were to desist from what he has begun, wishing to subject us or our kingdom to the King of England or the English, we would immediately endeavour to expel him as an enemy, and the subverter of his own rights and ours, and make another king, who should be able to defend us. For, so long as a hundred remain alive, we never will in any degree be subject to the dominion of the English. Since not for glory, riches, or honour we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man loses, but with his life. *Non enim propter gloriam diviciis aut honores pugnamus, sed propter libertatem solummodo quam Nemo bonus nisi simul cum vita amittit.* Could there be any doubt about the spirit of the men (or about the issue of the struggle in which such men were engaged) who ventured to address these words to an all-powerful and more or less hostile Pope? One can imagine the sort of reception they would have given to Mr. Freeman. It is just as well for the historian that he did not visit Scotland till some centuries later.

The letter from the little Queen of Scots to her mother was written when she was about to partake of her first communion.

"MADAM,—I am very glad to have the means of being able to write to you my news, being in very great pain from being so long without hearing any of yours. Madam, I have heard that the Governor has put himself at your will, and has restored into your hands the principal places of the kingdom, of which I am very glad, and every day praise our Lord for it; and also that all the princes and great lords have returned to you. I have come to Meudon to Madam, my grandmother, in order to keep the feast of Easter,

because she and my uncle, Monsieur the Cardinal, wish that I should take the sacrament. *I pray to God very humbly to give me grace that I may make a good beginning.* I must not forget to tell you that this present bearer has done good and acceptable service to the King.

"Here, Madam, I will present to you my humble recommendations to your good favour, beseeching the Creator to give you in continued health a very happy life. Your very humble and very obedient daughter,
"MARIE."

—"Dieu, auquel je supplie tres humblement me donner la grace d'i bien commencer." This was written about 1553, when Darnley and Bothwell, and the Kirk-o'-Field, and the scaffold at Fotheringay were yet in the far distance. Eheu! eheu! Knowing what we know now, it seems to me that sadder words, words more pregnant with the keenest irony of contrast, were never written. A good beginning? God help her! Had she no vision of the end? * How is it that we can read *backwards* so easily when we have played out our lives, but that no forecast of what is coming (though one step follows the other with remorseless logic and awful inevitableness) should be vouchsafed to us? Surely the man, who from a single bone can piece together the forms of extinct animals, might tell us, not from the motion of the stars or the conjunction of the planets, but from the conditions which surround the infant life, what Future is in store for it?

* Since this article was in type, Part I. of the Calendar of the Hatfield MSS. has been issued. It contains a remarkable letter from "N. White to Sir Wm. Cecil," dated Feb. 26, 1563, in which the writer, who had recently visited the Queen of Scots at Tutbury, remarks—"I noticed on her cloth of state this sentence: *En ma fin est mon commencement*, which is a riddle I understand not." But the woman herself was a riddle; as time wears on, in spite of all decyphers, more and more difficult to read.

LONDON OPIUM DENS.

Notes of a Visit to the Chinaman's East-End Haunts.

By A SOCIAL EXPLORER.

NIGHT had settled upon the city; and as I passed through its shining thoroughfares, the noisy din of day was yielding to the gentler stir of eventide. My path led eastward, away from the spacious scenes where luxury and fashion reign, past the palatial buildings wherein the commerce of a world is centred, onward, through narrower

and closer streets, into regions where luxury's foot is rarely set and fashion's face but seldom seen. I was to visit the opium dens of remoter London, and, accompanied by a kindly, courteous guide, to enter those fatal haunts where man in vicious thralldom to an insidious habit, is to be seen perhaps at his weakest and his meanest. Well able was my

veteran conductor to bring home to me every line in that dark picture. After long and unremitting labour among his heathen fellows in distant China, the Rev. George Piercy is now devoting his declining years to the welfare of those stray children from the far, far East, whom destiny brings temporarily to these shores. Not only in his little mission-room, where, aided by his gentle wife, he nightly seeks to entertain, instruct, and influence those who come to him, but also in the Home for Asiatics close at hand, in the neighbouring dockyards, and in these very dens of which I have to speak, his is a familiar and ever-welcome figure. By his pleasant ways, his gentle bearing, and his ready command of their flowing tongue, he has won the confidence and the hearts of these poor Chinamen.

"This is the famous Limehouse Causeway," my guide remarks, shortly after I have joined him, and as we turn from the broader roadway into the narrow street. "And here," he adds, pausing before a low-roofed, ill-looking tenement, "is the first of the dens we shall enter." Over the doorway are certain mystic signs. I ask my companion their meaning. "They are Chinese characters," he replies, "and signify *righteousness and harmony*." Beneath these mendacious symbols we pass, and stumble into a little apartment on the left, from the open door of which a reeking odour is issuing, of extreme unpleasantness, caused by the escaping fumes of opium. The room is of the smallest dimensions, and the ceiling so low as almost to necessitate the removal of one's hat. The purposes, however, to which the room is put are by no means proportionate to its size. A rapid glance reveals its use at once as shop, smoking-divan, and grill-room. Shelves run partly round its walls, and a narrow counter stretches from side to side. On the latter as on the former, lies a most heterogeneous collection of articles, ranging from blankets and shirts to biscuits, soap, and coloured prints. In the farther corner a stove is fixed, and the presence of sundry pots and pans speaks of the preparation of a meal. Various barrels and a chair or two contrive to find place within the apartment. On the left, close under the window, stands a table. Between this table and the opposite wall, raised about a foot from the floor, a short mattress is posted, whereon two men are lying, the one in European garb—cloth trousers, pea-jacket, and fur cap; the other in the attire peculiar to the subjects of the Celestial Empire. Both are Chinamen, and both are opium-smokers. As we enter,

he in English clothing is preparing the pipe, his companion lying back the while, languidly watching his operations. Our entrance in no way disturbs them. With the lad behind the counter we exchange salutations; but although we appropriate to ourselves chairs and, sitting down, gaze most obtrusively at the smokers, stretching across them occasionally to inspect their material or handle their instruments, their disregard and indifference are complete. The work of preparing the pipe is tedious. Upon the mattress, between the recumbent pair, rests a small lamp, over which a diminutive glass bell is placed, open only at the top. Retaining ever his reclining position, the smoker dips his short, thin piece of steel into the small phial of opium. The extract of the drug, as used by smokers, is semi-liquid and very resinous. Whatever adheres to his wire he holds over the flame of the lamp, until the liquidity is so far reduced by evaporation, that a soft yet solid mass is produced. This he dips again into his phial, and the newly-adhering quantity is subjected to similar treatment. When sufficient has been in this way obtained, he inserts the whole into the bowl of his very peculiarly-shaped pipe; and taking care to leave a slight aperture through the centre of the plastic mass, proceeds to indulge in the enjoyment he has so patiently prepared for himself. Holding the bowl of the pipe over the flame of the lamp, he applies his lips to the stem, and in a few rapid whiffs exhausts the entire supply. To the ordinary onlooker it may seem surprising that men can be found enslaving themselves to a practice which makes so great demand upon their time and patience. But herein lurks the great evil of the habit. So powerful is its fascination, so fatal its hold, that loss of time, deferred expectancy, the trouble of preparation, nothing can win from that irresistible craving which, once felt, so rarely loosens its grip.

Informed by my genial guide that the owner of the pea-jacket can speak a little English, and observing that, with his pipe, his opium supply seems also at an end, I endeavour to commence a conversation. Lying upon the mattress by the side of other articles, is one the use of which, but for my companion's information, I should have been at a loss to conjecture. It is a Chinese tobacco-pipe, and very peculiar in its construction. Pointing to this, and adopting the style of English which I think will be most intelligible to the Chinaman, I asked—

"You smoke that?" His answer is practical, if not articulate. Seizing the object,

which in general appearance is not unlike the oil-tin common in our engine-rooms, he immediately proceeds to demonstrate its use. When he has finished, and I have looked more closely at the curious instrument, I inquire, "Which you like best—opium or tobacco?"

"Oh, ees one," he replied, placing his hand upon the long stem of the opium-pipe, and laughing a half-guilty, self-incriminating laugh.

"How long you smoke?" I continue.

"Sev year."

"Smoke no make you sick?"

This question seems to touch him in quite an unexpected manner. Justice can be done to it, it appears, only in the mother tongue; so, turning to my companion, and breaking suddenly into rapid, eager tones, he declared that he had hated it first, that he had been often and often sick, but that now he would be sick, now he would die, were he to leave it off. I then bid him tell me where he first learnt to smoke, and why. I am not prepared for his answer; its silent accusation, conveyed in the laconic utterance, "London; friends," comes upon me by surprise. It was not in distant China, in that unhappy land where, be the guiltiness whose it may, the fatal vice is now so widely spread, it was not there that he had acquired the pernicious habit. It was here in *our* midst, here in London, in these accursed haunts, almost the only refuge of the poorer Chinaman, when he touches upon these shores—it was here that he had found, not only those willing and able to teach him, but all the appliances necessary, the baneful extract in never failing supply, and the shelter where, undisturbed, he could deliver himself body and soul to sloth and misery.

"What they say in China, when you go back?" I asked of him.

"They no like it," is his reply.

"You try make others smoke?" I inquire finally.

"No," he rejoins. "Smoke make thin; no meat here." And, turning up his sleeve, he reveals his puny arm. But, conscious as he is of the baneful workings of the drug, he is already meditating further purchase and a renewal of his exhausted store.

Leaving him to his investments, we now proceed to explore the back and upper parts of the house. Throughout, every possible advantage appears to have been taken of the very limited space at command. In the passages we find partitions erected, forming, with the wall, cells so narrow that the ordi-

nary mattress barely finds place within. In the rooms an arrangement is observed similar to that which prevails on board of ships. The mattresses are posted berth-like, one above the other, and thus, in a miserable apartment barely twelve feet by eight, accommodation is made for from ten to sixteen smokers. On the entire premises of this wretched construction as many as fifty can be provided for simultaneously. None of the rooms are filled, through which we wander, and few of the couches are for the moment tenanted. But the reasons for this are not hard to surmise. From a remoter room have long been issuing the excited shouts and eager exclamations that betray the progress of a game of hazard. Entering this room we find that the mattress has been removed from the upper of two opium-lounges, and replaced by a cloth, the board beneath thus forming an easily-extemporized gambling-table. Gathered around this table, some sitting, some standing, some even squatting, tailor-like, upon it, others stretching on tip-toe in the background, and not a few mounted on stools fetched for the occasion, are three-and-twenty Chinamen. All are intent upon the game, and it is a striking picture that, in the flickering glare of the dull lamp, their eager, peering, closely-packed faces offer. It is useless here to attempt a conversation. To your sweet smile and winning inquiry, "You speak English?" not the slightest heed is paid. Curiosity, therefore, as to the nature of the game going on cannot be gratified, and one's only course is to stand awhile and watch these infatuated men, gambling away in this miserable hole the hard earnings of weeks of toil in the engine-rooms and galleys of our merchant-fleet—saddening yet instructive sight! Later on I learn that the game is one particularly dear to the Chinese player, to whom it is known by the name of fan-tan. It is played with dominoes, thirty-two in number, and dice. But four take part in the game at the same moment. The dice are thrown to decide who shall first select his stones from the eight piles of four into which the thirty-two have been arranged. When each player is provided a stake is agreed upon, and the stones are turned up, and the winning numbers of the game sought for. The possessor of these clears the stakes, paying a certain percentage on his gains to the bank, *i.e.* the representative of the establishment.

Inquiries as to whether gambling was heavy in these ruinous dens, elicited the information that, as the Chinamen who fre-

quented them were of the poorest class, being all engaged either as firemen, stokers, or galley-men on board the Glen, Castle, and Shire lines, the sums at their command were but small. Gambling was frequent, but not, perhaps, heavy, speaking absolutely. The stay these men make in the London docks is not protracted. Such money as they bring with them ashore, or such as pay-day, occurring in the interval, puts into their pockets, they gamble freely. It is all they have; but it matters not. In these dens there is no other course. They smoke and play, therefore, until their all is gone, and then they try to sponge upon those who have won it from them.

But, to return to the room, where the shouts are growing louder and more excited than ever. One peculiar arrangement in an angle of the wall attracts my eye, and leads me to solicit my companion's explanations. On a large flat stone, fitting exactly into the corner, stands a glass filled with oil, on the surface of which a lighted wick is floating. Around this glass are arranged two or three egg-cups, a vase, and a flower-pot. The egg-cups are empty; but in the vase, wrapped in Chinese coverings, are several thin rods or sticks, fifteen or eighteen inches in length. In answer to my inquiries, Mr. Piercy leads me to an adjoining room, fitted like the others with opium-couches. Here, in a narrow recess, originally intended probably to serve as a cupboard, a complete altar-table is arranged. Bright with Chinese tinsel, strips of silk, peacock-feathers, and other ornaments, it presents a similar show of egg-cups, vases, incense-sticks, and lamp. This is the Chinaman's temple of Vesta, and the primitive oil and wick constitute his Vestal fire. In memory of his departed dear ones is his lamp ignited, and to them it is that he occasionally fills the egg-cups with spirit, places his incense-stick in the flower-pot, and, lighting both, allows them to consume away to the accompaniment of his heathen prayers.

Having thus explored the entire house, we descend again to the nondescript room which we first entered. Our communicative friend is still there. He has replenished his supply of opium, and shows me his little phial, with the remark, "Shilling." I take it from him, and turn it round in amazement. It contains no more than would fill, say, two ordinary thimbles, and yet such is its price. Thousands of men, earning, some, as little as one shilling a day, are helpless slaves to this expensive indulgence. How, then, can we

doubt the utter misery and ruin that must follow in its wake?

"How long this last?" I ask the man.

"Hour, hour half," he tells me, and takes it from my hand.

Poor man! Good-natured, simple-hearted, conscious of his own degradation, yet lost, irretrievably lost in hopeless thralldom! Pityingly we turn from him, and sally forth into the street. Calling in at a neat and tidy little shop, kept by a most intelligent-looking man, also a son of Shem, although sprucely attired in European garments, we pass on to a second opium den. This is smaller even than the first, and offers less accommodation. We find some ten or twelve only gathered here, by whom a cordial welcome is extended to us. We explore the house, as we explored the first. Similarly arranged and partitioned it calls for no especial remark. Upon rejoining the party below, we are offered chairs and—a cup of tea. John Chinaman is hospitable, and tea is his favourite beverage. A tea-pot stands always upon his table, and very frequent are his potations. He requires no milk and no sugar, and appreciates only the pure and undefiled concoction. "Sugar, milk," says our host for the occasion, "no good; make tea ill." I do not know that I quite agreed with him; but I drank his potion, and thanked him heartily. The good man next shows us where he boils his water. He has just had a new stove in, it appears, and manifestly has not yet forgotten that it was paid for in coins of her Majesty's realm. Drawing from his pocket a crumpled piece of paper he spreads it out before us, and ruefully reads aloud the receipted total: "Four poun', fife shillin'." On the question of opium-smoking he is a little vague. Asked if he smoked, he answers, "Sometime." To the inquiry, "You smoke much?" his answer is again, "Sometime." And when interrogated as to whether he does not mean to give it up, "Sometime" is his only reply.

These two dens, of which I have endeavoured in the foregoing to give some faint description, are not the only representatives of their class in Eastern London. In Limehouse, Poplar, and Shadwell there are known to be at least six or seven of these low haunts. The descriptions given serve for them all. Vile, inhabitable tenements, transformed into the homes of vicious, ruinous indulgence, they constitute a pitfall and trap to many of those simple Easterns, of whose cheap labour we so greedily avail ourselves for the terrible toil of the engine-rooms. They labour for us. We pay them meanly,

and, indifferent as to what becomes of them, turn them loose in this great Babylon. Who understands them? Who knows their language? Where, then, can they go but to such haunts as these? And what awaits them there we have heard from the lips of

one of themselves. It was late that evening when I took leave of my kindly guide, and the question that haunted me, and that haunts me still, is, Has England no duty here? Have those ill-paid servants no claim upon our care?

DAFFODILS IN MARCH.

AIRILY, fairly, floating and fluttering,
Daffodils, welcomest flowers of the year!
Ye come when the hoarse winds of March are still muttering
Bleak o'er the snow-fleckered landscape drear.

Deep, deep in winter-sleep, Nature all wearily
Lay for long months, and so chill was her breath
That the cold of it crept to our heavy hearts drearily,
Hushing them, crushing them, nigh unto death!

Swing out your golden bells, beautiful daffodils!
Swing them and ring them among your green spires!
Ring in the spring-time! ring in the life that thrills!
Wake to their love-songs the wild woodland choirs!

He that hath ears to hear, pausing and listening,
Hears in his heart of hearts your mystic chime;
Deep in his soul it thrills, while, with eyes glistening,
Unto your music his heart beats time!

Swing out your golden bells, sweet dainty daffodils!
Swing them and ring them, and ring them again,
Now is spring-tide with us—
Come to abide with us,
Lightening and brightening o'er valley and plain!

O'er the cloud-shadowed hills, radiant daffodils!
Chase the dark gloom that chills, till it departs,
Pealing your mystic chime,
Ring in the glad spring-time,
Life to all Nature, and joy to our hearts!

R. MACAULAY STEVENSON.

THE NEW MANAGER.

By KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK," "THE HIGH MILLS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—AT ST. MATTHIAS'S.

ON Sunday morning, as Jolliffe had signs of an impending attack of gout, Mrs. Jolliffe decided on staying at home with him, and proposed to the new manager

that he should accompany the girls to St. Matthias's.

Pascal agreed, with the appearance of readiness politeness required, but Jolliffe, always prompt to read and study the feelings of others, fancied he detected a little disappoint-



ALLAN BARRAUD

"Daffodils, welcome flowers of the year."

mental when the request was made in his wife's usual unconsciously imperious manner,

"Perhaps, my dear," observed Jolliffe, "Mr. Pascal would rather see our old parish church. We have been talking of poor Mrs. McIntyre's painted window. Keith will be sure to meet the girls."

Mrs. Jolliffe was too much engaged to hear, and Pascal, of course, made fresh assurances of his pleasure in going with the young ladies to St. Matthias's.

Mrs. Jolliffe could only act on one idea at a time. She had an idea just now that it would be well to make Keith jealous. She had seen with satisfaction on the previous evening that Sophie, though all unconsciously, had made him jealous, and doubted not his jealousy would drive him to do all he could to persuade Sophie to consent to an early marriage. It was the way in which Jolliffe had been brought to make up *his* mind, and Mrs. Jolliffe had a belief that, in matters of courtship at least, men were very much alike. Neither she nor Sophie felt any doubt but that Jolliffe was right in saying Keith would be sure to meet her and accompany her to St. Matthias's, for though she was going there ostensibly at young Dwining's request, she had, in acceding to that request, also considered how often Keith had asked her, and had consented more for his sake than Dwining's.

Sophie's bonnet was on, and she was downstairs before her cousin had ceased laughing at the idea of Pascal accompanying them. As Miss Bowerby kept them waiting, Jolliffe proposed Sophie should show Pascal the way into the garden through the brewery and orchard. They passed through the old dray-yard. The great curtained drays, pulled into the long dray-house, had the slumberous air of four-post state beds, where Time, having turned every other owner out, seemed to be napping himself. Even the small two-wheel dray, as it rested on its shafts with its curtains hanging forward, had the look of a spaniel that had shaken its long ears over its cheeks in anticipation of an extra doze.

In its Sunday repose the brewery was a picture of cleanliness and order. So Pascal remarked, as he followed Sophie to the narrow door which led them right out among the pear-trees, now dazzling to behold in the full morning sun.

"I have seen the finest views the world can show," remarked the new manager, gazing round with eyes that softened as they gazed, "but I look on this sight with more pleasure than ever."

"Then you have been used once to live among orchards?" asked Sophie.

"In my school-days—yes."

"I wish my cousin would come," said Sophie; "she will make us late."

"Not if we go round by the wall and across Trutbrook Common," answered Pascal quickly.

Sophie's glance of surprise betrayed him into showing some vexation and embarrassment. "Why should this be?" she wondered, and immediately thought of one of the hard things her mother had said of him. Mrs. Jolliffe suspected Pascal to have been about the place as a spy before he was sent formally by Lovibond as the new manager.

While Sophie's cheek burned with this idea, Pascal added quickly,

"I heard some one say that way was nearer by a quarter of a mile than the road. Is it not so, or am I under a mistake?"

"No, you are quite correct," replied Sophie brusquely. "Here comes my cousin at last."

She was, indeed, unfeignedly glad to see her companion, for a strange dislike for the society of Pascal had come over her with the suspicions awakened by his involuntarily disclosed acquaintance with the neighbourhood he was supposed never to have seen before. She determined to have some talk with her father on the subject as soon as she returned from church, that he and Mr. McIntyre might be more on their guard, both with Lovibond and his coaljutor.

The walk to church was not particularly pleasant. Sophie met all Pascal's remarks with coldness and reserve; her cousin seemed to him insufferably silly.

Dwining, who met them near the church-door, had to hide his pleasure, and succeeded in assuming a seriousness that only made the brightness of his eyes more intense.

St. Matthias's was a new church, with a new organ, a new congregation, a new young rector, and two new young curates. Only the organist was old, and a master in his art.

Pascal seemed more interested in Dwining and Sophie than in the elaborate church service. He saw that, to Dwining, Sophie, and not Matthias, was the patron saint of the church; while Sophie herself appeared soon to forget Keith Cameron in her delight at the music, and her sympathy with Dwining's appreciation of it. Pascal certainly saw a shade come over her bright face as she glanced round her sometimes, but only, he fancied, indicating a girl's annoyance at a slight offered her before the world, and not any serious heartache.

The church was uncomfortably full, and the copies of its own particular hymn monopolized, Dwining and Sophie having only one between them from necessity. From necessity certainly, but Pascal saw that such necessity was as heaven upon earth to Dwining, and was no special hardship to Sophie. Her face was prettier than he had yet seen it; her voice had a happy and devout soul in it. So had Dwining's; and the two seemed to Pascal to be aware, with a kind of noble innocence, of the healthful charm they had for each other.

As the new hymn was being sung, Pascal, hearing a pew-door near him opened, glanced round and saw Keith Cameron. Dwining and Sophie finding the hymn words new to them were bending over the one page rather more closely than might be pleasant to a person in Keith's position to see. Pascal was not surprised when Keith, after service, with the appearance of not having seen them, turned down the lane that was the nearest way to the Poplars. Sophie, looking round at him, as though hardly able to believe her eyes, became red and then pale in the same moment.

Yet, somehow, the walk home was not as depressing to her as might have been expected under the circumstances, and was assuredly very different from the walk to church. Dwining's elastic step seemed to teach Sophie a lighter, gayer tread than was usual to her. There was certainly something very different in walking by him from keeping pace with the languid-footed Keith. Then too, the glance of Dwining's eager, honest, blue eye, how it brightened Sophie's, Pascal noticed. How promptly she understood all he said, often catching at his meaning before he had half expressed it; whereas, it had been easy for even a stranger to see that Keith's half sarcastic, though certainly more clever comments, were confusing and dispiriting to her. Life was somewhat a heavy, leaden, sort of thing to her. It was already stale and profitless to Keith. To Dwining it was intensely real for misery or joy, and in his society the clouds cleared from Sophie's spirit, the atmosphere became alive with sunshine and fresh winds, she breathed new breath, and lived new life.

When she got home she locked herself in her own room and fell on her knees, sobbing almost violently. This was partly on account of Keith, and because she felt she was wrong in allowing herself to drift away from her allegiance to him, but it was also because she had felt too much new life and feeling come

suddenly into her heart to bear them in silence. She sobbed at once for sorrow and for joy, that they had come. It seemed misfortune and a rich gift inseparably blended—a nameless passion she could not then have known herself well enough to be able to say it was love for Dwining, but somehow she felt she had, hitherto, wronged the world, life, herself, and God's power and will to give joy. She took all to herself now with a great passion, clasping her arms about her heart and bowing her head in pitiful acknowledgment of having so wronged herself, her youth, her womanhood, by taking life so heavily and by so ignoring God's love and power and all the glorious possibilities of life. Sophie did not say to herself it was the love of a healthful and an upright heart that made so great a change for her. The change was, as yet in itself, too overpowering for her to be conscious of the cause, or to try to analyse it.

But when her fit of awakening and passion was over, and she went down into the orchard to try to get calm, she had that exquisite sense of gratitude felt by a good woman when conscious of the all-powerful and all-enobling influence of a good man. She knew that Dwining was no untried child of innocence, she knew that he had seen no little of the world and neither cringed to its pleasures nor feared its hardships.

"I can surely love Keith better through having known him," she said to herself under the apple-trees. It seemed so for the moment; but, in truth, Sophie felt obliged to find some excuse for allowing herself to think of Dwining, some plea for permitting herself to recall with new delight each sign of love she had seen in his strong, earnest eyes that happy morning.

CHAPTER X.—MORNING CLOUDS.

THE new manager made it very clearly understood that however considerate he might be of the feelings of Messrs. McIntyre and Jolliffe, and whatever uneasiness he may have felt on the evening of his arrival as to his task, he none the less intended that on Monday morning business should begin in earnest. Mrs. Jolliffe heard him go out soon after five o'clock.

Hector, a direct descendant of the Hector of twenty years ago, barked furiously.

"That's odd," remarked Jolliffe, yawning at being disturbed so early, "for Sophie told me she had made the two good friends yesterday."

When Mrs. Jolliffe went down to make

coffee, about which Jolliffe was very fastidious, the maid who waited on her told her that Hector had been barking all the morning because there was a strange man, a cask washer, who delighted in teasing the brewery favourite. Mr. Wharton had said that the new man seemed allowed to do as he liked, and be as idle as he pleased, and if he was the manager's choosing he was not a very good example for the other men.

When Jolliffe came down to breakfast and heard of this addition to the Pelican staff, he observed quietly—

"Ah, yes, he's in earnest. I'm glad I told the men to be on their guard."

"Then you mean to say this fellow is a detective?" exclaimed his wife in horror.

"I think so. A little more cream, if you please, my love."

"How can you take things so coolly, Jolliffe?"

"It's because I have taken things too coolly that I am not exactly averse to seeing some effort made to set them right."

"Oh, nonsense, it has always been the same, and I'm sure we have been very comfortable."

"Quite so, quite so; too comfortable under the circumstances, I fear; but hush! my dear, here comes Pascal."

"I haven't common patience to sit down with him," declared Mrs. Jolliffe.

"Some of these sort of troubles require uncommon patience, which you know you have in abundance, my love."

"Good morning, Mr. Pascal," was Mrs. Jolliffe's salutation; "pray, who is that most unpleasant-looking strange man?" She had not seen the object of her inquiry at all.

"Unpleasing duties lend unpleasing looks sometimes," answered Pascal; "but I assure you the ground shall not be cumbered by our friend outside longer than is absolutely necessary."

After breakfast the manager went down immediately to Jolliffe's private office, where a writing-table with drawers and patent lock was placed at his disposal, and Mrs. Jolliffe began to upbraid her husband for not opposing a course so hard as the admission of a detective into the brewery.

"Depend upon it," she reasoned, "the best men will leave on finding they are suspected, and the bad ones only brazen out such treatment."

"We are in Lovibond's hands, my dear, for the present, and must submit," replied Jolliffe in a tone of cheerful resignation.

Mrs. Jolliffe was much vexed. Another matter, besides the manager's conduct, caused her to be so that morning.

It was all very well, in fact just what she had wished, that Sophie should make Keith jealous. But that Keith should stay away all Sunday, and that Dwining should happen to find in an old *Blackwood's Magazine* one of Jolliffe's prize essays, and make it an excuse for spending all the evening with them, made Mrs. Jolliffe angry with her husband, Dwining, Sophie, *Blackwood*, and even the long defunct umpires who had pronounced Jolliffe the champion in that far remote tournament of quills.

Pascal, she said, she felt sure, was the harbinger of endless misfortune to the Pelican.

Miss Bowerby had told her, amid paroxysms of laughter, that when she went to call Sophie to breakfast that morning, Mr. Dwining was talking to her at the little door in the wall he had to pass on his way home from his early walk with his dogs.

Miss Bowerby was to spend the day at the Halls, who were, Dwining said, hoping to see her arrive early.

"There are great preparations for the event, I assure you," he added. "We have all had to assist in getting up the tent, so it's bound to be a hot day. The worst of it is you may be the cause of my losing two guineas, and I haven't one to spare."

"How is that?" asked Sophie—her cousin being engaged with her handkerchief in her efforts to subdue her laughter.

"Todd and I have a bet," replied Dwining, "upon a prize poem poor Waller is hammering his brains over for the new paper—the *Club Magazine*. It's only half-a-guinea, but it's the glory of the thing, you know. It'll be a grand start for Waller; Todd don't think he has a chance. I did till I heard Miss Bowerby was coming. Now I tremble for my two guineas; really, Miss Jolliffe, you must make your cousin promise she won't hold him spell-bound quite all day."

Mrs. Jolliffe was not pleased by this early meeting at the gate. She knew Sophie too well to think it was designed; it was an accident as far as human motives were concerned. Dwining might take delight in Sophie's society, but would arrange no clandestine meeting with a girl engaged to another man; would hardly slacken or hasten his steps to effect such a meeting, however much he might wish it. Mrs. Jolliffe knew this, and as she bent over her Vanthols and noticed how their blooms which she had

turned towards her last night, were again turned to the sun, felt there was the more significance in the early morning meeting and that it had come to pass by some mysterious law of nature. It threw a different light on the Saturday and Sunday's proceedings, and made her wish her words to Keith, that were to awaken jealousy, unsaid.

Mrs. Jolliffe could not remain long from the window looking towards the road, in the hope of Keith coming to see how Sophie was going to spend the day in her cousin's absence. He had suggested a row on the river, if the weather was fine—if not, that they should practise some songs he had given her. He had treated it as a matter of course that he would come, and Mrs. Jolliffe, heavy as her forebodings were growing, yet felt that all might be well in an hour or two. A warmer welcome than usual from herself even might set things right. Jolliffe was always the same, always genial and peace-inspiring. The difficulty would, she feared, be in Sophie herself. Her mother had not much influence over her. Even the worst-tempered people discover in time where their bad humours or imperiousness are wasted; and Mrs. Jolliffe had learnt, as Sophie grew up, that one of the strong points in her character was a determination not to be injuriously fettered by her mother's wilfulness as her father was fettered. Sophie's strong point, like most people's, involved a weak one also, for in her shunning undue and injurious control she often lost or resented good and sensible advice from her mother. Mrs. Jolliffe therefore felt it useless that morning to upbraid her as to her treatment of Keith.

"You might remonstrate with her," she said to Jolliffe, who, to evade family and business troubles, had found absorbing interest in the columns of the *Times*; "but you never do anything but spoil her."

Sophie came in at that moment, wearing an air of dreamy absent-mindedness, not usual with her. Mrs. Jolliffe judged it best to appear concerned about the weather, and thought it was too warm for rowing.

"Yes," answered Sophie, "for Keith." And, oddly enough, a vision rose before her of a bronzed young face and stalwart arms, it would not be too hot for or too arduous, but whose comeliness and strength would appear a part of the rich summer.

"And for you too," added Mrs. Jolliffe, unconscious of the vision, but not of the dreamy tenderness caused by it in Sophie's

eyes. "But why didn't you wear the navy blue suit Keith likes so much?"

"This is cooler; besides, I don't see much use in trying to please him," answered Sophie rather hastily, remembering her careful toilette of Saturday evening.

"What's the matter with him?" asked her mother suddenly. "Do you think Mr. Dwining monopolized you too much?"

Sophie blushed and smiled, too brightly for her mother's satisfaction.

"Did he monopolize me, mamma?" she asked rather confusedly.

"Or you him, my love?" queried Jolliffe mischievously.

"If I recollect, Keith didn't care to monopolize me himself, and so hasn't any right to complain."

"Quite so, quite so," responded Jolliffe soothingly. "But come here, Sophie. Your mother is getting rather anxious about you and Keith."

"Why should she?" demanded Sophie, not without some pride and passion. Perhaps the silence following her question had more gentle reproach in it than any words could have expressed.

Sophie, after awhile, looked up remorsefully from her stitching and saw her mother's ample chin sunk dependently on the huge brooch, containing a lock of hair of the person Jolliffe had disappointed, interwoven with one of Jolliffe's own golden brown curls. Sophie saw, too, her father's bright blue eyes gazing apparently into that futurity as to which he usually troubled himself so little. Sophie glanced from one to the other, and the tears came into her eyes. Keen recollection of business anxieties and the infliction of Lovibond's man and of the relief her modest marriage settlement might bring, made her feel her careless question to have been almost flippant, and nothing remained in her heart but regret for her thoughtlessness and tenderest sympathy for the two. She rose, stepped quietly behind her father, and taking his silver head in her hands drew it back and kissed his cheeks.

"Don't fear; I'll make it all right with Keith," she said.

Mrs. Jolliffe, instantly forming one of the little tableau, also kissed Jolliffe, and, drawing Sophie forward from behind his arm-chair, shed some maternal tears over her, and said, appealingly yet reproachfully, to Jolliffe—

"You ought to be a thousand times more thankful than you are for such a child," and Jolliffe, whose eyes also glistened with pride

and tears, emitted his silvery little chuckle, and, rubbing his spectacles, said with subdued enthusiasm—

“Quite so, quite so!”

CHAPTER XI.—KEITH HAS SATISFACTION.

It was this little scene (behind the business scenes of the Pelican) that caused Keith Cameron, when, in due time, he paid his morning call, to be very differently received from what he had expected.

Sophie threw down her work and went to meet him, looking into his face as she did so with most unusual cordiality and frankness.

“How nice of you to come so early!”

“How kindly you remind me of my need to apologise for doing so,” replied Keith; “but I have to be in London this afternoon.”

He had taken her hand less affectionately, and released it sooner, than his custom was.

“He has been *much* hurt,” thought Sophie;

“what *can* I say?”

“It’s a lovely morning.”

“Charming.”

“But too warm for rowing.”

“I think so. The river moves like molten lead.”

“So does my heart,” thought Sophie, longing to show she did not care for the cool dismissal of the river idea, or feel uneasy at Keith keeping his hat and stick in his hand as he sat down on the sofa opposite her little easy-chair by the window.

Her father and mother had gone for their morning inspection of the garden, but were lingering on their way under the orchard trees, and the sight of them on the rustic little seat gave new impetus to Sophie’s resolve to conciliate Keith. The question was how to do it. Should she treat the affair as though she had been in fault, though she scarcely thought she had? or should she gently reproach Keith for his impatience and studied neglect? Perhaps that would be best, and certainly would come most naturally.

“Keith,” she said, speaking his name with the familiarity of affectionate reproof, “you have always been so kind to me, so forgiving and gentle, when I have been whimsical or abrupt to you, that I have felt it keenly you could be so awfully cruel as you have been since Saturday.”

Sophie seldom did things by halves, and once having decided on letting Keith measure her affection for him by the extent of her grief at his treatment, she was content to humble herself as she had never humbled herself before to any one. To watch her one

might suppose she loved Keith passionately. She had risen, her eyes were wet and full of tender remonstrance. Keith must have thought she so loved him. He rose too, but did not hold out his hand, and his expression was more thoughtful than emotional.

“If I felt I deserved your reproaches,” he said, “I should thank you for the kindness with which you have given them; but as I fail to remember anything in my conduct that could be so described, you must forgive me for venturing to doubt that you, who have so stern a sense of justice, really seriously make such a charge against me.”

It is not easy to generous natures to suddenly stop a warm impulse such as Sophie’s for peace and reconciliation. She had meant to flatter and please Keith by the very unreasonable of her blame, and to give him, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of her pain at his neglect. And now he had answered her in a way that showed her he either did not appreciate her meaning, or did not accept it. Such a speech was, as Keith afterwards expressed himself to a friend, altogether out of his line; but he wished it to answer two purposes. He intended to deny anything like rashness or bad temper in his own conduct, and to civilly ignore the unwonted warmth of affection implied by Sophie’s manner to him. Although his reply had chilled her to the heart—which, in her dismay at herself for having let it drift away from Keith of late, and in her anxiety to restore her father’s and mother’s peace, she was almost ready to lay at Keith’s feet, begging him to guard and keep it true—although she had felt the chill, she would not let herself see failure, but rather told herself she must measure her own error by Keith’s coldness, and be humble accordingly.

“You said the other day we never had one quarrel, Keith.”

“I did, and am resolved to-day we never shall.”

He looked as he spoke, bowing slightly and smiling.

Sophie did not like the smile even then, when she was refusing, almost obstinately, to see any bar to their reconciliation. In years after it haunted her as one of the most unpleasant things she had ever seen. She had two different powers of perception just then. One saw in every look of Keith’s, and heard in each word that fell from his lips, encouragement to her wishes to set matters as they were, or rather better than they ever were, between them. Another, and as yet a vague and dim perception, which, though

but so dim and so vague, could make her suffer, and send the blood to her cheek or drive it out of it with painful hurry—and this saw all and heard all in accordance with certain instincts she had always felt concerning Keith. One perceptiveness read hope in the smile, assurance in the words. The other found both smile and words, cold, sarcastic, ominous. The perception that pleased her best ruled her own conduct, as such perception does generally rule persons, even as thoroughly conscientious as Sophie Jolliffe.

Keith had smiled into her eyes, had declared he would never quarrel, surely, she thought, Satan himself must be within her heart if she found an evil construction possible out of this. She took the small, low voice of instinct for one of gloomy and unwarrantable doubt and tried with all her strength to hush it.

"Keith," she said, "my mother thinks I have been to blame, and though I know I never meant to offend you in any way, still, if I have done so, won't you let me say, I'm sorry?"

Sophie's voice was just sufficiently tremulous at that moment to render her petition touching, indeed irresistible it might be supposed, to one in Keith's position.

Keith's feelings, however, having, as he considered, been seriously tampered with on the foregone Saturday, were not to be easily exposed to fresh danger, neither were those who had tampered with them to pass unpunished. In reply to Sophie's entreaty that he would let her say she was sorry he said with prompt courtesy—

"I beg you won't distress me by doing so, or give yourself the slightest uneasiness."

"But I have given you uneasiness."

"If I have felt any, I assure you it is over now, and I intend to dismiss all thoughts of it from my mind."

"You will?"

"I may say I have almost done so already."

"Dear Keith, how good you are! I am so much obliged to you."

That outer perception of Sophie's common sense or whatever it was, told her all was well. Keith, though still hurt, had said all she should expect; it was for her to be more demonstrative, more warm and grateful. Thus self-admonished, she looked up with moist eyes to Keith and half smiling, half beseeching lips, and laid her hand on his. In doing this she endured actual pain, but an indescribable kind of pain, and experienced an almost phrenzied antipathy to him whom she sought to win back to her. In a moment she knew why.

Keith, as Sophie's hand lay on his left wrist, rather faint and fluttering, like a bird that only found a perch where it sought a nest, touched it lightly with his right hand, and looking into her moist eyes with a smile which, perfect as were the lips it curved and the eyes it brightened, afterwards had always seemed to her almost demoniacal, said—

"And now I need not ask if you know why I have intruded on you so early, or indeed, after what has occurred, why I have intruded on you at all."

Sophie looked a little bewildered. Her heart beat violently, but she looked with steady confidence into Keith's blue eyes.

Why should he have come up but to set all right, or in the words that came simplest and fullest of meaning at these times from the days of childhood "to make it up?" She looked at him steadily, with perhaps something of stupid faith still in her expression, and said—

"You came to——" Then she paused, expecting, not with exactly pleasurable expectation, but still confidently expecting that Keith's smiling lips would answer by something more affectionate than words.

But Keith only raised his fine eyebrows with a look of surprise at her hesitation and answered, in his usual languid drawl—

"To say good-bye!"

The more clearly he may have read the face before him, the more assured he must have felt of his complete and triumphant revenge.

However it might have been with Sophie before that interview, it is certain that she then knew the anguish of a sharp stab at her girlish happiness, her maidenly dignity, and indeed, as it seemed, at all the hope and joy of her life. Nor was she one of those in whom sudden hate could spring up to take the place of slain or outraged love. She had tried with all her might to guide her heart back again in spite of all opposing currents to his, where, according to all dutiful and natural instincts, was its destined haven, and she had dashed it against a stony rock. Stunned, and yet not stunned too much to suffer, it now drifted from him rapidly, widely, irrevocably.

Though Keith upon his knees had cried to it, never had he won it back. But he had then no wish to do so. He had meant to make it suffer and had succeeded, and he bowed before Sophie with perfect grace and took his departure intensely satisfied with himself. All the amount of mild pleasure he had known in his engagement to Sophie and

gratification at the knowledge also that he was keeping a fervent manly heart from her, was small and faint in comparison with the wound his vanity had sustained, and his whole being had been filled by the first and last passion of his life, in the last few hours, the passion for revenge. That passion was now fully gratified, and he went away with the feeling that from thenceforth he would hold his heart and his pride and his peace of mind entirely under his own control. Neither love nor anger should again disturb him.

CHAPTER XII.—A RASH CHAMPION.

MRS. JOLLIFFE on her way up-stairs having seen Keith Cameron pass lightly down the office steps with an unwonted smile on his lips and all the air of a conqueror, hastened up with much and happy anticipation to the sitting-room overlooking the orchards. She was herself the bearer of bad news to Sophie, but scarcely doubted her child would have a cure ready to offer her for the evils of which she came to tell. A light step bounded up the stairs behind her, and turning on the first landing she faced Dwining. His countenance was unusually clouded, and she doubted not he had heard in the brewery-yard of the events that had reached her own ears during the last few minutes.

"Well, Mr. Dwining," she said, "you have heard of honest William Treloggan being arrested, I suppose, and there's a spy in Mr. Trafford's office now. Mr. Jolliffe's half-distracted, he's gone up the back way to the study. You'll find him there."

She pointed to the red door of the little study and passing quickly up the three steps leading into the room where Sophie was, saw her standing looking out of the window with her back towards her. Dwining did not follow her direction and go to the study. He had said in a less strong voice than usual, "Mrs. Jolliffe, one moment!" but she had not heard him.

There were two doors to the sitting-room, the outer one, a silent spring-door, Mrs. Jolliffe fancied had closed behind her, but Dwining had held it back as he spoke and she had not closed the inner door.

"Oh, Sophie, Sophie!" she exclaimed as she entered, "your poor father's almost broken-hearted! Here's William Treloggan arrested, and a policeman in the office examining Trafford's desk. Oh, that Lovibond! if I could coin my very heart to pay him and send his man back to the Antipodes, where he came from, I would do it!"

"Mother!"

Then Dwining let the spring-door close, and fled. He went down and waited in the orchard. It had been as hard for him to leave the spot as for a mother to turn away from the crib at her child's cry betokening sickness unto death; as hard as for a brave soldier to desert a comrade whose groans had just betrayed to him his danger.

"Mother," said Sophie, "it *has* been done—not only the sacrifice of a heart offered, but all my pride, almost my truth."

"Sophie!" cried Mrs. Jolliffe.

"Yes, mother, all laid with my poor eager prayer for reconciliation—laid at worthless feet—to be rejected, spurned!"

"My dear girl, my poor dear child, and the young wretch went out smiling!" said Mrs. Jolliffe in a tone of horror.

"Mother, I tried so hard. I feel so degraded. I begged to be forgiven if I had vexed him. I begged harder and harder; trying to keep down my doubts and fears about him, and my fears that I didn't love him through it all. I begged for reconciliation. I laid my hand on his. He let me beg; he let me touch his hand in entreaty—in *loving* entreaty." And the poor little hands clasped each other with a passion of indignation. "And then," continued Sophie, "he politely spurned me—*intending* all the while to do so—while listening to my earnest, loving words—*intending* to reject my prayers—listening, mother, smiling, and *intending* to cast me off. Oh, mother!" she cried, "why did he leave me in my first surprise and degradation? Why didn't he stay a little, and let me enjoy my triumph? Another moment, and he should have known the truth."

"*What* truth, Sophie darling?" asked Mrs. Jolliffe, weeping partly for Sophie's troubles, but more for her own.

"That I never loved him; that I only hoped and thought I loved him; that his rejection of me—I mustn't be too proud to use the right word, mother dear, it *was* rejection—that his rejection of me, his withdrawal of his falsely called love, sets my heart free from ice. I would have told him more—that though I have learnt these last few days partly, and *in this last hour fully*, I have not loved him, I have learnt *too more than that*—I have learnt, mother——"

At this moment there was a knock, and Dwining, after having made a step of retreat, had again turned, and was standing in the presence of Sophie and Mrs. Jolliffe, half way between them and the door.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jolliffe, I spoke



"Again the orchards round the Pelican are clothed in snow."

to you before you came in here, but you did not hear me."

They both looked at him in perfect astonishment at his excitement, as he stood slightly bending forward in an attitude full of earnest appeal; his right hand extended imploringly, his eyes, full of respect and tenderness and anger, fixed on Sophie's white, indignant face.

"Mr. Dwining," said she, recovering before her mother from her surprise, and making a gesture of dismissal with her trembling hand, "I am in trouble."

"I know it," he answered, "and knowing it, inadvertently, must be my apology for intruding."

Sophie made a movement as though to go

past him and leave the room, but Dwining stayed her by so gentle and deferential a gesture and look that she could only stand and gaze at him in bewilderment.

"If I may not speak to her, Mrs. Jolliffe," said Dwining, turning to her mother out of simple reverence for Sophie's grief, "let her hear me speak to you. I tried to speak to you, for when I came in I was met by Mr. Cameron with a taunt that was not only at myself, but that I considered touched your daughter as well. Coming into this room after you, I found my suspicions, that he had behaved in some wrong way to her, most cruelly verified. I thought when I had first seen him and heard from him the taunt, which

I will not repeat, I would tell you that if he had acted towards Miss Jolliffe as his words seemed to imply, he should have from me such punishment as her own brother, if she had a brother, would inflict."

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Dwining!" exclaimed Mrs. Jolliffe; "it seems to me there's been quite mischief enough. You had really better leave us alone now." She had not yet ceased to regard him as the real cause of the broken engagement. She had seen the emotion on his face as he entered the room, with a return of previous not unpleasant thoughts she had sometimes indulged in regarding him, especially when weary of Cameron's coolness; but Dwining no sooner uttered the word "brother" than she became impatient at his intrusion. Sophie, on the contrary, had to turn and hide her tears. She had sorely felt the need of such manly sympathy as a brother might have given her. In a moment she held out her hand—

"Thank you," she said in a voice scarcely audible, "but it's all over now; please say no more about it."

"I will do anything you say after I have spoken to you one moment," said Dwining, trying to retain her hand, which, however, she gently withdrew.

"He who enjoyed the privilege," he went on, "the acknowledged right of loving you, and the yet more precious right of possessing *your* love, has just forfeited that right in a manner that may well make you doubt all men. To make that doubt a little less, let me say that one who has no privilege whatever, no right ever to expect the slightest hope, has loved you with a love that has been his greatest delight, even in its utter hopelessness, does love you now, and will continue loving you though you may say, if you will, it must always be in utter hopelessness. There, I have said what I felt I must say. If I have shocked you by my abruptness forgive me. I have not intruded on you with any selfish view or wish. I only thought an outspoken, honest love might be some slight, very slight, but not unwelcome, tribute to the worth that scoundrel has so wronged. At any rate I am proud to lay it at your feet, even though it lies there rejected all my life; and I will try to keep it worthy of its place. Good-bye!"

He did not wait for Sophie to answer, for she had turned her head suddenly, and hidden her face on her mother's shoulders, where he heard her sobbing.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Jolliffe," he said, returning the warm clasp of her disengaged hand.

"If I have forfeited the friendship I have enjoyed here, by my words just now, I cannot help it. I may perhaps never come here again. I would be glad to be allowed still to be a friend—her friend; but—but you will never see me here again until I know her wish."

"He is right," said Sophie, raising her head as the spring-door was gently closed by Dwining. "Mother, he must not come here again."

"Don't say anything rash, dear child," advised Mrs. Jolliffe. "He's a noble young fellow. I always liked him better than Keith; but he chose a very wrong moment for his declaration."

"Do you think so, mother?" said Sophie, looking up with some tender scorn on her lip, and eyes full of pride and joy as well as tears. "Is it such a very wrong time when a ship has been wrecked upon the breakers for the gallant life-boat to come up and save what little human life is left? When some one wanders blindly on a precipice, and feels the edge give way, and staggers, is *that* the wrong moment for some strong arm to clutch one back, and bring one on to safe and steady ground? When one has had a mad dog's bite, can the wholesome fire that's to burn the poison out be put to it too soon? This last excitement coming so instantly on that other with Keith hurts me, shocks me, but, mother, it almost seems to me it saves my life."

"My darling Sophie," said Mrs. Jolliffe, really affected to tears, "I always liked Mr. Dwining; but why did you say he must not come here again?"

"Because, mother, I love him too well to receive him as a friend, and far too dearly to accept him as anything nearer."

"What *can* you mean? Why should you not accept him as something nearer if you love him?"

"What, mother! Expose him to Keith Cameron's taunt that I took him—as in my case a thousand girls take new lovers—to cover their slight from the old—make it seem I accept him to spite Keith?—never! or, what is worse, mother, bring on him the taunt that I take him to save my father's business. No, no, dear mother, I shall write at once and tell him never, never to come here again."

"Really, Sophie, you are very unreasonable."

"Mother, I could act against my own instinct with Keith, who taught me somehow to distrust it, but never with Edward Dwining."

ing, who has proved to me that it was true and healthy and God-given."

"But, Sophie," said Mrs. Jolliffe, following her as she seated herself at the writing-table, "you will only fret and make yourself wretched."

"You mistake me, mother," Sophie answered, looking up with radiant eyes. "We shall be happier in our honest hopelessness than thousands whose hopes are fully realised. Isn't there more of marriage in a love like ours, though we are divided, than in fifty years of grudging faithfulness of the so-called marriage state?"

CHAPTER XIII.—SYRINGA OR JEALOUSY.

"A BILLET-DOO for you, Mr. Dwining," said Mrs. Hall, as that most promising of her husband's pupils came down to early dinner.

Dwining took it and went to the window. There was the dear writing. He tore it open (taking advantage of Mrs. Hall's back being turned while she got out the claret) to press it to his lips.

"DEAR MR. DWINING," wrote Sophie—

"The only way in which I can act in accord with your noble kindness is to ask you not to see us any more now. It is painfully embarrassing for us to think of making new ties, even of friendship, while my father's affairs are so involved. I think I owe it to your generous frankness to say I have faith in Mr. Pascal ultimately conquering the great evils that have existed here so long, though my father and mother are feeling too much distress to see his work in its true light. But unless you hear of a great change here—which you may do before long—it is far better for us both that you should, as you so thoughtfully said, not come to see us any more.

"Good-bye. I shall often think of you when I sing our songs.

"Yours, with best wishes,

"SOPHIE JOLLIFFE.

"Mother again wishes you good-bye."

Dwining put the letter in his pocket, and stood looking out of the window.

Miss Bowerby and Waller were catching a butterfly in a net in the side walk. Hall and Todd were sitting in the tent, smoking. That summer picture—the hum of the bees and strong scent of the syringa close by—was connected ever after by Dwining with the most utterly miserable moments of his life.

Poor Sophie had thought to be kind, in spite of what she had said to her mother as to giving him no hope. She had meant to

explain to him, as clearly as it was at all becoming to do under the circumstances, the truth as regarded her present position. She had intended him to see that if the business difficulties could be removed, and there could be no sordid motive suspected in her making another engagement, Dwining's love need not be hopeless. But it was altogether a delicate thing to express, and she had expressed it clumsily.

Dwining read it as all fatal to the least hope, and from the minute he read it there was no reason and no faith in him. "Jealousy, that jaundice of the brain," had smitten him, and he was its helpless victim—sick, weak, irrational, restless, most miserable.

"Pascal is the man," he said to himself, apparently absorbed in watching the antics of Miss Bowerby and Waller with the net. "She said—I heard her myself say she had learnt within the last few days she had never loved Cameron—and she had learnt more—I suppose that she could love somebody else. He watched her intently all the evening on Saturday. Pascal is the man."

"Would you call them in to dinner, Mr. Dwining?" asked Mrs. Hall, "unless, tell 'em, they're a-goin' to live in the tents altogether, like the patriarchs of the ancient Britons."

Dwining went out, looking down on the grass, and thinking—

"If Sophie learnt all that in three days from a man she never saw before she is too apt a scholar for me."

"You don't look well, Dwining," said Hall, as his pupil delivered the first part of Mrs. Hall's message.

"Syringa always gives me such a con-founded headache," explained Dwining, "and you have such a forest of it here."

After dinner he said to Hall—

"I'm obliged to be off home directly. I can't tell how long I shall be away, but I'll write to you to-morrow."

Hall did not hear from him the next day. In the course of the week he informed the Jolliffes that his favourite pupil had decided to give up 'the study of brewing, and was going abroad. As six months' payment for his board and instruction had been paid in advance Mrs. Hall and himself were agreed that things might have been worse.

Sophie, when she heard the news, laid down her work and went to the window. She leant her elbow on the sill and her cheek on her hand, and looked out at the blossoms, which in the last few days had fallen in an almost ceaseless rain.

"Fall down, my pretty blooms," she said to them in her heart, "rain down, rain down. Every hope and pleasure of my life is falling with you."

Mrs. Jolliffe, watching her not without some maternal tenderness about the eyes, that made her uncertain of vision, muttered, "What a muddle these over-and-above refined lovers make. What comes of all their wonderful instincts and faith and hope in hopelessness?—fiddlesticks and foolery!"

Mr. Pascal was undoubtedly causing much necessary and unknowingly unnecessary misery. He remained always gently forbearing with Mrs. Jolliffe—most kind and attentive to Sophie, who, in perfect innocence as to Dwining's real malady, liked and trusted him heartily. To Jolliffe he was ready to offer an arm whenever he needed it, and was as considerate as one in his position could possibly be.

McIntyre he seldom saw, but was, if possible, kinder to him than to Jolliffe. He only became stern when any of his plans for improvement and strict discipline were remonstrated against by either of the partners. Then his manner changed; he bowed, and told them he would write to Mr. Lovibond on the matter; a course they invariably desired him not to pursue, and so the new manager remained for the time being the real master of the Pelican.

McIntyre did not give much trouble, however, at the brewery. Jolliffe was greatly concerned for him, as his health seemed to him rapidly sinking.

"No wonder," said Mrs. Jolliffe one day; "it's Lovibond's sharp treatment is killing him."

"I fancy he's annoyed at Cameron's persistency in wanting his money," remarked Jolliffe. "He's told him it will take six months to get the mortgage in, and the young fellow has been very pressing and almost insulting about it."

"I hope, Jolliffe, there's nothing *wrong*," said his wife significantly.

"I hope not, my dear," he answered; "but McIntyre certainly has more on his mind than our troubles here, to which he even seems oblivious sometimes."

"He's been very odd and cool to Sophie since she and Keith broke off," observed Mrs. Jolliffe. "I do hope there's nothing wrong. Poor McIntyre looks shadowy and nervous, and his housekeeper told Sophie he's scarcely ever at his writing now. I wonder if there is anything wrong with Keith's money."

"To change the subject, my love"—(Jolliffe always did change the subject when it turned to anything like scandal)—"Sophie is looking very ill."

"Of course she is; and you don't notice me, not likely! though you might see how my bracelet, that used to be too tight, drops off my wrist. I know, I tell you, this new manager is killing us all."

CHAPTER XIV.—CONCLUSION.

AGAIN the orchards round the Pelican are clothed in snow, not blooming, but real flaky snow, diamond-dusted.

Some faint afternoon sunshine still lingers on the front of the brewery. A group of men stand where the great doors open from the outer to the inner yard, as they stood there six months ago.

There are, however, several gaps in the group since the summer. Certain familiar faces are missing. They are of those who have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Obadiah Treloggan is one who is conspicuous by his absence. The arrest of William Treloggan had only been a trap by which to secure the real thieves.

The new manager had (as Sophie always suspected) been on the spot before his formal introduction on that memorable May evening. He had become aware of the fact that William Treloggan's wife was in the secret of the two brothers' dishonesty, and was bound to secrecy by Obadiah's wife, who was her own sister. Pascal had not been mistaken in thinking that the arrest of William would soon wring the truth from his wife as to the bold and long-existing system of dishonesty carried on by Obadiah. She had conducted Pascal, accompanied by Jolliffe, to the place of concealment, under the boards of an outhouse in Obadiah's garden. Here she showed them several barrels of beer, which it appeared he was in the habit of selling on Sunday mornings and at other times when public-houses were closed.

"Ho! ho!" Jolliffe had exclaimed to Pascal at the sight; "so *these* are the prophets Master Obadiah is hiding in the cave!"

Obadiah is now resting from business in the gaol at Stoke, where he is likely to spend his Christmas holidays. His wife and children are well cared for in William Treloggan's home across Troutbeck Common. Silas, by the new manager's tact, was saved from being criminally involved in his brother's trial, to William's great and lasting gratitude, and was sent back to his father's farm in Somersetshire.

Although the drays have all returned, "honest Hopkins" is not in the group in the south yard. He also has gone to Stoke gaol to enjoy his recollections of the palmy days of the Pelican. Several others have left, and new men come in their places, better able, perhaps, to endure the new manager's severe discipline.

All about the brewery is in perfect order. If a stray dog appears, it seems to see the different state of things and endeavours to creep out before its trespass is observed.

There are pigeons somewhere, but they also come under the new code, and instead of swarming and pillaging in the yards, have taken their food at proper times and gone to roost.

Everything looks intensely clean, proper, orderly, and miserable.

"Deal o' change," sighs old Wharton, not now seated at tea, as in those pleasant days when the orchards were in blossom, and the lilac scent came borne on the steam of the hot grains, up through the inner yard, and old Jolliffe went about humming "The bloom is on the rye." No; Wharton is wrapt in a huge coat and comforter now, and carries his keys in his hand, waiting for the men to depart, and replying shiveringly to their lamentations over the loss of good old times by the invariable complaint—

"Deal o' changes! Time I were gone where there won't be no more. Great age—Deal o' changes!"

Perhaps Mr. Fernyhaugh's office is about the only place where the withering hand of improvement is not yet discernible. He stands before the fire-place, which has a fire in it now, and indulges Messrs. Wilkins and Betts in feasting their young imaginations on the Christmas festivities which he does *not* think he will attend at the various country seats of the "Gov's" colleagues to which he has been pressingly invited. Betts says that to hear of such "scrumptuous"—he probably means sumptuous—entertainments is enough to take away a feller's appetite for plain beef and pudden, and wants to know as usual what a feller's done, by Jove, that he should be so different from other fellers, and expresses a hope that when Fernyhaugh gets into Parliament he will alter "all that."

"To change the subject," says Mr. Fernyhaugh, "the two gov'nors here are in an awful funk to-night. Our esteemed manager—yes, I say *esteemed*"—repeats Mr. Fernyhaugh, as he sees signs of irreverence in his listeners at the word. "And I can assure you the gov'

would have ordered me out of this long ago if he had not heard of some change for the better."

"Never mind, Ferny," says Betts apologetically. "Tell us what's up to-night."

"Up! Why here's Lovibond coming, and the whole matter's to be gone into as to the result of Pascal's investigations, and it's to be decided whether we can go on, or whether we are to shut up shop."

"But *you* know what'll come of it, Ferny," pleads Betts. "What's a feller done that you shouldn't tell us?"

Mr. Fernyhaugh purses up his mouth and shrugs his shoulders.

"I have never broken a promise I made the gov'," he declares deprecatingly. "Augustus," he said, "if ever you betray secrets of the heads of your firm to your subs, remember your hopes in a certain quarter are done for. You'll have to remain a mercantile clerk all your life, and I shall cut you off with a shilling."

"Well, look here, Ferny," says Wilkins. "I fancy old Trafford thinks things are coming to a bad end. He's looked as yellow all day as yolks of eggs, and his hand shakes like anything."

"Well, *he* has plenty to retire upon; he needn't mind it," says Betts. "But, Ferny, how is it Pascal is so suspicious of him. He watches him as a cat does a mouse. I've seen him watching him through the ventilator a quarter of an hour at a spell."

"Oh! he watches everybody," replies Fernyhaugh. "Upon my word if I didn't think he was behind me the other night when I went to see a poor fellow I know at Rotherhithe. But I must have been mistaken. Hollo! What's that?"

Something very like a scuffle was heard in the passage outside Mr. Fernyhaugh's office, and directly afterwards the manager's authoritative voice, saying,

"Mr. Trafford, go back to your office and remain there till you are summoned to the presence of Mr. Jolliffe and Mr. McIntyre. I am surprised at your attempt to leave when you have had notice your presence is required at this meeting."

Mr. Betts, who had gone on tiptoe to the door, comes back with fingers elevated as high as his ears with astonishment.

"Here's a go," he says in a very audible whisper. "Blest if he hasn't locked old Trafford in his den."

At this moment there came a command to Mr. Fernyhaugh from the manager to go to his room immediately. Fernyhaugh, though

he assumed supreme indifference, went with a foreboding that some of the effects of the late severe discipline at the Pelican were about to fall on his usually careless head.

"I may as well tell you at once, Mr. Fernyhaugh," said the manager as the clerk closed the office door behind him, "that you have been watched lately."

Fernyhaugh opened his eyes, and elevated his nose still more than usual as he answered without hesitation—

"I don't know that I need mind that, sir."

"You have been watched out of business hours as well as here, Mr. Fernyhaugh."

Fernyhaugh lowered his head and coloured.

"You have been watched to Rotherhithe, Mr. Fernyhaugh."

Fernyhaugh looked guilty. He appeared to have every sign of becoming another martyr to the new manager's rigorous investigation. He remained silent and pale.

"You have been watched to a little house in Cheyne Street, north of Rotherhithe," said the manager.

Suddenly throwing off his nervousness and looking Pascal in the face, Fernyhaugh said almost fiercely—

"Well, sir, whatever I may have to answer for, I am ashamed of nothing *there*."

The manager smiled as he blotted a cheque he had been signing.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Fernyhaugh—very glad. Yes, you were watched by some one who was anxious to be introduced to Mr. Fernyhaugh, senior, of whose doings at Whitehall your subordinates hear so much. Instead of to the palatial mansion in the West End so often described by you, you were followed to Rotherhithe, to the house at Cheyne Street. A little clerk from the Customs lives there. You were heard to call him father; he was heard to bless you as the son who has for years given up all his earnings to keep that large family from starving; who is now supporting it entirely rather than have that father overworked and bullied. Fernyhaugh, you have been a great help to me, and carried out all my plans here as no one else has. I have now a little matter I want you to see to for me to-night. Do you think this will be of service at that little house at Cheyne Street this Christmas?"

"Sir," answered Fernyhaugh, looking down at the cheque for twenty pounds in his hand, and passing his other hand over his eyes, "it will be life—prosperity to them. They are starving."

"Then be off as soon as this meeting is

over; and Fernyhaugh, my good fellow, let's hear no more about that 'Gov' at Whitehall. That kindly, grateful old father of yours at Rotherhithe is worth more to you than a dozen 'govs' at Whitehall."

"He will be happier at any rate, sir."

"And your 'great expectations' must for the present, I fear, come down to the common-place fact that your salary is increased to half as much again. Now good night, though you'll wait here till Trafford goes."

"Good night, sir, and may your Christmas be as happy as you have made ours. It cannot be much happier. And if you please, sir, if you won't say any more about it, I'll take the opportunity to treat Betts and Wilkins to-morrow night to the pantomime and make a clean breast of it."

"Ah, do so, and introduce them to your pretty sisters at Rotherhithe. They'll work the better for knowing them."

The news of Mr. Trafford being locked in his office had soon spread through the house.

"That Pascal seemed always to have something on his mind about poor Trafford," said Jolliffe, when he heard of the event, "but I thought it was all cleared up to his satisfaction long ago."

Mrs. Jolliffe was too much crushed by her own sorrows and anxieties to express her indignation at such extraordinary treatment of her favourite, which Trafford had always been.

The dread with which she waited the meeting that was shortly to take place in Jolliffe's private office was shared by Sophie, who, much wasted by months of anxiety and suspense, was propped up with pillows in her father's easy-chair.

The year seemed, indeed, to be coming to a sad close during the last few weeks. Business and private tradesmen had left poor Jolliffe but little of the peace he loved so much. His daughter's health, too, caused him great concern.

His partner's mental trouble, apart from the business troubles, kept him very anxious and restless. For he had much feeling for McIntyre, and had often pressed him to relieve his mind by telling him his secret care. But anything said on that matter caused McIntyre so much agitation that he at last refrained from mentioning it altogether.

"It's a pity Pascal insists on him coming out on such a night," he said, looking from the window for the return of the brougham, which the manager had sent for McIntyre. "What good can it do bringing him out?"

I tried hard to prevent it, and begged that I might be allowed to act for him, but Pascal said his presence was even more necessary than mine."

The brougham arrived soon after dusk, bearing the most helpless and forlorn-looking of beings. The time had come when he could no longer keep from Lovibond his wrong use of Cameron's mortgage. He had told him all his moral certainty of getting it back but for his ward's break with Sophie Jolliffe, and sudden demand. So now he had to meet Lovibond with this dishonour over him, and take him back to the Poplars to see how best to face his ruin, after the business at the brewery should be over, which business would, in all probability, mean another kind of ruin.

"Is Lovibond here yet?" asked the faintest of falsetto voices, as Pascal removed the wraps from the trembling form, cold in spite of them.

"Not yet, but he will be here soon, I think," answered the manager, "and I have a letter from him in case he cannot come."

He led McIntyre into Jolliffe's room, which looked at its best and cosiest, though prepared for business so much dreaded.

Jolliffe soon came down, and was seated in the easy-chair opposite his partner, whose weird, startled expression he regarded with much sadness.

"Now," said the manager, who appeared all calmness and decision, "we will, if you please, get through the most unpleasant part of our evening's business first."

He went out and returned with Trafford, who looked like an animated corpse.

"Now, Mr. Trafford," said Pascal, "tell your little story in as few words as you like, and remember if it is to be given *fully*, according to our agreement, I will certainly keep my promise, and see that you leave the country safely with all your savings."

The head clerk of the Pelican stood with his hands on the edge of the table, on Jolliffe's side.

Pascal, with a light in his face that somehow attracted Jolliffe's attention more than the abject terror of Trafford, stood intently regarding McIntyre.

"Now, sir, we wait," said Pascal with military sharpness.

"I have to confess," began Trafford, the drops standing out on that high forehead all had thought a very tablet on which honesty was written, "that I have been guilty of a crime I have wickedly kept secret for twenty years."

McIntyre began to lift his shadowy head. Trafford bent his lower, and continued, looking with wild eyes on McIntyre—

"You may perhaps remember, sir, when your son, Mr. Allan, went away there was a small sum remaining of the five hundred pounds left by Mrs. McIntyre for his education."

McIntyre put his hand to his head, then waved it towards the manager impatiently.

"Why is the dead past brought back to me?" he asked wearily and reproachfully. Then the thoughts that had been aroused in him, seemed to gain ascendancy, and he said with decision—

"There was a hundred and fifty pounds left of my wife's money for her son at the time he left, to be given to him when he was of age. And that he sent for and had. Yes, I remember quite well now he had it."

He spoke with almost angry decision. Jolliffe thought that perhaps his present great anxiety on Cameron's account made any question as to other money transactions of peculiar pain to him.

"Now, Mr. Trafford," said the manager sternly.

"Mr. Allan McIntyre wrote to me," continued Trafford, "leaving it to me whether I would ask for it or not. I saw you about it and——"

"And I gave it you for him."

"Go on," said Pascal to the clerk.

"Sir, I was tempted to keep it and tell Mr. Allan you would not give it then. He wrote back and thanked me and said nothing should ever make him ask you again for it."

"But!" cried McIntyre, "I saw his acknowledgment of it."

"I showed you a note I said had come from him, but you did not take it, sir. You only told me to lock it up."

"And that—go on, Mr. Trafford," said Pascal.

"That note was, sir—it almost kills me to say it—it was forged by me."

"That will do," said Pascal. "And now, Mr. Trafford, in return for this full confession of your *worst* crime, we will so far pardon your systematic fraud in this business for many years as to let you leave the country with your ill-gotten gains. The cab is waiting for you. I would advise you to make haste away from this neighbourhood."

The manager opened the door and let Trafford out before either partner had power to speak or move. On Jolliffe the effect of the head clerk's confession had been most curious. Instead of watching the guilty

Trafford, his eyes had seemed riveted to Pascal's face, which had become quite fine in its increasing serenity, and—there is no other word for the expression of the hard disciplinarian's face just then—benevolence.

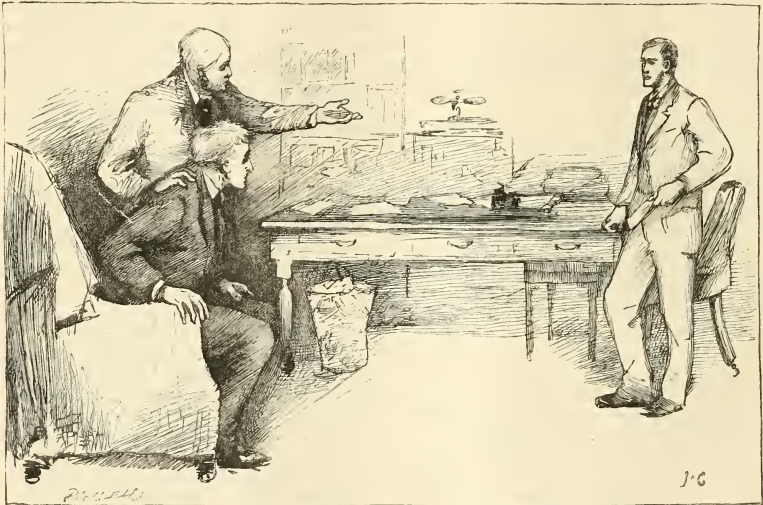
To McIntyre, though he had felt the excitement of the scene, and had roused himself to take his part in it, the whole reference to his son had been but like a shoot of pain through a numbed limb. It was, as he had said, a thing of the dead past. His present, living misery about Cameron overpowered everything.

"This is sad, Jolliffe," he observed, with a distraught manner, "strange, very im-

portant too. Mr. Pascal is evidently doing his work most thoroughly—most thoroughly indeed—but, but pray excuse me, Mr. Pascal, I am so very anxious to see Lovibond. What time did you say he would be here?"

Never, since Trafford's departure from the room, had Jolliffe's eyes left Pascal's face. Pascal was as attentively observing McIntyre's. He looked now into the beseeching haggard eyes, as he stood on the rug between the two partners. And he said in a voice more gentle and natural and rich than they had heard from him before—

"May I not be your adviser instead of Lovibond?"



What could be the matter with Jolliffe? He had risen and laid his hand on the new manager's arm and his comely old face was filling with a seer's inspiration and with a good heart's most grateful and religious feeling of delight and awe.

"McIntyre," said he, stooping till one hand touched the thin fingers on the chair arm, while the other remained on the manager's wrist—"McIntyre! *Who is this?*"

McIntyre gazed up at Jolliffe and then at Pascal, with that nervous dread of fresh trouble with which those labouring under great mental and physical exhaustion regard any unexpected interruption to the business of the hour. But when his eyes had rested

a moment on Pascal's, which were looking down into his affectionately and reverently, McIntyre laid his hand on his partner's and his bewildered mind seemed looking up to him for help to erase or verify some unbelievable impression.

But Jolliffe turned from him, in his own great unrestrainable joy. One plump hand descended on Pascal's shoulder and the other clasped his hand, as we only clasp the hand of one appearing out of the dread uncertainty and dimness of long absence—absence we have thought would be endless.

"McIntyre! it's your boy! Your noble boy. A nobler man! It's my Bonaparte of fortune come back victorious! My brave Allan!"

A faint sound, a gasped word or sigh, from McIntyre made Jolliffe suddenly curb in his joy, remembering his partner's precarious health and the danger of so great a surprise.

He drew back a little way but he dared not leave them, for McIntyre sat looking so strangely at the great, dark-faced form. It seemed to represent the dead past he had tried to shut from him. But now *it lived*, he felt. Two warm, strong hands from it grasped his, and sent fresh life throbbing through him. By their aid he tried to draw himself up, that he might look closer into the eyes that seemed bringing the warmth of his wife's love back into his soul. He did draw himself up; but still the misery of the present—his dishonour—came between him and that past he would now fain meet as warmly as it was meeting him.

"Cameron," he moaned, "the mortgage; where is Lovibond?"

"My father! all that is settled. Cameron has his money. Concern yourself no more about it. He knows nothing but that it is all right."

Still the form and face of McIntyre seemed only to express wonder and self-doubt.

Jolliffe laid his hand gently on his arm.

"Unbelieving Jacob!" said he. "Can you not see in this—this relief as to Keith's affairs and in those loans as to which Lovibond was so mysteriously obliging—can't you see in these the 'waggons' and good things from Egypt that should make you believe and bid your spirit revive!"

He waited for no answer, but went gently out and left them together—alone.

"My father."

There was a rich mellow music in the linking of those two words (never so linked by Allan before that night)—a music which told of the tender, sole ambition, the manly determination of the best years, the very heart of a life-time.

The poor, weary, vapour-surrounded head

wavered a little, then sank somehow out of sight against Allan—sank almost as low as the heart whose noblest efforts had been in anticipation of this moment.

It may take the very finest qualities to win the forgiveness and affection of one utterly unworthy of them; but who can tell what greater, diviner victory, unknown here, may not be included in that apparently small conquest?

Jolliffe went gently into the room where his wife and daughter waited to hear the results of the meeting.

He stood before the fire, looking into it and wiping his spectacles.

"Is it all over?" asked Mrs. Jolliffe.

"I don't know, my love," answered Jolliffe with a strange depth of placidity in his voice. "I came away because poor McIntyre had broken down. I left him in our manager's care. It is his son Allan. He has come back a very wealthy man."

That night the Pelican relapsed strangely into its former unbusiness-like spirit. The question of finance was never gone into at all.

McIntyre was led up to Jolliffe's sitting-room by the manager, who smilingly accepted Sophie's pillowed chair for him.

"I want to speak to you a minute," he whispered to her. "Would Mr. Dwining be very jealous if I asked you to come into the drawing-room with me?"

He very soon, almost instantly, came back without her. Bending over Mrs. Jolliffe, he said—

"Dwining is there. I found out about a grand mistake of theirs through Dwining's friend, a pupil of Hall's, and I made Dwining see how he was wasting his opportunity."

Allan gave up the management of the brewery to Jolliffe, having, as he said, had quite enough of it, and intending to take his father to a more genial climate, and brighter scenes, undimmed by any sad remembrances.

THE END.

LENT.

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

HEART that knowest thine own pain,
Sleep, sleep, but sorrow waketh;
Weary heart and weary brain,
Peace thy pillow still forsaketh,
Hidden doubts and hidden fears,
Bitter tears, bitter tears.

I would lay my burden down,
Sleep, sleep, but sorrow waketh,
Leave the cross and find the crown,
Where the heart no longer acheth,
Where the weary are at rest,
Ever blest, ever blest.

But if I am still to strive,
 Sleep, sleep, but sorrow waketh,
 Strengthen, Saviour, and forgive
 One whom sin and frailty maketh
 All unworthy of thy love,
 Far above, far above.

Make me thine whilst here below,
 Sleep, sleep, but sorrow waketh ;
 Guide my feet where they should go
 Through the night till morning breaketh,
 Till I make thy life my own,
 Cross and crown, cross and crown.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE REV. A. GOODRICH.

MARCH 1ST.

Read Psalm xxxii. and Mark iv. 13—25.

HAVING something to hide, the wrong-doer believes that things can be hidden. Made conceited by his sin, the sinner flatters himself that, though the sins of others have been detected, he will secure his sin against detection. We smile at the young child who imagines he has hidden his wrong-doing, though its evidences are very visible. But all through life the sinful are as foolish, howbeit not as innocent. "There is nothing hid that shall not be manifested, neither was anything kept secret but that it should come abroad." Could we realise these words of our Lord we should be safe against that tempting word of the evil one, "It will not be known," or with respect to the good, "It will be forgotten."

1. As an aid to this realisation remember moral qualities are self-manifestive. The act of evil lets loose certain effects which declare its evil. The guilty pose of the body, the abashed face, the uneasy eye, the darkened brow, the changed colour, proclaim with trumpet tongue the evil that has been done. As, however, evil grows in the heart, the evil-doer becomes skilled in the command of these declarative effects. He can practise the secret evil and take his place in society as a very righteous man. If accused of his evil, with steady eye and unchanged countenance he may deny the true charge, indeed he may successfully assume the air of one falsely accused. Nevertheless, even then there is an indescribable something as it were thrown off from his secret evil which represses men's confidence in him. In spite of his external propriety, the wise and good never feel quite satisfied; a vague suspicion, notwithstanding their charity, will rest on their judgment when they think of him. By-and-by his secret evil comes abroad. Then it is said, "That was why one did not feel sure of him; that was what was wrong!" On the other hand there are men, not guiltless of indis-

cretions, who at once win confidence. It is felt they have nothing to hide, there is transparency in their character, they ring true. The hidden man of the heart, which is the real man, is manifested, for moral qualities will come abroad.

2. The progressive character, moreover, of moral qualities insures their being manifested. It is possible to make points so small that any one of them is invisible to the naked eye, and to make sounds so slight that any one of them is inaudible to the unassisted ear; but if several of these come together they are at once visible or audible. So in life there are spots of evil so minute that to the ordinary moral eye they are invisible, and tones of moral wrong so faint that to the ordinary moral ear they are inaudible. Could the person stop at any one of these his evil might not be manifested, but these little evils multiply themselves, and in their multiplication and union they become strikingly audible and glaringly visible. A little thing sometimes makes the balance of the judgment go down against a person. In itself the trifle could not have done that, but already there were in the scale many other little things to which this last gave the turning weight.

Then evil as it progresses becomes less anxious to conceal itself. Having lost his self-respect, the wrong-doer becomes indifferent to the respect of others. Impatient of the restraints the attempts to conceal impose, he makes fewer of those attempts, and these fewer he makes carelessly. Finding he is suspected, or seeing he is known, he becomes reckless. At length he becomes defiant, nay, even takes delight in the open wrong which offends and shocks. "There is nothing hid that shall not be manifested."

3. But should the hidden thing contrive not to expose itself, God in His Providence will make it manifest. There are diseases which in the dull eye or fevered cheek or languid frame at once declare themselves. There are other diseases, no less fatal, which

put out no such visible danger signals. The skilled physician is needed for their detection. But one day, when the person was hastening to catch a train, the hidden disease declared itself in sudden death. There are vices which plainly declare themselves in the bloated face, the soddened eye, the trembling hand. There are other sins, not less heinous, so hidden that only the skilled eye perceives them. But in God's righteous providence there comes all unexpectedly a turn in the life, or an unusual temptation; when, lo! in some terrible fit of anger or in some palpably dishonest deed the long-hidden evil before all is exposed. Just as by here a scratch on a rock and there a bone in the soil the hidden things of the pre-Adamite earth have been manifested; or just as by here an inscription and there a medal and there a manuscript the hidden things of ancient peoples have come abroad; so by many things, preserved in the providence of God, the hidden worth or secret wickedness of men, and especially of leading men, have been manifested. Men throw their evil or cast their good into the great ocean of time, and seeing it sink or float away think it will be seen no more; but He who rules that mighty flood so rules its currents and tides, its winds and storms, that some day it throws up on the shore before the eyes of all the hidden wrong or the concealed good. "For there is nothing hid that shall not be manifested."

4. But should the hidden escape manifestation by what has been named, there is a judgment to come when every secret thing will be brought into judgment. Many an Achan who has stolen his wedge of gold and has not here been found out will then be put to shame. Many a good Samaritan who in secret helped his wounded neighbour will then be rewarded. Many a Mary who, all unknown to her generation, has broken her box of spikenard, very precious, over the Lord will then be spoken of. And many a Judas who in secret betrayed his Lord and confessed not his guilt will then be exposed. That day will bring to light the hidden things of darkness. "For there is nothing hid that shall not be manifested."

Our sin exposed! the thought troubles us. We would hide our sin. We would have it seen no more. There is but one way of hiding it. Hidden in self it burns like a fire into publicity; hidden by confession before God and faith in Christ, it is for ever done away. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

MARCH 8TH.

Read Psalm lxxiii. 1—17, and 1 Timothy iv. 1—10.

WE are instructed that at certain periods the atmosphere contains minute organisms, which, attaching themselves to certain unsound states of the body, produce disease. In the mental and moral atmosphere there are also, as it were, minute organisms of error and vice, which, if our spiritual man be unsound in any part, make themselves therein a home, producing moral disorder. In the time of the apostle Paul these organisms were abundant, producing two serious disorders, viz., Judaizing and incipient gnosticism. Young Timothy in the midst of these dangers needed direction. The chief direction Paul gave him was, "Shun profane and old wives' fables; do not argue with or about them; keep yourself in sound spiritual health; receive the wholesome words of Christ; practise robust righteousness; let fresh moral breezes play about your inward life, and all will be well; exercise yourself unto godliness."

The spiritual atmosphere of to-day is not free from dangerous germs. The apostle's exhortation, "exercise thyself unto godliness" is, therefore, for us also a wholesome word.

The Greek word for godliness in this exhortation means reverence well directed. Reverence is one of our noblest qualities. The untutored may experience awe or wonder; but not a little spiritual understanding is necessary to reverence. Faith is involved in reverence; we must at least believe the person to be true ere our reverence rises towards him. A false or pretentious person excites a feeling different from reverence. In addition to being true, there must be that in the person which moves deeply our admiration, there must be somewhat most worthy, noble, venerable, ere our reverence is touched. And, further, reverence is not full till the admiration passes into holy fear, such as is felt in the presence of sublime worth and beauty, or of overpowering majesty and mystery, such as is expressed in the term, fear of God—the bowed apprehension of His majesty and the sacred dread of all offence to Him. This faith, admiration, and holy fear, this reverence well directed, is godliness. It is not well directed when it is directed to brute force, or to worldly shows, or to superstitious ceremonial. Indeed, then, there is only the awe of the savage or the wonder of the ignorant. Reverence is well directed when directed to God, to truth,

to righteousness. Such reverence is godliness.

1. We exercise ourselves unto godliness by exercising ourselves in the understanding of spiritual truth. Some will not open their eyes to the truth that surrounds us; they sleep and dream. They are the victims of fables, fancies, vanities; they have not reverence. But others look steadfastly, and out from the mist there gradually comes into their view the mighty truths of God, like mountain ranges, solemn, sublime, beautiful, everlasting, and their life is filled with content, reverence, godliness. Exercise yourself to that vision by hearing, by reading, but above all by stirring up your own thought to realise that God is the Father, and to answer the questions, What do I think of Christ? What is my life?

2. In worship private and public we also exercise ourselves unto godliness. Worship indeed is so prominent an element in the exercise unto godliness that it has often been mistaken for the whole. The psalmist fretted his soul at the prosperity of evil-doers until he went into the sanctuary of God. We do not suppose that there he had thoughts or heard a sermon satisfactorily explaining the method of the Divine Providence. But there in the sanctuary, in its holy calm, in its separation from and elevation above the world, his soul came to the consciousness of the infinite gain of possessing God, and in that consciousness his fretful spirit became trustful, thankful, reverent. From the boasting, babbling world go into your sanctuary and put forth your spiritual strength in praise and prayer, and your sense of the worth of God, of truth, of immortality, your worship or worship will deepen; you will exercise yourself unto godliness.

3. Positive religious and benevolent work is another direct exercise unto godliness. The doing business with men, being keen with them in buying and selling, or the employing them simply as hands and watching lest you are defrauded, or the serving solely for the money; and in all this finding out the deceit, hardness and selfishness of men: this, though lawful, is not helpful to a sense of the worth of man's spirit; but to work for the good of men, to do something purely to make men better, happier, and to bring them to God, will exercise the good in us, will constrain us to seek out the good in them, will bring us to see in the penitence, faith, and gratitude of the aided or restored, the diviner side of life, and, especially as in this working we meet with the good, will enlarge

our faith in men which we are so apt to lose, and without which we cannot have reverence for man. Exercise thyself unto that honour for all men and compassion towards the sinful, born of faith in man as a spiritual being, for this is a vital part of godliness, of reverence well directed.

4. But all the manifold exercises of life rightly controlled become exercises unto godliness. If a man pursues his business or a youth his college course because in the secular sphere that is the will of God for him, and is resolved therein to do nothing contrary to the right, the business or the course becomes an exercise, and often a severe exercise, unto godliness. Or if a man forms his political opinion, and takes his political action with the purpose of making the national will one with God's will, his political life becomes an exercise unto godliness. Or if in our trials we flee to God, submitting ourselves anew to His will, confessing our unworthiness, and striving unto patience and hope, the trial becomes a fine gymnastic unto godliness. And if in our temptations we, like our Lord, defeat the tempter, coming up out of the wilderness with clearer views of duty and more disciplined strength to fulfil it, we transform the struggle with the evil into a gymnastic unto godliness. Thus life, the whole life, is one spiritual gymnasium unto godliness. If faithful to the exercise, we shall attain a fulness of development, a proportion of parts, a freedom of movement, and a beauty of form in our spiritual man such as the Greek, through his gymnasium, attained in his physical man. "Exercise thyself unto godliness."

MARCH 15TH.

Read Isaiah lxi. and Romans vi. 1-11.

FAITH in the death of Christ for sin ever involves in the believer death to sin; for the soul whose faith accepts Christ's death as a propitiation for sin in that faith confesses that sin deserves death, and receives the principle of love. This confession condemns sin, and this principle of love executes sin. Thus, the sentence of death to sin is passed upon sin in the believer in the very act of faith which justifies him. The believer necessarily breaks with and is separated from sin. He is "dead to sin." This death is fully set forth in Romans vi. 6: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

"The old man is crucified with Christ." When we would suggest the honourable associations that gather round age, we use the word ancient, or aged, or elderly. The term "old man," used here for the sinful self, rather suggests practised cunning, persistent evil, accumulated guilt. According, also, to the apostle's thought, this sinful self has its origin in the Adam of the far past, and therefore old, especially as contrasted with the new life in Christ. This old man, or sinful self, is our inward nature dominated by selfishness. Our inward nature we conveniently regard as being constituted of mind, will, and affection. We may, accordingly, say that the old man is self-conceit, self-will, and self-love. The death of this old man, represented under the notion of crucifixion with Christ, teaches some things concerning the death to sin.

1. It teaches that, as crucified with Christ, the believer, like Christ, dies voluntarily unto sin. Some would deceive and steal, but they fear being found out. Others, if they had the means, or if the debauch would not leave bad consequences, would plunge into vice. If they could, what would many not do? It is not pleasant to think how near society is to a deluge of immorality. The restraints holding it back need be strong. Such enforced propriety has its worth, but it is infinitely removed from the morality of the believer. He is crucified with Christ. He voluntarily dies to sinful pleasure and unlawful gain. If he might without loss partake of them, he would not. If there were social anarchy to-morrow, he would not be among the plunderers or disorderly. If hell were quenched, he would not sin the more. Voluntarily, even with full purpose of will, as Christ laid down his life, the believer lays down to the death the old man, his self-conceit, self-will, and self-love.

2. The voluntariness is the more noteworthy since the death of the sinful self as comparable to crucifixion is painful. Excessive weariness and thirst, excruciating pain, maddening fever, all in aggravated forms seem to have met in death by crucifixion. Certain sins, as profanity, drunkenness and the like, are in some cases on the exercise of faith killed in the life as with a rifle shot through the heart; the pain was momentary, if any. But the old man, the sinful self at the back of the more open sins is not overcome without painful experience. Augustine tells us that in his struggles to overcome, his "heart was torn, wounded, bleeding." In the garden with his friend Alypius, he had a sharp time of crucifying his old man. Some

know not this painful experience, because they are content with the crucifixion of only the more conspicuous sins; they do not crucify the self-conceit, self-will and self-love; within certain respectable limits they allow these much life and activity. Sin accepts the compromise, and there is a false peace. But where there is in very truth the crucifixion of the old man, *i.e.*, of self-conceit, self-will and self-love, there are indeed painful experiences.

3. But the shame of being crucified was to the mind probably a pain keener than the physical suffering. Crucifixion, it is supposed, was suggested by the nailing up of vermin in a sort of merry revenge and contempt. Men, who as vermin infested society, when caught were nailed up, crucified, as expressive of society's anger and contempt. The death to sin as a crucifixion is also accompanied with the feeling of shame. The hardened sinner or defiant knows not shame, but the moral nature, awakened as it is in faith in Christ, is often distressed with shame at its sin. Augustine, in conversing with Pontitianus, saw how his "old man" clung to the world, and confesses, "I was gnawed within and exceedingly confounded with a horrible shame." It is a sign we are crucified with Christ when we are ashamed of the evil imaginations that will pass before us, ashamed of the deceit, the vanity, the pride we discover in our hearts, ashamed of the foolishness of our self-conceit, of the perversity and baseness of our self-will, of the injustice and meanness of our self-love.

4. Crucifixion did not kill at a stroke: it was a very lingering death. In this respect the death to sin is truly called a crucifixion, for it also is a lingering death. But while the inward sin dies gradually, the outward sin is abolished. This is taught in the words, "The old man is crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be destroyed." The body is the great instrument of the mind. We can do nothing without using some member of the body. The old or sinful man within can show himself in positive sin only by using the body. But the body, as Paul ever teaches, is not unwilling so to be used; it is the great provocative and instrument of sin. The body of sin, then, means positive, actual sin, sin of which the body is the instrument. The old man is self-conceit, self-will, self-love; the body of sin is the deceitful word, the dishonest deed, the unrighteous conduct. The inward sin or old man dies a lingering death, is crucified; the body of sin, the actual transgression, dies at once, is abolished. The

crucifixion of sin in the heart is the destruction of sin in the conduct. The result of both is that "we," the true self, are no longer in bondage to sin. And to-day faith in Christ's death for sin does thus crucify and destroy, for in that faith the soul renounces all conceit in its own works or feelings for salvation, and submits itself gladly to the righteousness of God. The old man is crucified, self-conceit, self-will, self-love are caught, exposed, nailed up, doomed to death. We, therefore, though not free from impulses of self-will and self-love, are free from the habitual, visible self-willed and self-loving conduct—from the body of sin; and though we be overtaken in fault we are "no longer in bondage to sin."

MARCH 22ND.

Read Psalm ii., and Romans vi, 1—11.

CRUCIFIED with Christ expresses the negative side of the Christian life; risen with Christ expresses the positive side. Not having their senses exercised to discern both good and evil, some imagine that to be risen with Christ is to enjoy a life precisely like to that of the risen Christ. They, therefore, exhort us to go beyond the example of Christ in the days of his flesh. But Christ's risen life is altogether free from temptation; freedom from temptation is impossible to us. Christ's risen life is free from the infirmities of the flesh; our present life cannot enjoy such freedom. We shall avoid foolish fancies by confining ourselves to such ideas as Paul, in our second lesson, attaches to the term risen with Christ.

1. The Christian life as risen with Christ is *supernatural*. The power which raised Christ from the dead was a power other than and above nature. Had Christ on the cross but swooned and afterward come back to life, all would have been natural; but Christ verily died, life had absolutely gone out of His body, yet in that body He came back to life again. In this resurrection there was power not simply great or mysterious, but supernatural. There was the immediate act of God, in which His personality, His almightiness, His faithfulness, and His goodness were conspicuous; an act fitly expressed by the words (v. 4): "Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father." As gradually as the eastern desert dies away into the land flowing with milk and honey, or as sharply as the western desert passes

into the Egyptian plenty, through long course of spiritual education or through some one powerful word, violently as the earthquake's shock or silently as the dawn's breaking, our life in Christ may have come; but however it came, it came to us not without at some point the supernatural touch of the Spirit of the living God. We know not how, we may not know when, but the glory of the Father, the personal, merciful, mighty act of God raised us up into this blessed life as truly as it raised up Christ from the dead. With meaning fuller than the ancients we may say: "Reverence thyself." Thou hast a supernatural life, a life other than and above nature. The glory of the Father is upon thee. Thy life in its deepest place is one with the risen Christ, separate from sin, sacred, divine, destined to great glory. "Reverence thyself." "Stand in awe and sin not."

2. Compared with his earthly life, the risen life of Christ may be said to be new. Christ has not now to bear the infirmities of the flesh nor to suffer the contradiction of sinners. The sorrow of Gethsemane and the darkness of the cross are not now before him, casting their thick shadow upon his spirit. He has now the joy and power of the triumphant Saviour. "Like as Christ was raised up by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The life risen with Christ is new, is *unworldly* and *elevated*. A powerful mind which for long has been idle and wanton, becomes possessed by a great purpose, the writing of a great book or the effecting of some national reform. That purpose raises the person from sloth into energy, from ennui into interest, from cynicism into philanthropy. New thoughts with burning heart troop through the brain; new visions of much splendour float before the imagination. Time which before appeared too long, is now too short. Society, which before was despised, is now loved as a brother helper. Life which before seemed to be a miserable hut is now felt to be a glorious field of action. Old things have passed away; all things have become new. A greater change, however, takes place in the soul risen with Christ. A new and great purpose to live unto God dominates the soul; new thoughts, of God, of self, of man, of the future fill the mind; new desires for truth, for goodness, for human salvation possess the heart; new estimates of the world, of money, of time, of life are formed; prayer, which was neglected, is now ever offered; the Bible, which was regarded as

rather a strange book, is now seen to be white with the manna from heaven; Christ, in whom no great comeliness was seen, becomes very precious, altogether lovely. The burden of life is gone, its unrest has ceased, its darkness has passed away. The life is touched, glorified with the vital light of a holy resurrection; like as the risen Christ the soul "walks in newness of life."

3. "Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him" (v. 9). In like manner the life risen with Christ dieth no more, it is *powerful, persistent*. Being supernatural it is essentially superior to all the powers of the natural man. Being unworldly and elevated the allurement of the world affect it not much more than tinsel paper affects the full-grown man. "Because I live ye shall live also," is Christ's word to the soul risen with him. He guarantees the power and secures the persistence of the life one with him. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." His grace is always sufficient. No temptation can try us too great for His succour; no sorrow can burden us beyond His strength. He will never leave us, never forsake us. Our risen life, therefore, will die no more. On through all temptation and tribulation, on through death itself, on for evermore, it will live and will grow. While therefore lowly in spirit be of good courage, risen with Christ death hath no more dominion over you.

4. "In that Christ liveth He liveth unto God. Likewisereckon ye also yourselves alive unto God" (v. 10, 11). The life risen with Christ is *vitally godly*. Alive unto God! A significant term. Alive to His presence as are the flowers to the sun, as is the friend to his friend, quick to discern Him and to respond to Him whether in the glory of the heavens, or the strength of the hills, or the justness of the commandment, or the grace of the gospel. Alive to His truth, interested in and diligent to know it as the disciple to know his great Master's secret, jealous that His truth shall not be misrepresented, and zealous that it shall be known. Alive to His will, not indifferent to or misunderstanding it, but seeing at once what the will is, even anticipating it, guided by "the eye," not held in with "bit and bridle." Alive to His work, to its presence, its needs, its dangers, labouring with Him to establish the kingdom in the Church and the State, in the home and the world. "If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection."

MARCH 29TH.

Read Job vii., and 1 Peter i. 1-9.

"WHAT is man that thou shouldest visit him every morning and try him every moment?" The design of these visits and trials, the apostle Peter assures us, is, "that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

1. The fire tests the gold; if our faith be genuine the trial reveals its reality, if counterfeit it exposes its unreality. In the heated atmosphere of a spiritual revival, one thought he had faith and others also thought he had. But the common trials of daily life came, its trivial cares, its ceaseless anxieties; people took no notice of his faith, treated it as if it were not, or as if it were worthless. And in this trial his supposed faith passed away. Another believed in the love of God, and talked somewhat freely of it, but when God permitted that dear one, or that fond hope, or those prized comforts, to die, the faith in the love of God died too; it could not live in such a fire. Or in the silence and weakness of a serious illness, the things unseen came out to the soul's eye, and faith was exercised in God and the world to come. But in returning health the trial came; the things seen then pressed in upon the soul, the cares of life came trooping on, and the pleasures of society urgently sought him out. Soon God was forgotten; the faith failed, perished in the fire of that trial. Or the spirit of scepticism abroad in this age, searching many believing souls like an east wind, and now and again like an earthquake rocking even the established in the faith, touches the faith of some revealing it to be not the gold.

The faith of some then is an illusion; but of others it is a pretence. Some people speak as if hypocrites were confined to religion; but they are everywhere: people pretending to wealth when they have not a sixpence, assuming knowledge of which they are ignorant, shamming a culture they are far removed from, adopting opinions they do not hold. And this worldly habit of pretence finds its way into religion, especially when some measure of religion is regarded as necessary to the outfit of the reputable life. Not a little faith therefore is pretence; still more, we fear, is tra-

ditional,—a faith handed down to them by their parents and connections. But real faith cannot thus, as earthly gold, be passed on from one to another. It is a gold from heaven which each must win by personal commerce with heaven. There is need, therefore, for testing times as to faith. What does the fire reveal our faith to be?

2. In the fire the gold is seen to be precious; in the trial the preciousness of faith is realised. The fiery trials burn up like gilded paper many of our pretty notions, and lick up the little pools of our earthly pleasures, and reduce to a small heap of ashes the palaces of worldly comfort we with infinite pains had built; gone, all, before the breath of the devouring flame. But faith abiding, proof against the fire, how precious it then is, more precious than the fire-proof safe, dug out of the ruins, containing the books and papers all uninjured. "I have lost much," says the tried man, "but I have not lost God, nor peace, nor righteousness, nor heaven; nay, I have come into their fuller possession. I am a gainer by the fire. I feel richer, stronger. I am more independent of the material and temporal. I feel more secure. How great is God, and how near! How precious His salvation! How lovely fair His truth! How glorious the hope of His heaven!" More precious than gold the fire has proved faith to be.

3. The fiery trial, moreover, purifies the faith. In the faith of some there is much dross. They believe in the great truths of Christianity, but they believe quite as much in certain prejudices, or their faith clings to things of secondary as of primary importance, or they hold to changing theories as to everlasting facts, to a seventeenth-century theory of redemption as to redemption itself. Spending its energy on these inferior points, their faith has never yet realised the worth of the indispensable truths. They, consequently, are narrow in their views, intolerant in their feelings, unlovely in their conduct. But the trial comes; doubt smites them or sorrow bursts upon them; they are tempest-tossed, driven before the awful blast; they are alarmed, fearing they will strike the rocks. What now saves them from shipwreck? Not the theories and prejudices which in fair weather they thought to be so very important. They are now seen to be but little furnishings of the vessel. They now yield no comfort, no strength, no hope.

The strong cables and the big anchors, faith in God, in righteousness, in Christ, in immortality, are now looked to, and as they, being cast forth, hold the soul so that it safely outrides the storm, the faith receives some valuable lessons. The faith is purified, it henceforth holds with large, discerning grasp the great truths and neglects not others, but is not alarmed if they are menaced; it readily distinguishes between what is and what is not vital; and seeing how good men, while differing in non-vital matters, hold the great truths, it has charity, catholicity. The faith is stronger, calmer, more gentle, more patient, more hopeful.

4. In separating the gold from the dross the fire increases the value of the gold; so trial in purifying adds to the value or force of faith. Trial usually contracts faith as to the number of things believed, but enlarges its fulness and force. It is this intensive rather than extensive faith that we need. We may add a dozen articles to our creed, and our faith be not a degree more effectual, whereas if we could but double the force of our faith in God, so that henceforth we realise twice as strongly His living presence and holy character, we should straightway double the peace and power of our life. Among men in the kingdom of the world the difference is chiefly in force of will; in the kingdom of God it is in force of faith.

Paul laboured more abundantly than they all, chiefly because of the more abundant energy of his faith. Luther was mightier than Melancthon, because his faith was more forceful. Trials generate the force of faith. They provoke into energy what faith we have, compel it, for its life, to put forth all its strength, and as by fire urge it with a holy violence to plead, "Lord, increase my faith." In the trials faith also receives deeper experience of the reality of the truth and of the faithfulness of God, and having been, like David, delivered from the paw of the bear and of the lion, it has courage and force to face Goliath. God has kept me in six troubles and He will not forsake me in the seventh. He has brought me through greater straits and will not forsake me now; or, if my present strait is worse than all the others, in the others He gave me to feel that nothing is too hard for the Lord. Thus as gold by fire, so faith is proved by trial, that it may "be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

BY JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGERBOD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—PREMONITORY.

THE Colonel was not in the drawing-room when Hester reached it, a circumstance that was not surprising, since there was little time to spare for his dressing for dinner, a ceremony which he rarely dispensed with even when they were quite alone; and yet his absence disturbed her. She was only restrained, indeed, by the consciousness that it would give him annoyance, from going up to his room at once to make inquiries, for that something was wrong with him she felt certain. Her suspicions, for indeed he looked ill enough, took the direction of ill health. She had heard him say, in days when he no doubt meant it, that health was the greatest of blessings; if so he ought to have been a happy man, for like many who live what the doctors call "unwholesome lives," he had known but little illness. She could not conceive, of course, of a time having arrived to him when he would gladly have sacrificed his magnificent constitution for that resignation which is sometimes found even in the incurable, and bartered his ease of body for peace of mind.

Hester imparted her fears to nurse Askell, who made light of them. She had just met her master on the stairs, who had greeted her with his usual kindness and the smiling face which, little guessing who had seen him without that mask, he had put on as soon as he entered his own door. As to any serious misfortune having happened to him, that she was firmly convinced could only occur to one of his race at the seaside. She did not understand that though "inland far" they might be, the Darrells had the same cause to fear the sea of trouble as other people, and far less what very dirty weather some folks met with upon race-courses. No, no, the Colonel was all right, she would warrant it, though maybe he was tired with the long drive in the dust and heat. Hester did not believe it, and yet such is the power of sympathy if only it be genuine, no matter from what humblest source it springs, that the old woman's words and companionship were not without their comfort.

What was much more reassuring, however, was the sight of her father himself. When, after a somewhat longer toilet than usual, he made his appearance in the drawing-room,

save for a little paleness, there was not a trace of the trouble that had lately sat upon the handsome face. The tone in which he asked what she had been doing with herself in his absence was so pleasant and cheery that it dispelled half her apprehensions at once. Still what she had so lately seen had made too strong an impression upon her to be ignored.

"Dear papa, what has been the matter?" she said.

"The matter, my child?" His tone had astonishment in it, but was not, she fancied, without a tinge of annoyance.

"Why you looked so ill just now, or at least I thought so, as you sat on the drag."

"How came you to see me?" he inquired quickly.

"I was in Mrs. Brabazon's carriage, and when we were blocked in Piccadilly you passed within a few feet of us, and we all observed how pale and distrait you were looking."

"All of you? who were the all?" he asked with a light laugh. "It is most gratifying to hear of more than two persons taking an interest in one's looks."

"But indeed, papa, you made me quite miserable," persisted Hester. "You were staring straight before you, cutting your own daughter dead, and with a cigar in your mouth that was not even alight."

"I am very sorry; nothing was farther from my intention than to cut you, but the truth is I was tired and bored to death with the noise and racket. I am all right now, but it's a warning. I will never go down to the Derby—by road—again. I am getting too old for it."

"Pooh! nonsense! think of my dear young papa talking like that!"

She was getting thoroughly reassured; his natural manner and the bantering tone he ordinarily used to her had returned to him. She little guessed what an effort they cost him; she little dreamt, as she covered the supposed convalescent with her artless caresses, that every kiss was a stab to him.

"Come, here is dinner," he said, with an air of satisfaction, as the man announced it. "You must take my arm, miss, to show you have forgiven me—and I was very high up, you must allow—for overlooking you in Pic-

cadilly. I hope you have your usual splendid appetite."

"I have got it now," she answered, in a tone half earnest and half gay, "though ten minutes ago I felt as if I should never care for food again. You don't know what it is to see the ghost of your own papa, sir."

"What spoils my appetite quite as much, my dear, is a Derby luncheon. You don't know what it is to eat too much lobster-salad on a coach-roof, with your plate on your knee. Like the gentleman in the old song, 'I can "eat but little meat," I fear, to-day.'"

"Oh! papa, I am so sorry."

"On the other hand, my dear," he continued playfully, "I am very thirsty, and to continue the ditty, 'do think that I can drink with any that wears a hood;' so we will join in the extravagance of a little champagne."

It was, indeed, necessary that the Colonel should excuse himself from eating, for he felt as if a morsel of food would have gone nigh to choke him, while on the other hand he had never before stood in such urgent need of a stimulant. The exhilarating liquid—which rarely fails to supply our immediate wants, but, like a money-lender, generally demands a pretty high rate of interest for the accommodation—had the effect described. His talk was cheerful and bright throughout the meal, and not till they had reached the drawing-room again did he refer to that unfortunate rencontre in Piccadilly, the impression of which he was desirous enough to remove from his daughter's mind.

"You have not yet told me, by-the-bye," he observed in cheerful tones, "who were your companions in the carriage besides Mrs. Brabazon; I suppose it was Lady Jane, who is always eager to escape from her mother and the family chariot."

"No, it was not Lady Jane," returned Hester gravely, "though it was another friend of yours. I don't think you would easily guess his name."

"It was some gentleman, then, was it? Not old Sir Archibald, surely. I must really take Mrs. Brabazon to task if she exposes you to the fascinations of such a gay Lothario."

"It was not an old gentleman at all. It was Mr. Digby Mason."

"Digby Mason? Do you mean to tell me that he was driving in the park with you?" said the Colonel, knitting his brows.

"He was in his aunt's carriage, papa, and I could scarcely turn him out of it," Hester answered, laughing. "I cannot say, however, that I much enjoyed his society."

"I dare say not. I should not think you two were very sympathetic. And what did he say when, as you tell me, you all observed that I was looking so—so bored and head-achy?"

"Not a word."

The Colonel unconsciously uttered a sigh of relief.

"He saw that I was distressed about you, and therefore no doubt forebore to remark on the subject."

"I don't think Mrs. Brabazon should have brought him with her," observed the Colonel discontentedly.

"I don't think Mrs. Brabazon had much choice in the matter," replied Hester. "It struck me that his aunt stands rather in fear of him." As her father was evidently annoyed, Hester did not think it necessary to inform him that Mr. Mason had actually paid a visit to the house before they started.

"Well, and before that, how did you spend your morning? Did your cousin come according to promise?"

"Oh, yes, papa; and I do so want to tell you about her. Whatever her parents may be like, I am quite sure Maria Barton is a good girl. I never was more taken with any one of my age before. She is full of tenderness and good feeling. I cannot say how kind and friendly was her manner, how eager she was that I should come down to Shingleton, or rather to Medbury Castle where they live. Of course, as I told her, that is out of the question; but I do hope you will not put your veto against our being friends."

"Heaven forbid, my child, that I should oppose you in any opportunity of making friends," said the Colonel earnestly. "There is no knowing how soon, or how much, you may need one."

In her delight at having so easily obtained a permission of which she had her doubts, the gravity of her father's tone escaped Hester's attention.

"What a good dear papa you are! I suppose it's quite useless," she added coaxingly, "to suggest that perhaps in time I may be the means of reconciliation between you and——"

"Quite useless, my dear, and out of the question," he interrupted. His tone was decisive enough, but without the bitterness that had heretofore accompanied it when speaking of the same subject. "So far from preventing you from cultivating your cousin's acquaintance," he went on, "I would encourage it. But as for her parents, your

reconciliation with them, if it takes place—mind, I do not forbid it—must needs be after I am dead and gone.”

Hester looked up at him in amazement and even in alarm. That her father should have spoken of a reconciliation with the Bartons as a thing not impossible, at however distant a date, or not to be forbidden, was astounding to her; the reference to his own decease, to which he had never before alluded, filled her with vague foreboding.

“Oh, papa, do not talk like that.”

“Why so, my child? Death comes no nearer to us because we mention him, nor even because we call for him. It is only right that while I am with you, you should know my views as to your future conduct, should I be taken from you. You might have imagined, for example, that it would have been contrary to my wishes that you should hold any communication with your cousin’s family.”

“I did imagine it, papa,” said Hester gravely.

“Just so. It is well, then, that I have spoken, and since I am upon the subject—a disagreeable one no doubt to you, my darling, but we must talk of disagreeable things sometimes it seems,” here he sighed, for this unhappy fact had only recently presented itself to his own mind—“I would say, that should you find yourself fatherless, Philip Langton is the man that will supply my place.”

“Never, never!” exclaimed Hester passionately, “there is no one on earth that can do that. There is no one like my dear papa.”

“There are much better men, my dear,” was the grave reply, “though indeed there are none that love you as I love you. At least,” he added with a smile, “at present, I should say there is no one.”

“Nor ever will be,” murmured the girl earnestly, “there never can be.”

“Well, perhaps not,” said the Colonel, stroking his daughter’s shapely head caressingly, “no one to love you in the same fashion. There is nothing like a father’s love, except what you have never known, poor dear, a mother’s. I am glad to think that I shall have no rival, my darling. Let it be ‘Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere’ by all means. Only there must be a second in every race, and in this case remember that it must be Philip. He is the firmest friend I have, and the very soul of honour.”

“I like him very much, papa,” said Hester earnestly. “I have always done so.”

“You must do more, my dear, you must

trust implicitly in him. In my absence it is to him that you must look for assistance and advice. Pray remember that.”

“Very good, papa, though if you had not enjoined it upon me I think I should naturally have done so. He has always shown such kindness and affection for me.”

“He has only shown what he feels. On the other hand you need not fear his falling in love with you.”

“Falling in love with me?” smiled Hester. “Why he is old enough, I was going to say, to be my father; but that’s nothing, for if you yourself were not so young and lover-like, I should never have the heart thus to talk to you about—about your being taken away from me. But Mr. Langton, he is quite a grave and reverend signor.”

“Oh! that is no bar to a man’s falling head over ears in love,” observed the Colonel smiling. “Look at Sir Archibald Plantagenet.”

“I never dare look at him,” answered Hester, “his trembling frightens me so. And then his stereotyped explanation of it, ‘It isn’t drink, as you think,’ when of course one is thinking nothing of the kind.”

“He has twenty thousand a year,” said the Colonel in a tone which unconsciously conveyed a reproof.

“And one foot in his grave,” observed Hester with a shiver.

“That makes it equal to thirty thousand,” was the Colonel’s calm rejoinder. “Not that I wish you, my dear, to become Lady Plantagenet, for a moment, or rather I should say for three months, which one might reasonably hope would see the end of him. Well, as Sir Archibald cannot be relied upon as being, so to speak, ‘scratched’ for the Matrimonial Race, of course no one can be, so far as age is concerned, far less a man not quite perhaps in his *première jeunesse* like me,” said the Colonel, twirling his moustaches gallantly, “but one in the prime of his maturity like Philip Langton.”

“It is not perhaps his years,” said Hester reflectively, “that makes me think Mr. Langton is much older than you, papa; it is not only that he looks, as nurse Askell put it, ‘as steady as old time,’ but as steadfast; one feels that nothing could change him. I have no recollection of him having been other than he is now. As to having been in love at any period of his existence, I cannot imagine such a state of things. He is one of the best of men, but born to be an old bachelor.”

“And yet Philip Langton is a married man,” said the Colonel gravely.

"Married! Mr. Langton, married! Papa, you must be joking."

"It is quite true, my dear, and, I am sorry to say, not at all a joking matter. Indeed it is a subject so sad and painful that I should never have mentioned it to you had I not been speaking of possibilities. With this fact in your possession you will be relieved of all embarrassment in dealing with him, and it will be also less difficult to do so, for in the secret which I have just disclosed lies the key to his character."

Hester listened in amazement, not only at the information itself, but at the gravity and earnestness of the tone with which it was imparted—a tone so foreign to her father's lips that she felt it to be dictated by something beside the subject, however serious, which formed its topic. The vague alarm which had seized her at the beginning of their talk now once more took possession of her. That he had not hitherto revealed to her his friend's secret did not at all surprise her; she was thankful for such confidences as her father reposed in her, but without feeling them her due. But why should he tell her now, and after so long a silence?

"When Philip Langton was a very young man, my dear—and if you had seen him then, you would have said that he was not only capable of falling in love, but of inspiring it—he married a girl no older than yourself and as fair to look upon. That woman is alive now. I saw her ten months ago: a creature hardly recognisable as a woman, reeling from the doors of a gin-shop."

"Oh, papa, how terrible!"

"Yes, and she was worse than a drunkard; she disgraced and deserted him."

"Poor man!" murmured Hester pitifully; then, after a pause, she added, "Poor woman!"

"Do not think that he cast her off and left her to starve," said the Colonel earnestly and with emotion. "Philip Langton is not as other men. She has drained his purse, as she did his honour, to the dregs. It is a subject there is no need to speak of further," added the Colonel, "but it was necessary that you should know it. Now you will understand him better."

Hester did not speak; her eyes were full of tears. It seemed to her that there had never been so sad a story.

"You must not distress yourself about it," he continued with an attempt at cheerfulness. "We have most of us our troubles, more or less; besides, this happened so long ago that you might as well weep for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Come, you must be very tired

after your short night, as I am after my long day. Kiss me, my child, and go to bed."

The Colonel pressed her to his heart in a long embrace, and they parted without another word. In some respects the evening had been a painful one to Hester, yet she felt that she had never learned so much of her father's character before. It had never, indeed, seemed to her that anything was wanting in him; she was too loyal for that, but she had not hitherto suspected the existence in him of such deep and serious feelings. It was probable, however, that they were more transitory than she gave him credit for; for though the Colonel continued some time after his daughter left him plunged in thought, he presently rose and let himself quietly out of the front-door and repaired to the "Pick," where, in spite of his supposed fatigue, he remained till far into the morning. As the toper after a debauch is all the more inclined for his favourite vice, or, as the phrase goes, "to take a hair of the dog that bit him," so it is with the gambler; and the very fact of his having lost heavily on the race-course induced the Colonel to play higher than usual at the club.

CHAPTER XV.—SUITORS.

THERE are some things of a very commonplace kind, such as the "way of a ship in the sea," that even Solomon professed himself unable to understand; it is therefore no humiliating confession to own that the attraction which certain vices possess for a large proportion of the human race is absolutely unintelligible to the present writer. As regards strong liquor, for example, though the allurements to those who would fain forget their poverty and drown their cares, if only for a time, are obvious enough, I cannot understand why a man in comfortable circumstances should take to it; one would almost imagine that, like opium, it has some special charm for certain constitutions which the advocates of teetotalism have altogether left out of their calculations. It is the same with the passion for gambling; no one can deny the attraction of its excitement; within certain limits it is even intelligible that a person with very little money—inadequate, as he considers, for his needs—should risk his all on the chance of acquiring wealth; but that a man who has already a competence should imperil that in hopes of adding to a fortune sufficient for his requirements, seems to me mere midsummer madness. Here, too, I think there must be some temptation undreamt of by us who do not dabble in stock

and share, or make books upon the Derby, which should make us more charitable in our denunciations.

The case of Colonel Richard Darrell, however, it must be admitted, was an exceptionally bad one. His present risks were not his first risks. He had known what it was, as we have hinted, to lose more than he could afford, and even to endanger the future prospects of his only daughter. Then Fortune, seldom so pitiful, had given him an opportunity, not indeed of recovering what he had lost, but a portion of it, without any risk whatever. He had drawn the favourite in a Derby lottery which, if the horse won, would put two thousand pounds into his pocket. As the animal was at short odds it would have been easy for him, as Langton had pointed out, to make sure of a considerable sum by hedging (*i.e.* by betting against it). At the worst he could have stood his chance of winning the whole stake by betting nothing. He had almost promised his friend to do the one, and had promised himself to do the other. He had made up his mind that this perfectly "safe investment" should be the last one of any moment that he would ever make on horse or card; henceforth for his Hester's sake he would risk nothing serious. And yet not contented with the gain that would accrue to him if the horse should win, he had actually backed the animal for a large amount, and of course had lost it. At the time he had persuaded himself that he had done it for Hester's sake, and if he had won would no doubt have regarded his conduct with much complacency; but, now that he had not won, the scales dropped from his eyes like a glass without a string, and he felt that what he had done was wholly selfish and inexcusable. It was no wonder that he had looked "so unlike himself" as he came back from the scene of disaster, and had so unwontedly "bared his heart before the crowd."

There is much misconception about gambling, not only as regards the nature of the thing, which is supposed to be confined to cards or the race-course, whereas it crops up in many other and quite as dangerous forms, but its essence. By many persons it is supposed that to play for money is gambling, the irrationality of which idea has been pointed out even by that stern moralist, Dr. Johnson. Some, again, suppose it to be playing for high stakes, but stakes may be high to persons of small incomes which are quite insignificant to rich men. The true definition of gambling is the playing for more

than we can easily afford. To whomsoever a game is not a mere amusement but a matter of moment, the man who plays it is a gambler.

If Colonel Richard Darrell was not, as some men certainly are, a gambler born, he had become one; and henceforth "he took his pleasure sadly." His hope, of course, was still to retrieve his fortunes, or rather to get some salvage out of the wreck of them, and no one could say that he was not diligent in his vocation. Unhappily it is not "piquet" only in which perseverance may avail us nothing. Proverbs which have been so admirably defined as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," require some wisdom in the "one" to be useful in their application. There is a general impression that if a man will only stick closely to any one pursuit he is sure sooner or later to succeed in it; that, to use a vulgar but very significant saw, it is "dogged as does it;" but "to know when to stop" in a calling for which we are naturally unsuited, is also very good advice, and I notice that a good many people prefer to keep on butting their heads against a brick wall, to making a little *détour* through some gate that would easily admit them into another field.

It must be admitted, however, that there were few gates open to the poor Colonel; indeed, like too many of us, he had closed all gates that led to anywhere worth going to with his own hand. And yet there were elements of good about him, which made his case more pitiable than that of most men in the same condition. For my own part, I own to a liking for him, which makes it painful for me to dwell upon the details of his downward career. In a material sense, indeed, it was not all downward, or rather it was not unbrokeably so. His descent was like that from a rugged mountain, the formation of which compels the wayfarer occasionally to climb some spur or crag, instead of descending; now and then, that is to say, flattering himself that luck had changed, his spirits would rise accordingly, but on the whole his course tended downwards as surely, though not as constantly, as that of a streamlet to the sea. Warned, however, by what had already happened, he carefully concealed all evidences of his ill-luck; he kept, Heaven knows how, a fund of cheerfulness for his daughter, and the old smile (it was the only winning way he had) for his friends. If the Colonel was beginning, as they said, "to show his age a little," it was high time he should do so; while Hester saw only so much change

in him as prevented her, she scarce knew why, and still less why the fact should trouble her as it did, from calling him, as she had been wont to do, "her dear young papa."

It must be remembered, too, that hope was kept alive in him as regarded Hester, even when things were most hopeless as concerned his own affairs. Should she but make—as he had every reason to expect that she would do—a good marriage, all would still be well with her, and in that case it would be of small consequence indeed to him what fate, nay, justice, might have in store for himself.

Even when certain things occurred (known only to himself) which imperilled this hope, the Colonel, like some riven-breasted stone, which lifts its head above the foam of the torrent, still showed a bold front to the world.

Hester's life, as he had planned it for her, was very gay, and wherever she went, her "success," as it is called, though she herself was almost wholly unconscious of it, was marked and brilliant. She perceived with pleased surprise that everybody was very kind to her; but attributed it all, or nearly all, to her father's popularity. Certain attentions, indeed, were paid to her which the most diffident and unegotistic nature could hardly put down to this account; but those she would fain have ignored. Compliments and soft nothings would have had no attractions for her in any case, but that unfortunate discourse of her father was not without its effect—the very reverse of that which he intended—in causing her to receive with coldness and distaste the attentions of the Algeys and the Montics, among whom she moved.

Lord Thirlmere showed his devotion to her in many ways, none of which were very acceptable. He was not at all to her taste, and if he had been, the knowledge (which her ladyship contrived to impart to her) that his mother was opposed to his intentions, would have been sufficient to make them unwelcome. Hester's pride, though it was of another sort, was fully equal to that of Lady Buttermere. The young gentleman, however, was far from being discouraged, and enlisted his sisters in his cause, who often brought about a meeting between the young people. They themselves neither approved nor disapproved of his intentions; but it was more important to them to keep Thirlmere in good humour with them than to conciliate their mother, of whose affections

they were secure. As to Lord Buttermere, though he had no great opinion of his son's intelligence, he believed him to be sane. Had he suspected him of any serious design upon any woman, young or old, who had less than a hundred thousand pounds of her own, he would have thought him only fit for a lunatic asylum.

One day the young ladies called, as they often did, in Welham Street, to propose a new amusement.

"You have been almost everywhere, and seen almost everything, my dear Hester," said Lady Gertrude, "but you have never been to Hurlingham, and we mean to take you there to-morrow."

"That is the place where they shoot pigeons, is it not?" inquired Hester.

"Yes," assented Lady Jane; "and Thirlmere is such a capital shot. He quite depends upon exhibiting his skill in your presence. I only hope it will not make him nervous."

"I am quite sure it will not," said Hester quietly. "Nothing would induce me to go to such a place."

"But, my dear Hester, everybody goes there. What can be your objection? You don't suppose we would ask you if it were not a right thing to do; and, though as it happens mamma will not be with us, we shall, of course, take a chaperon."

"I don't mean that. It is not the place I object to, but the pigeon-shooting. I think it is a very cruel and cowardly sport—if, indeed, it can be called sport at all."

"My dear Hester!"

"That is my opinion, at all events, Lady Jane."

"Lady Jane! I really could never have supposed you could be so angry about nothing at all. I am sure our brother will never shoot at pigeons again when he hears how strongly you feel about it. But what is the difference between shooting a pigeon or a partridge?"

"The same difference that there is between shooting a wild rabbit and a tame one. Would Lord Thirlmere think it sport to turn rabbits out of a hutch and shoot them in the grounds of Crummock House?"

"But, my dear Hester," reasoned Lady Gertrude, "you surely are not going to set up your opinion against that of all the world?"

"Nothing is farther from my intention, except indeed the going to Hurlingham."

The topic was changed at once; but Lord Thirlmere's envoys perceived that it had

been an unfortunate one. They got away from Welham Street as soon as they conveniently could, and discussed their blunder in the carriage.

"I could not have believed it possible that Hester could have shown such temper," said Lady Jane.

"You mean upon such a subject," returned the other. "Her indignation is very easily aroused: don't you remember the passion she got into at Fromsham, about the little boy that was sent to prison for picking up sticks in the park? The fact is she has been reading some of those horrid newspapers which are always finding fault with the amusements of their betters, and call pigeons doves."

"No," observed Lady Jane with gravity; "the Colonel would never have encouraged anything of that kind. My belief is her motive was much deeper; she was glad of the opportunity of speaking her mind about Thirlmere. Between you and me, Gertrude, I don't believe she cares for him one bit."

"Is that possible?" returned the other incredulously. "Just imagine what a *parti* he would be for her."

"Quite true. At the same time—you know how I like her, and how unwilling I should be to say anything to her discredit, but I believe Hester Darrell is quite capable of making a love match."

This little unpleasantry did not interfere with Hester taking part in the usual gaieties of the season at Crummock House, where indeed Lord Thirlmere was to be seen less often than at entertainments elsewhere, nor did she refuse Lady Buttermere's occasional offer of a seat in her box at the opera, where, we may be sure, the heir of the house was not to be found. Her relations with the family indeed, so far from being interrupted, were perhaps closer than before, but it was somehow or other conveyed to Lord Thirlmere through his sisters that in paying attentions to Miss Hester Darrell he was wasting his valuable time. He confessed to himself that it was a "facer," and consoled himself as best he could.

Mr. Digby Mason was a much more persevering swain. He gave himself the trouble, which his lordship would never have done, of studying Hester's character, and if he failed to impress her favourably, at least he never offended her instincts. The Colonel, though, as we have seen, very far from encouraging his suit, was not personally disinclined for his society, and of late had become more intimate with him. Circumstances had occurred

which made it difficult for him to resist Mason's evident desire to gain a footing in Welham Street, and he had even asked him to dinner once or twice in a friendly way. On these occasions the young man had much astonished his host by the familiarity he had exhibited with literature, and matters altogether out of his own beat. He had only known Digby Mason as a very knowing hand in such things as he considered practical, and had not suspected in him the existence of other accomplishments; and if he had chanced to overhear the sentiments to which the young gentleman gave utterance when conversing with his young hostess, he would have still more wondered at them, and where he got them from.

The fact was, Mr. Digby Mason was not only a very clever fellow, but in his earlier years had given promise of being something much better than that he had turned out to be. The high road to fortune, if not to fame, had at one time been open to him, much smoother and less hilly than it shows itself to most, but he had deliberately turned his back upon it and chosen a by-way leading nowhere. It had been pleasant enough at first, and plentifully strewn with flowers; he had thrown the reins upon the neck of his desires, and they had taken him whither they would; but soon the path had become choked with weeds, and there had been disasters on the way which he had to repair as he could; and now the very ground on which he stood had become a slippery quagmire, and it was all that he could do to keep his feet, and if he should fall, or rather should be seen to fall, no one knew better than himself that he would "go under," and be never seen of men again.

The efforts that he made to recall the knowledge which he had once taken pleasure in, but which he now despised, were painful to him, and even humiliating, but his self-respect had suffered much worse things than that, and he had rallied all the shattered forces of his character, and marshalled them, to win Hester Darrell for his wife. The Colonel shut his eyes to the fact, though he had a suspicion of it; there were reasons which made it difficult for him to interfere, and caused him rather to trust to Hester's good sense, and her knowledge of his own wishes; but secretly he chafed and winced under his own enforced and unaccustomed tolerance. None the less, too, did he resent the references which Philip Langton occasionally dropped concerning Mason's intimacy in Welham Street (albeit

it was much greater than he had any idea of), nor was he sorry that Langton's personal dislike of the young man prevented his being on any occasion his fellow-guest.

It is not too much to say that the thought of his broken fortunes themselves was not more grievous to the Colonel than the part he had to play in his own house; but he had made his own bed (and knew it), and he must lie on it; the cup of Pleasure, to those who confine themselves to it solely, soon palls at best, but when it gets near the bottom the contents sometimes grow very bitter. Richard Darrell was draining it to its very dregs. As to Hester, thus deprived of her father's shield, and open to the attentions of a young man in many respects attractive, and who moreover passionately, and as far as was possible to his nature, genuinely loved her, her maiden affections seemed truly in some danger. She herself hardly knew whether Mr. Mason's visits were welcome to her on her father's account or on her own, but they were certainly not unwelcome. He evidently possessed the Colonel's confidence, which was a ready passport to her favour, and she confessed that his conversation was more agreeable to her than that of most young men. His views and opinions were generally in sympathy with her own, and if he made a mistake in the matter he took care to repair it, but at present at all events he had no individual attraction for her. He felt this himself, for whenever he ventured to illustrate a tender sentiment by a personal application she instinctively glossed it over, as a skater glides over thin ice. If she had refused to approach it at all, as though it had been a hole marked "dangerous," he would have had better hopes of his success, for it would at least have shown him that she had fears for herself.

It was clear to him that unless he could find the means to be on more familiar terms with her, or if possible of establishing a mutual confidence, his labour—which was no light one, though it was one of love—would be labour in vain.

Though he had failed as a guest there was a chance that he might succeed as a host, the playing of which character gives certain opportunities to one who, like himself, knows how to take advantage of them, and is not hampered by delicate scruples. He was not unaware, however, that Lord Thirlmere had essayed the same rôle (in that projected entertainment at Hurlingham), and by no means with success, so that it behoved him to proceed with caution. It might be difficult for

her to say "No" to his invitation, but if she did say it, further progress with her would be rendered impossible. In this matter, Fortune favoured him.

CHAPTER XVI.—A GREENWICH DINNER.

THE summer was getting far advanced, and London was "thinning"—a common expression, though about as applicable a one as it would be if applied to some scene of tropical vegetation where a few gay flowers have been transplanted elsewhere. In the absence or cessation of the more brilliant entertainments, modest little amusements found their place, and Hester became a frequent visitor at the Wests, where, in the garden attached to their house in Bayswater, lawn tennis was played. It was a game that was new to Hester, who pursued it with the usual enthusiasm (unintelligible to outsiders as the passion for bezique), and as, thanks to the exercise it afforded, the roses on her cheeks, which late hours had paled a little, soon began to deepen, she was encouraged to cultivate it.

Mrs. West even proposed that Hester should come and stay a few days with them, where the air, she protested, was purer than it was in Welham Street, as the look-out, for the house faced the garden, was certainly more countrified. At first Hester positively declined to leave her father, whose health and spirits had of late been manifestly declining, and only consented upon his pointing out that her so doing would enable him to run down for a day or two to the seaside, which he always found to be beneficial.

To the Colonel the seaside, and indeed the country generally, had long meant Brighton; he rarely left London for any other place, and if he did, regretted it; but on this occasion he had been recommended by some medical authority to Bognor. If he found the place pleasant, it was possible, he said, that he would take a house for Hester and himself there for the autumn—a preposterous notion, at which even nurse Askeil smiled. The Luck of the Darrells might do many marvellous things for them in connection with the sea, but could hardly bring her master to such a pass as that. In the meantime, and while he pruned his wings—it must be confessed with as little pride as pleasure—for this brief flight, he sent Hester to Mrs. West, where he also paid a daily visit himself and generally dined. She was a hospitable woman, and exercised hospitality in the best manner;

her dinners were good, without the least pretentiousness; and (what is very rare at houses where there is no male head) her wines were honest—not, as the wit said, “poor but honest.”

Her income was modest, but sufficient for the wants of herself and girls, and since it would suffer no decrease at her death, she saw no reason for a strict economy. On the other hand, she never indulged in extravagances; even dinner-parties were rare with her; but (what is much less common than the giving of dinner-parties) her friends were always welcome to drop in to dinner, and sure of finding one. Her husband had been a brother officer of the Colonel's, and hence his friendship with his widow, to whom he was attached by all that was best in his character. He had even sometimes said to himself respecting her, “Now if I were a marrying man there is the mother for my Hester;” but then he was not a marrying man.

Still less was Mrs. West a marrying woman. She lived for her daughters—a circumstance, however, which in no way made life less pleasant to her, or prevented her from sympathising with and doing good to others. A man whom we hear spoken of as “a good father,” or a woman as “a good mother,” are too often little else that is good as regards their relations with the world at large. Their affection for their family seems to absorb all their capabilities of tenderness; with others kindness grows with its growth at home, and throws out its tendrils in all directions; and I verily believe that the contemplation of her own daughters, and the reflection of how things would be with them should they become motherless, begat in Mrs. West an affection for Hester Darrell over and above that which her own merits had won for her.

At all events, it was impossible for Hester to imagine a kinder hostess; Grace and Marion, her girls, vied with their mother in making their guest happy. These young ladies had both pursuits of their own besides a moderate love of reading. They did not rise in the morning with the apprehension that the day might not bring forth some excitement for them; and they had other topics of conversation than the shortcomings of their friends. Hester had suffered no ill-effects from the social atmosphere to which she had been of late accustomed, but she felt that this one was more wholesome and less artificial, more rarefied and less airified. The young ladies she had hitherto mingled with, compared with these,

were as the flowers in Crummock House conservatory to those grown in the open air. Amusement was not so greedily grasped at by her present friends, but when it came it was quite as welcome to them, and enjoyed much more from its comparative infrequency.

“Come, girls, here is a treat for you,” exclaimed Mrs. West, as she laid down a letter she had just received, on the breakfast table one morning; “you have got an invitation to a Greenwich dinner on Thursday.”

“Oh! mamma, how charming!” White-bait they knew; indeed, they could cook it admirably, and prided themselves with reason on the accomplishment, but in its proper habitat—Greenwich—they had never eaten it.

“Hester smiles at your enthusiasm,” said Mrs. West; “she is, I am afraid, thoroughly *blasée*; unless we took her for a happy day at Rosherville I can think of no new pleasure to offer her.”

“I was only smiling because the girls looked so pleased,” explained Hester; “I hope you will all enjoy it very much. As a matter of fact I have never been admitted to that brown-bread-and-butter Paradise, but have been able to survive the exclusion. If you will be so good as to let me invite nurse Askell, whom I want to have a talk with rather particularly, to take tea with me on Thursday, I shall not envy you one bit.”

“My dear Hester, nothing would induce me to leave you,” said Marion earnestly; “you shall have nurse Askell on any other day you please; but on Thursday you and I will be *tête-à-tête*.”

“Excuse me, Marion, but it is my turn to have Hester to myself for an evening,” said Grace quietly. “Remember I went to the classical music the other night with mamma without a murmur.”

“My dear girls, of course Hester is going with us to Greenwich,” exclaimed Mrs. West. “She is not only specially included in the invitation, but I have my doubts whether, if she had not been staying with us, we ourselves should have been invited at all. Mrs. Brabazon is a much greater friend of hers than she is of ours. However, it's very kind of her, I'm sure.”

“Mrs. Brabazon! Dear me!” said Grace, “is it not rather unusual for a lady to give a dinner at Greenwich?”

“It is unusual, you mean, for one to give a dinner to us,” returned Marion, laughing. “Come, pray, let us have no scruples. Little fish at Greenwich are very sweet.”

Hester would on the whole have been just

as well content to remain at home with her friends, but seeing the pleasure with which they looked forward to the entertainment, she hastened to express her willingness to join them.

Whether it was unusual for ladies to give dinners at Greenwich or not, it is certain that no one was ever so surprised at such a circumstance as was Mrs. Brabazon at finding herself the dinner-giver. She would as soon have thought—had the suggestion of such a thing depended on herself—of instituting a private bull-fight at Prince's, and sending out cards of invitation for *that*. It was not only Mr. Digby Mason's own idea, but his dinner.

"I want to pay off a few old scores in the way of hospitality to some family folks," he had casually remarked to her, "and I think a dinner at Greenwich would be a good way of doing it."

"It would be a very expensive way," Mrs. Brabazon had prudently observed; but in the end she had not only as usual given in to her nephew's views, but had decided to give the dinner on her own account.

This exactly suited Mr. Mason's views, for though, to do him justice, he never let money stand in the way of his inclinations, he foresaw that an invitation from his aunt would have a much better chance of acceptance by the person for whom his hospitality was planned than if it should come from himself; while at the same time he would have all the advantage which the position of founder of the feast would give him. If all the other good people had snapped at his (white) bait with the exception of Hester Darrell it would have been a *fiasco*, and a dampish party with a most lugubrious host would probably have come of it; but his plans, as we have seen, were too well laid for that. Mrs. Brabazon was not more favourable to his views as regarded Hester than before, but such was his influence over her when he chose to exert it, that he had thus actually made her the instrument of his wishes. She had even found out for him that the Wests were disengaged on the Thursday evening, so as to do away with the risks of a short invitation.

When they and their guest were secured, it was easy to make up the rest of the party, for, notwithstanding that it is the fashion to abuse Greenwich dinners, and to find fault, not without reason, with the troublesomeness of transit and the food when we get there, they are in fact, especially with ladies, a very popular institution. There is something fresh and free about them, or, at all events, something different from the dull, eternal

round of dinner parties in town. They have a smack of the picnic about them without its inconveniences, and a *souçon* of Bohemianism without its vulgar adjunct of economy. I am afraid, indeed, that otherwise well-principled persons of the softer sex have been known to throw over a previous engagement of the conventional kind for the sake of the (brown) loaves and fishes at the Ship or the Trafalgar.

At all events Mr. Digby Mason, *per* his indulgent aunt, found no difficulty in filling up the table at a few days' notice with fitting guests of both sexes. Of those known to us the Colonel of course was invited, while equally of course Mr. Philip Langton and Lord Thirlmere were not. Mrs. Brabazon (poor woman) had afterwards to explain to Lady Buttermere, who would, she knew, have enjoyed it all exceedingly (and her husband even more so, for nothing pleased him more than to discourse to his neighbours on the cost of a feast which he thought their host was not justified in incurring), that she "really did not venture to ask her ladyship on such a very short invitation." Every one in the shape of a rival was carefully excluded from Mr. Digby Mason's list of guests, though it was almost as long as the menu itself, for he well understood that, next to a tête-à-tête, for an opportunity of making one's self particularly agreeable to any particular person, is a large party.

The dinner was at a comparatively early hour, but long before it was concluded the shades of evening had fallen on the river, and the stars came out, not only in the sky, but on the forehead of the great ships going to and fro upon the silent highway; a time and scene in which even the Commonplace have a tendency to become romantic, and conversation insensibly takes a tinge from the "every-day miracles" that are going on without. They were not without their effect on Hester, who had never seen those huge black steamers with their living freights fresh from the wonders of the deep, returning home, perhaps after long years, with that monotonous beat which has been pulsing on ever since they left far distant shores; or the merchant ships, with their unknown but costly cargoes, towed slowly to their moorings, or to swell the stately fleet that crowds the docks, by the brave tugs panting as though their little hearts would break. On one side of the room stretched a huge mirror, so that those who, like the host, had their backs to the river, should not be deprived of this fine, and indeed elsewhere unparalleled

spectacle. There was a ceaseless talk all round the table, and Mr. Digby Mason could speak with his fair neighbour with almost as little chance of being overheard as though they were alone.

"I think you enjoy this—I mean the shipping and the scene without," he said. "I felt that you would do so even before you came."

"It is impossible not to be impressed by it," she replied; "perhaps I should enjoy it more if I saw papa looking better. I am glad he is going to Brighton to-morrow instead of Bognor, which I am told is dull. He seems not only unwell but distraught and in bad spirits to-night—don't you think so?"

She must have been very much struck by his appearance, or she would hardly have called Mr. Mason's attention to it; it was a speech the nearest approach to being a confidence that she had yet addressed to him, and his vanity caused him to mistake the cause. He glanced towards the Colonel with an air of sympathy, but could hardly banish from his tone the exultation of his heart as he replied, "Do you really think so? To me he looks much the same as he usually does at similar entertainments. The fact is your excellent father is rather easily bored, and with Lady Simpson on one side of him, and Mrs. General Burke (as she calls herself) on the other, he is not very happily situated."

To say truth the Colonel looked quite unconscious of the presence of either of his neighbours, or indeed of the company generally. His eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the river, and a cloud of profound melancholy sat upon his brow; it had been so throughout the dinner, and when now and then his glance had wandered unobserved to his daughter, so far from gaining comfort there the sombre expression of his face had deepened. It was not annoyance it manifested—such as the sight of Mr. Mason's attentions to her, which were obvious enough, might possibly have aroused—but positive pain.

"He is not bored," answered Hester, gravely, "or at least it is not only that; I am sure there is something weighing on his mind."

"I am afraid Fortune has not been very kind to him lately," said Mr. Mason gently.

There was a long pause; he was wondering whether he had made a false move or not, in hinting ever so slightly at the Colonel's embarrassments.

There was fear in her reply when it did come, and also a certain hesitation in its tone, as though she were doubtful of her right to

speak upon such a subject to any one. "Do you mean that he has lost money—at cards?"

"I fear so; and then there was that unfortunate Derby horse the other day. Such things, however, must happen to everyone who plays or makes a bet; it is the fortune of war; next week no doubt things will come all right again."

He meant to inspire cheerfulness, but his words had a directly contrary effect. If a week could set matters right which were evidently so important and had had so depressing an effect upon her father, it was clear to poor Hester that he must be daily playing for very large sums. She had shut her eyes to this rather than been absolutely ignorant of it, but this sudden revelation shocked her, so much so that for the moment she forgot that the subject was hardly one to be discussed with a third person.

"I know nothing of all these things, Mr. Mason," she said quietly, and with a little sigh. Her companion was one who was rarely touched by sentiment—he had indeed long been lost to it—yet her simplicity moved him.

"It is better so," he answered softly; "the less young ladies concern themselves with such matters the better."

"I am afraid dear papa is very fond of cards."

It was a question singularly inopportune to his remark; but she had hardly listened to it, indeed hardly knew that she herself was making one; she was soliloquising rather than speaking.

"Well, he likes his rubber; so do most of his friends, myself included. Luck varies of course, but sometimes ill-fortune seems to pursue a man; who is it who has written about it—

'Whom unmerciful disaster
Pursues fast and ever faster!'

It is a very lugubrious poem."

"You know about it all, I suppose?" murmured Hester, almost below her breath.

"About what?"

"About dear papa."

"I know he has been very unfortunate; but pray do not let that distress you. It is only a temporary matter, and besides," here he dropped his voice, and spoke with great earnestness and significance, "I can promise you, even if it should prove otherwise, that I would—well, take care of him and see him through it."

"I don't understand you."

It was no wonder. Mr. Digby Mason could not himself understand how he could have been such a fool as to use such terms, or

rather to have placed himself in a position from which he could not extricate himself without using them, nor perhaps even then.

"I mean," he stammered out, "that I have some little influence with him, which I will take care to use for good."

A thought flashed across Hester's mind, which a second's reflection would have prevented her from uttering; but she was no longer mistress of herself. She felt as though in the flower-strewn pathway of her existence a chasm had suddenly opened, and a morbid desire seized her to know its breadth and depth. At the same instant she remembered that it had struck her more than once that the relations between this man and her father, though close enough, had also been somewhat strained. What could he mean by hinting as he had done that he could avert misfortune from him? As to his having any influence over him for good, as he called it, she did not believe it, and she resented the idea.

"Does my father owe you money, Mr. Mason?" If that emigrant ship, *A King of Diamonds*, bound for Melbourne direct, which happened to be passing down the river at that moment, had altered its course and pushed its huge bowsprit through the window, the circumstance could not have filled Mr. Digby Mason with greater astonishment than this unexpected inquiry. A practised fencer exchanging a few passes with a tyro could not have felt more amazed at receiving from him a thrust which broke down his guard and brought the button on to his very heart.

"Money! no," he answered bluntly. Then like one who recovers himself after having tripped, he added hastily, "Even if it were so, would it be right to tell you? What would your father say?"

He could not have found a more powerful weapon in the whole armoury of logic than that. It was now Hester's turn to be routed by a simple inquiry. She answered nothing. "If I were your father's creditor, Miss Darrell," he went on with earnest tenderness, "I hope you cannot imagine that I would permit him to feel one moment's uneasiness on that account. Even if he were not my friend, the fact that you are his daughter——"

"I was wrong, Mr. Mason," she interrupted hastily; "I had no right to ask any such question, and it needs no reply of any sort," she added emphatically.

There was a lull in the general conversation, and her neighbour, a young guardsman, on the other side, took the opportunity to address her. He had been waiting for it for

some time, and searching in his mind for an appropriate observation.

"Interesting, very, all these ships and things," he said, "are they not? Precious glad those poor emigrant people must be to get home again I should think."

"No doubt, only that particular ship is going out," said Hester, smiling; "you have forgotten that we see them in the looking-glass, and that all our sentiments are inverted."

"Why, so they are?" muttered the guardsman. "Been wasting all my sympathies for the last two hours on the wrong people."

He spoke afterwards with great admiration of the intelligence which had freed Hester from this optical delusion, and also of her readiness in repartee, but he little guessed how much presence of mind had been really necessary for that little speech of hers, or what effort it had cost her.

The next moment that significant smile and bow, which is the signal for retreat among the Amazons, was given by Mrs. Brazazon, and she was enabled to escape from the table. In the ante-room she bade good-bye to her father. "I am going down to Brighton to-morrow, you remember, my darling," he said, and she fancied (or did it only strike her so afterwards?) that his voice was tremulous as well as tender.

"But you will not be there long, dear papa? That is, I hope you will find yourself quite well in a very few days."

"No; I shall not be there long," he answered quietly.

"We will take the greatest care of your Hester, Colonel," said Mrs. West, smiling; "and the longer you leave her with us the better we shall be pleased."

"Thank you for all your kindness to her, present and to come," said the Colonel. A speech, or rather a whisper, which, accompanied as it was by a squeeze of the good lady's hand, impressed her not a little by its unusual demonstrativeness.

Mr. Digby Mason, in his capacity of host, accompanied the ladies to their carriage, but ere it drove off the Colonel was at the window and Hester leant out of it to give him one more kiss. "Upon my word, Miss Hester, you have a devoted father," observed Mrs. West as they drove away. Her sharp eyes had noticed tears in the Colonel's eyes, of which a separation, caused by a visit to Brighton, seemed certainly an insufficient explanation; on the other hand, after a dinner at Greenwich, she reflected, it was the nature of some men to become abnormally sentimental.



"I am going down to Brighton to-morrow, you remember," he said.

GENIUS.

Its Aberrations and its Responsibilities.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

THERE has been of late, thanks to the want of reticence of some people, and the omnivorous curiosity of others, a perfect avalanche of talk, earnest argument and frivolous gossip, newspaper articles and dinner-table fights, on the subject of genius—its rights and its immunities, its errors and their excuses, its aberrations and their results. Of course, every person has a different opinion; therefore it can do no harm to advance one more, rather contrary to the opinions generally promulgated.

We may premise, and, I suppose, take for granted, that there is such a thing as genius; that inherent and inexplicable quality, which here and there distinguishes one human being from the common herd. Not talent, which is the successful use of certain capacities, possessed in more or less degree by us all; but genius which is original, unique; and in whatever form it may develop itself is the greatest gift that can be given to man, the strongest known link between the material life we have and the spiritual life that we can only guess at. Every great poet, painter, or musician—every inventor or man of science, nay, every fine actor or orator, comes to us as the exponent of something diviner than we know. We cannot understand it, but we feel it, and acknowledge it.

And, in our ignorance, we are prone to consider it as a thing apart; and its possessor as a creature apart, not to be judged by the same laws, or treated in the same manner, as other human beings. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Once let a man be recognised as a man of genius, and the world is apt to regard him as something between a divinity and a fool. His virtues, his vices, are attributed, not to the human nature which he shares in common with us all, but to that something which he possesses beyond us all, his genius.

Let us instance a late lamentable case, over which society has fought and howled, like dogs over garbage, for these three years past. Two people, man and wife, of whom one was supposed to be, and both really were, wonderfully gifted, succeed in making one another thoroughly miserable. Why? Because the woman married out of wounded feminine pride or (she owned) for "ambition," a self-absorbed, egotistical, bad-tempered man, who had ruined his constitu-

tion by his persistent breaking of every law of health. Disappointed, neglected, she does her wifely duty in a literal sense, but she seasons it with incessant complaints and the cruel use of that weapon which is a gentleman's instinctive defence against a boor—sarcasm. He too lives a life unimpeachable externally, but within full of rancour, malice, and a selfishness which approaches absolute cruelty; his peasant nature perpetually blinding him to the sufferings of his wife, more gently born and gently bred; while her morbid sensitiveness exaggerates trivial vexations into great misfortunes, and mere follies into actual crimes. All this wretchedness sprung, not from the man's genius, but his other bad qualities, which, had he been a brainless ass, would have made his wife's life and his own just as miserable. Yet society moans out the moral, "Never marry a genius!" or the worse one, "If you do marry a genius you must condone all his shortcomings, lay yourself down as a mat for him to rub his shoes on, give him everything and expect from him nothing, not even the commonest rules of domestic courtesy and social morality."

Another example—perhaps worse—for the hero of it broke through more than the limits of mere social morality. Take from Goethe the glamour which enthusiastic admirers of his great powers have thrown over him, and what is he? A modern imitation of the pre-Christian Greek, who knew no worship but that of beauty, and beauty in its lowest form, unallied with good—a Sybarite, whose god was himself, and who did not hesitate to sacrifice to his supposed artistic culture manly honour and womanly happiness, for all his love-affairs served him as mere "experiences."

Yet there are those who declare that this breaker of women's hearts, this artistic experimentalist, confusing hopelessly right and wrong, was but exercising the prerogative of all men of genius, who "learn in suffering"—generally the suffering of others—"what they teach in song." But would not his life have been just as culpable had he never sung at all?

More instances. May not many a young Scottish exciseman, not being also a poet, have sunk lower and lower, through temptations which he was too weak to resist, to

find the drunkard's early and dishonoured grave, unextenuated by all the picturesque apologies that have been made for Robert Burns? Was Richard Brinsley Sheridan the only improvident Irishman, charming, but utterly unreliable, to whom debt is a mere joke, and a lie only a poetical imagination? Yet in both cases the blame is laid, not upon the men themselves and their innate errors, but upon the chief redeeming quality they possessed—their genius. For which also, by a curious contradiction, the world excuses them everything, declaring that—

"The light which led astray
Was light from heaven;"

as if any light which led astray *could* come from heaven!

No! A man's temptations spring, not from his genius—the divine thing in him—but from "the world, the flesh, and the devil," with which he, and we all, are for ever battling our whole lives long. If he succumbs, it is himself he has to blame—his poor miserable mortal nature, and not that immortal part of him, which came, he knows not how, and goes, whither he cannot tell. In truth, no one can tell anything at all about it, except that it is a possession apart, giving keener sorrows and more ecstatic joys—making men of genius in a sense more responsible than other men, but not exempting them from the common duties and the common lot of humanity.

It is no excuse for the unworthy lover and faithless husband of "Bonny Jean" that he wrote some of the sweetest love-songs in existence. It is little glory to the worshipped moral teacher of the last half century that, after being his wife's torment for the most of that time (except for a few beautiful letters—it is so easy to write letters!) he lamented her with a pathetic remorse, the reality of which no one can doubt, except that it came too late to convert words into deeds.

How sad a thing it is when a man of genius has to entrench himself behind his works, as being so much better than his personality! With a woman of genius it is even worse. Can any writings of the two greatest female novelists of the age—French and English—and one, the Englishwoman, full of most noble qualities—atone for the lack of that crown of stainless matronhood which should have adorned either brow, making the life a consecration of the books, not the books a piteous apology for the life?

The question stands thus: Does genius absolve either man or woman from ordinary moral and social laws, and every-day duties?

Is it grand and noble, or weak and cowardly, that any one should hide behind the shelter of his brains, saying, "This is me. You must not expect me to be like you common mortals, to eat, drink, and sleep as you do, to pay my debts, and control my passions, to be a decent son, husband, father, and citizen. I have only myself—that is, my genius, to think of. Everything must be subservient to this. If I break all sanitary laws, and my health gives way, it is not I who am accountable, it is my genius, the sword wearing away the scabbard. If I am irregular, lazy, unbusiness-like, and consequently always behindhand with the world, it is the world's neglect, not my own improvidence, which has made me poor. If I run counter to all the decorums of society, all the doctrines of moral right, it is not my fault;—I was not made like other people, and I am not to be judged like them."

This, put into plain English, is the creed of half the world concerning genius, and of genius concerning itself. It is time that a word should be said on the other side.

Granted that a man does possess great capacity, if—(like one over whose newly-closed grave condemnation melts into pity)—he persists in sleeping all day and sitting up all night, in stupefying himself with tobacco, and maddening himself with chloral, in leading a life wherein all moral obligations, all requirements of common sense, are deliberately set aside—what can he expect? Only to end his career like that poor soul departed, who, but for his genius, would be utterly condemned. But was it his genius that destroyed him? Was it not his sensuous or rather his sensual nature? his want of resistance to all that honest, honourable men resist; his egotistical indifference to all the laws of right and wrong that most other men obey? Therefore there came upon him the inevitable end—the same retribution that would have come to Tom Smith or Richard Jones, without any genius at all. Had they lived the life he did, they would have died as he did, and society would have said, "Serve them right!" Why should society be less severe unto those to whom so much more is given, and from whom in common justice so much more should be required?

In speaking of the aberrations of genius, I only use a mere phrase. I believe the highest form of genius would have, and has, no aberrations at all. It is a light so divine that no refraction of its rays is possible. So far from holding itself superior to the

common laws and duties of human nature, it will, I believe, obey and fulfil them all, more rigorously and perfectly than any inferior organization. The really great man is also the best man. He not only sees the right much clearer than his neighbours, but he also does it. If, seeing it, he fails to do it, he merits condemnation as sharply as his neighbours. Nay, more so; in that he had eyes and would not see; ears, and would not hear.

"Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life," is as true of genius as of religion. Its temptations and sorrows—like its rewards and joys—are keener than those of ordinary humanity, and the sympathy given to it should be in larger proportion. But only sympathy, never extenuation. We degrade and humiliate genius when we make for it those allowances which we refuse to make for our fellow-creatures in general. The line between a good man and a bad should be drawn just as clearly, whether or not he be a man of brains. He must earn his honest bread, fulfil his social and domestic duties, and carry on his life with due regard to common sense and prudence, or retribution will assuredly follow him. Ay, and he will deserve it, as surely as the labourer who drinks instead of working; the tradesman who neglects his shop; the professional man who lives up to the last half-penny of his income, and having brought up his family in idle luxury, dies, and leaves them to starvation or to the charity of the public.

The "moods" of genius, so far from being its honour, are its disgrace, its weakness, its reproach. So are its neglects of the duties and beauties of ordinary life. Happily, the day is gone by when one's ideal portrait of a poet was with bare throat, Byronic tie, and eye "in a fine frenzy rolling;" or of a literary lady with uncombed hair, torn or ragged gown, and slippers down at heel, courting the Muses with upraised pen in a rather dirty hand. Experience has proved that a man of the highest genius may be also a good man of business, accurate, methodical, conscientious; as well as an excellent husband and father, citizen and friend. So with women. The world has found out that it is possible both to write a book and make a pudding; to study deeply art or science, and yet understand that not inferior art and science, how to keep a house with economy, skill, and grace. Incredible as it might appear to the last generation, some of our best modern authoresses have been also the best of wives and mothers;

or, failing this natural and highest vocation, have led a very useful single life, deficient in none of the characteristics of genius, except its eccentricities and follies.

That a man of genius ought never to marry is a very common creed, and a true one, if his intellect is held to exempt him from all the duties of humanity: that if he be a poet, that great stronghold of virtuous youth—the "maiden passion for a maid"—may allowably be frittered away into half a hundred passions for half a hundred maids; that if he marries, and heaven gives him children—the blessed arrows in the quiver of all other men—they should be to him only arrows that wound his own flesh, perpetual worries, burdens, and plagues, who hinder the development of his genius. So do his butcher and baker, who are so unreasonable as to expect to be paid; so does his wife, if she dares to insist that he shall not victimise the household—keep dinner waiting indefinitely while he finishes a sonnet; or, for want of the commonest self-control—which we ordinary folk have to exercise every day of our lives—appear in the bosom of his family moody, irritable, intolerable; until the hapless mistress of the house requires to hint to perplexed guests, as a great politician's spouse is said always to whisper: "Don't contradict him—we never do."

Such a man may be a great genius, but he is also an ill-tempered, conceited egotist, who deserves to be shown no mercy. For these aberrations of his generally arise, not from his genius at all, but from something much more commonplace. It is curious how much a man's brains are affected by his stomach. Even as many a sentimental young woman has died, not of a broken heart, but a squeezed liver, so many a promising young man, author, artist, or musician, has "perished in his pride," not of over-work, which alone rarely kills anybody, but of over-smoking, over-dancing, or over-dining.

Yet while refusing to acknowledge black as white, to condone weakness, and pander to error—let us speak the truth in love, and never deny for one moment that genius, with all its shortcomings, is the one heavenly leaven of human life, without which the whole lump would grow corrupt, worthless, and abominable. It deserves from us the utmost sympathy, the warmest tenderness, the largest allowances compatible with justice. It is entitled to all reverence—nay, worship; but this should be a clear-eyed, rational worship. That one man may do things which it were culpable and contempt-

ible for other men to do; that one woman may set herself against the laws of God and man, and yet be admired and loved while other women are condemned, is a creed which all just and righteous people hold to be utterly false and untenable. Unworthy, too. The divine right of genius is as true as the divine right of kings. But how do we know that it is a divine right unless he who claims it lives to prove it?

And, thank God, in all times a noble multitude have proved and are proving it. It is invidious to name names—those hitherto named or indicated have been exclusively among the number passed *ad majores*; leaving open records by which they may and must be judged. But when this living generation has become the dead, I think posterity will find many instances to establish the law that greatness and goodness are, and ought to be, identical. That is, no fool was ever a truly good man; and no bad man, be his genius ever so wonderful, was ever a really great man. If we divide what a man does from what he is, we grievously and dangerously err.

Finally, I would say to all who consider themselves "born to greatness," or who by unwise friends "have greatness thrust upon them"—Be a man first, a genius afterwards. Make your life as complete as you can; fulfil all its duties; deny yourself none of its lawful joys. Your brains—be thankful if you have got them, and make much of them!—were meant, not as a shield to crouch behind, but as a weapon to fight with, against the temptations and difficulties common to all. And you may have something which is not common to all—a Holy Grail, which can only be carried by those of pure heart and stainless life. For genius is the utmost defence which man or woman can have, not only against sin, but also against sorrow; since it is for all mortal ills strength and consolation. And according as its possessor is greater than his fellows, so much the more should he take care that he loses no inch of moral stature—that the light which he bears

is kept burning clear and bright; that he neither apologises for himself, nor asks others to apologise for him, more than for other men. He is at once too humble and too proud.

A man of genius is born to be both prophet, priest, and king; but if he casts his crown to the ground, if he prefers the Circe-sty to the temple, if he allies himself to those who prophesy one thing and act another, he deserves no pity, and should be shown none; at least, none greater than we would show to any other miserable sinner who had not only wandered from the right road himself, but helped to lead others astray.

It is this which forces us into sternness, and compels the plain-spoken justice which seems so cruel. We cannot exaggerate the danger it is to the young to teach them that genius is an excuse for error, that an author's books are the condonation of his life; that what is moral turpitude in a small man, is in a great man only a venial error, nay perhaps (I have heard it thus argued) that if he had been a better man he would not have been so great a genius.

To such confounders of right and wrong, what can one answer? except to suggest that the well-known Miltonic Personage who decided, "Evil, be thou my good!" would probably be to them the most satisfactory type of transcendent genius. But we, who humbly try to walk in the light, as followers of Him "with whom is no darkness at all," we, believing that genius comes direct from Him, and is the exponent of Him, exact from it not a lower but a higher standard than that of ordinary men. We feel that we are exalting, not lowering it, when we urge upon all who possess it to live up to this standard, rather than accept the pity which humiliates and the excuses which degrade. For a man or woman of genius more than for any of us, is written that doctrine, mysterious, apparently impossible, and yet to be believed in until death shall make it divinely possible: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

GENERAL GORDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have nothing new to say about General Gordon. Our desire is simply to throw a tribute of gratitude and admiration on the grave of the most heroic figure of our time. All the world knows what manner of man he was. Sprung from a family which

for generations had been represented by soldiers, and uniting in his veins hot Highland blood with that of an English race distinguished for its maritime enterprise, he possessed hereditary courage. But courage is not a rare virtue in our annals. Our Empire

has been gained through the romantic daring of men whose adventures form no unworthy parallel to some of the most brilliant episodes in Gordon's career. And although we can name no life in which greater victories have been won against overwhelming odds through the bravery, wisdom, and force of character of a single leader, yet the fascination which has endeared General Gordon to his very

enemies has had a higher source than the qualities necessary to any great captain. It was the grandeur of his personal goodness which has enshrined him in all hearts. No knight-errant going forth to redress wrong, no missionary spending his life to bless his brother-men, ever displayed a more chivalrous "enthusiasm of humanity." The key to his life was his consecration to God. He



From a photograph]

[By Messrs. Adams and Sennan.

C. Gordon.

felt himself, "not his own," but was surrendered wholly into God's hand to do whatever work He might appoint. This made him dead to every motive which appealed to self. Ambition, money, power, praise, had no influence over him. He touches our sympathies at every point. His very mysticism has a charm, and his Calvinism—if such it can be called—is charged with such a rare charity and hopefulness towards all

men, as to make it sweet and beautiful, however sternly inflexible it may be as regards his own path of duty. "To me it seems," he once wrote, "that the Mussulman worships God as well as I do, and is as acceptable, if sincere, as any Christian." Tolerant towards the sincere Mahommedans, he is unsparing in his condemnation of the inconsistent Christian. The Christianity of the mass of people was

to him "a vapid, tasteless thing, of no use to any one."

There are those who have called him a fanatic. But there is not a trace of degenerate or morbid enthusiasm about that healthy nature of his. He is open and simple as the blue sky, and shows a keen sense of the ludicrous, even in the midst of his severest privations. If to have refused honours and riches, to have avoided adulation, to have spent his last farthing for the poor, be fanaticism, then Gordon was an undoubted fanatic. But if such self-sacrifice seems exaggerated only because it so far exceeds our ordinary standards, and approaches an ideal which many of us describe but feebly try to imitate, then we must apply to him another term than fanatic. He may have delighted in a certain mystical interpretation of Scripture, and he may have carried what he called his "fatalism" to a length which suggests not a few difficulties, but he was no fanatic. He rather combined virtues which exist only in the rarest and choicest instances: absolute humility with an imperious decisiveness; a life of ceaseless action and exciting adventure with a reflectiveness and a communion with God as unbroken as that of a recluse; an eye which saw through and through wickedness, with a readiness to forgive which erred from its excess; a righteousness that was clear in its purity as that of a saint, united with a charity which seemed boundless.

We do not attempt to give a sketch of his career. Everyone knows the miraculous tale of his campaign against the Taipings, when, stimulated by the spectacle of untold suffering, he led his 3,000 nondescripts with such daring and wise strategy, that in a brief time the devastated provinces were delivered and the Empire saved. He was himself the soul of every action. His moral conquests over men were as remarkable as his victories in the field. How could they help indeed being devoted to this strange leader who walked through a storm of bullets as calmly as on parade, carrying no weapon but a cane, and whose unselfishness and generosity were as romantic as his courage? Had he been willing to receive them, China would have heaped every possible honour and wealth on its deliverer; but it was characteristic of him absolutely to refuse such recognitions; even his pay had been spent upon his soldiers, so that he "left China as poor as when he entered it."

The two years he spent in Central Africa (1874—5), and the two when he was Governor-General of the Soudan (1877—8),

were even more remarkable than his campaign in China, as illustrating the genius, the courage, and the lofty aims of this marvellous man. It was his destiny to be surrounded here, as in China, by a rare selection of the scoundrelism of the earth. He seldom had more than half-a-dozen officers on whose character he could rely. Those who should have supported him were frequently his greatest enemies. Treacherous Pashas and venal Governors held the most important posts, while the representatives of authority, in the shape of Bashi-Bazouks and Egyptian soldiers, were either unscrupulous brigands or cowardly poltroons. The only people with whom he had sympathy were the wretched natives, the miserable slaves, and the brave tribes against whom he had often to wage war. He found a region, almost half the size of Europe, stretching from Dongola to the Albert Nyanza, sown everywhere with sedition and internecine warfare. Bands of Arab slave-hunters infested it, in league with robber chiefs, who could bring armies of 7,000, and even 10,000 men into the field. It was his duty to reduce this chaos to order, and to suppress the frightful trade in slaves. The people who talk of Gordon's "fanaticism" sometimes quote his confession of misery, and his thought of death being a sweet release, as betraying a morbid hatred of life, and an exaggerated alienation from his brother-man. Do they ever picture to themselves how very literal was the "misery" of that solitary soldier, by day galloping for hours under the full blaze of a tropical sun, and by night enduring the trying vicissitudes of extreme cold? Do they weigh what must have been even the physical "misery" of one exposed to such pests as nameless vermin, "the ghastly itch," the devouring swarms of mosquitoes, the burning thirst? Are they astonished that this tender-hearted man, worn with anxieties, struggling against untold odds, surrounded by rogues and repulsive savages, witnessing sights of ruthless cruelty and horrible suffering, should speak of the "misery" of his life? They ought rather to wonder at the marvellous calm of one so situated, who never lost faith and the assurance of victory, and who was able to write meditations on the holiest themes, when fulfilling some miraculous feat of combined courage and statesmanship. No tale of old chivalry can excel the intrepid boldness of some of his adventures, as when many miles in advance of the ragamuffin and untrustworthy 300 which composed his "army," he rode right into the camp of

Zebehr's son, "the cub" Suleiman, and there in the very lion's den, and surrounded by thousands of armed Arabs, he dictated his own terms. With similar hardihood he climbed alone into "the mountain eyrie" of the robber Walad el Michael. Gordon in a brief time had the satisfaction of knowing that he had opened a way from Khartoum to the Albert Nyanza; had struck a blow at the slave-trade, which, if followed up, would have been decisive; had rooted out of the province a mass of corruption and scoundrelism; had freed thousands of slaves; and had established a measure of safety, order, and sound government where a few months before there had raged a stormy sea of rapine and bloodshed.

But noble as were these campaigns as soldier and administrator, there is something quite as grand in his six years' labours among the poor of Gravesend. The story has often been told, how this Colonel of Engineers gave every hour spared from arduous duty to the work of rescuing the sinful, of feeding the hungry, and of comforting sick and lowly paupers. "Fanaticism" may perhaps be the proper term to apply to deeds which shame our conventionalism. But there is surely something that ought to rouse even conventionalism from its selfish sloth, when we read of this man spending his all upon the poor; melting his precious and hard-worn medals in order to contribute to charity; making his house a centre for influencing the worst; ministering comfort to the sick in hospital and workhouse; giving his garden up to labourers to grow their own patches of peas and potatoes, while he himself lived on the hardest fare; reclaiming the most hopeless boys from vice to industry. It was a happy time for him, those years of true missionary labour. And no map ever studied by him could have given him the satisfaction of that map which hung there on his wall, stuck over with pins, each one marking the place where the ship, in which some of his "boys" had sailed, was last heard of.

We fear that the details of his last and greatest feat of arms in the defence of Khartoum will never be fully known. We may never learn the reason of some things which have surprised us all—why, for example, he should have asked that the robber Zebehr should be restored to power. It must be ours to trust Gordon even when we cannot explain such matters. Nor do we dwell on the bitter sorrow with which the circumstances of his death must ever be regarded. The pathos of that defence was as great as its heroism. All alone, feeling himself forsaken with a keenness, not the less tragic because it was mistaken, he stood there at bay, while "all the world wondered,"—a man "made of iron," held firm in duty to God and the thousands given him to shield—till in the wild rush of that morning, when treachery lifted the gates to the flood of savagery, he fell in a sea of blood. We may be sure that no thought of sadness for himself occupied the swift moments which revealed to him the betrayal of all his hopes, and the inevitable end of his brave defence. His grief for those whom he could protect no longer would be the only drop of trial in that final hour.

Let no one, however, dream that that career was a failure. It has presented an ideal which must touch this age of ours with a new sense of the possibilities of life. It has come at an appropriate time. It has shown this generation how to rise above its materialism, its mammon worship, and its love of publicity and praise. It has recalled the strength and freshness of heroic times. Amid the cant of modern schools aping heathen culture, or imitating the sickliest aspects of mediævalism, this man with faith in God arming him to highest duty, uniting what was best in the old Puritan with what was most chivalrous in ancient Knighthood—humble, reverent, tender, pure—is a living gospel of Christian devotion. He has taught our churches, as well as our sceptics, the meaning of the kingdom of God "not in word but in power."



WHAT IS SCIENCE ?

The Substance of a Lecture delivered in Glasgow.

By HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

“WHAT is Science ?” I ask the question because we live in an age emphatically of science. The language of society is full of science, the convenience and happiness of our daily life depend more than they ever did upon science, our school books are full of science, conversation is full of science; and yet somehow I often think that the attitude of our minds towards science is not always a right one.

It appears to me that there are three attitudes of the mind towards science which are common in the present day. In the first place there are those to whom science—or what they call science—is simply an idolatry. They speak, and they write, and they think of science as if it were some particular kind of knowledge, and that no other kind of knowledge is to be compared with it. In fact, one would sometimes think that they thought that there is, properly speaking, no knowledge at all, excepting that which they call science. That is one attitude of the mind to which I refer. There is another, just the converse. There are many men who, accepting science at that valuation, have almost a dread and a horror of it. They see its advance to be irresistible; they know that they have no weapons with which to arrest its progress or to control its course; and they think at the same time that it is fatal to much that is most dear to them in life, and, still more, most dear to them in death; and therefore they rather shut their eyes to it and say—“Let it take its course; we have nothing to do with it.” And this brings me to the third attitude of mind, and the last to which I shall refer. There are a great many persons, who, looking at these two aspects of science, say—“Oh, it is a separate kind of truth from all other truth; let it alone; it has nothing to do with our sphere of thought and our sphere of belief.” That is the third attitude of mind. Now, all of these attitudes of mind are equally false and equally delusive. In the first place, what is ordinarily called science is not the only form of true knowledge. In the second place, it is a great mistake to suppose that science is a thing to be dreaded, and that, when properly studied, it is not perfectly consistent with those higher beliefs which are entertained by all Christian Churches. And, thirdly, let me impress upon you never to believe, whatever intellectual difficulties may occur, that science is something absolutely sepa-

rate and distinct from other kinds of knowledge. Depend upon it, there is no one truth in this wide universe of God which is wholly separated from every other truth. All truths are united by ties and bonds, the number and intricacy of which we cannot trace, with every other portion of the Divine Kingdom, and therefore we should look upon all physical enquiry as a thing to be encouraged, and which, when properly pursued, will carry us into other and higher branches of knowledge more intimately connected with spiritual things.

Now, it is in order to deal with these various attitudes of mind that I ask you to consider with me in some detail what science really is.

In the first place, let me remind you that science, etymologically, is simply knowledge and nothing else. It is no particular kind of knowledge; it is simply knowledge. There are two Latin words for knowledge—*nosco*, which is the same as our word to know, and *scio*, from which we derive the word science. In the Greek language there are two words which have different shades of meaning. One is considered to signify knowledge by observation, by the sight of the eyes, or by the touch of the fingers, and the other, knowledge acquired by inward reflection. But these shades of meaning have been entirely lost in the English language, and the word knowledge conveys all, and more than all, that is conveyed by the word science; because I need not tell you that none of us has any right to confine the word knowledge to physical science, for we shall find that physical science runs without a break or interruption into the sciences which may be called metaphysical and mental. Therefore we have simply to consider what is knowledge. Well, then, let us observe that to know things is to know them in their relations to each other—not individually, not singly, not simply by their difference from other things, but by their relations to each other as parts in the great System of the Universe. But the relations between things are so infinite in number, and the relations of everything to every other thing are so intricate, that we can never fully know any one thing in all the relations which it has to other things. If I were to know any one substance in the world in all its relations to other things I should know many of the deepest secrets of the Universe.

Therefore the relations of things being really infinite, the question always is—"How many of these relations can we come to know, and what is the importance of these relations in the scale of knowledge?" Here, then, we have a principle by which we may classify our knowledge, the principle, namely—that our knowledge of things is important in proportion to the number, to the range, to the scope, and to the dignity of the mental faculties which are concerned in the apprehension of them.

Let me illustrate what I mean by an example. Suppose we go into an exhibition hall where there are ranged on the floor a great number of all the different kinds of steam-engines which are used in this country; marine engines, mining engines, locomotive engines, &c., all taken to pieces, and in bits. Now bring in the wildest and most savage of mankind—an Esquimaux or Red Indian—he would immediately tell you that these bits of engines were made by the hand of Man. Now that is true knowledge so far as it goes; it is true science because it recognises one of the most important distinctions in the world, namely, the distinction between the works of nature and the works of Man. Well, let the Esquimaux or Red Indian be followed by a mechanical engineer. He would immediately separate the various bits, he would tell the use of each, and he would be able to put them together—to distinguish the mining engine and the locomotive engine, and the engine which belonged to some of our great vessels. Here, then, we have another degree in the scale of knowledge. Such knowledge, although it be only technical, is real science of a most important and practical kind. Thirdly, bring into the hall one of our University professors, who has to deal with the higher science of mechanics. He would not only know exactly the use of every part, but he would explain to you the philosophy of the conversion of Heat into Mechanical Energy. He would tell you the laws of the expansion of vapours, and the pressure exerted by steam in proportion to the heat which is applied. He might tell you also the history of the steam-engine, from the seventeenth century to the present hour. Now observe that all these different men would have knowledge and science in the truest sense of the word. But the man who has the highest knowledge and the highest science is he who brings the most various resources of intellect to bear upon the greatest number of relations.

Now let us approach our subject a little

closer, and see whether we can classify the sciences according to the faculties which are concerned in the apprehension of them. I turn first to those sciences which deal with numbers. They are commonly called the Exact Sciences, which appeal to the mathematical faculty of the human mind, and to its sense of numerical relation. They are branches of knowledge which deal with units of Mass, of Time, of Space, and of Motion. I do not mean that that is an exhaustive list, but it is a list explaining what I mean, because in order to establish numerical relations you must have some given units with which to deal. The grandest of all these sciences that deal with numbers, I need hardly tell you, is the science of Astronomy. It is the oldest of the sciences, because the time has never been, since man could look upwards to the heavens, when his curiosity could fail to be excited by that wondrous procession which appears to pass round our Globe at night, and of the glory of which I am afraid we have a very faint impression in our climate. But those who have seen it in Southern Europe and in the Holy Land know what an indelible impression is made upon the simplest mind by the vision of those countless orbs passing, as they seem to do, over the earth every night. Well, in the history of that science we have in comparatively modern times three great names to deal with—the names of Copernicus, of Galileo, and of Kepler. After these had done their work they left that work in the hands of a gigantic intellect—the intellect of Sir Isaac Newton. By the common consent of all men the name of Sir Isaac Newton is the grandest and noblest name in the history of the natural sciences. And the pre-eminent claim of Sir Isaac Newton to this sovereignty in the ranks of physical scientists is because he reduced, and was the first to reduce, to an exact numerical law the Forces which govern the movements of the Heavenly Bodies. The faculty of mind to which he appealed, and by which he established his conclusions, was the mathematical faculty, the faculty of following out things in their numerical relation to each other. He discovered that the whole movements of the Heavenly Bodies are in one sense due to the one simple fact, that every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter in a definite numerical relation, namely, directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance.

By this law which Newton discovered he was able to explain all the movements of the

Heavenly Bodies; and what is more, he was able with absolute certainty to predict them for the future. Let us recall what happened from twenty to twenty-five years ago regarding the discovery of a new planet entirely from the fact that the existing planets were seen to be disturbed at a particular period of their orbit. It was not understood why these planetary orbits were so irregular, but two men, one an Englishman named Adams, and the other a Frenchman named Leverrier, went into a calculation of the Newtonian law about the same time, and they arrived at the conclusion, that the perturbation of the planets must be due to the attraction of some other body which was at that time utterly unknown. Through the Newtonian law they could tell approximately where that disturbing influence must be. A letter was addressed from Cambridge to a great astronomer on the Continent, suggesting that he should look in a particular direction. There he did look and there he found the planet which was the cause of the disturbance. Observe what it is that places this great discovery of the Law of Gravitation at the head, in one sense, of all scientific discoveries. It is that it reduces to absolute demonstration what had been before the profoundest mystery of nature—at least of mechanical nature. It is now, I think, almost exactly seventy years since the great Thomas Chalmers, in a series of discourses known as the "Astronomical Discourses," referred to Newton as having "ascended the heights of science and poured the light of demonstration over the most wondrous of nature's mysteries." The description was not more eloquent than it was exactly true, for it was by no guess nor imagination, but by exact numerical computation and mathematical calculation, that he poured the light of absolute proof and rigorous demonstration over the laws of planetary motion.

Let me give a personal experience of my own on the subject of Astronomy. I happened two years ago to be in the South of France at the time of what is called the Transit of Venus—and you know that the Transit of Venus, or the passage of Venus between the Earth and Sun, is an event of great astronomical importance. Well, at Cannes there is no observatory of any importance, but my cousin, Mr. Campbell, of Islay, asked me to come to his room at an hotel to see the Transit. I went, not expecting anything very remarkable from such an apparatus as could be produced in a common hotel at Cannes. I was never more surprised

at anything than by the results which were exhibited in that room. A ship's telescope of very ordinary power was directed to the Sun through the window pane, and we had the room darkened. The image of the Sun was focussed upon a large screen in this darkened room. The hour at which the Transit of Venus would begin had been predicted according to the Newtonian law, and therefore we watched with our watches this great white circle in the profound darkness all around it. Now, there is a phenomenon observed frequently in the Transit of Venus which I was anxious to see, the phenomenon of the atmosphere of the planet Venus becoming visible before it comes into contact with the Sun. We looked intently round the dark margin of this great illuminated circle of the Sun to see where the first impingement of the body of the planet would be. It appeared at the right-hand corner. It was almost invisible at first, but in one or two seconds it became something of the size of a segment of a boy's marble upon the brilliant disc of the Sun. When the body of the planet had passed a few lines of an inch into the illuminated circle we saw suddenly the atmosphere of Venus shining on the dark side, and indicating the complete circumference of the planet. It was like a faint half circle of glass or crystal. A few minutes more, and the planet was wholly upon the body of the Sun, when, of course, her atmosphere became invisible. I must say that I have never been more impressed by anything than by that sight, and when I ask myself what it was that impressed me so much—that almost produced visible emotion among those who were watching it—I find it was not so much the majesty, the silence and the solemnity of the motion; it was not so much the vast mechanism of which it was a part; it was not so much the unity of our planetary system of which it was such a wonderful proof; it was not even the distances of the bodies which we were looking at in that room—ninety-two millions of miles the one, and something like twenty-four millions of miles the other; it was none of these that impressed me so much: it was the wonderful coincidence between the numerical laws governing the movement of the Heavenly Bodies and those faculties of the human mind which had been able to discover them and to predict their operation.

There is a great difficulty sometimes in having a proper and true estimate of our human faculties. We are very apt to wander between two extremes. On the one hand

we are apt to speak sometimes in a tone of thoughtless and thankless depreciation of the wonderful faculties which God has given us. On the other hand, we are apt at other times to place a most absurd and presumptuous confidence in these faculties, forgetting their limits and the many temptations we are under to abuse and to misuse them. I met the other day a curious passage in one of the works of the illustrious Adam Smith, on the relation between the *à priori* conceptions of the mind and the progress of Science. In an Essay upon the "History of Astronomy," he defines what he understands to be the aim and the object of all science. He shows how the great truths of Astronomy were really arrived at by successive men of genius, who conceived in their own minds some abstract rules of harmony, and assuming that these must be such laws as govern the material universe, they got on step by step till they arrived at the celebrated laws of Kepler, upon which Newton founded his discovery. In the passage I refer to he says—"The repose and tranquillity of the imagination is the ultimate end of Philosophy. Inconstant and irregular motions tended to embarrass and confound the imagination whenever it attempted to have them. Certain theories tended to allay this confusion, to correct the disjointed appearance and to introduce harmony and order into the mind's conception of the movability of those bodies."

On the other hand this very science of Astronomy teaches us a great lesson on the limitation of our faculties. For while we may well be proud of the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, and regard the Law of Gravitation as the grandest and most universal physical truth, perhaps, that has ever yet been discovered by the human mind, we must observe that it is not by any means an ultimate truth. What is the force of gravitation? Why is it that the particles of matter all tend to fly together in a definite proportion according to their distance and their mass? Why, we know just as little about the ultimate cause of gravitation, since Sir Isaac Newton discovered it, as our forefathers did before he discovered it. We have no conception of the ultimate cause of that force. We know its effects; it operates according to certain numerical laws, but that is all we know. Let me ask another question here. We pass from Physics to pure Metaphysics. The question of what is gravitation leads us to ask the further question whether it is possible for us to conceive two

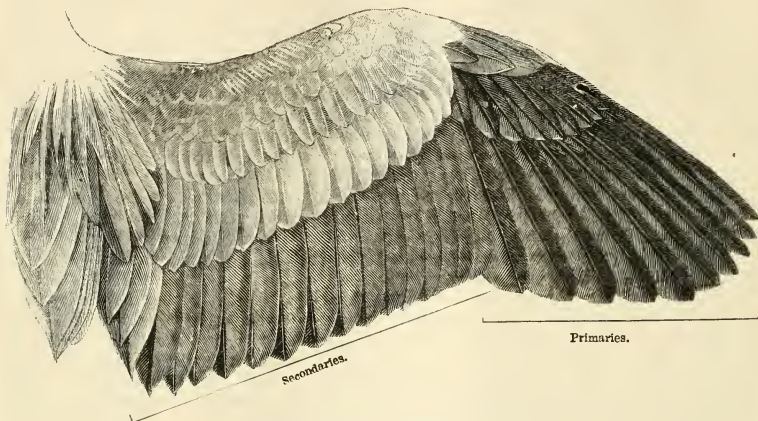
bodies acting upon each other without any intervening medium. That is called by philosophers Action at a Distance. Is it possible to conceive Action at a Distance? Perhaps some might consider Sound as action at a distance, and Light as action at a Distance. But there is no such thing in either case. In this room you may have an illustration. Those who are at the other end hear my voice, but they hear it because there is an elastic medium between me and them, and the vibration sent out from my voice impinges upon their ears. The gas lights, again, may seem to exert Action at a Distance, since there is nothing visible passing between us and them. But these lights send their light through a medium which is luminous only because it carries a vibration. And therefore we are brought to this wonderful conclusion, that between us and the most distant bodies in space there must be some medium, so far as we can suppose, which is the cause of universal gravitation, but of which at present we are entirely ignorant.

Let me, before passing from the name of Sir Isaac Newton, notice that he was familiar with this great problem of the ultimate nature of gravitation. He often bent his thoughts upon it, and his conclusion was, "It must of necessity be confessed that so wonderful a uniformity in the planetary system has been effected by intellect and design. The same may be said of that uniformity which exists in animal bodies." That was the conclusion which arrested the mind and satisfied the intellect of Sir Isaac Newton. Whether we know the physical cause or not, we can perceive, by the wonderful order of its effect, that it is the product of intellect and design.

Now let me pass to those physical sciences which have nothing to do with numbers and which are ordinarily called the Inductive Sciences. I venture to think that the number and variety of the mental faculties which are concerned in some of them, place them upon quite as high a level as those sciences which depend upon arithmetic and mathematics. The truth is, and it is a solemn consideration, that the things which we know by absolute demonstration are infinitely less important to us than the things which cannot be known by that kind of proof. The relations between us and our fellow-men, the character of men singly, the character of men in society, the character of men in political communities—all these concern us infinitely more than measures of gravitation. Therefore the exact sciences are by no means necessarily the

highest sciences. They give us a kind and degree of certainty which is undoubtedly very satisfying to the mind; but they do not exercise the highest faculties of our intellectual nature. Let me give a practical illustration of the variety of faculties which are concerned in some other departments of science. In the month of August last I visited a friend who lives near the Mull of Kintyre. He showed me a stone which had been found in a burn near his house. He said it was a very curious stone, and he did not know what it was. Now, observe, here was science. It was knowledge upon the part of this gen-

tleman that led him to observe this stone to be different from other stones. When he had shown it to me I happened to have a little more science than he, though not very much. I saw in a moment that it was organic—that it was moreover a marine organism, and that probably it was a fossil Coral—a very beautiful Coral—fossilised into the form of a stone. But I had no knowledge of what the Coral was, or to what family of Coral it belonged. Both of these were instances of science of an elementary kind, and both were poor and slender degrees of knowledge. It was referred to Mr. James



Heron's Wing (Scale: two inches to one foot).

Thomson, of Glasgow. He carried his scientific knowledge a great many steps further. He knew not only that it was a fossil Coral, but knew the age of it. He knew it was a Carboniferous Coral—a Coral which belonged to that age of the world which immediately preceded the Coal age. Let us look at the considerations which are brought before us in this simply geological fact. The Carboniferous Limestone underlies the Coal Measures. We see in this creature one of those which built up the great masses of limestone which formed the surface of our world when the Coal Measures began to be. And the coal is the great Store of Energy by which alone many of our industries are conducted. There would be no Glasgow, such as Glasgow now is; there would be no Birmingham, such as Birmingham now is if it had not been for the deposit of the coal

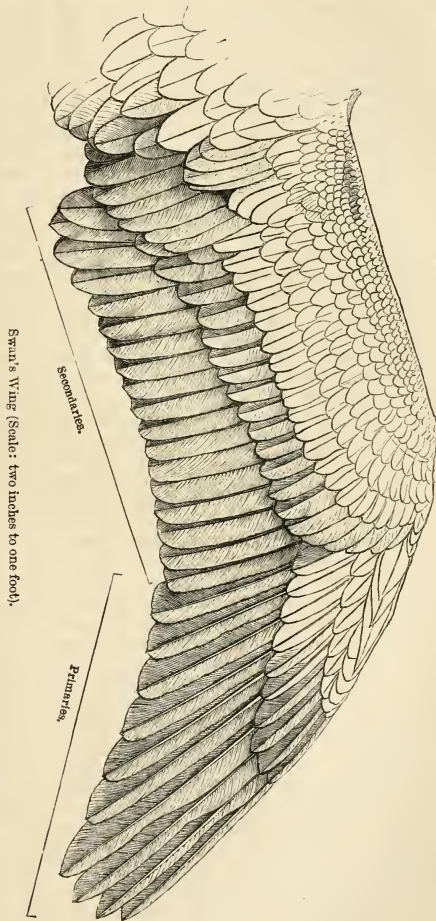
measures. Coal is the greatest store of energy which exists in the world, and when our stores of coal are exhausted, heaven only knows what is to become of us.

A few years ago my Right Honourable friend Mr. Gladstone asked me if I would be chairman of a Commission appointed to inquire into the important question of the exhaustion of our coal fields. Our commission sat for several years from 1866. The result at which we arrived was very remarkable. We reported there were no less than 146,480,000,000 of tons of coal available in Great Britain without going to a greater depth than four thousand feet. But our annual consumption last year was 163,800,000 tons. I am sorry to say that if we go on expending and consuming this great Store of Energy at the rate we are now doing, our supplies will be exhausted in little more

than one hundred and six years, and long before that time the approaching exhaustion of our coal fields will be seen and felt appreciably by the rise in the price of coal. That is by no means a very pleasant prospect before us, even though we are told by our friends across the Atlantic that America has an area of coal fields which is thirty-eight times more than that of the whole of Great Britain. What I want to direct your attention to, however, is the preparation of the coal fields.

We are accustomed to see drawings of the coal fields, but I do not think we realise the extraordinary phenomena they present. If you were to see a vertical cliff of the Coal Measures with all their seams as they are worked in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, you would be astonished at the evidence which they present of extraordinary and special preparation for the use of man. For just remember what a coal seam is. The nearest analogy to it is one of our great peat mosses. We have no peat mosses a great depth. But some measures of coal are forty feet in thickness. I never was so much impressed by any fact as when I went to the Dudley coal field, which is pushed up to the surface of the ground. By lifting a few feet of earth the coal is reached. In that way I walked upon a solid bed of coal which was forty feet thick. Now suppose that the vegetable matter which had been compressed into coal was at least five, six, or ten times thicker before the pressure was exerted, you have there the evidence of an accumulation of vegetable matter which must have been originally at least some two hundred or three hundred feet thick. But when the sea came in and covered it with sand and gravel it must have come in so gently and so quietly that the bed of peat was not disturbed. If the incursions of the ocean had been violent and rapid those incursions would have swept away all the peat moss, and those peat mosses could never have been concentrated, packed and compressed, for the use of man, giving him a store of energy with which nothing else can be compared. These great seams of coal have been prepared during a long course of ages, and with the associated strata are some thousands

of feet in thickness. You see here an immense preparation for the service of mankind. Well, that is one of the truths to which we are introduced by the science of Geology. It is not a conclusion which we



can prove by figures; it is not a conclusion we can settle by mathematical calculation, but it is a conclusion which appeals to our highest reason, and is perhaps the strongest of all the evidences of preparation for the use of man in the history of our planet.

The evidence of preparation, however, does not depend only on the wonderful preparation of the coal measures, it depends also upon the first introduction of that other very inferior Store of Energy which we have in our domestic animal, the Horse. I remember thirty years ago, long before Darwin had published his book on Development, listening to the lectures of Professor Owen, who showed our domestic animals to be of very recent introduction in the history of the world. All the tribes of oxen, of cattle, sheep, horses, and domestic animals are of very recent creation indeed, or of recent development. They came obviously just in time for the use of man. I ask you to think what we would be without the use of coal, and without that single animal, the horse? Next to coal, I doubt whether it is not the most valuable store of energy we have; and this conclusion, be it remembered, with regard to the preparation of our planet for the highest creatures which inhabit it, is a conclusion which is absolutely and wholly independent of any theory of Development or of Creation. Take it as you will, these creatures were created or developed by some method in evident anticipation for the use of man.

Now I pass from Geology, which is the history of our planet, to another science, which, in my opinion, is the most interesting of all; that is the science of Biology—the science of living creatures. I hope I shall not say anything with which many will disagree when I say that in my mind the minutest living thing is more wonderful than the starry heavens. The minutest creature endowed with life is an organization more wonderful, more intricate, more impossible for us fully to understand, than the whole mechanism of the heavens. The circulation of the blood in our heart is more wonderful by far than the circulation of the planets, for in Biology we have to do in the first place with composition of material; next, we have the structure of the material; and thirdly, we have the function which that structure was intended to subserve; and lastly, we have special adaptations for special purposes. These are wonderful platforms of knowledge,—each rising above the other—in the dignity and value of the results which they present to our inquiry. And it is remarkable that in this case numerical relations, which are the highest relations in Astronomy, are the lowest relations in Biology. There are relations of the laws of number in our bodies connected with organic chemistry. The chemistry of our bodies is built upon

strictly numerical relations. We don't know all of them; we don't know half of them; but we know some. There is one unit in our human life respecting whose relation to numbers we cannot be doubtful, and that is the pulsations of our own heart. How many have ever thought what a wonderful machine it is which is beating in our breasts? In relation to the laws of number, the pulsations of the human heart, taking the average pulse at 70, number $36\frac{1}{2}$ millions in a single year. The heart of an old man who lives to the age of seventy, has given 2,575,400,000 beats in the course of his life. Is that not a wonderful pumping-engine, pumping that wonderful fluid through all the veins and arteries of our bodies? It is one of the greatest wonders and one of the most inscrutable mysteries of creation. However, these are but the elementary parts of Biology. They are absolutely inscrutable to us. We know nothing except the fact with regard to these numerical relations. But the higher relations of structure and function are subjects of most interesting and satisfactory investigation. Allow me to direct your attention, as an illustration of this, to a favourite subject of mine, and that is the flight of birds. Birds have these two great peculiarities. They alone in the animal creation except man have the power of music and delight in music. Secondly, they alone, with the very slight exception of bats, have the power of flight. I don't know whether you remember some beautiful lines by the poet Longfellow:—

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught.

"Think every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love.
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morn'g somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Let me introduce the subject by telling you what occurred to me many years ago in conversation with one of the most distinguished Scotchmen of our time—the late Principal James Forbes of St. Andrews. After an interesting lecture in which he had explained to us the composition or, as it is called, the "Resolution of Forces," I asked him why it was that no professor ever illustrated his lectures upon these subjects by the flight of birds, because quite obviously the flight of a heavy body through the air

is the most wonderful instance of resolved forces. His answer was, "I do not explain the flight of birds for the best of all reasons, I do not understand it myself." He went on to say that to him the flight of birds was, as it were, a pure miracle. He had no conception of the mechanical forces which were concerned in producing the flight of birds. Let me point out the great peculiarity of the facts. As you know, balloons are very clumsy affairs with which to navigate the air. They are simply big bags filled with gas. We have no power to direct a balloon. There was a rumour that the French had invented a mode of guiding a balloon. I do not believe they will ever do so. Now, look at what birds do. I have here the wing of a Heron (page 240). He would weigh fully four pounds. Here is a bar of lead the weight of that bird. It is a considerable effort to raise this bar of lead; but this is the weight which is carried through the air by the two wings constructed in this manner—two wings striking at the rate of one in a second—one downward and one upward stroke for every second—or one hundred and twenty strokes in a minute. We have two things to consider in the examination of the wing. What is it in point of structure? This is the fore-arm of the bird, and the wing has every bone which we have in our arm, bone for bone. It is simply the fore-arm of all animals specially adapted for flight. Instead of five fingers, there are only three. These are consolidated together to make one rigid bone at the end. Upon that bone are mounted the primary quills which are the principal instruments of flight, and are ten in number. The primary quills are very stiff and hard, and have a very powerful reaction. The whole of the weight is carried practically upon ten primary quills, with the ten corresponding primary quills upon the other side. I take another specimen—the wing of a common Swan (page 241). Many of you have never seen a Swan fly, but they fly from the Arctic Regions to this country every year. Only last week I saw two flying. I found the beating of their wings was more rapid than one in a second. It was at least two downward strokes, with, of course, two upward strokes also, in a second; that is two hundred and forty in a minute. That is a tremendous power, considering the weight of the Swan. Mark how strong are the ten primary quills and how the secondary quills are gradually softer and weaker as they approach the body of the bird. The fore-arm of the bird is a rigid bone, the whole feathery area of the under surface of the

wing presents a hollow to the air. When the wings flap violently a powerful blow is imparted to the air, which escapes backwards and bends up the ends of the quills in its passage. The air in passing backwards through these quills gives a shove forward to the bird. That is the whole theory. The beauty of the contrivance is that the downward stroke of the wing performs the double function of lifting the weight or keeping it lifted and propelling it at the same time. There is no backward stroke of the bird's wing. He simply moves it up and down, and by the structure which the Creator has given to it, that motion performs the double function of lifting a heavy weight through the air and propelling it forward. I have here an iron bar exactly equal to the weight of the Swan whose wing I have shown. It takes me considerable effort with both my hands to lift it, because it is sixteen pounds. But this weight the bird lifts in the air with perfect ease by means of a few quill feathers, and travels at the rate of fifty or sixty miles in the hour through hundreds of leagues of atmosphere. The truth is that the weight of the bird, instead of being counteracted in the mechanism of flight as we counteract weight by gas in a balloon, gives him a momentum that enables him to go right in the teeth of the wind.

I should like to say a few words upon the theory of development due to Mr. Darwin. I have never thought, and I do not now think, that his theory is in the least degree inconsistent with Divine Purpose and Design. But then it must be properly understood, with all its facts clearly ascertained, and with all such language eliminated from it as shuts out from our view the obvious purpose and the prearranged directions of the path which development has taken in the history of the world. My own strong impression is that there are a great many scientific men in the world who are a great deal more Darwinian than Darwin himself was. I have seen some letters published in scientific journals, from which it was quite obvious that the writers rejoiced in Darwin simply because they thought that Darwin had dispensed with God, and that he had discovered some process entirely independent of Design which eliminated altogether the idea of a personal Creator of the universe. Now it so happens that I have some means of knowing that this was not the attitude of Mr. Darwin's own mind. In the last year of his life Mr. Darwin did me the honour of calling upon me in my house in London, and I had a long

and very interesting conversation with that distinguished observer of nature. Darwin was above all things an observer. He did not profess to be a theologian or a metaphysician; it was his work in the world to record facts, so far as he could see them, faithfully and honestly, and to connect them with theories and hypotheses, which were constructed, at all events, for a temporary convenience, as all hypotheses in science must be before being proved. But in the course of that conversation I said to Mr. Darwin, with reference to some of his own remarkable works on the "Fertilisation of Orchids," and upon "The Earthworms," and various other observations he made of the wonderful contrivances for certain purposes in nature—I said it was impossible to look at these without seeing that they were the effect and the expression of Mind. I shall never forget Mr. Darwin's answer. He looked at me very hard and said, "Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force; but at other times," and he shook his head vaguely, adding "it seems to go away." This is exactly the language which we have expressed in a remarkable passage in the book of Job, in which that truth is expressed which every Christian holds—that in nature we cannot see the Creator face to face, and that there are difficulties and veils between Him and the visible methods through which He works. "Behold I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand where He doth work—but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him."

I come now to the last section of my lecture. What is the value of these conclusions from Natural Theology? What is their bearing upon Religion properly so called? Well, please to remember that both the Old and the New Testament are full of the praises of Knowledge, and we know of Whom it is said that "in Him are hidden all the treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge." On the other hand, it is asked, "Who by searching can find out God?" We believe, indeed, that revelation is required to perfect our knowledge of divine things, but I am one of those who personally set the very highest value on the truths and deductions of Natural Theology. Let me in a few words indicate to you some of the spiritual truths which are also natural truths. The first of these pre-eminent truths which have struck me most in the study of natural science is this—that "the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are

not seen are eternal." Thus the most solemn of all facts is not merely a religious truth, but also a natural truth. And in science this doctrine has been laid down as a strictly scientific truth by my distinguished friend Sir Wm. Thomson in the doctrine which he calls the Dissipation of Energy—which teaches that all existing concentrations of energy—all mechanisms of life and body—all the machinery of the universe—are as clocks which are running down; that all the visible creation is essentially temporary in its nature, and unless its various concentrations of energy are renewed by external agencies of which we have no knowledge and can have no conception, the universe is running down in all its mechanical forces. That is the doctrine of science. Nothing remains to us except the invisible entities of Force or Energy, and possibly the ultimate atoms of matter. These belong to the invisible world, and we never see them. We only see them mentally as they act upon external matter or as they go to compose matter. It is, therefore, a natural as well as a spiritual truth that if there be anything which is eternal it is not the things which are seen but the things which are unseen.

Then the next great natural or physical truth, which is also spiritual truth, is this—that the elementary substances and forces of the universe are all under the control of Mind and Will. This is borne in upon us by every possible evidence—that they are under the guidance and control of some abiding Spirit and some Everlasting Will. I hear people say they do not believe in the Supernatural. I understand what these people mean if they can indeed say that they believe in nothing but the Physical Forces of nature. But then this state of mind is to me inconceivable. Not believe in the supernatural! Why, I believe in nothing else. I believe in nothing but those ultimate energies which are due to Mind. I see nothing but combinations of energies which must be due to Intellect and Will. Probably most of you in the laboratory have seen the process of crystallisation exhibited upon a large scale. You can see the atoms of matter flying together to take their appointed place in some delicate and beautiful form which is the law of crystallisation to some particular salt. Ay! but these are nothing to the complication of those movements of atoms which take place in the building up of the minutest living creature. Crystallisation is a rude and massive form of molecular construction compared with the

exquisite structure of our bodies and of the bodies of the minutest insects. If we could see these growths in the process of construction; if we could see them as they are going on everywhere around us—if we could see a single organ in a single insect being built up by the rush of the atoms to take their appointed place in this complicated structure, we should stand spell-bound at the vision before us. We should look upon it as Moses looked upon the Burning Bush. We should hear a voice perpetually sounding in our ear—crying to us in every one of the phenomena of nature: "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

I have mentioned two great spiritual truths which seem to me very obvious in nature. Let me mention a third: that is the omnipresence of the Creative Energy. I do not know any truth in revealed religion which is more difficult to grasp than the omnipresence of the Divine Mind. But look at Nature and you will get help. For in all those ultimate energies upon which every living and every inorganic thing depends, we can trace some mind and intellect; we can see as a matter of fact that there is no part of creation where those energies are not exerting their wonderful and mysterious force. Therefore we come to see that the omnipresence of the Divine Mind is a religious truth which natural science does greatly help us to realise.

Lastly, let me come to the great passage and bridge between natural and revealed Religion. It seems to me a natural truth that all this wonderful responsiveness of our intellect—of our faculties of mind to nature—must extend to all our spiritual and moral faculties as well as to the purely intellectual faculties. And if this be so then we are led to the belief that, as there are voices which are only audible to us when we put our ear to the ground that is beneath us, so there may well be voices which are only audible when we keep our ears open to the heaven which is above us. Just as gifted men like Kepler, Galileo, and Newton have been led by the divine intuitions of their mind to the greatest of their discoveries even before they had submitted them to proof, so it is but natural to suppose that minds of specially gifted men devoted to spiritual things, should have had revealed to them a corresponding width of view and a corresponding truthfulness and reality of perception. Hence we come to think that it is perfectly natural that there should be Inspiration, that there should be Revelation of that highest class of truths

which cannot be proved by mathematical demonstration, but which appeal to the moral and spiritual faculties of the human mind. It is but natural that these should have been revealed, as other truths have been revealed, to special minds blessed and capacitated for that purpose. You know that in the Old Dispensation this word Prophecy was not confined to prediction. The Jewish Prophets were not merely men who predicted historical events. They expounded the law of God in many varieties of aspect,—as it is said, "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the Fathers by the Prophets." So it is but natural to think that in this sense there should be a prophetic power in every department of the human mind. I do not know whether many of you have read the Apocryphal books, but there are in some of these books magnificent passages in praise of Wisdom and Knowledge expressed in the noblest language. Allow me to read a passage from the book of "Wisdom," upon the nature of Prophecy and upon the relation between natural knowledge and the knowledge of God's law in all departments.

"Wherefore I prayed, and Understanding was given me: I called and the spirit of Wisdom came to me.

"For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the Power of God, and the image of His goodness.

"And being but one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself she maketh all things new. And in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God, and Prophets."—"Wisdom" vii.

This is indeed a noble description of the relations in which Knowledge and Wisdom stand to the highest beliefs in the Divine Will.

Now let me say this in conclusion—Christianity, of course, depends in its highest aspects upon personal experience and upon personal faith; but until this is reached it seems to me that the truths of science may be to us as valuable as the truths of Prophecy were in the days of old; and I would say of those truths that which is said by one of the Apostles of the teachings of the Prophets: "Unto which ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light which shineth in a dark place UNTIL the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts."

HIGHLAND RESTING-PLACES.

By "SHIRLEY."

II.—A SERMON ON THE HILL-SIDE.

THE Mowbrays came back a week ago—with old Mr. Maxwell; the Grahams were expected last night; so we shall have a good time of it after all ere we leave our autumn for our winter valley. May ran over to see me before she had changed her travelling dress—she is as direct, as frank—may I hint?—as audacious as ever, and as a married woman almost more charming than as a girl. They had picked up in Paris a dainty little copy of Joubert's *Pensées*; this was to be mine; "To old Crosspatch, with May and Mabel's love," was written on the fly-leaf. I like pretty books as I like pretty women, and Joubert's clean-cut cameos are worthy of the daintiest setting. The work of these French binders is just inimitable.

The experience of a nation is winnowed into its proverbs; and Joubert's proverbs are the consummate expression of the most mature thought and the finest judgment. Strictly speaking they are not epigrams; epigrams are of a coarser fibre—more rhetorical, more vulgarly incisive and antithetical, less urbane and reticent. Epigrams are to a certain extent false; they are meant to startle us; and to do so they are forced to sacrifice something to effect. Thus they have the artificial glitter and sparkle of the gems in a goldsmith's shop; whereas Joubert's are lucid and colourless as stars. In such cameo-like work any haziness, any indecision, is fatal. With Joubert perfect lucidity of style is the glass of perfect lucidity of thought.

The "*Pensées*" of Joubert at a Pagan altar!

It was one of May's madcap whims. There is an old Druidical circle at the head of the glen, just under the waterfall. I do not know that the Druids had anything to do with it; but there are unquestionably half-a-dozen huge stones ranged in some sort of order round a central block. The heather and bracken hem them in; but they lie upon grey gravel, which in the wettest weather is dry and crisp under foot. It is a sort of trysting place where we meet of summer afternoons—the women with their work, the men with their books, or guns, or fishing tackle. Mrs. Mowbray has long been of opinion that the sermon in church is a very one-sided arrangement, where the men have it all their own way. Some of our party are rather inclined to be hard upon our country

parson and his sermons. May protests, on the other hand, that if any layman among us were required to write two discourses every week in the year, he would find it no such easy matter to keep his audience awake. Which indeed, is quite true. All the same, she maintains that it is utterly unfair that there should be no opportunity for criticism and discussion. *Audi alteram partem*; and the ladies especially should get a chance of showing that male logic is not invulnerable. So at this primeval altar among the everlasting mountains absolute equality is the rule, and the *ex cathedra* assumptions of the lords of creation are subjected to severe feminine scrutiny. If every preacher had to undergo such an ordeal, she is disposed to believe that there would be less loose writing and loose thinking in the pulpit; and I dare say she is right in the main.

To-day, Joubert is the preacher. Mowbray, seated upon the central column, reads the propositions, one by one, aloud—pausing a little after each, for any comment or criticism that may be forthcoming. But these nicely poised, finely balanced, delicately weighed reflections of a master mind, present hardly a weak point to the most trenchant criticism. A crystal, or a sea-shell, or a maiden-hair fern is, in one sense, eminently fragile; but in another, it has all the strength of consummate completeness. It is marred by no flaw; disfigured by no blot; weakened by no imperfection: and, though the rudest hand may wreck it, it is as indestructible in design and workmanship as Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn. Pascal, and John Keats, and Joubert enjoy this rare immunity. *Jewels, five words long, that, on the outstretched forefinger of time, sparkle for ever, and outlast kingdoms and dynasties.* There is a strength in such weakness that is superior, in the long run, to brute force and the violence of passion. In a very real sense their strength is made perfect in weakness.

How much food for thought there is in such texts as these! which, indeed, one may gather almost at random.

"Superstition is the only religion of which base souls are capable."

"Virtue must be asked at any cost, and with importunity; prosperity, timidly and

with resignation. To ask is to obtain, when true riches are sought."

"The Bible is to religion what the Iliad is to poetry."

"Some men have only their full mental vigour when they are in good spirits; others only when they are sad."

"A hard intellect is a hammer that can do nothing but crush. Hardness of intellect is sometimes no less harmful and hateful than hardness of heart."

"There is about neat and clean clothing a sort of youthfulness in which it is well for old age to envelop itself."

"We may convince others by our arguments, but we can only persuade them by their own."

"Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character, and prevents them from wounding others. We should never throw it off, even in our conflicts with coarse people."

"What a wonderfully small matter suffices to hinder a verse, a poem, a picture, a feature, a face, an address, a word, an accent, a gesture, from touching the heart!"

"What is true by lamplight is not always true by sunlight."

"Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth."

"I imagine reptiles to be the most wary of animals, and that what notions they have are, for the most part, clear and exact—much ignorance and little error."

"Justice is truth in action."

"It is much harder, I think, to be a modern than an ancient."

"If you call effete whatever is ancient; if you wither with a name which carries with it the notion of decadence and a sense of contempt, whatever has been consecrated and strengthened by time, you profane and weaken it; the decadence is of your own bringing about."

"Mathematics make the mind mathematically exact, while literature (*les lettres*) makes it morally exact. Mathematics will teach a man to build a bridge; the humanities will teach him to live."

"All good verses are like *impromptus* made at leisure."

"With some writers the style grows out of the thoughts; with others the thoughts grow out of the style."

"The style of Rousseau makes an impression upon the soul that may be compared to the touch of a beautiful woman. There is something of the woman in his style."

"Forms of government become established of themselves; they shape themselves, they are not created. We may give them strength and consistency, but we cannot call them into being. Let us rest assured that the form of government can never be a matter of choice; it is almost always a matter of necessity."

"A people constantly in unrest is always busied in building; its shelter is but a tent—it is encamped, not established."

"The poetry to which Socrates used to say the gods had warned him to apply himself before he died, is the poetry not of Homer but of Plato—the immaterial, celestial poetry which ravishes the soul and lulls the senses. It should be cultivated in captivity, in infirmity, in old age. It is the joy of the dying."

"Le Dieu de la métaphysique n'est qu'une idée; mais le Dieu des religions, le Créateur du ciel et de la terre, le Juge souverain des actions et des pensées, est une force."

Most of the maxims, as you may well believe, pass unchallenged; though May or Mabel occasionally indulges in a note of critical or defiant interrogation. This, you will recollect, is our Ladies' Parliament; and the males are only permitted to listen in silence to the words of wisdom that flow from honied lips—a far better arrangement, they maintain, than that which prevails at Westminster.

Joubert. Of the two, I prefer those who render vice lovable to those who degrade virtue.

May. That is a mere male quibble. No woman would separate them in this formal way. Whatever makes vice lovable degrades virtue.

Joubert. I am like an *Æolian* harp, that gives out certain fine tones but executes no air. No constant wind has ever blown over me.

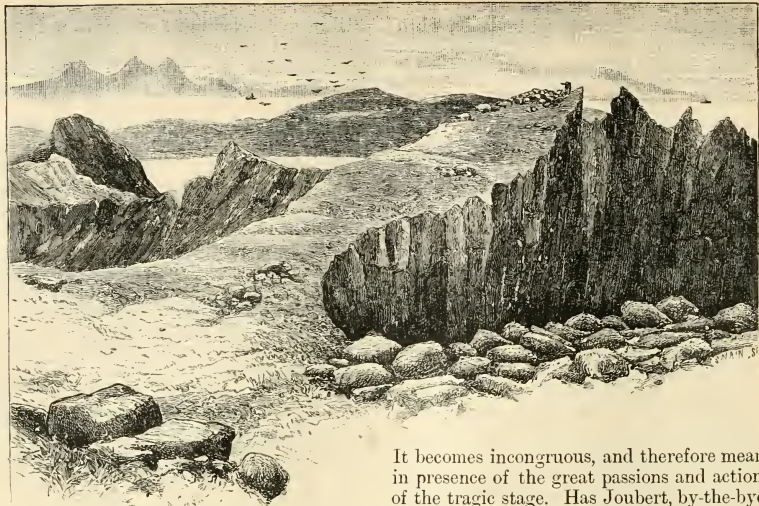
May. Why, that is just Tennyson—only I suppose the laureate was in a bib at the time it was written:—

"Like an *Æolian* harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes."

Joubert. One ought not to choose for a wife a woman whom one would not choose for a friend were she a man.

May (*addressing her husband*). What do you say to that, Mr. Mowbray?

Mowbray. Why, I say that he is wrong. Friendship has its unique element, and so has love. A woman who has the feminine



Castail Abhail from Cirmhor.

charm—if I may call it so in this presence—will make a most adorable wife, although, as regards the qualities which are common to both sexes, she may not be above par.

May. Is that a compliment or an imperitence? Go on with your reading, sir.

Joubert. Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy.

Mowbray (sotto voce). Rubbish! Read *Measure for Measure*.

Joubert. The pleasure of comedy lies in laughter; that of tragedy in tears. But the laughter must be agreeable, and the tears comely, if they are to honour the poet. In other words, tragedy and comedy must make us laugh and weep decently. Nothing that forces a laugh or compels a tear is commendable.

May. How French that is! There you have the Academy! We are to laugh and weep by rule. But true tears and laughter are involuntary and untutored.

Joubert. There is no virtue which appears small when transacted on a large stage.

May. On the contrary, sir, a small domestic virtue—housewifely prudence or thrift—

Mowbray (innocently—May's housekeeping being a standing joke). A small domestic virtue—?”

May. —is out of place *sur un grand théâtre*.

It becomes incongruous, and therefore mean, in presence of the great passions and actions of the tragic stage. Has Joubert, by-the-by, anything to say about the emancipation of our sex?

Joubert (maliciously). In the uneducated classes the women are more estimable than the men; in the higher classes we find that the men are the superiors. This is because men more readily grow rich in acquired virtues, and women in native virtues.

May. Oh! oh! oh! Does he mean to say that education refines men, but leaves women unrefined? To be sure, we have never had a chance yet of being *really* educated. You men know too well what would happen if you gave us a fair field. So you take refuge in subterfuges and compliments, and talk of our native virtues!

Joubert. For thirty years Petrarch adored not the person but the image of Laura. So much easier is it to preserve our sentiments and ideas than our sensations! Hence the fidelity of the knights of old.

May. Shut the book, Ralph. That is not fidelity. That is infidelity. Fidelity is to love the woman at your side all her life, and to find her grow nearer and dearer to you every day. I don't believe in your Petrarchs. The “Sonnets” were made for himself, and not for Laura. He was thinking of his public, of his fame, all the time, and poor dead Laura was only a peg.

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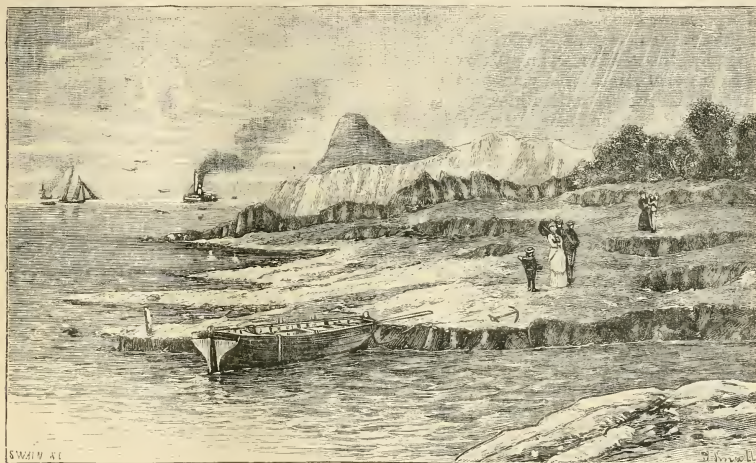
So the autumn wears away. Day by day the mountain mists come lower down into our valley. There are dull people who do not love the mists, who do not value them,

failing to understand how much of the charm of mountain loveliness is dependent upon them. What a poem, for instance, might be written upon "The Lifting of the Mist." It has been a dull day, with incessant rain; and the damp motionless mist has clung to the earth like a shroud. But towards nightfall the rain ceases, and an invisible, unaccountable force rends the veil asunder. The mists gather into drifts of smoke, that by-and-by, after a series of swift aerial gyrations, mysteriously disperse. Then above the hills,

wet and shining with the rain, the sky-cloud becomes a translucent canopy, touched by some unseen gleam of sunset-light from across the sea. Here, again, Wordsworth comes to interpret for us:—

"Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On yon green mountain side."

That is it—a little formal, perhaps, but entirely true—"curling with unconfirmed intent," uncertain, wayward, irresponsible as the play of children or lambs.



Holy Island from near Corrie.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

II.—BUDDHISM.

ABOUT 620 B.C. there lived at the city of Kapilavastou, in Nepal, a princess of astonishing beauty. They called her Maya, or the Illusion, because, say the ancient records, her body was of such unreal loveliness as to be more like a dream or a vision. Her virtues and acquirements were equal to her graces. She was the daughter of a neighbouring king named Soupra-Boudda, and she lived and died at Nepal, the cherished wife of a still more celebrated king, Koudhodana. He belonged to the great family of the Cāk-yas, a branch of the Gotoma warrior clan.

Maya died seven days after giving birth to a son. This was the young prince who became known later on as the Buddha, or

the "Enlightened one." He also bore another name prophetic of his great mission, Siddartha, or "he whose objects have been attained," and when breaking with the royal family he became a wandering missionary, he was called Cākya-Moumi (*μωρος*, or the monk, the solitary).

The enchanting splendours of his father's palace at Kapilavastou, the pleasure gardens of Loubini, the obsequious slaves, the luxury and ease of an oriental court, left Siddartha ill at ease and restless. Like a wild bird caged from the nest, he seemed to have intuitions of an outer world from which he was shut off. He walked much alone in the woods; the recreations and pageantries

of the court did not satisfy him. He was wiser than his counsellors, but they hardly knew how wise. When he had reached maturity, the crown ministers urged him to take a wife and prepare himself, as Prince Royal of Nepaul and heir-apparent, for the duties of the State. There was nothing passionate or fanatical about him. He listened discreetly enough, and merely asked seven days to consider. At the end of that time he consented to marry, "Provided," said he, "that the girl you offer me is not vulgar or immodest. I care not to what caste she belongs, so only she be endowed with good qualities." The "good qualities" enumerated by the Prince were, however, so numerous, that most of the young ladies who presented themselves retired in despair.

But the Prince now took the initiative; out of a crowd of the most beautiful and cultivated young girls that could be collected together at Kapilavastou, he singled out one named Gopa, who also belonged to the Cākya family. She was nothing loth, but her father, Cākya Dandapani, objected on the ground that the Prince was an idle, dreamy young man, unworthy of a girl whose relations were all warriors. Prince Siddartha must therefore show that he possessed not only learning but prowess before he could wed the lovely but discreet Gopa. Needless to say that the royal suitor in a fair field overcame all his rivals in swimming, fighting, jumping, and running, besides excelling all his judges, the professors, and pundits of the court in wisdom, repartee, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Gopa was married, and from that moment began to exhibit an almost startling firmness of character. She refused, contrary to all precedent, to wear a veil, "Sitting or walking," she said, "respectable people are always good to look upon. Women who rule their thoughts and tame their senses are content with their own husbands, and never think of other men; why may they not walk about unveiled like the sun or the moon? The Gods (Rishi) know the thoughts of my heart, my manner of life, my modesty, why should I cover my face?"

We read that when Queen Elizabeth drove abroad, all beggars, all signs of woe or pain or death were cleared out of the path of the royal progress, and no less care was taken by the King Koudhodana to keep Siddartha and his Princess Gopa from all that could disturb their happiness. But the Prince was as restless as ever. He would ride abroad alone with Channa, his charioteer.

One day he went out of the east gate of the city to view the Loubini gardens. He came upon a miserable old man tottering by the wayside. "Stop, Channa!" he cried; "what is that creature?"

"A miserable old man, my lord, in the last stages of decrepitude."

"And shall we all be like that when we are old?"

"Every one of us, my lord, if we live long enough."

"Drive back, Channa," said the Prince; "what have I to do with pleasure, since the helplessness of old age awaits me?"

Again Siddartha drove out. This time out of the south gate of the city, and he saw a man smitten down with the fever.

"What is that, Channa?"

"Oh, my lord, it is a man in mortal conflict with disease."

"And must disease come upon all?"

"Even so, my lord."

"Drive back, Channa. What have I to do with pleasure since disease awaits me?"

And again the Prince went out. This time from the western gate, and he met a funeral.

"What is that?"

"A corpse, my lord."

"And shall I too be a corpse?"

"My lord, all must die!"

"Drive back, Channa. What have I to do with pleasure since all must die?"

Once more he drove forth, this time out of the north gate of the city, and coming towards him he beheld a devotee in rags; his eyes were downcast, his mien noble and self-contained, his face as it were lit up with a supreme calm and contentment; he held in his hand a little wooden cup for alms.

"Who is that man?" asked the Prince, this time with intense curiosity and eager sympathy.

"He is called a *bhishkhour*; he has renounced all the pleasures of life; he is indifferent to sorrow, to old age, even to disease, and he fears not death since it can deprive him of nothing that he values; he practises austerity, he has subdued his body, he lives only for religion, and he goes about asking alms."

"Good!" said the Prince. "The wise of old have ever praised religion, it shall be my refuge and strength, and I will make it so for all men. It shall yield me the fruit of life and joy and immortality."

Siddartha—the Buddha—went home, to ponder over old age, disease, death, and the way of deliverance. Decision came to him

in the stillness of the night. He heard a voice beneath the golden stars. It bade him choose his path. Before him lay human greatness and divine goodness; an earthly kingdom, or the crownless, homeless lot of the world's Saviour.

Once more he sought his charioteer Channa, but not his royal chariot. "Saddle me the horse Kantaka," he said; and he rode forth, a pilgrim under the midnight skies, flaming with portentous meteors, never to rest until he had found deliverance and a new faith for himself and his people.

After all, he mused, were not the times ripe? What had the Brahmans done with their prayers and sacrifices? They had enriched themselves, but the people were more wretched than ever. Another path must be found. As he went through the forest the bright legions of the Invisibles bent to see. They well knew who rode through the night. They beheld in him, Siddartha, the last incarnation of a long line of Buddhas, manifestations of God under the limitations of humanity—the Stainless one was about to reveal himself afresh to a sin-stained world; He who was the "essence of wisdom and truth," "the healer of pain and disease," who "delighted in the happiness of his creatures," the form of all things, yet formless, the way and the life—now again took form and became incarnate, at once human and divine, to be adored by and-by by countless millions of the human race as the last and best-beloved manifestation of Deity, the Light unapproachable.

To this day the language of the most ancient Buddhist liturgy used by the Ceylonese priests runs thus:—"I worship continually the Buddhas of the ages that are past."

Thirty-six miles from the royal city Siddartha-Buddha reined in his steed and dismounted. He was still a learner, and as Jesus came to John, so Siddartha at once sought out Arata, the wisest of the Brahmans. He would drink at the fountain-head. He found the sage in the midst of his three hundred disciples. He listened to the ascetic principles, and marked the rigorous discipline. "But," he exclaimed, "your doctrine does not set men's spirits free, nor does the practice of it heal their bodily woes. I must labour to complete this doctrine. Poverty and the control of the desires—that will indeed set men free. This needs further reflection."

Passing through the next kingdom, he was recognised by the young prince royal, who was about his own age. Siddartha was

now a beggar in rags, but his appearance was so noble, his smile so sweet, his conversation so lofty and seductive, that wherever he went crowds hung upon his lips, and the greatest efforts were made to detain him at the court of Bimbsara. But he had heard of another teacher, and hastened to his feet, only to weigh his wisdom and find it wanting, and to depart, followed by five of the sage's own disciples—even as the disciples of another master forsook the ascetic of the Jordan for the Prophet of Galilee.

For six years Siddartha and the five disciples led a wandering life, practising every kind of austerity, when their young teacher—he was thirty-five—suddenly declared against asceticism. "Freedom of soul," said he, "does not after all lie that way," and, to their astonishment, he began to eat and to drink freely. The five, still wedded to the old system, called him a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber in so many words, and left him in disgust. But Siddartha lifted up his eyes and saw the flowers of the field arrayed in more than the glory of earthly potentates, the bright birds of the air, the happy woodland creatures, and knew that over the world brooded a love unseen though felt, healer of pain and grief, "delighting in the happiness (not the torture) of all sentient creatures."

Still Siddartha, in seeking the perfect way, the Supreme Good, did not abandon his severe discipline. He merely ceased to follow it as an *end*, and began to use it only as a *means* to control the senses, to stimulate thought, to purify desire. He aimed at the plain living, the high thinking—minimizing the necessities and abolishing the luxuries of life.

The daughter of a great chief, named Soujata, with ten of her companions, had for some time been in the habit of bringing him scraps of food and such rags of raiment as he would accept; indeed he seems to have required but little of either, for at this time he sat cross-legged in meditation. "Let my body dry up," he said, "my bones dissolve, if I cease from this meditation before I have attained the Divine intuition." His clothes wore out, but Radha, a slave girl, having died, he proceeded reverently to exhume her body, took off her shroud, washed it, and wore it as his only covering till it fell to pieces.

Thus he attained complete victory over the senses, and he said, "I have now surpassed all human laws, yet have I not attained to the Divine wisdom." Still he seeks the "unknown light," but is, it would

seem, led by a true instinct to return to the world for a season, and take a look at human life as it is.

He meets a sacrificial procession, stops it, and explains that the sacrifice of bulls and goats is useless, inner righteousness being the thing to aim at. "Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly."

He next falls in with a poor Sudra of the lowest caste, and eats with him, to the astonishment of all men; and with this one personal stroke the great prophet abolishes caste from his spiritual system.

"Pity and need make all flesh kin; there is no caste in blood which runneth of one hue; no caste in tears which trickle salt in all; who doth right deeds is high born, who doth ill deeds vile."

After this momentary, yet significant contact with the depths of human life, he passes to the sacred wisdom tree, where he meets the tempter and foils him, the temptations closely resembling those offered to Christ in the desert.

Then, at length, the senses being subdued, ambition mortified and self forgotten, abstracted from all earthly sights and sounds, the inner secret of the universe is flashed upon his inner vision in the successive watches of the night.

In the third watch the mystery of inexorable law is revealed, and the order of the universe is seen transferred to the plane of human life as the guide to morality. Cause and effect is beheld operant in all lives, leading naturally enough to the transmigration of souls, since all causes set in motion in threescore years and ten have not by any means time to work themselves out in effects.

In the middle watch he is sustained by a vision of immortality, or the impersonated forces of the universe. In Mr. Edwin Arnold's poetical language, he beholds

"The silver islands of a sapphire sea,"

and beyond and within, all "power that builds."

In the next watch the secret of sorrow is unfolded. It proceeds from imperfections which, in a world conditioned like ours, *cannot* be avoided, and from moral evil which, as we are human, *will* not be avoided; sorrow, therefore, will never cease on earth, and the wise man has nothing better to do than to rise above it and aspire to a more perfect state.

As the meditation deepens the finished path is at last revealed to the seer as he sits

under the wisdom tree. It consists in the removal of all impeding conditions, emancipation from all flesh-trammels, which are never again to be imposed, and costly deliverance from the need of all further transmigration.

In the last spiritual analysis all soul is known to be one with the Supreme Lord of the Universe. The universe itself is now perceived to be a mere illusion which has served its turn; nothing but thought, in fact, remains. Thus at last we enter into the life eternal.

"The life that shines beyond our broken lamps,
The lifeless, timeless Bliss."

And as this supreme and amazing spiritual conception bursts upon the Buddha, he looks up and perceives that the night is departing.

"The dew is on the lotus. Rise, great sun,
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave;
On *mane Padme Hum*, the sunrise comes,
The dewdrop slips into the shining sea."

The rest of the life of Siddhartha Buddha is enveloped in a fresh cloud of mythic marvels, enclosed, however, in what seems to be certain large historical outlines. The record tells how kings sat at his feet and vied with each other in sending him presents; troops of disciples followed him wherever he went; monasteries and schools, practising his rule and studying the revealed law, sprang up throughout the Peninsula. He became the idol of the people, for he taught and practised an infinite charity; his walk was swan-like and dignified, his skin was perfectly clear, the outline of his features finely proportioned, his look full of overpowering sweetness, and his voice melodious and thrilling. His speech, we are assured, was quite irresistible in its charm; his teachings abounded in parable and allegory, at one time persuasive and tender, at another full of scathing invective and irony. He was the unflinching foe of the Brahmins, and he inveighed ruthlessly against the established religious ceremonial of the day. For twenty-three years he laboured chiefly in the garden of Anatha Pindika, a rich minister of state, and thither flocked to him, from all parts of the country, all sorts and conditions of men, women and children to be taught the "law." To the narrow formalists he was severe, and the bitter enemy of all hypocrisy, but to the outcast women he was tender and forgiving.

Towards the close the narrative of the life of Buddha grows singularly clear and distinct, and, strangely enough, all touches of the supernatural seem to fall off. This is how he died.

At the age of eighty-four Siddhartha Buddha, who, in his last days, seems to have resumed his wandering missionary habits, arrives in his travels on the western bank of the Ganges, and, standing on a rock, looks across the water. The language now rises in stately dignity, it is clothed in the princely dialect, and seems redolent of a certain sumptuous splendour as of the "Arabian Nights." "It is for the last time," he exclaims, "that I behold yon city of Radjaghria and the throne of the diamond!" Then he crosses the Ganges, and visiting the villages on the other side, he bids farewell to the crowds that flock out to meet him—happy if they may but touch the hem of his garments.

He seems to the end busy ordaining new teachers, and sending them forth to spread the knowledge of the law.

The last thing which occupied him was the pitiable condition of a poor beggar man called Soubhadra! Strange that such a trifling incident should have survived the withering touch of two thousand five hundred years!

As he neared a forest towards sunset his strength failed him. The weeping disciples laid him beneath a tree, and there the beloved master passed quietly away, his soul sinking into the Nirwana—the eternal rest—for which his whole career had been as one lifelong sigh.

"Jesus Christ alone excepted," says Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, a by no means blind admirer of Siddhartha, "there is no more pure, no more touching figure than that of the Buddha in all history. His life is without a blot, his heroism equals his convictions, he is the example of the Virtue he preaches. His self-sacrifice, charity, and indescribable sweetness never fail him. At twenty-nine he leaves his father's palace out of love for the people, to become a lonely wanderer and a preacher of righteousness; he studies and meditates for six years, and then for more than half a century preaches his faith and spreads the truth by the weapons of persuasion alone. He dies in the arms of adoring disciples with the serenity of a sage who has lived only for the good, and feels persuaded that he knows the truth!"

The characteristic of Buddha's religion is a sublime and severe morality wedded to a tender pity and world-wide charity. Its popularity, from age to age, is undoubtedly due to its powerful advocacy of those moral precepts which alone bind human society together, and its inspired recognition in the

spiritual as in the physical world of the inexorable order of cause and effect. It lives so far by virtue of its absolute truth.

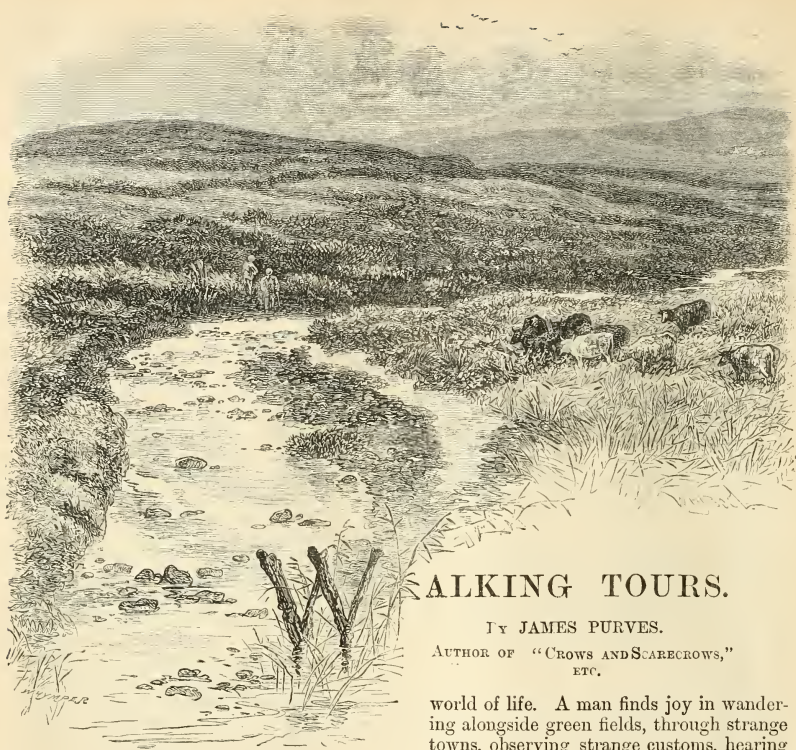
Its blemishes as a gospel for humanity are equally obvious. They are, briefly, its scornful, and, in view of its charity, inconsistent branding of human life as worthless; its *over-detachment* from the things of sense, which, if dangerous, are also disciplinary; its exaltation of meditation above action.

Its strong grasp of individuality in the doctrine of transmigration, together with its apparent loss of it in the doctrine of Nirwana, has been for centuries the stumbling-block of Western philosophy and the despair of European metaphysics. The explanation of this—the reconciliation of transmigration and Nirwana—will probably be found in the ideal character of Buddhism, which reduced the outer world to an illusion, a mere Berkeleyan dream—made matter in fact non-existent—so that the extinguishment of self was simply the release of mind from the illusion called body, and the restoration of self, yet without loss of individuality, to the ocean of universal being.

Buddha's intelligible moral precepts and his "Law," differing little from that of Moses, together with his burning charity, gave him a popular hold over the masses; but apart from all sense of a personal God revealed in a living Saviour, and operant upon the heart through a Holy Spirit, even such priceless qualities left Buddhism powerless to lift the masses above the evils of Oriental despotism, or in any degree to rival in the East the slowly but surely advancing triumph of Christianity in the direction of civil liberty and moral progress—justice, mercy, and love—in the West.

Still, as the ages roll on, and God fulfils Himself in many ways, the solidarity and unity of the religious consciousness in man steadily emerges. The teacher, whatever else he may have to set forth, has still to show the eightfold path of Buddha—the path of right doctrine, right purpose, right discourse, right purity, right thought, right loneliness, right rapture. And still we "listen to the lordly music flowing from the illimitable years," as the voice of the sweet master who taught the people wisdom, proclaims aloud the solitary supremacy of the Soul, the transitory character of all priests and rituals, the root of all sacrifice in self-purification, the tireless love and service of man, the road to the joy of God, the ultimate rest, the Nirwana, the perfect peace—

"The dewdrop slips into the shining sea."



WALKING TOURS.

BY JAMES PURVES.

AUTHOR OF "CROWS AND SCARECROWS,"
ETC.

OF all modes of travelling walking is, in the best sense, the go-as-you-please style. To spend some days on foot in spring or summer is as enjoyable as it is natural to every young man who rejoices in his strength. Why should we be ashamed of holidaying on foot? The roving desire is as old as the world's dawn. We feel it with Solomon when he longs to go forth into the fields and lodge in the villages, to see and taste the fruits which the world has in store for us. The natural craving of curiosity comes with the arrival of the swallows and the gangs of tramps. We are restless, and hunger for the precious possession of life gained by a tour on foot. Civilisation drives us as well as the savages to the undisturbed serenity of fields and forests.

A walking tour is a modern Pilgrim's Progress, with adventures enough to the adventurous heart, and is emblematic of the great

world of life. A man finds joy in wandering alongside green fields, through strange towns, observing strange customs, hearing dialects, and sleeping in a new bed every night. He is like the youth at the Parting of the Ways, and is nearer than he shall ever again be to the Happy Valleys and Rivers of Romance. His heart runs out to every story; he is a native of every place he passes through, a friend of every man he talks or walks with. He then forms his own character, and finds other characters at the same time. No incident comes amiss, the meshes of his heart catch all passing traits. To use old Butler's words, there is great virtue in highways and hedges to make an able man, and also, I may add, to make an agreeable man.

It is a happy idleness, wherein a man neither thinks nor frets of living, but lives. His body and mind are both occupied. His eyes and heart are filled by the ever-new charms of nature, the still eloquence of fields, the grinding water-mills, the sunny hamlets, the labourers and country characters, who seem to the walker part and parcel of the soil they tread on. Every sound is then



"A wayward pleasure in watching canal boats slipping beneath the bridge."



appropriate; and the postman or the cowherd's horn, the toot-tooting of the bargeman's trumpet along the canal tow-paths, and the town's vesper bells, have then the beauty of naturalness. Quixote-like he finds new sensations in every parish—sensations as pleasant as if he were a foreigner and were abroad.

Travelling on foot is the most ancient, and is still the most enjoyable manner of holidaying, if a man possesses a merry heart and serviceable limbs. The merry heart sets him out, and goes with him, not seeking happiness but finding it. He is then a child again, and there must be a childishness in the best holidaying. A man never comes into closer contact with mother earth, the life of nature, and his native land, than when he stands on his feet and finds his own way about. A railway is a conveyance, and the passenger is luggage; on foot a man is an explorer, and comes as near being a discoverer as he ever will. He explores himself.

Herein lies the pleasure, the attraction of walking. The pace is so easy, and the motion so natural, that one unconsciously becomes part of whatever roadside motion is going; one's heart, touched by the parish stillness, responds to the games and merriment of ruddy children romping on the meadow, and one's tongue moves heartily to a good-day, although the rain falls. Walking through drowsy villages and passing drowsy villagers in their gardens is a delightful sensation. Every roadside inn seems to have a natural position in the economy of nature. One even finds a wayward pleasure in watching canal boats slipping beneath the bridge, or windmills revolving, or in rambling through the churchyard and noting the records of scriptural quotations and the names of the dead on the tombstones, and the living on the shop-signs. He walks for pleasure, and finds it even in graveyards.

No man should venture abroad who has not walked through his native shire. It gives us homely joys; it gives us a knowledge of our native land at first hand, and we feel a world the better for it, as the homely, national feeling is deepened and our heart rejoices in the provincial life, the sounds of parish bells and parish dialects. To some, only a foreign tongue and a foreign country are worth a holiday; to me a British shire is a world wide enough. There are mortals who cannot see any pleasure in walking. Some think that he who carries a knapsack must be a lunatic or an ascetic, and

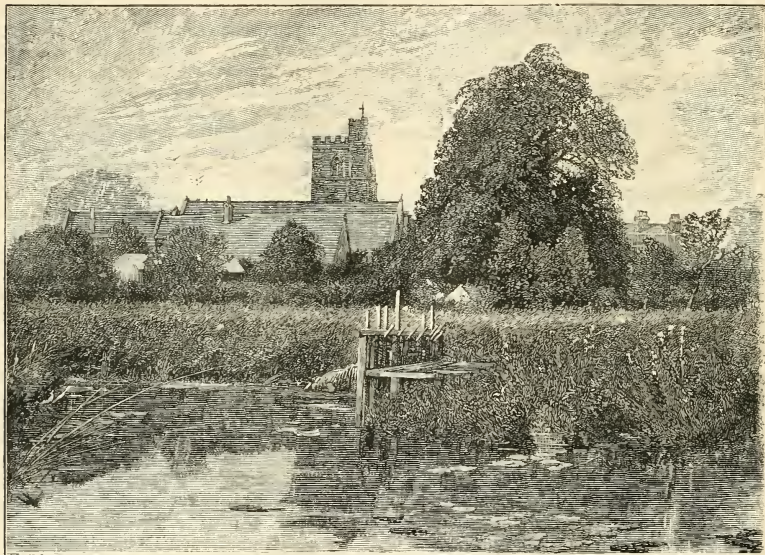
to be alone for half a day is to be sad. A walker is as easily argued with as a lover is. There are walkers who, on tasting the sweets, become enthusiasts, and think they have walked too quick on reaching their journey's end. And there are exact mortals who remember the number of parishes and shires they have walked through, the beds they have slept in, the blisters that have afflicted the soles of their feet, and the hotel waiters they have tipped.

The great virtue a walking tour has is its freedom. A man can live unto himself; for the remainder of the year he lives to his family. On his feet he lives a natural and the healthiest life going. For pure joy he finds himself on the high-ways and by-ways whistling tunes and singing snatches of songs his memory had carried from childhood. So long as a man is not a cripple, has a few sovereigns, and a knapsack, he need never be raiserable. A well-worn knapsack has a look of experienced wisdom; it never seems happy lying in a room corner; it always seems to ask one to take it up and carry it out of doors. No man is so independent as the walker. All his luggage is carried on his back; time-tables have no terror by day, nor catching trains by night. No wind or tide affects him; so long as his legs and feet hold out he holds on. He may strip bare-foot, swing his socks and shoes and coat on a stick over his shoulder, or sit up to the hips and cool himself in a brook on Dartmoor. He may lie on the broad of his back for a day on a meadow, lean over a field gate for an hour, or have a game of skittles at a roadside inn, and find it enjoyable. He is a republican holiday-maker. He may please any passing humour; he may guddle trouts in a stream, catch butterflies, or go bird-nesting, or even fall in love.

A walking tour is for a restless man, and he soon finds how ignorant he is of rural life. He observes that every ten miles the turnstiles, the toll-bars, the field-gates, along with the dialect, and old wives' caps, and beer at the ale-houses, change and vary. In carrying a knapsack a man carries an introduction to other wayfarers. No novelist should be without one. I owe many a story to my knapsack. Country folk have taken me for a tea-merchant or a book-cavasser. Two or three boys in Yorkshire took me for a showman. A farmer's wife in Tweed-side asked me what I was selling, and was surprised I had no boot-laces, note-paper, or prints for working dresses; but I handed her *Punch*, which she could not make out,

and returned, with the remark, there was "gey little reading for the money." A knapsack is a revealer of homeliness. To the knapsack-carrier there is no foreign country, no nation of strangers. Wherever he goes or his fancy leads him, he receives confidences, his healthy manhood takes people by storm. Country folk have one word for a pedestrian, and that is a tramp; and even the meaner walkers, the tramps, are never in a hurry, and never seem to have lost anything. A pipeful of tobacco commands a tramp's attention and his vocabulary for half an hour.

To go on a walking tour is to enjoy health, to live simply, and to exercise both body and mind. Walking opens not only the pores of the skin, but the cells of the brain, and restores our good-humour. To walk with the open air about one all day long is to enjoy the first law of health. At night, as you enjoy a pipe of tobacco and stretch your limbs and enjoy your well-earned ease, you can devoutly thank God for good health, for your senses, and the happiness of living. A day's walk is well spent, if it were for nothing else, but to feel how blessed are a hard seat, a tick bed, or a low pillow. A walker becomes



a contented man. I have seen a done-out tramp slumbering on a heap of road metal, and another sleeping, like a horse, on his feet. If we walked more we would not have to call in the doctor so often.

Do we want to be healthy? We must walk. To be wise? We must look and think. To be happy? We must be healthy in mind and body. Walking gives us spirits to enjoy health. A first tour on foot is as delightful as first love, though some find the experience so costly as never to repeat it. There are hours, especially about morning and night, when one's limbs move as it were

of their own accord, and with physical delight. Then the change of air and the change of life intoxicate, and buoyant spirits possess one. Then life is about its best to the merry-hearted. In such a holiday, life in its rough sweetness, about homely roadside Britain, is the sanest a man can desire. As he steadily passes mile-posts and inviting stiles leading to inviting soft foot-paths, salutes friendly strangers and figures on the hillsides and in the by-ways, as he descends valleys with the sun's rays and climbs slopes with the shadows, the panorama of nature that day slips into his memory. Then a man



loves walking with a passionate heart, and the day's sights and sounds sink deep into his experience as he was happy walking.

A genuine walker is never alone. He makes friends wherever he goes. For this reason I do not know if it be desirable to map out a route. A church, and a churchyard, and a river take his fancy and he lingers about for hours held captive. I can never pass a churchyard; the older-fashioned it looks the stronger is the fancy to stroll about its tombstones and nettles. He enters a roadside water-mill to get a peep at the dusty millers, and he chats with them for a good half-hour. He steps into an ale-house for a bottle of soda, and odd talk of odd drovers amuses him, and hours after he is leisurely carried with them off his road by their anecdotes of life or of the fair they are taking their charge to. A collier returning home, an artisan in search of work with his red bundled handkerchief, a farmer and his dog, a school girl on a donkey, are all companions. Whatever life is going is his companion, even the birds of the hedgerows. Companionship during the day has its misfortunes, and it would be well if each could go his own way during day and meet at night. The country characters one speaks to possess this virtue, though they may be characterless themselves, they enable you to gather the character of the country you are

passing through. But it is a mistake to imagine a walker runs no risks. My experience is that he runs risks enough, risks that put one's courage to the test. It is at no time agreeable to get a pair of skinned heels and especially when holidaying, nor to be awakened in early morning by the unmistakable signs of having slept in a damp bed, nor to be bit on the leg, of all parts of the body, by a treacherous dog. These are risks sufficient to add a spice of adventure, though it be of the homely order.

No walker loves rain, but he accepts it with good grace. A rainy day is full of surprises, and walking then is not so unpleasant as being confined to an hotel. I was well rewarded for a walk in the wet from Moffat to Yarrow by the sight from the hostelry door in the evening. The rain clouds drifted away, lifted their shadows from St. Mary's Loch, the rain then ceased, and by-and-by the inn lasses went afield with petticoats kilted to milk the kye; the angler rowed home with a heavy basket and a light heart; and each one talked of it being "a fine nicht noo," as if he had had a hand in it.

It is at nightfall that the walker is most at home, though he be most abroad. In walking into the town and selecting the inn with his own eyes, without being hurried into the first by railway or the latter by a stuffy omnibus, a man feels as if he had naturally grown into or become a part of the

place. In every town, in every inn, he is at home, for he finds in both a resting-place. No soldier ever sallied forth with so much spirit of adventure as a walker, after a cold bath in the "Regiment of Health," to use Bacon's phrase, saunters into the streets of a market town of a summer evening. Then his heart and his steps draw him intuitively to the open, to the riverside, to a bridge, or to a place of vantage on a hill. With the close of a day comes a sense of completeness, of satisfaction, and a deep feeling that his holidays can never come to an end, since a summer day is so long when spent on the high-roads and by-roads, and since it is so full of happy experiences in vigorous health. With evening his day's journey has closed, but another journey then begins, the journey of ruminating fancy over what the day has brought forth and the nightfall presents in a strange town's echoes and shadows. The thoughts, the sights, the remarks of the last twelve hours come rushing and chasing back on his memory like the flotsam driven rapidly up the stream by the flow of the tide on the Wye at Tintern, and he sees again what the ebb of thought had hours ago drifted seawards. It is a time when a man's thoughts are of value, and so shape themselves as to astonish him with their fitness. His mind is as receptive as a photographer's camera to all the sights and sounds that fill his ears and eyes at nightfall. His mind goes agleaning over the by-gone day, his thoughts are quickened by the new experiences, and his heart is deeply touched with the many bits of homely life and scenery.

Nature and nightfall keep him out of doors; he is like a child again. Letters and printed pages are discarded for those of life. All this, you say, you could enjoy within ten miles of your own home. If you are so fortunate, then, my advice is, my dear sir, never go from home; but I find in every town or village new experiences, whether in thought or life. Seeing new villages, walking along strange roads, is as interesting to me as reading new books or seeing new actresses. Travelling makes my thoughts travel also, and it is sometimes only when I approach home that the thoughts and fancies which have been accumulating "*come home*" to me, to use a common phrase, with staggering force. To lean on a bridge with a great lump of sympathy somewhere below one's throat, to stand stock-still for half an hour and find pleasure sufficient in following with one's eyes figures of lads and lasses walking arm and arm on the footpaths

in the churchyard, children with white pinafores playing hide and seek behind the tombstones, aproned shopkeepers putting up their shutters and putting out the lights, and in hearing along the meadow the Jews' harp twanged by a rustic sitting astride a footpath stile, and rustic words of criticising encouragement from other figures, is this not to take happiness and be with life? To feel this one must have walked into this scene during the day from many miles away.

Now, travelling is not sight-seeing; if that were so, many an umbrella would be intelligent. To travel, one's mind, too, must travel, chat in every village, stay in every lovely place as long as we stay, and see and feel for human life in its peace and in its homes. When the lamps are lit at night in the inn parlour, this homely feeling takes possession and we become thorough provincials, and feel all the better, the happier for it. We think there is no life so interesting in the world as that we see in our inn. We think we never heard talk so thoroughly British. We linger in the bagatelle-room with the smell of the beer pots, and listen to the click of the balls and the natives' hum of drowsy talk about dull times, and price of cattle, and rent of lands and beeves, and everything going to the bad so slowly, and think it the liveliest talk mortal man could wish. In the bar are quicker-witted men sipping grog, and sucking long pipes, and telling merry stories in a reproving manner; men with faces like a row of bishops or judges. Then, by-and-by, the vesper bells at ten ring out from the steeple, there is a comparing of time on their watches, some moral reflections pass, we hear quiet good-nights at the outside door, then hastening footsteps down the pavement, clanging of doors, and clicking of locks, out go the lights, the village is off to bed, and we are left alone.

But we are not left alone to ourselves in the common phrase, for we have our train of thoughts, our new observations of character and talk, our last pipe, and our book. We read then with quickened fancy, we bring to the pages our own new illustrations, we wait to see if the author has anything to say applicable to us in the mood we are in. We feel as near as possible to being a living commentary. A single play of Shakespeare will serve for a fortnight, and nothing is so good reading to a man a-foot as foot notes. A man then feels all over a king in the possession of a royalty of happiness. He then looks straight at life, and

moves in the throng of thought. He has really walked into a new life. Another wind blows, the book is laid aside, the pipe is emptied, and as he lights his candle he asks himself with a grim smile if he is a philosopher or a fool? And as he blows out the candle and draws the blind aside to have a last peep at the night and stars, and then

settles down between the sheets of a fresh bed, he asks himself another question, If he could have experienced the same feelings by walking over his own parish and staying at home? Of this much he is certain, that he could not have got the feeling if he had not been walking, and the feeling is worth walking for.



RUPERT, THE ROPE-MAKER.

By KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK," ETC.

BETWEEN my cot and the eastern sea,
 Rupert, the rope-maker, comes and stands,
 And girds his waist with the shining bands
 Of gold Manilla, from which weaves he,
 Down on the Denes by the eastern sea.

Between my cot and the eastern sea,
 Spinning, he backward, still backward goes,
 Whilst, o'er him, the fresh, fair cordage flows,
 Teaching a lesson of life to me,
 Whose hopes had ebb'd with the eastern sea.

And this I learned by the eastern sea:
 For such as meekly shall failure take,
 The Lord of labour and love may make
 Their backward seeming true progress be,
 As Rupert, the roper's, by the sea.

TWELVE YEARS' DEALING WITH NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL, CONVENER OF THE GLASGOW SCHOOL
BOARD ATTENDANCE COMMITTEE.

FIRST PAPER.

NEGLECTED children; look at them! They are to be seen in all directions—in streets and lanes—at markets, bazaars, railway stations—single and in groups, boys and girls, occupied, idle, or at play—many hidden away in holes and corners where no eye sees and no heart cares for them. Endless is the variety of condition, conduct, and character. Much has been done on their behalf—factory laws enacted, education acts, industrial schools established, institutions without number; still there they are in their hundreds and thousands, as full of life and of human possibilities as any other part of the body social. Like clay in the hands of the potter they are waiting to be moulded. The material there for goodly vessels, honest, honourable citizens of the future; and the danger is equally great that left in their present condition they will grow up to swell the already too numerous class who bring disgrace on themselves and shame and discredit on their country. “But,” you say, “are they not being educated? That will bring them round all right.” Will it? I fear not, or at least only partially. Education is the leading spirit of the age, but education is not food; education is not clothing; education cannot take the place of home comforts, home training, home influences. Children must have the natural and material wants of the body supplied ere the benefits and blessings of education can be either received or valued. The Education Act lays upon the parent the duty of educating his child, but makes no corresponding demand in respect to his physical well-being.

By the administration of the Act, however, light is being thrown into many a dark and hidden corner, and attention is being drawn to the miserable condition of a great multitude for whom education will only be a mockery until their untoward circumstances are in some degree amended.

Twelve years' experience in connection with the School Board of Glasgow provides the chief material for the following pages. They are offered in the hope that a deeper and more widespread interest will be manifested in sustained efforts for the amelioration of neglected children.

The provisions of the Scotch Education Act (1872) made it imperative on School

Boards to look after the education of all the children of the community between five and thirteen years of age. For this purpose the School Board was equipped with powers of no ordinary kind. Their officers were authorised to report to the Board the names and addresses of all those children whose education was being neglected. It thereupon became the duty of the Board to summon the parents or guardians of such children before them, that they might have the opportunity of offering any reasonable excuse for past default, or of promising amendment in time to come.

It will readily be seen how wide a field here presented itself for dealing with neglected children and their parents. There were upwards of 90,000 children of school age in the city, and, after making every reasonable allowance, it was ascertained that nearly 20,000 of these were either not at school, or their attendance was so irregular and intermittent as not to be worthy of the name.

How to deal in the most effectual, and yet most kindly and considerate manner with these parents and children, became one of the earliest questions at the Board.

It was resolved that the first step should be simply a call upon the parents by one of the School Board officers for the purpose of friendly remonstrance, pointing out at the same time the requirements of the Act. If such call proved ineffectual, it was to be followed by a printed notice detailing the parents' legal duty, and calling attention to the serious consequences of continued neglect.

The best results flowed from this simple dealing. A large proportion of parents and children, once careless and negligent, realised their duty and sent their children to school.

There were, however, a considerable number whom these preliminary measures failed to move. To deal effectually with these, the Board resolved to hold frequently, and at stated intervals, in the various districts of the city, meetings to which such defaulters might be summoned in terms of the Act. These meetings were begun in the first year of the Board's existence. They have been continued during the last twelve years, either fortnightly or at more or less frequent intervals, as the exigences of the district seemed to require. More recently they have been

held once a week. From eighty to one hundred parents—guardians or heads of families—are summoned with their children to each meeting.

A large room in one of the Board Schools in the selected district is appropriated for the reception of the company. There, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, may be found on the appointed day a gathering replete with elements as sad, as varied, as extraordinary, as probably has ever been depicted. The children are of course the Board's peculiar care; but the education and welfare of the children cannot be seen to without considering the condition and circumstances of the parents, or, where there are no parents, the circumstances into which the children have been thrown.

This inquiry, gone about as it is in an orderly and firm, yet kind and courteous manner, evokes a revelation of social life and conduct that renders it often difficult to say whether pity, sympathy, or indignation should most predominate. One might have expected that after a few years of such meetings the sources whence they originate would dry up, and the occasion for them cease. It is far otherwise. The fountain, alas! is perennial. For one with the pen of a ready writer there are stories of heroic fortitude and endurance, pictures of moral grandeur and beauty, scenes of harrowing distress and misery which would tax his utmost powers. Combined with these, and of far more frequent occurrence, are tales of wicked, foolish, misspent lives, where the demon of intemperance has held sway, and where the poor, suffering children have been the sad victims of their parents' sin and shame.

It is my purpose to classify these elements, and to indicate some of their leading features; to point out the manner in which many of the children are being brought up; the cold, the hunger, the nakedness, to which they are too often exposed; the strange and fitful variety of child life and character constantly revealed—sometimes in parental devotion, sometimes in parental defiance, frequently in absences from home, even on the part of children seven or eight years old. Then again, the stirring life of those who are called waifs and strays—street children—many of whom turn an honest penny by selling newspapers, diaries, matches, sticks, or engage in casual employment on milk carts or lorries, or go messages, or, at Christmas time, figure on the boards of the stage during the pantomime season. Nor can I fail to notice the difficulties which attach to children born and bred

in dwellings (I cannot call them homes) where evil influences of every kind abound, and where the children have naturally assumed the colour and character of those with whom they have been all their lives associated. They cannot but be in constant danger of following evil courses or falling into a life of crime. Must they be thus left? How is their rescue to be accomplished?

Difficult problems, and many-sided, constantly present themselves, suggesting crucial questions that often put members of the Board to their wits' end. How far is a poor family called upon to sacrifice the bread-winning capacities of the children for the sake of their education? At what stage may the oldest boy of a widowed mother earn a wage to keep the wolf from the door or help to clothe and feed himself? How may a high-spirited woman with her children be kept out of the poor-house when left with half-a-dozen little orphans? What is to be done when a man leaves his children in the morning with the fear that his wife will pawn their clothes or squander the school fees for drink before he returns; or what is to be done when man and wife are living apart and quarrelling over the possession of the children? Or when father, sometimes in despair, sometimes in sheer wickedness, deserts his family altogether? What are the agencies best fitted to meet the wants, the evils, the difficulties, the perplexities of such a state of things? Do they exist? If they do, are they being successfully wrought, and by whom? What are the fruits of such labours?

Yet further I would draw attention to the sad and mournful company of infirm children in every stage of weakness, deformity, or disease, many, alas! brought into this condition through the misconduct or intemperance of their parents. Certain of them confined to dwellings of squalid poverty and misery where no ministering hand ever reaches them, no kind word ever cheers them, no ray of glad sunlight penetrates the gloom, or breath of balmy air fans the pallid cheek. What is doing—what still remains to be done for these suffering little ones?

If I can, even in a limited degree, portray the mere outline of what I have indicated, my purpose will have been served. Like the Dark Continent, this is a region well known to exist but only partially explored. The reckless misconduct of a certain class of the poor has stamped a brand of ill-favour and distrust on all, and because of this stigma many worthy and honest sons and daughters of poverty and misfortune are driven to hide

themselves away where no eye sees and no sympathetic ear is open to hear their tale of woe. Numerous explorers have gone forth to these regions of drought and desolation, others are entering into their labours. To understand what can and what should be done is half the battle.

It may be interesting at this point, and serve a good purpose at the same time, if I attempt to give some idea of one of the meetings to which the defaulters are summoned.

Let us take then a morning in November. The largest and most convenient public school in the district is selected. One of the principal rooms is appropriated for the reception of parents and children, and four smaller rooms for the hearing and consideration of the various cases. One or sometimes two members of the Board preside in each room, and one case at a time is brought in. Towards eleven o'clock, there may be seen converging hither from all points of the compass, and from all the streets, lanes, and alleys of the district, a downcast poverty-stricken company of men, women, and children, but chiefly women and children; the men being for the most part at work, while the women are generally accepted as the more suitable for being dealt with. How varied the appearance of each little group as it comes along—the parents in most cases sad, weary, and worn; but oh! the pitiable plight of the pale-faced, barefooted, hunger-pinched little children!

A few single men, with or without their children, are seated here and there; certain of them widowers who have left their work. They tell, perhaps, how there is no one at home to look after their children, who are getting into evil habits and beyond their control—a daughter, it may be, of twelve or thirteen, who has found bad companions, and been by them led astray—or little children in the house, and only the eldest, herself a child, to look after them.

Still further, it will not be possible to look round without witnessing many of the wrecks of humanity—men, and women too, upon whose faces are written in unmistakable characters the record of misconduct, intemperance, and shame. There is seldom a meeting without some flagrant exhibition, even in presence of the members, of the drink demon's power in the language and behaviour of some one or other of the company.

And the children, what of them? Well, with the cheerfulness and buoyancy of youth, the comfort of a warm room and the companionship of one another, they don't look

so miserable as when trotting along the cold street. They have begun to hod-nob with one another, and it becomes apparent that were it not for hunger and nakedness, which are only too visible in the aspect and condition of the greater number, they could very soon assume the gaiety and sprightliness of the children who are sporting and shouting in the playground outside.

A glance now at one of the rooms where the members of the Board have taken their seats in a judicial position and character.

The Chairman of the Board has from the first taken a warm interest in these meetings, and has done much by his example to show to the other members how wisely and considerately, yet firmly and kindly, parents and guardians may be dealt with in the way of counsel, remonstrance, and warning. His countenance is beaming with kindly sympathy, and an experience which dates far back in connection with the social condition of the poor enables him so to conduct his inquiries that he instantly secures the confidence of those brought before him. He speedily evokes their varied histories, and does not fail to insist on the whole truth where pervariation is apparent.

He is seated at an ordinary table, and in front of him there is a bench on which the family are placed whose case is under consideration. At one end of the table is a clerk taking notes, and there is a record for reference before the chairman of all the information that has previously been gathered about the family whose case falls to be considered. Around him are such of the officers as are familiar with the circumstances, and have been dealing with the families at their own homes.

A tidy old woman is ushered in, accompanied by a sharp bright-looking little fellow of about twelve years old. Anxiety and care are written in indelible lines on the face of Granny as she takes her seat with her grandson in front of the chairman. The record declares that Robert is very irregular in his attendance at school, and the officer supplements the record by the statement that the boy is engaged in casual employment for some part of the week. Old Granny tells her story: Robert's mother died when he was only a few weeks old. His father took it so much to heart that he "listed" and left the country, leaving the infant in her charge. She doesn't know where he is, having only once heard from him during all these years. She is a lone woman now, and the little boy is her only comfort. They

have never been parted. The Chairman finds that the boy can read well, and write and count fairly; so, after consultation with the Convener, he allows Robert two days for the employment specified by Granny, provided he goes regularly on the other three days, and also attends the Evening School.

Here comes a little hunchback child with a bright intelligent face, led by her mother whose only child she is. The mother is most anxious that the child should attend school, and the girl is greatly disappointed that she is not there every day. The father has deserted them. He has behaved so ill that his wife will not allow him to come in at the door again if she can help it. A long story of injury and wrong is narrated. The principal officer is instructed to communicate with the father, and if necessary summon him before the Sheriff for payment of the fees, and meantime a card is given to the girl admitting her to school pending this arrangement being carried out.

Here is a pleasant-looking, well-dressed mother, with three nice children. Her husband is related to a well-known and highly-esteemed citizen long deceased, but the man is of dissolute habits, and has fallen very low. He has appealed to those who would gladly aid him, and gets occasional work as a clerk, but he is untruthful and deceives his wife, and she cannot decently clothe her children, far less pay fees. Promises are accepted by the Board. A fresh start is made by a member giving one month's fees.

There are men and women constantly brought up so thoroughly debased and demoralised, that counsel and remonstrance seem alike hopeless for their reformation, and as for fine and imprisonment it is just a tax on the community with no corresponding benefit.

And thus in panoramic succession for two or three hours each week or fortnight, are the circumstances of about eighty families, more or less, laid bare. Stern reproof and warning are as frequently required as advice and sympathy. The knowledge that the Board has power to bring defaulters before the Sheriff exercises a wholesome influence upon the manner in which the reproof is accepted, and, as a rule, the warning is found to have the desired effect. Prosecution and punishment are only resorted to in cases of hardened offenders, and are looked upon as affording an occasional necessary example, rather than with much hope of permanent good. Where through unfortunate necessity father or mother are sent to prison by the Sheriff, it is the custom of the School Board to make inquiry into the circumstances of the children, so that steps may be taken for their relief. It not unfrequently happens, when the father is incarcerated, that the rest of the family enjoy more quietness and comfort than usually fall to their lot, and would be quite willing that the imprisonment might be years instead of days.

In a larger number of cases it is the pleasing duty of the Board to counsel and direct the parents towards agencies, ways, and means which they had not previously thought of. They are thus enabled to see that a little more earnestness and diligence on their part might often help them to overcome difficulties and obstacles which were not so insurmountable as they had believed. Many honest parents have come to the meeting downcast and sorrowful who have gone from it cheered and hopeful—"a little word in kindness spoken" goes a long, long way in evoking the sympathies and stimulating the flagging resolves of poor down-hearted fathers or mothers.

THE THIRD VOLUME.

By ANNA H. DRURY, AUTHOR OF "CALLED TO THE RESCUE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A HOT August afternoon in a London lodging, whose window looked into a mew, might not, at first sight, have been considered a favourable combination of time and place for successful composition; and had the inspiration of the writer depended upon stillness, or harmony, or sweet summer odours, he must have thrown down his pen in despair. But Alexander Romilly, though

obliged from time to time to desist with an involuntary gasp, and seek refreshment from a decanter of tepid water, or a breath of such air as the window afforded, only followed up each moment of relaxation by a more vigorous effort, as if moments were too costly to be wasted on personal relief. He wrote on, not as one who is forcing himself through an uncongenial task, but with the energy of conscious power, impelled by a strong motive; and the knitted brow expanded into

smoothness and serenity as the clocks outside struck five, and the last word of the last page was finished. "Done at last—hurrah!" was the boyish exclamation with which he pushed back his chair, and thrust his hot hands into his long, thick locks, as if trying by their pressure to quiet the thobblings of his excited brain.

He was a young man of five-and-twenty, who, except when he was writing, looked even younger than he was; with broad forehead, and grey eyes of wonderful expression, that could be persuasively eloquent when not dimmed by sensitive shyness. An author, every inch of him; happy in his own creations, so long as they were only his own; nervously anxious for sympathy and approval; wincing resentfully under criticism; grateful for genuine applause; and yet conscious, all the while, that no one knew either his faults or his merits as well as he did himself. He was as yet unhackneyed, unembittered; believing in the dignity of his profession, and neither disposed to hate successful rivals, nor to turn ink into gall for revenge on a mistaken critic.

"Done—and within the time, and rather above than under the mark, unless I am much mistaken; and, if I look sharp, I shall catch old Brewer before he goes home to dinner—get a cheque on account—and then—ah!"

A long, deep breath could alone express what that meant, as Alexander Romilly turned into the tiny cell he called his bedroom, and proceeded to arrange his dress with a care and precision hardly in keeping with the simplicity of his apartment and the frugality of his way of life. Though his landlady found him "attendance" in the person of a small maid (generally changed once in six weeks), it was little beyond actual housework that Romilly trusted to female hands; and if his best coat was irrefragable in gloss, as his boots were in polish, it was owing to his own care and skill. Of late, however, he had been so absorbed in his work that it was quite a relief to his civil hostess when she met him on the stairs, fresh from the important operation of the toilet. Her curtsey, as she remarked on the fineness of the weather, was intended to express the hope that he was going to amuse himself a little.

"Young men don't often want driving out to take their pleasure," she observed to her daughter; "but I've felt as if I could just take him by the shoulder and put him outside the door, sooner than have him stooping over that writing of his, morning, noon, and night. I said as much once, when he gave me an opening; but he only laughed, and

said he must get in his hay before it rained. He pays so regular, he can't be pushed for money; and I ain't one that makes a living out of lodgers' butchers' bills, as she do next door, Betsy; but I never did see a gentleman live on so little; I only hope he's gone out to dine with friends to-day."

"I suppose them as writes those lovely tales don't care about dinners and teas like us," observed her daughter thoughtfully. She was a keen devourer of fiction herself, and peeped into Romilly's proof-sheets—not to say his MSS.—whenever she had the opportunity. Her mother's experience, however, was at variance with this theory. She had had to do for writing-gentlemen before, and mighty particular some was, and made a joint look foolish in five minutes; and always said—at least one of 'em did, and a pleasant one he was, if he had only settled his weekly bills—that all he ate was for the good of the world.

"And so it would, no doubt, if he had paid for it," added the worthy woman; "but he always said he had a poor memory, and I suppose he forgot."

"The one as came after made it all good, you know, mother," observed Betsy, with a slight tartness in her voice.

"Well, in course it stands to reason that a poor woman can't be the loser; and if one don't pay, another must; but he never knew nothing about it, poor dear, and no one was ever the poorer for doing a good turn by a widow. Mind you that, Betsy, against you should ever be one yourself."

Unconscious of the moral teaching to which his proceedings had given rise, Mr. Romilly had, on leaving the house, called a cab, and driven to his friendly publisher's office, where he was not long detained. His rapid execution and the spirit of his style had raised him considerably in the estimation of the ruling powers; and he came forth from the brief but gratifying interview, radiant with dazzling hopes, and with a comfortable earnest of the future in his purse.

"Almond and Raisin's, Piccadilly," was the next direction to the driver; and in that temple of good cheer he was soon after anxiously intent on the best manner of filling a small, white hamper with the choicest delicacies of the season. A hint about "ladies" brought to his assistance an experienced caterer for picnics and luncheons; who kindly instructed the young novelist how to lay out his newly-earned gold, to an extent that would have kept him in food and

lodging for a fortnight. But with each fresh purchase Alexander Romilly's eyes sparkled more joyfully; and when he returned to his cab, with the costly hamper in his hand, he could hardly steady his voice to give the needful direction with becoming indifference. The experienced assistant, overhearing the address, looked after him with unusual interest, observing to a colleague, in a cautious aside, that such visitors were scarcer *there* than they used to be—and no wonder.

No wonder, indeed, if the melancholy Jaques spoke truth, and the sobbing deer be always left behind by the dappled and unstricken herd. The house to which Romilly was speeding was a handsome one in Belgravia, well known in a large circle of friends and acquaintances for its sumptuous dinners and crowded entertainments. Its master was famous in his day for the inventions that had made his fortune; and though, as he always said, "risen from the ranks" himself, he had secured the distinction of fashion by marriage with a dowerless Irish lady of noble birth, under whose easy rule the household had gone merrily on without a fear or even a preparation for the future. The union had been effected by the force of her affection against the advice of her relations, though no one had authority to interfere; her brother, the peer, was still at school, and she had no guardian to hurt her feelings by insisting on a proper settlement. The very mention of the word always put Lady Honora into a passion. Her husband, as she always maintained, must know what was best for them all; he was the wisest, the cleverest of men—what could any lawyer's parchment have done for her and the children that he would not do of his own accord, and a great deal better? Their best provision was in his love for them all, and, as he had made the money, it was for him to settle how it should be spent. So her elder girls were brought out into the world; and her boys were at public schools; and nurses and governesses watched over the younger ones; and all went on with the terrible smoothness of a rapid till the moment of the shock—the sudden death of Mr. Sterndale—caused, as was soon surmised, by the hopeless state of his affairs. He died a ruined man—so utterly ruined, first by unfortunate ventures, and then by desperate expedients to gain time and retrieve misfortune, that there was absolutely nothing left for his widow and children, except the house over their heads, which, in the pride of his heart at the birth of his eldest boy, he had settled on the

mother and child. The rent of this house would be some provision for the future; but, meanwhile, everything of value, furniture, plate, pictures, jewels, all had to be sacrificed; and though friends and relations came forward, at first, with a readiness that testified to the popularity of the distressed family, their united contributions, when invested, produced but a slender pittance for Lady Honora and her six children to live upon, as best they might, till the house was let. The wing which had been devoted to the nurses and schoolroom had been reserved for their use when the rest of the mansion was stripped, and here they lived as secluded as if in a besieged fortress.

Romilly, as others did, left cards of inquiry and condolence at first; and he had hovered about the neighbourhood again and again, in the hope of gathering more details, if not of obtaining a glimpse of one, at least, of the stricken household; but the strict seclusion observed by the ladies, before and after the sale, baffled all his endeavours; and he flung himself with feverish energy into his literary work as the only means of stifling impatience. The hope that had sprung up in his own despite, of being a helper in their day of trouble, sometimes appeared insane; but the stimulus was none the less powerful; and while grudging himself the necessities of a London life, he was ready to pour at their feet whatever gold he could win out of the stores of his brain. How it was to be done he could not tell; but the news that Lady Honora was unwell seemed to supply an excuse for calling to inquire, and, if possible, obtain the acceptance of his offering. When he had dismissed his cab, and stood waiting at the well-remembered portal, his nervous excitement increased so vehemently, that he felt almost afraid to face the porter, lest he should think him out of his mind. He had not realised the state of affairs within: instead of the dignified personage he was unconsciously dreading, the slow opening of the door revealed only a girl of fourteen, neatly but very plainly dressed, whose confusion at his inquiries exceeding his own, restored his presence of mind. Instead of giving him any answer, her one thought seemed to be how to shut the door again without making a noise; and thus he found himself standing in the hall with his basket, with only just time for a hurried glance at the desolation that reigned in the basement, before a small, white-haired woman, in black, came out of a back room, whose face was not quite unknown to him, though he knew her best by report. This was

Maxwell, the housekeeper, an old family servant of Lady Honora's, whom nothing could drive from her service, least of all the impossibility of paying her wages. She had saved enough, she maintained, to keep her from being a burden to her lady; and as to being turned off at her age, she did not know what she had done to deserve it. And as no one knew what they should do without her, her remaining was soon decided; and the amount of work she got through, with only that young girl to help her, would have amazed the smart housemaids and genteel ladies in waiting who had so often been the torment of her vice-royalty.

It was more difficult than Alexander had imagined beforehand to get out the sentence that was to rid him of his hamper, when accosted by this well-bred functionary—whose eyes, though somewhat dimmed and worn by care and toil, had a keen twinkle that at once saw through subterfuge or excuse; and his inquiry after Lady Honora's health was blundered over, in his hurry to mention that she had once expressed a preference for such and such light dainties as he had ventured to bring, and that an invalid sometimes required tempting—he broke off in rosy confusion, but Maxwell, who knew more of him than he was aware, finished the sentence entirely to his satisfaction. It was perfectly true, that a little surprise of this kind did tempt a poor appetite sometimes, and my lady had hardly eaten anything the last two days, so this might do her a great deal of good. Her frank acceptance of the good intention was an immense relief, and he found courage to word his inquiries in a less general form. The good housekeeper knew enough of the world to appreciate the sincerity of his solicitude, and, probably, to fathom its cause. The weather, she observed, had been very close, and her ladyship had felt the heat; but perhaps Mr. Romilly would like to hear from the young ladies how she was going on. If he would sit down a minute in the study she would see if they could receive him.

As this was the goal of his secret hopes, though he had told himself it was out of the question, he was too glad to sit wherever she bade him; though the small back room, whose table and chairs, and empty bookshelves, had been preserved for the transaction of business, looked strangely unlike its former self, as he had seen it last by lamplight, half filled with cloaks and hats. He glanced around it when left alone, recalling, with a deep sigh, the bewildering sense of hope and joy with which he had joined the departing throng

that festive night, hiding a flower he had been allowed to carry away, and which had been hidden in his desk ever since. Mr. Sterndale had complimented him on his rising fame and future prospects. Lady Honora had held out hopes of meeting by the seaside, when the season was over, and talked of picnics and country expeditions as if his joining them were a matter of course; and she whom he loved—whose face alone gave value to such encouragement—had listened, and smiled, and, better than smiling, had spoken low, earnest words, as from the depth of her heart, such as he had never won before. What a change had passed over them since then! Was it madness, or selfishness, that made him dwell on his own hopes and aspirations, and the manner in which they were likely to be affected by what had happened, instead of on the bitterness of such a trial as that house had seen? It was mad, it was selfish, every way; of course they would not care to see him, or anybody, at such a time; and yet his ear was straining for every sound, and his eye watched the door with an impatience that made that interval of suspense more trying than the weeks of labour which had gone before.

His cause, meanwhile, was in good hands. Maxwell made her way up-stairs with the hamper, and quietly entered the schoolroom, where the two elder sisters were busily employed, the one in sorting and arranging a box of papers and letters, the other in finishing a piece of silk embroidery.

"If you please, young ladies," said the housekeeper, "Mr. Alexander Romilly has called to inquire particularly after my lady, and to know if he can be of any service; and I thought one of you would see him, perhaps, and tell him how her ladyship is going on."

Both sisters had looked up at the name, but it was the elder who spoke first.

"Mr. Romilly is very kind, but I do not see that there is anything for him to do. Is that a basket from Ireland?"

"No, Miss Sterndale; the young gentleman understood your mamma was ill, and he has been and got her every little thing that he ever heard her say she liked. I was just wishing there was anything in the house to tempt her to eat, and these will be a surprise; and perhaps she may have her tea with you, instead of in her room alone, and enjoy it more for the change."

Clarice glanced at the inviting contents of the basket as Maxwell raised the lid, and her lip curled and quivered with some suppressed emotion.

"It is very well-meant—very attentive of Mr. Romilly," she said slowly, "and deserves something more than a message. You had better see him, Juliet, or he may think we are offended."

"Won't you go—or at least, come with me?" stammered Juliet, whose cheeks had become of a deep pink, and whose hands seemed hardly able to fold up her work steadily.

"I cannot leave this half done," was the reply, as the elder sister bent her knitted brows again over the pile of papers. "If you really want me, you can send Phillis to call me down."

"Will it not look strange?" said Juliet, rising, with an involuntary glance round the room for the mirror that was not there.

"It will look—just as you do—no need of the glass, my dear. You can take my word for the fact. Some flowers open best among ruins, and you are one of them."

As the door closed behind the other two, Clarice Sterndale threw down the letter she was trying to read, and starting from her seat paced, almost wildly, up and down the room.

"Well, I am thankful I did not speak sharply—I did not, in the bitterness of my temper, insist on the basket being flung back into his hands, and the door shut in his face! Although he is a man—although he was made welcome here, and had his plans like his neighbours, he may after all be tender-hearted and generous, and not a hollow sham. If she can be made happier by believing that some one outside thinks and feels for her—if she has life enough left in her system to love and hope, why should I stand in her way, because all in me is dead? It is only bearing one thing more—hardly worth mentioning among so many. And the poor mother—Maxwell is right—anything that will rouse her out of herself, if only for an hour or two, must be a gain. I'll do the thing thoroughly while I am about it; I'll make her ask him to stay for tea. It will do her good in every way, and afford me a fine opportunity of acting the Spartan. He, at least, shall not suspect my fox, if others do."

The sort of laugh with which she resumed her seat, and busied herself in clearing away the traces of her occupation, too plainly showed the secret pain that had become a second nature. The flood of disaster that had submerged the family fortunes had broken in with special force on her own garden of hope, just as it seemed richest in

blossom. She was engaged, with the full approval of all parties concerned, to a young man in the diplomatic service, whose lack of income was considered, by competent authority, to be compensated by his good birth, position, and interest. To Clarice it was a matter of secret exultation that she should have the privilege of bringing him the one gift he had hitherto lacked—the competence which would enable him to move in his proper sphere, and escape the drudgery of years of toil. To all appearance his devotion was equal to her own, and the sweet dream was, while it lasted, perfect. Rude, indeed, was the awakening; for, with the fall of her house, fell the vision of her future home. The "old tale, and often told," which, for the credit of human nature and true love, is sometimes contradicted by fidelity unto death, proved here but too accurate. The state in which Mr. Sterndale's affairs were left was no sooner known, than the change in the noble family's views began to be manifest. Delicately, considerably, with the utmost courtesy, a hint was let fall which Clarice perfectly understood; and stung almost to madness, she met them half-way, released her lover from his troth without permitting him an interview, and in reply to his letter demanding to be heard as a right, giving him a dismissal in such terms as effectually to settle the matter. His family were glad to escape discussion by leaving town before the season was over; and the next news of him was that he was gone abroad as attaché to one of the embassies. They should soon hear of his engagement elsewhere, was Clarice's remark to her sister; and she only hoped he might not be disappointed again.

It is hard to say which suffers most—the heart that clings to its ideal, and endures the hourly torture of defending it in vain, or the one that has to bear the self-contempt for having believed too easily that dross was gold. Clarice was of the latter class, and the fierceness of her anguish would have soured her whole being, but for one saving influence outside its control—the love that existed between herself and her sister. It had grown with their growth from the days when Juliet was just able to stretch out her tiny arms to welcome the small protector whose escort she preferred to all others; and the undoubted trust of the younger had been requited by a tenderness on the part of the elder which womanhood only developed and strengthened. In this hour of darkness it stood Clarice in good stead: she could not harden herself against the whole world with

Juliet to lean upon ; she could not trample on her sense of right and wrong with her sister standing by to see it. No one could quite despair while that brave spirit so gallantly held out. There was that in Juliet's nature which reveals itself in times of peril and privation among our unconscious heroes by land and sea ; in the officer whose gallant cheerfulness is his men's last support—in the soldier who gives his life for a messmate, though no newspaper correspondent is there to tell the tale—in the miner that volunteers to rescue comrades at the hazard of worse than death ; heroes all developed by emergency, but not more heroic than the bright hazel-eyed girl whom Alexander Romilly had seen and worshipped as a creature born only for joy and smiles. The magnitude and suddenness of the calamity seemed to call out an amount of energy and resource of which no one had supposed her capable ; and which probably would have otherwise long remained unknown. Devouring her grief for her father, which might have unfitted her for exertion, she accepted the situation at once as one of shipwreck ; troubling herself no more about her personal dignity or the possible comments of others than if they had been cast on a desert island, to live as best they could. Little offices that had been done for her all her life as a matter of course, she studied so diligently as to forestal good Maxwell's loyal vigilance, and prevent her from being absolutely worked to death in the endeavour to shield them all from privation. The value of these services to the stricken household was incalculable. Now, too, in various ways her mother and sister might perceive, if they would, what an undercurrent of thoughtfulness and self-improvement had been running through the daily life that sparkled so brightly in the sun. The orphan whom Maxwell was training for a servant was one whom Juliet had maintained and watched over, and whose devoted attachment supplied the lack of experience ; the silk embroidery she was now engaged upon at a remunerative price had been learned and practised to assist a former governess, who was too glad to be of service in her turn, by making all the needful but troublesome arrangements about the work ; while more than one among their acquaintance, whose claims Lady Honora had thought amply satisfied by an occasional invitation or card, dwelt with special solicitude on Juliet's past attentions and pleasant ways, which made the inquiries after her health and spirits more affectionate

than the formal ones for the family. Elderly ladies, of small means and attractions, would detain Maxwell to ask if there were nothing they could do for the dear, sweet girl whose visits they so sorely missed, and in so doing gave her more comfort than they knew ; for Maxwell loved to tell her young lady how the tears had been in their eyes when they spoke, and that she verily believed they would walk miles to do her any good, and think nothing of it. Such proofs of good-will came like showers and dew upon the desolation that, since Clarice's trouble, had seemed to compass them on every side. Fain would she have shared the solace with her sister ; but her it only reached indirectly, in its effect on Juliet herself. The elder had learned to look unawares for a ray of sunshine in the face of the younger ; and had that beacon light gone out her heart would have broken.

How hard it was to keep it burning no one knew but Juliet herself, whose reliance on her father's wisdom had been as deep as her love, and whose reverence for his memory sanctified every exertion and sacrifice that seemed required to clear his honour. Her mother's readiness to give up everything sooner than leave a slur on his name had endeared her more than ever to her heart ; and, all three being of one mind on the matter, they had carried out the resolve beyond what some of their relations deemed necessary or even expedient—their own offers of help becoming cooler in consequence. Lady Honora, moreover, though willing to give up what she had, seemed to expect others would make it up to her somehow, sooner or later ; and had yielded to a torpid depression of mind and body, out of which Clarice and Maxwell were tacitly agreed that she *must* be roused.

"If your dear mamma could be persuaded to have her tea along with you, Miss Juliet dear, it would do her twice the good," was the housekeeper's remark as they passed each other ; and Juliet assented, without quite knowing what she said, for her mind was absorbed in the meeting before her.

How, under existing circumstances, ought she to greet Mr. Romilly ?

Well did she remember that night of their last reception—how many years ago was that now ?—and the talk they had for a few minutes, when he pleaded for a flower from her bouquet, and she had secretly decided that never had she encountered eyes with such irresistible power of pleading. Unassuming he had always been, sometimes

shy—but whenever he spoke to her, with no one else to hear, the warmth of his heart revealed itself in every word and gesture; and she knew better from his manner than from anything he had ventured to say, that she was indeed loved, as she firmly believed, for her own sake alone.

Still, as she thought of meeting him now, prudence, reserve, perhaps womanly pride, suggested there should be no appearance of remembering by-gone passages; she would greet him as a courteous acquaintance deserved, and then no one could misconstrue her meaning. Strong in this resolve she opened the door, and her well-prepared speech died on her lips directly she saw his face. Every muscle was quivering with emotion; and if she had thought his eyes eloquent before, how much more so now they were brimming with tears!

When she was able to reflect, she found that she had given him both her hands, and that he was covering them with kisses, murmuring something not exactly intelligible from the choking of his voice; and her own self-command yielding to the contagion, she had to withdraw one hand from his clasp to clear the blinding drops from her sight.

"This will not do," she said when she could speak at all; "if I had thought I should behave like this, I should not have come down."

"It is my fault—my selfishness!" pleaded Alexander, with an effort to control his agitation; "but I could not have helped it to save my life. Such kindness as I received in this house, such happiness as I have tasted here; and then to think of what you have gone through—the sorrow, the trouble—your mother's illness, so good as she always was to me! If you only could imagine how I have longed to do something to serve you, how I have counted the weary, long days till I might venture to call——"

"Have *you*, too, found them long?" she asked innocently. "To me they seem like half my life; but we have lived through the worst, I think, now, and we shall be helped to go on. It is very kind of you to feel for us so much."

"*Kind?*" He pressed the hand he still retained between both his own. "*Kind* to feel for you? Do you not know—yes, you must, you cannot help knowing, that every grief or gladness of yours is more to me than all the world besides—that I only live for you, whether I am near you or not. That evening when I saw you last, and you gave me a flower to remember you by——"

"Oh, don't, Mr. Romilly!" was her mournful interruption. "If I had known then what I do now, do you suppose I should have been so weak, so selfish as you would have me appear?"

"Do *you* suppose, for a moment, that any trouble of yours would not make you ten times dearer, if possible, than you were before?"

"It is not always so," she murmured, thinking of Clarice as if it were almost unjust to accept a consolation that she could not share.

"No," he repeated, "it is not always so, for some do not recognise a jewel out of its costly setting, but those who do— Tell me, Juliet"—his voice was tremulous in its fervent appeal—"can you have any doubt that I love you? I do not expect you to know how much, for that is beyond my own knowledge; but a man can only give his all, and all I have to give is yours to take or to throw away!"

"It is very wrong—very foolish," was her answer, which she vainly tried to make steady; "you know I have nothing but my hands, and they have more already upon them than they can get through; and you have your way to make in the world, and must not be hampered by our difficulties."

"As to that," said Romilly brightly, "they seem in a fair way of making my fortune. When I found I might not see you for weeks, I took to working double tides; and every stroke of the pen seemed to bring us nearer. I never wrote so fast or so well—the thoughts flew over the paper of themselves; and this very day, when I handed in my last batch of copy, the hope that you might, perhaps, let me put my hand to some of your burdens sent a fresh flood of ideas through my brain, for which the market is open, and which will all be turned into gold; and it is all your doing—you give me inspiration—your sorrows treble my strength."

"I should not have imagined that," observed Juliet, with a wistful glance at the smooth cheek, which had grown much thinner since she saw it last. "If you work too hard and too late at night, I shall have the additional grief of knowing we have broken you down."

"You *would* grieve, then, if I broke down, Juliet, though I am only a poor author, with nothing but my brain and my pen?"

When questions like this are put as softly as Alexander put his, the answer may be imagined; the situation becomes more in-

teresting than dramatic, but the interest is confined to the speakers. How long the conversation might have lasted, after reaching this point, we cannot say; nor did either take any count of the time that had elapsed, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Clarice.

Her face was flushed, but her manner was composed; greeting Romilly as if his call were a matter of course, she thanked him for his polite attention to her mother, and invited him in her name to go up-stairs. A visit from a kind friend would do her good, and she had one or two little things about which she might be glad of his advice. He could hardly credit his good fortune, and Juliet looked at her sister in amazement; but there was no room for hesitation, and Alexander Romilly followed the ladies up the staircase, as he would have done had it been to his death.

CHAPTER II.

THE health of Lady Honora Sterndale, without being seriously affected, had been in an unsatisfactory state for some weeks past; the able physician, who had attended her as an old friend, telling her daughters plainly that he could do no more; unless she could be brought to exert herself no medicine would do her any good. Too amiable for ill-humoured repining, she had yielded to the dull lassitude of weary depression, refusing to leave her chamber, and rejecting, with increased distaste, all efforts to tempt her appetite. The close of the season having carried away most of their still faithful friends, the attentions shown at first had necessarily slackened, and the straitened housekeeping, that exercised the ingenuity of Juliet and Maxwell, afforded little scope for variety. Clarice had argued that it did not matter—she could not have her mother tormented; if she felt more comfortable in her bedroom, why should she be forced out of it? But she had begun to alter her opinion, and almost to regret that her uncle had invited the two boys to spend the holidays in Ireland. The arrangement had been hailed at the time as a boon to all parties, but it had taken away the mother's only inducement to exertion. The impulse which made Miss Sterndale seize the present opportunity was partly due to this uneasiness—partly to a fierce desire to snatch something out of the wreck for Juliet; and she timed her entrance into Lady Honora's room so as to support the attack Maxwell had already begun.

"Oh! is it you, my dear?" was her mother's greeting, with more animation than she had shown for weeks past; "I hear that you have a visitor—that pleasant young man who writes so cleverly—I forget his name—but it is very civil of him to call. You must explain, Clarice, my dear, that I do not receive any one—of course I could not begin yet—though sometimes I think I should like to go to sleep for a year, and not wake up till I can go about as usual."

"You need not quite do that, mother," said Clarice; "but as you say, it is very trying for you to see no one, and prevents your getting the advice that a gentleman can sometimes give, so much better than a man of business. I was thinking what a good opportunity it would be, as Mr. Romilly is here, to ask him about those prints. I am convinced they are saleable enough to dispose of, if one could meet with a collector of such things; and literary men, you know, pick up all kinds of information——"

"Very true, my dear, so they do; and it would be a comfort to talk to a gentleman about it, if one felt equal to seeing him. Maxwell says he asked most particularly after me, which was very kind of him. Yes, I remember the name now—he used to like to be asked here, poor fellow."

"So he would now, mother, if you wished to ask his advice. I am sure he would feel gratified by your making him useful, and would think it very kind of you to give him a cup of tea."

"My dear! young men like their late dinners, and their club, and their own amusements; they cannot put up with such things as we do."

"Well, mother, I may be wrong; but if you do invite him to stay, I think he will take it as a favour. He can finish the evening at his club if he chooses."

"Very well, my dear—only you must undertake the conversation. I shall just come in and sit a little while with you—nothing more."

Clarice acquiesced, made all her private arrangements, and went down to summon the guest; perfectly aware that the first step being gained, the rest would be comparatively easy.

In fact, the little exertion of dressing with more regard to personal appearance than she had paid of late, and then of taking her place in the sitting-room, had already so far roused the widow that she forgot her intention of remaining passive, and received the young man with her old frank kindness, touched to

perceive how genuine was his agitation. When he had once taken his seat by her arm-chair, and they had begun to talk over the topics of the day, the sisters had no more fears for the result; Lady Honora looked more like herself than she had since her calamities began, and was the first to suggest that of course Mr. Romilly never did see such a thing as a tea-dinner, but as a matter of curiosity, might be induced to share it, if it came up at once. His modest attempts to decline were talked down; and Maxwell, with the delighted orphan assisting outside the door, quickly spread the table with such a meal as her ladies had not tasted for many a day.

Whether Lady Honora connected the amendment of their fare with the attentive call of their visitor, they could not discover; she asked no questions, though there was some significance in the glance she cast for a moment from the table on Juliet's brightened face and Romilly's tell-tale blushes; but whatever she conjectured was not of a displeasing nature, so as to prevent her appreciating the unwonted supply. On the contrary, her evident enjoyment of the meal was enough to stir up the gratitude of her daughters; and won for Romilly such a glance from Juliet, as, but for its sadness, would have filled him with bliss. As it was, the longing to efface every painful remembrance and shield her from every privation so swelled his heart, that though he had been conscious, a little while before, of an unromantic amount of hunger, he could hardly swallow what was put upon his plate, and was obliged to make some excuse to avoid hurting their feelings. It was a relief when their attention was for the moment diverted by the sudden entrance of their two youngest sisters, who had been spending the day with friends, and were full of excitement about some news they had brought home.

"Mamma! Clary! only think! The Purfleets are all going to the sea next week, and they say there are nice little rooms to be had next to theirs, that would just do for us! It would be so delicious—we could bathe together, and ride donkeys, and make castles in the sand, and take long walks, and all—and the rooms are not at all dear, only they must be taken at once! Can't we go, mamma dear?"

"Certainly not," interposed Clarice sharply, "and I thought you both knew better than to worry poor mamma about anything of the sort. Now don't begin to cry—that is too silly, and very naughty besides."

But little minds are sometimes unwise enough to build castles without the help of sea-sand, which it is terribly disappointing to see ruthlessly swept away by their elders; and being still new to opposition to their wishes, and tired already by a hot day's amusement, their discontent broke out with little regard to the visitor's presence; the youngest child bursting into a roar, while the elder, in a high, injured tone, protested against staying in "horrid, stupid London" when everybody else went away.

The commotion was promptly checked by Juliet, whose kindly "Come with me, dears, and we'll see what we can do," so far consoled the rebels that they allowed her to lead them away; Alexander watching her graceful figure as she lifted the sobbing little one in her arms, and thinking what a magic there was in that touch and voice, to lay the storms in more unruly hearts than those of children.

Clarice noticed his look, and for a moment sat with knitted brow and tightly compressed lips, full of her own bitter thoughts; but her mother had been so agitated by the children's clamour, that the attention of both was required to restore her composure, and coax her into finishing her meal. When this was accomplished, and Juliet did not return, Clarice took a decided step.

"We have some old engravings here, Mr. Romilly," she said, lifting a portfolio from the corner of the room and laying it down on the sofa, "about which my mother wants to consult you. Some of them we believe are rare, but no one I have spoken to seems to know much about it. Your taste, like your good-nature, is so thoroughly to be relied upon, that perhaps you would look at them for us. I have some writing to finish, so you will excuse my leaving you together."

"You cannot do me a greater kindness, or honour, than by allowing me to be of the smallest service," he replied, rising to open the door for the young lady, and looking earnestly in her face. Their eyes met, and, for the first time, she recognised the eloquence of his. She controlled herself sufficiently to let him see he was understood and trusted; but when she reached her own room with her pile of papers, instead of resuming her work as she meant, she flung herself down by her bedside, burying her face as if its shame could be seen, while her anguish found vent in tearless moans, "Oh, Alfred, Alfred—would to God we had never met!"

Left alone with her young and sympathising guest, it was not in Lady Honora's nature

to suppress her own thoughts and feelings. She could be silent, as she had lately been, from torpid depression; but if she talked, she talked without reserve; and before they had half inspected the engravings, among which he had quickly distinguished three or four of real value, she had begun to open her heart as to an old and intimate friend. Of course he knew what had befallen them, and how little she had once supposed her grandfather's old collection of favourite prints would ever become a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—but that was little in comparison with other troubles. And she poured out her sorrow over her husband's loss, relieving herself by the tears that flowed as she dwelt upon his excellencies, and how she had always leant upon him for guidance and counsel, and now had only her girls—to be sure, Clarice had a wonderful head for business, but it was full of other matters, poor love!—and out came the story of her broken engagement, of which only contradictory versions had reached Romilly's ears. Then, warming more and more in the comfort of his sympathetic attention, she went on to speak of Juliet—how impossible it was to conceive what she did for them all.

"You would hardly believe it, I dare say, for gentlemen do not realise these things, but she is more useful than three maids. My good housekeeper, who is devotion itself to me and mine, is quite amazed at her readiness to turn her hand to everything; and between them, I hardly miss the servants we used to keep. And then she is always bright and good-humoured with the children, and nobody else can cheer up poor Clarice. Ah, dear me! their poor father little thought the girls he was so proud of would come to this!"

"He would have been prouder still of such heroic self-devotion and courage," said Romilly eagerly.

"I don't know; people despise you directly you begin to go down. Some of our relations think me very wrong for allowing such a state of things. I could show you letters that are downright cruel, because we all agreed we would rather sweep a crossing than let his name be dishonoured."

She looked as unlikely to assist at that out-door occupation as could well be imagined, but Romilly only noticed the sentiment, of which he highly approved. Let those who could not appreciate true worth say what they would, there were others who would only revere and admire it the more for shining in adversity, and bless the troubles

that gave them a chance of offering their homage and service.

"You betray yourself, ingenious novelist as you are," said she, shaking her finger at him with the good-humoured affability of her prosperous days. "You do not suppose I gave my economical managers the credit of such a collation as we have had this evening. It is because I guessed and felt your kindness that I speak so freely. We have had a terrible time, and what is before us I cannot tell. My brother, Lord Pontifex, gives the dear boys the run of his house, and would do the same for us all if we chose to go to him; but the girls do not like to be dependent, even on an uncle; and I am not sure that it would be right or wise, good fellow as he is. When this house is let, we shall know what we have to live upon, and must find some cheap corner—anything will do for me—my day is over—all I care about is thinking of those dear creatures being looked down upon."

Her sob, as she said this, went to the listener's heart.

"To look down upon two such beings is reserved for the angels alone," he said, "their fellow-creatures must be content to look up. Oh, Lady Honora, your kindness makes me bold to speak, though it may be presumptuous—I am only a struggling writer, I know; but I love the highest where I see it, and in your daughter Juliet it takes the most winning form that man's eyes ever looked upon. Far above my merits as she must always be, I loved her from the first day we met, and I can but love her to the end!"

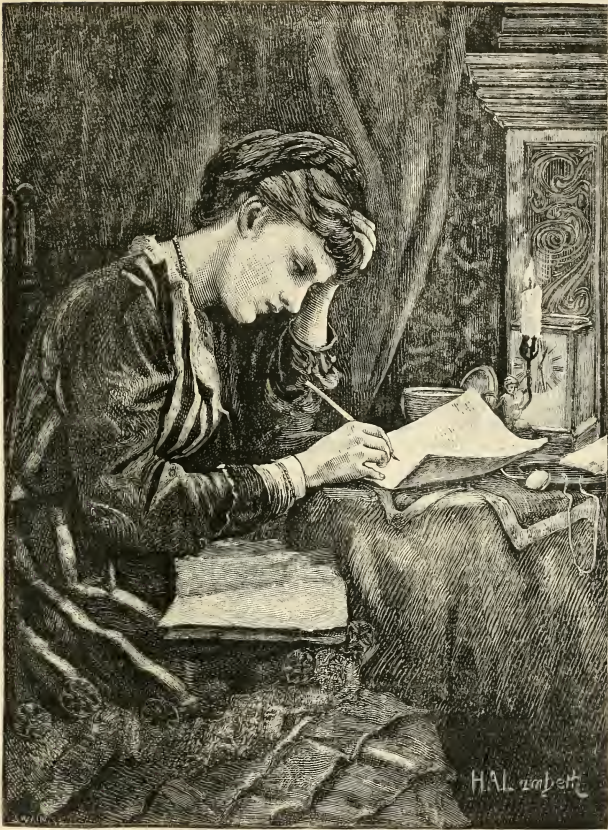
The widow had raised herself in her arm-chair, and sat looking at him with an interest that was not unmixed with compassion. She was too well accustomed to her daughters' praises to be much surprised, though she was not prepared for so sudden a revelation.

"Does Juliet know anything of this?" was her first question.

"She knows I love her; she does not know that I should ask your consent to-day, for I did not know it myself. It was your kindness that gave me courage," he added, pressing his lips on the soft, white hand that rested on the arm of the chair.

"Foolish, very foolish," was her answer, but not unkindly: "what am I to consent to? You cannot marry—and what have you to look forward to? You must see it is out of the question."

He did not see it, but he was silent, for he saw she was revolving it in her mind, and



“ Back to her desk and papers, and busy with them half the night.”

waited respectfully as she leaned back with closed eyes, trying to collect her ideas to meet the emergency for the first time without her husband's direction. She had a vague impression that she ought to be firm, perhaps severe; but it was against her nature to give any one pain.

“ You know, Mr. Romilly, that if we are not beggars, simply because we do not beg, we are ruined, and my daughter has no fortune whatever. I have heard my dear husband say, over and over again, that nothing could be so hard for a young man as to struggle up hill with a burden on his back. He would never have allowed an engagement

where there was no chance of its coming to anything.”

Alexander protested that this was not his case at all; he only asked for acceptance and hope, to obtain by their means treble power of working; and would have forthwith laid before her all his present means and future prospects, had he not been interrupted by Juliet's return. As she involuntarily stopped short, startled by his attitude and that of her mother, he rose to meet her, and took her by the hand.

“ You are just in time, my love,” said Lady Honora kindly, as with a glance and whispered word he led her to her mother's

chair ; " you must help me to convince this very imprudent young friend of ours, that he had much better leave a sinking ship ; it is enough for us to go down ourselves, without dragging generous people after us."

" I have told him so, mother, and he will not believe me."

" Then you are not taken by surprise as I was ? Are you aware that he considers fortune of no value compared with the pleasing qualities we are accustomed to in good girls like yourself ? And taking me at such a disadvantage, he wants me to be as unwise as he is, and consent to what is impossible. I only ask you—what am I to do ?"

It was just nine when Clarice was roused from a stupor of lassitude by a candle being lighted on the dressing-table ; and the next minute her sister was bending over her, and dropping a light kiss on her throbbing brow.

" You ought to be in bed, dear ; you are tired out. Let me brush your hair, and help you to undress."

Clarice sat up with an effort ; but her head was dizzy, and she gladly rested it on Juliet's shoulder. " You must not stay here," she said, " you are wanted."

" No, he is gone," said Juliet simply, " and Maxwell is with mother in her room. I think the little excitement has done her good."

" Any good is welcome from its rarity ; but unless it extends to *you*, it is not much to *me*."

" It has come rather suddenly," half whispered the younger sister, " I hope I have not done wrong."

" He spoke to mother, then ? I thought he would."

" It seems she began to confide in him, and he was carried on to say——"

" Not more than he meant ?"

" Oh no, no, but more than he ought, she thinks ; and she would not give him any real answer—only she does not forbid his coming."

" And he is satisfied with that ?"

" It seemed to make him only too happy, poor fellow."

" And you, Juliet ?" asked the elder, putting up a hand to touch the cheek, down which quiet tears were trickling, and falling on her hair, " you think it all a mistake—a foolish piece of business—to encourage a young man with no settled income, and only his heart's devotion to reward you for waiting ? You feel sure that you will both repent, sooner or later, and will be fortunate if you do so before it is too late ?"

Juliet pressed her lips on the speaker's hand. " Oh, Clarice, if I could only share with you the comfort I feel ! It may be imprudent when we are both so poor ; but I should have thought I was throwing away a gift from heaven—the only one that could bring me joy—except one that brought peace to *you*."

" Peace, my dear ? I never was more peaceably disposed in my life. I love the whole world, and hope to show it some day. Now let me alone, for I am going to write."

And in spite of all her sister could urge, she went back to her desk and papers, and was busy with them half the night.

(*To be continued.*)

THREE SONNETS.

I.—CYNIC TO POET.

HAD you been wise, you never had been poor,
 Or knocked unanswered at a Christian door.
 Why did you not in youth add store to store ?
 Knowing how fame by wealth is made secure ;
 How genius even with fame is never sure
 Of being statued upon any shore ;
 How ragged virtue is a thing impure ;
 And guinealess piety a saintly bore ?
 Go to ! your honesty's a blank ; your purse
 Is penniless ; your feet and back are bare.
 Since you have earned but blows from Fortune's rod,
 Die like a man, and leave the world your curse !
 Heavens ! how you start, like any king ! and glare
 With glorious eyes, as if you were a god !

II.—POET TO CYNIC.

WHAT voice is this that counsels with a sneer,
 To end a life that fails to gather pence ?
 Surely in poverty is no offence ?
 Surely in mintage is no magic gear
 To buy salvation in another sphere,
 Where only grace and worth make competence ?
 Bare feet, bare back ! Not these, but this, I fear—
 Naked of heavenly knowledge going hence.
 Who lives on less than little may be rich ;
 An empire's revenues o'erspent make poor :
 'Tis not the crown, but the king's heart, is king,
 And rears him high or rolls him in the ditch.
 At councils of the gods I sing secure,
 And all the stars sing with me as I sing.

III.—SAGE TO CYNIC AND POET.

PATIENCE, brave friends ! though hard it is to wait
 The crowned event you wish that never comes,
 While rude souls blow their trumps and beat their drums
 Over mean trophies at a brazen gate,
 Where supple knees slip down on new estate.
 Rather be poor, good hearts, than rich with sums
 Earned by no deed of worth. Sweet are life's crumbs
 To him who hungers through an honest fate !
 Hope still remains, though far behind we pace
 In the long progress led by dancing plume
 And glancing spear, adown the jubilant wind.
 Something there is to give us heart of grace :
 The proud must serve the Moulder of their doom ;
 God serves the humble-true, though halt and blind.

WILLIAM FREELAND.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE REV. JAMES NOBLE BENNIE, LL.D.

APRIL 5TH.

Read Isaiah xxxviii. and Hebrews xii. 1—13.

AMONG the dark things of life, the fact of human suffering stands out in sad prominence. If we have days of sunshine and gladness, of soft and tranquil beauty, or of fresh and bracing winds, to rejoice and give thanks for, how soon and surely do these give place to seasons of cloud and rain, to cheerless, biting frosts, and gloomy, pitiless storms ! So that, as men look back on their lives, when they are nearing the close, or when they consider human experience as a whole, they cannot but accept the verdicts of Jacob and of Job : "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been ;" "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a

flower and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not." Why is it so ? Why, in this world of the almighty and loving Father, is there so much sickness and sorrow, so much disappointment and frustration, so much suffering and pain ? This is the question which perplexes and torments the hearts of men in every age. It is as startling and peremptory now as in the earliest, far-off ages of dim antiquity. The men of this generation ask it, with the same sad and wistful gaze, in their rapid but solemn march from their cradles to their graves—in the same earnest, pathetic tones as all their forefathers have asked it. Amidst the infinitely varied circumstances, conditions, and histories of nations and of individual men, this is a universal and unchang-

ing experience, a bond of common sympathy, a badge and burden of manhood. Any religion suitable for man must face and interpret this fact of suffering; must be capable of imparting patience and resignation, comfort and hope, under it.

When, in the providence of God, a man is taken apart from the busy, careless crowd, and from his former self and experience, and has to bear the weight and severity of affliction, he is beset by a twofold temptation. Not recognising the source of his trial, but only shrinking from its torment, he may seek to harden himself against it, and meet it with dumb, stoical endurance. He is like one of the lower animals in pain—conscious of being tormented; giving evident tokens of distress; writhing under it; but with no intelligent perception of its meaning, no understanding of the lesson it contains, or that it brings a message to him. And so he hardens himself against it; he tries to shake it off; he “despises the chastening of the Lord.” Or, it may be, acknowledging in a measure that trouble springs not from the ground, is not altogether accidental or meaningless, he puts too dark and hopeless an interpretation on it. He mistakes God’s purpose in it. From a naturally gloomy disposition, or from faulty training, resulting in a false conception of God’s character and purpose towards men, he cowers in terror beneath his rebuke, and “faints” under it. In either case the sufferer fails of its true mission. The divine discipline conveyed in it has not yet reached the sufferer. Before this can begin, a sense of helplessness, and the insufficiency of self, and the vanity of human aid, must grow within the man; he must own his dependence on a higher than human will; he must take refuge in God. With King Hezekiah, when he was crushed down by the sickness which had brought him face to face with death, he must, with a humble but trustful heart, pray, “O Lord, undertake for me, for I am oppressed.” Thus to “cast our burden upon the Lord” is at once to lighten our load; and to take the first step upwards towards that inward restfulness and peace, that resignation founded upon confidence, which must at last issue in the hope which maketh not ashamed.

For gradually but surely, when once we have betaken ourselves to God, laying our cause before Him, calling upon Him in the time of our trouble, and leaving ourselves in His faithful and loving hands, the assurance will dawn upon the stricken heart that the affliction and its rebuke are the outcome, not

of anger and condemnation, but of wise and fatherly compassion and faithfulness; that “whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” Then, indeed, light from above breaks on the darkness of human sorrow; its sting is gone; its bitterness is no longer hopeless and intolerable. For is not this what we most need and desire, that we should be loved? What, like love, can bind up the broken heart, heal sorrow, alleviate pain, and dry our tears? Is there anything we cannot bear if we only know assuredly that love inflicts the stroke and is sharing our burden? Let a man be persuaded in his heart that, however dark his days, and desolate his home, and dreary his life be, his cup of bitterness is mixed and given him by his heavenly Father’s loving hand, and trust will silence murmuring, and hope will banish despair, and allay the rising sense of wrong, and assert a calm and sweet submission,—“Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” And thus, by an experience peculiar and personal to each individual sufferer, but yet in its leading features essentially the same to all, we learn, slowly it may be, and painfully, the deep and blessed truth of that great, though startling, utterance of the Master Himself, “Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

APRIL 12TH.

Read Psalm cxix, 65—72 and Romans v. 1—11.

THERE is in affliction a sifting power; painful in its processes, but most beneficent in its results. It searches the heart of a man with a subtle scrutiny. It lays bare self-deception; removes the comfortable wrappings of our self-complacency; tests the foundation of character; and shows us our real selves. In the days of sunshine, and pleasant ease, and gratifying success, we are readily satisfied with ourselves. And amidst the smoothness and enjoyment of our lives, the whispers of self-flattery are welcomed by willing ears. And so long as the sky remains unclouded, and our happiness is uninterrupted, we are content to glide along the unruffled surface of existence. Perhaps, like the Pharisee, we thank God for making us so estimable and worthy; and no suspicion of deep defect, still less of sapping and deadly disease, disturbs our minds. By insensible degrees we become drowsy and inactive; a lulling sense of false security relaxes our vigilance and slackens all earnest effort; the heart grows careless and callous; temptation finds us off our guard; we first tamper with it, and then, yielding, backslide and fall. If left to

ourselves, the darkness must deepen into impenetrable night. But trouble comes to us. God lays His hand of faithful rebuke, of loving chastisement, upon us. We are made to pass through trial. And the trial, being adapted to our need, searches us through and reveals us to ourselves. It is a startling and humiliating revelation, when, thus weighed in the balances of God, and searched by His candles, our shortcomings and guilt are made plain to us. It is when our darkness has been manifested to us by the light of God, and we acknowledge it in penitence and shame, that, as we are brought under the Divine education of suffering, we begin to perceive its value and blessedness. It imparts a self-knowledge which cannot otherwise be gained. And this self-knowledge flows from the presence of a new and quickening life, which is the light of men. The very name of trial, applied to God's chastening of the human soul, involves this. And, in all ages, God's people have longed for this divine searching and purification, and have given thanks for it. Their prayer has been, "O Lord, search me, and try me, and lead me in the way everlasting." And when their cry has been answered, and they have been taught of God, like the King of Judah, they have gratefully recorded their experience, "O Lord, by these things men live; and in all these things, is the life of their spirits." Or, in words like the psalmist's, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes. Before I was troubled, I went wrong; but now have I kept Thy word."

But living and true as was the submissive trust exhibited by many of God's saints under the old covenant, and precious as were the wisdom and self-knowledge which they gained by means of their chastisements; they did not reach that depth of acquiescence in the Divine will, and that fulness of rejoicing hope, which became the blessed inheritance of Christians after God had been manifest in the flesh. The incarnation and life of the Lord Jesus Christ were, indeed, a new revelation of the Fatherly love and compassion of God. Read in this Divine light, suffering and affliction received a fresh interpretation, and were transfigured with a saving power. In the perfect reconciliation established between God and man, sorrow and pain seemed almost to change their nature, and to become instinct with a significance before undreamt of. It became, as it were, impossible to think of them apart from their blessed uses; the severity of the

means was as nothing in comparison with the glory of the end. At first we almost shrink from the boldness of St. Paul's language: "We glory in tribulation also." And yet, when we reflect on the gospel wrapt up in the word tribulation,* and remember why it is appointed to us, do we not feel that any weaker expression would fall short of that true appreciation, and that thankful recognition, of God's purpose in it, which it is our privilege as well as duty to give? No wonder that men who lived under a sense of the immediate presence of God, in their lives and hearts, and who believed with absolute conviction that "He was light and that in Him there was no darkness at all," felt, even in the midst of grievous trial, not merely submission, nor peace, nor even thankfulness, but a holy pride; and could not but glory in it, as the pledge and proof of God's educating love, and of their adoption as members of His family. And this understanding and acceptance of affliction in its manifold forms, as wise and gracious discipline, St. Paul illustrates and enforces by enumerating some of its kindly fruits. Let a man thus meet God in it, and all repining and complaint will give place to quiet patience. He will wait patiently for the Lord to justify His own action and explain His own meaning, and to send deliverance and blessing in His own time and way. And from this patient, abiding trust, there will gradually but surely spring up a knowledge of God founded on living experience, a growing perception of His mind and will, an ever-deepening sympathy with, and delight in, His perfect goodness, righteousness, and love. To such an one God reveals His secret, and shows His covenant. And as the man walks in the light of the eternal life, unbelief is rebuked, doubt vanishes, and hope in the God of hope rises clear and steadfast in his soul. Springing from God and reaching forth to fruition in Him, this hope "maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who is given unto us."

But in God's discipline of the human soul, we must remember that it is not only as punishment and correction that chastisement comes to us. With a view to an *increase in fruitfulness*, the great Husbandman often uses it. "Every branch in Me," says our Blessed Lord, "that beareth fruit, He pruneth

* Tribulation is from the Latin word *tribulum*, the threshing instrument of the Romans, and means the act of threshing corn, so as to separate the husks or chaff from the pure grain, and is applied, by a figure, to affliction or suffering, because these are meant to exercise a like sifting and purifying effect on human character.

it that it may bring forth more fruit." And this fruitfulness, whereby God is glorified, is not so much a result demanded or exacted from us, as an enlarged life, a blessed gift, a fuller salvation bestowed upon His chosen. To be thus chosen and enabled by God, to be thus quickened with His own life—what, in comparison with a privilege and blessedness so great, is the heaviest burden, the sorest affliction, the deepest sorrow? Well may the sons of men glory in tribulations which work such blessed results. Well might the Apostle say: "This light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Well might he "reckon the afflictions of this present time not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed in us."

APRIL 19TH.

Read Isaiah liii. and Philippians iii. 7—15.

"A GREAT sorrow," it has been well said, "is a great possession." On former Sunday evenings we have been considering the wise and gracious ends for which suffering and affliction are designed and used by our Heavenly Father. We have seen how it drives men to take refuge in God from it and under it; to meet Him in it; how it searches and solemnises the heart; rebukes its shortcomings and backslidings; imparts a true self-knowledge; lifts us out of self and its petty external surroundings; develops the grace of patience; educates in that living knowledge of God derived from experience, wherein standeth our eternal life; and sheds abroad in us that well-assured hope in God, whereby we are saved. We have further seen how, in the fatherly discipline of God, it is an effective and blessed means of increased fruitfulness in holiness and good works. To-night, let us meditate on the Divine example, and the glorious fellowship, of suffering presented to us in Holy Scripture. There the Lord of life is held up to us as the Prince of sufferers. In the Old Testament He is portrayed as the suffering Messiah; on the pages of the New Testament He stands out as the rejected and crucified Son of Man; He is lifted up on the cross, as was the brazen serpent of old in the camp of Israel, in the midst of our stricken and sorrowing race, that He may draw all men to Himself.

That the Saviour of the world should Himself be emphatically the Man of Sorrows; that He should be acquainted with grief, and have "His visage so marred, more than

any man, and His form more than the sons of men;" that His lot in life should have been one of lowly self-denial and privation, of patient endurance of wrong, and of the contradiction of sinners against Himself; that He should have been misunderstood, rejected, despised, scourged, and spit upon and crucified: surely in this simple fact, apart from all explanations and theories, there is a wonderful message of comfort, of encouragement, of peace for the sorrowful and suffering. Whatever the mystery of pain and sorrow be, the everlasting Son entered into it and bore it as His own. Nay, He thus drained the cup of suffering to its lowest dregs, not as apart, or different, from us, but as one with us; as having made our cause His own; as being our head and representative, our elder brother. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "Himself took our infirmities, and bore our sicknesses." "He tasted death for every man." So completely has He taken us to His heart, and made us one with Himself, that even from His throne of judgment, He assures us that He feels the hunger, the nakedness, the sickness, the imprisonment, the privations and sorrows, the pains and burdens, of the least of His human brethren as His own. "Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto Me." Not only in the vicarious power and sympathy of His love has He borne the sins of the world; He bears its sorrows too. To what countless multitudes of suffering men and women, in loneliness and agony, in misery and pain, in sorrow and desolation, have the tidings of this suffering and sorrowing Saviour come, as comes the dawn to those who watch and wait for the morning, healing and binding up their wounded and bleeding hearts! Because Himself smitten of God and afflicted, He has been, and is, to the afflicted and stricken, "as one that comforteth the mourners."

But a clearer, and growing, light breaks upon us as we realise the teaching of the New Testament, that in His sorrow and suffering our blessed Lord was an example to us. He was our leader, and we must follow in His footsteps; by the way which He went, we must go. "The disciple is not above his Master; the servant is not greater than his Lord." As He bore His cross, so must His followers deny themselves, and take up their crosses daily and follow Him. It is expressly of the sufferings of Christ

that St. Peter assures those for whom he wrote: "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps." Further on, in the same epistle, he comforts the Christians of the Dispersion in these striking words: "Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers in Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." St. Paul also speaks of "rejoicing in his sufferings for the Colossians, and filling up that which is behind, of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church." We may readily admit that St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Christians of the apostolic age, were called and privileged to partake in Christ's sufferings, to follow His example in them, with a fulness of meaning, and to a *degree*, of participation, far exceeding our own experience. But more than this we cannot and dare not do. Our spiritual life is the same, essentially the same, as theirs in *kind*. It is derived from the same Living Vine, whereof we are branches as well as they; it must bring forth the same fruit. Without Christ, they, no less than we, could do nothing. Abiding in Him, the same eternal life flows through our veins as flowed through theirs. Oneness with Christ is as necessary for us as for them. Both of us alike must have His mind and spirit in us. Any difference between us is, therefore, a difference of form and setting. If, in the providence of God, they were called to fellowship in Christ's sufferings, in encountering persecution, suffering losses, and dying the death of martyrs; no less, surely, have we, by the appointment of the same Providence, to enter into the same fellowship through the experience of our own sufferings. The burdens, the trials and afflictions, the disappointments and bereavements, the pains and sicknesses, the humiliations and contradictions, the conflict with evil in ourselves and others, the bitterness and woe of sin—what are these but the Divine discipline through which we have to pass, that we may be able by our own personal experience, and in the measure of which we are capable, to understand and sympathise with Christ's sufferings? What are they but the gates of entrance which our heavenly Father graciously opens for us, that by them we may pass out of the darkness and narrowness of self into the light, and freedom, and blessedness of loving fellowship with Christ? "Because I live, ye shall live also," are words of the Divine Head, applicable to all

His members. To have fellowship with His sufferings, to be crucified with Him, to die with Him, to be made conformable to His death, are no special and peculiar privileges reserved only for a few. They are the essential and indispensable marks of the whole company of the redeemed. And it is only when we regard the tale of human suffering and agony, and listen to their sad moanings and heart-rending cry, in the light of this realisation; when we remember that they are a means—a severe and painful means—to an unspeakably blessed and glorious end, that we rise out of hopelessness and despair, and can enter into the apostle's meaning when he describes himself "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

APRIL 26TH.

Read Isaiah xlix. 13—26 and Revelations vii. 13—17.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."

Whatever treatment, whatever discipline is dictated and guided by love, almighty love, must at last bring forth a blessing. It is the assurance of this that strengthens us without flinching to bear, in the patience of hope, our own burden of sorrow and affliction; and enables us to face without despair the accumulated horror of the pain and agony of the world. And this assurance is written legibly on the page of Holy Scripture. Dark and stern as are the pictures of misery and woe, their darkness is ever relieved by the promise of an adequate deliverance, of a full and complete redemption. If, in the Old Testament, in connection with the unfaithfulness and rebellion of Zion, we read of the deep humiliations and terrible judgments with which God has visited her, we have seldom far to go before light is shed on the surrounding gloom. The punishment and chastisement are not for ever. They will one day come to an end. Their work will be accomplished, and the issue will be a full and glorious salvation. How often do we meet such passages as these? "For the Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." "Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away" (Isaiah li. 3, 11). And when we turn to the New Testament, this combination of suffering and glory, of bondage and

deliverance, of sorrow leading to joy, of tribulation as the gate of entrance into the kingdom of heaven, of life coming out of death, is still more strikingly and constantly presented to us. If "we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," it is "because the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." And our fellowship with Christ's sufferings is always set before us as the prelude to reigning with Him, and entering into His joy; even as being made conformable to His death, dying with Him, being crucified with Him, are the appointed way of knowing the power of His resurrection, of rising, and being risen, with Him, of sitting together with Him in the heavenlies. Even as our Divine Master, "for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross and despised the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God," so are we, the disciples of the once crucified, but now risen and glorified, Saviour, to follow Him, however far off, and all unworthy as we are, in His unutterably blessed and glorious experience. If we have to sow in tears, we shall reap in joy. If in these bodies of mortality we must undergo humiliation, sickness and pain, death and corruption, it is because "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality;" because we shall be clothed with bodies like Christ's glorified body, "when death is swallowed up in victory." Such is to be the harvest of human suffering. We stagger and shrink back, blinded by the excessive brightness of the vision. Can this be the inheritance reserved for the sinful children of men? And yet, can it be less than this, if we are indeed the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together? What wonder if the apostle reckoned "the sufferings of this present time not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us?" "What shall we then say to these things?" We cannot change St. Paul's language, we shall not desire to lessen its fullness and force, if we believe the gospel which he proclaimed. "If God be for us, who can be against us? Shall tribulation, or distress, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, separate us from the love of Christ? Nay, in all these things, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Why do we so feebly realise, why do we so deeply fail to enter into the joy, the calming and elevating joy, of promises so great and precious, of hopes so full of immortality? Is it that we doubt the love of God? "He that spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Rather is it not our worldliness, our love of money, our receiving honour one of another, the low level of our spiritual life, our respectable selfishness, our orthodox unbelief which shut our ears and blind our eyes? It is not that we distinctly and deliberately deny this unspeakably high and glorious destiny; but it fails to exercise its legitimate and living power over our hearts and characters. The cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life choke the word, and we bring no fruit to perfection. But yet, at times, when we are stricken of God, and affliction has humbled us, and sorrow is searching us; on beds of weariness and pain, amidst cruel disappointments, when the keen edge of human treachery has cut us to the quick; and we feel how vain is the help of man, by desolate hearths, by newly opened graves, the vision which rose upon the lonely prisoner in the Isle of Patmos, in all its radiant beauty and truthfulness, is renewed for us. It comes, with full assurance, to hearts prepared for its reception; we accept it in humility, without question; it answers our inmost longings, and satisfies our deepest desire. Nothing less than this, we feel, can bear the strain of the world's suffering and woe. Thus must God, at last, "compass us about with songs of deliverance," and bestow on us the fulness of joy. Thus shall Christ see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied; thus shall God triumph over all His and our enemies in the salvation of His creatures. "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them," shall be heard saying, "Blessing and honour, and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." And if, in faithlessness and fear, we tremble at the largeness of the blessing, at the length and breadth of the triumph of God over every kind and form of evil, promised in words like these; let us remember that it is of the still higher blessedness of becoming like Christ our Lord, "when we shall see Him as He is," that the beloved disciple, in the maturity of his later life, writes: "And whoso hath this hope in him, *purifieth himself, even as He is pure.*"

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—BEFORE BREAKFAST.

THE Colonel did not return to the dining-room, notwithstanding that the reign of King Havannah, to whom he was so loyal a subject, had long begun there; for at Greenwich ladies are always kind to this foible of the other sex, or perhaps it is that those who are not so are carefully excluded from its festivities. He walked to the station and took the train to London, and then walked to Welham Street. Simple as such proceedings were, they were uncommon with him. He seldom walked at all, and still more seldom alone. His company was always sought after, except by himself. That he should go home at eleven o'clock at night or so was still more unusual. As he passed the "Pic," the porter, who was enjoying the summer weather outside the door, stepped back respectfully to give him admittance, but he walked on with a "good night."

The Colonel, unlike his class, had generally a pleasant word for his inferiors, which, together with his open-handedness, made him very popular with them. He was popular with most people, and had never done any wilful, or at least gratuitous harm to any man, save himself, in his life.

"He did not do much harm nor yet much good,
And might have been much better if he would,"

is an epitaph which, with the same exception, may be written with truth on most of our graves. I am even inclined to believe, taking human nature as we most of us find it, that the Colonel, notwithstanding his terrible errors, was morally above the average. He had not, it is true, put himself in the way (that is, *out of the way*) to listen to the cry of the poor, but he had never turned a deaf ear to it. It may be said, indeed, "that is easy; with money in one's pocket it is less trouble and less painful to give to those who are in need of it, than not to give." But as a matter of fact, many people of much better "principles" and infinitely more respectable than the Colonel, find it easier to button their pockets. I have heard it said, I am sorry to say from the pulpit, that charity of this sort is wholly without merit, and merely an instinct of compassion implanted in us to prevent the world from becoming what Lord Feenix used to call "another place." Yet I have known some very regular church-goers without the instinct. If we cannot be chari-

table, at least let us be honest. This man had good grain in his character, or at least had had till he himself sowed the tares that choked it. Moreover it behoves us to be pitiful, and in all London town there was no man, nay, no woman, walking its streets that night, more utterly hopeless and miserable than Richard Darrell.

He had put the latch-key into his door, but took it out again and walked round to Philip Langton's lodgings; the windows were dark, as he expected them to be, and in answer to his inquiry he was told that his friend was not within. He knew where to find him well enough, but it was where he did not choose to seek him. Perhaps (he reflected) it was better so, yet if he had found him at home it is possible that a certain dread resolve which he had in his mind might have been postponed or averted. These things are beyond us. The turning to the right hand or to the left, the starting from our home five minutes earlier or five minutes later, involve to men every day the issues of life and death. In the case of the individual, though the Insurance Companies can calculate it for their clients within a fraction, there is no such thing as comparative peril.

The Colonel returned home like one who walks in a dream—the people he met or passed had no existence for him—and went up at once to his own room, a small apartment at the back of the house, very quiet and looking on to a blank wall; the same sort of view that he had in his own mind, for he had a sensation when he was not actively engaged in thought, of some huge barrier being built up around him which was gradually shutting out the view. He sat down at his table and unlocked a desk where lay certain documents carefully arranged and docketed, his will, and the policy of his life assurance; there were also some letters all in feminine hands—a few from his dead wife tied together with black ribbon. That the Colonel should have kept such relics, and with such solicitude, would have seemed amazing even to his dearest friend; but even one's nearest and dearest do not (which is sometimes fortunate) know everything about us.

All the letters that Hester had ever written to him, from her first efforts, after her enfranchisement from pot-hooks and hangers,

to the last note she had sent from Mrs. West's house, were there; written by no means in such a hand as that attributed to women by the poet, "as when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring east," but in one particularly distinct and bold. He knew most of their contents by heart, but had it not been so, could certainly not have read them now. The very look of the packet, with its gay red ribbon round it, gave him a sharp pain, far worse than any sword could have done, for he survived it. There was also one other letter; it was nearly twenty years old, but not much creased, nor bearing as the rest did any evidences of reপরusal. He took it out and straightened it, then read it aloud. "You villain," it ran, "I have nothing to reply to your letter. You would have me wish you joy it seems; I wish you such joy as you deserve, and can hardly wish you worse." It had no signature except "Elizabeth," as though the writer had been a queen. This idea, indeed, seemed to strike the reader, for he murmured to himself with a brief smile, "It might have been Elizabeth writing to Essex." Then he tore it into small pieces and threw it into the empty grate with the reflection, "I wonder whether her resentment will live beyond the grave? It ought not to do so. It was utterly unjustifiable."

For a few moments he fell into a train of thought, which, though on a subject disagreeable enough, was welcome as compared with the other thoughts that were waiting their turn for admittance into his mind. They were not clamorous, nor vehement, but showed a certain patient impertunity that was not to be denied. They resembled an eager, but silent crowd, waiting at the doors of some theatre, who, at the first opening of it, stream in and fill the whole house from pit to gallery; only, instead of being in holiday garb they were all clothed in black raiment.

These unseen visitants made sleep impossible to the Colonel, who nevertheless arose in the morning to all appearance much the same as usual. His physical condition was in subjugation to that of his mind, which was in an abnormal and, so to speak, magnified state. External affairs had ceased to affect him, or at least to affect him in the usual way. Had any misfortune or catastrophe have occurred to him, it would no more have disturbed him than a deadly poison affects a man who has lock-jaw. He was in that condition to which medical science has given the name of "tolerance."

Still he transacted his ordinary affairs as usual. He had discharged his valet when his daughter had come to live with him (rather because it was more convenient to do without him in so small a house, than from any motive of economy), so permitted nurse Askell, to her huge delight, to pack his portmanteau for him. He remained at home all day—notwithstanding that he had told his daughter that he should leave town early—moving aimlessly about the house, or drumming on the window-frame as he stared idly out of window, and took the afternoon train for Brighton. He had no difficulty, by the usual means, of securing a compartment to himself. It was an express train, but his thoughts went faster far: to the home of his boyhood, to India, to yesterday's dinner at Greenwich. Even his school-days recurred to him. Every incident of his life seemed to flash before him as distinctly as the panorama of the country through which he flew. All things without had a sense of unreality he had never observed in them before; the objects on his mental retina only appeared to have any substance.

At Brighton he put up at an hotel, not the one he generally used, but a smaller and more quiet one, on the east cliff. The town had an attraction for him which it had never had before, as he walked out before dinner. The pier, the people, and even the shops, he regarded with a new sort of attention, though when he met any acquaintance, which he did more than once, he seemed to have a difficulty in recalling his identity. What was still more unusual with him, the objects of nature riveted his attention: the sea with its distant horizon, the clouds with their silent yet majestic march, and the illimitable sky.

A boatman came up to him as he was returning to his hotel and inquired if he would have a sail.

"Not to-day," replied the Colonel. "You may, however, take me out for a bathe to-morrow morning. Let us say half-past seven," which was accordingly agreed upon.

It was a lovely evening, and after dinner, of which he partook very sparingly, he went out again. This time he left the town behind him, and after a mile or two's walk in the direction of Rottingdean, sat down beside the sea, listening to its monotonous moan, and looking up at the quiet stars, which seemed to be watching him in their turn. A line of some forgotten poem came into his mind. He had never learnt a poem in his life to his knowledge, and, indeed,

hardly read one, yet the fragment of this one haunted him—

“The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.”

Perhaps he had not got the line right; sentinels did not set their own watch, he reflected, yet the idea monopolised him. Why were their watch set, and on whom? They were the outposts, as he had a vague idea, of numberless hosts of unseen stars, other worlds, and larger ones than our own: places where they didn't have any Derbies or play picquet, perhaps; indeed, very likely. What were they like? he wondered.

Presently the moon rose; how quiet it looked, as it flooded earth and sea with its silent splendour. He had seen it, of course, a thousand times before, but it had never looked so pure and beautiful. It struck him that he had missed many such glorious sights in life, which had lain, if not about his feet, above his head, and had only required an upward glance for their appreciation. He felt regretfully that it was a pity, but it was too late for all that now. The night was far advanced ere he turned his steps towards the town, and the sleepy waiter yawned as he opened the hotel door for him.

“I am sorry to have kept you up,” said the Colonel.

“It is no matter, sir. What time will you have breakfast to-morrow morning?”

Breakfast? That was the very last thing he would have thought of had it not been suggested to him. The incongruousness of it with what he had in his mind evoked a bitter smile.

“Well, I am going out for an early bathe; let us say nine o'clock.”

“Very good, sir.”

So abnormal was the state of the Colonel's feelings that even this conversation with the waiter had its impression on them. As he was turning away he put half-a-crown into the man's hand. “That is because you sat up for me,” he explained. The waiter thought it odd at the time, since the gentleman might have given it him when he left the hotel, but afterwards he had reason to think it a fortunate circumstance.

At nine o'clock next morning the breakfast was ready in No. 14, the Colonel's sitting-room, which looked out to sea, and the waiter was watching for him through the window. The porter had let him out about the hour that he had fixed for his bathe, and it was high time that he should have returned. There was a letter on the table, doubtless written overnight, and addressed to Philip Langton, Esq., Mayfair, which the waiter hardly knew

whether to post or not before the gentleman came in. Presently he noticed a crowd of fishermen talking eagerly together on the beach, and as it was a very slack time at the hotel, and curiosity, or as he subsequently explained it, “a sort of presentiment,” overcame him, he stepped out to inquire what it meant. It meant that the lodger in No. 14 would not be in to breakfast, nor would ever be seen alive again. He had been rowed out to sea according to his wishes, had undressed and taken a header into the water, but whether from cramp or from some other cause, he had not reappeared. The boatman had rowed about for a long time, but without seeing any traces of his fare. The body, he said, would probably come ashore at a certain place, at such a time, according to the set of the tide; but it was fortunate he saw the waiter, as otherwise he would not have known who the gentleman was, or where he came from.

The hotel-keeper was equally ignorant, but under the circumstances he made bold to open the letter lying on the table in No. 14. It only contained a few lines of commonplace correspondence, with the remark that the sea air was already doing the writer good; but it enabled Philip Langton to be informed by telegram that his friend Colonel Richard Darrell had been accidentally drowned that morning while bathing from a boat off Brighton beach.

CHAPTER XVIII.—NURSE ASKELL.

UPON the whole it is with reason that Sudden Death is included in our liturgy, even with Murder, as a catastrophe to be prayed against. To the individual perhaps it may seem desirable, since the pain and weariness of illness, and all those melancholy signs—too prolonged for wholesome warnings—which often attend the break up of our poor tenements of clay, are thereby dispensed with; but to the survivors the suddenness of the calamity increases the shock of it tenfold.

The case is parallel with that of commercial ruin, which, however painful may have been its slow but sure approach to those who have the conduct of affairs, falls, when it does fall, with more terrific force upon their families, who have been in no expectation of the blow. And sometimes, alas! with sudden death comes sudden ruin also.

There is no greater penalty paid for friendship than the obligation it lays us under to reveal the fact of the death of a friend to those dear and near to him. Exceptionally fortunate is the man of mature years to

whom such a task has never fallen. It is bad enough if the misfortune has been foreshadowed by illness, but in that case the message of woe requires to be but half told; long-brooding apprehension on the part of the bereaved one helps us out with it. "We have bad news," we say, or our face says it for us, and there is little need to particularise; it is only that what has been so long looked for has come at last. But when there has been no warning, when the father has passed away at his desk in the city, called suddenly to his own account; or the husband is cut short in his forensic speech and is summoned by death before another judge; or the bridegroom is killed in falling from his horse at the very moment "when, thinking this will please him best," his loved one "takes a ribbon or a rose—" then, indeed, is the man who has to tell the news only less to be pitied than she who receives it from his lips.

The fatal telegram had come to Philip Langton when sitting at a late breakfast. He had opened it carelessly enough, not because he was much accustomed to have telegrams, but because he flattered himself that no news he could receive could be of any special importance. He had been wounded early in the battle of life; if not vitally, yet so seriously that his existence had henceforth "crept on a broken wing," and whatever else might befall him seemed of comparatively small account. His friends called him philosophic, whereas he was only cynically incredulous that Fate, having once shot that poisoned dart at him of which we are cognisant, had any other in her quiver capable of hurting him. A foolish thought, indeed, for one with a heart so large and tender, and therefore especially open to her shafts.

Even the club bachelor, the man who plumes himself on his immunity from the emotions, and who carries all he cares for "beneath his hat," as the phrase goes, has some difficulty in establishing such a complete system of quarantine as to shut out all infection of sympathy; and how, therefore, could this man, who had a soft spot in his heart even for the woman who had been his ruin, and loved his friend and his friend's daughter, hope for exemption? If indeed he had persuaded himself that it was so, that telegram shattered his fool's paradise.

Darrell dead! Darrell drowned! The news appalled him, and seemed absolutely too horrible to be true. That "in the midst of life we are in death" is a circumstance, of course, known to those even who are no students of the

Scriptures, but when some private calamity brings the fact home to us it seems a new thing. Moreover, that this man should die was so inexpressibly anomalous and abnormal; a man in no way connected as it were with the catastrophe of death, who never spoke of it, probably never thought of it, and who was always associated with good health and the pursuits of pleasure. He had not, it is true, been very well just lately, but that had nothing to do with this catastrophe.

"Drowned whilst bathing from a boat off Brighton beach." Drowned, drowned!

These thoughts, which take so long to tell, took not a second to think, and in the same second were joined by another thought no wit less terrible; "the dead man's daughter must be told." This obvious duty, though the very idea of it made him sick at heart, Philip Langton recognised at once. There was, however, time to spare; the ill news that would fly so fast in Pall Mall—Colonel Darrell's death was probably "posted up" at his club at that very moment—would reach Bayswater on a more tardy wing. He knew it was not Mrs. West's custom to come into town in the forenoon, and at all events he might venture, without danger of the girl hearing what had happened from other lips, on going first to Welham Street. It was even possible that he might learn there that there had been some mistake—that the news he had received was not quite so black as the innkeeper had painted it; but of that he had little hope. The very fact of the telegram having been addressed to himself showed that liberties had been taken with the Colonel's letters, which would hardly have been used had not his death been beyond a doubt.

The house in Welham Street was looking as usual, its eyes unshuttered, and none of that suggestion of calamity about it which even dead walls can give. The door was opened to him by a maidservant and not by the man whose duty it was to do so, but who had taken advantage of the absence of the master and mistress to go himself for a holiday. Nurse Askell, however, a retainer of a very different stamp, was at home, and Langton asked to have a few words with her. She came down to him in the dining-room with an undisturbed face, for she was accustomed to her master's friend and thought it not unlikely he might have some commands for her from the Colonel or Hester.

"You have had no news from Brighton, I

suppose, nurse?" he said with grave significance.

"No, sir, none." His manner had not awakened the suspicions he had intended it to do, not that nurse Askell for all her superstition was deficient in intellect, but because it requires some familiarity, which the difference in their positions denied in this case, to detect gradations of tone.

"There is news, I am sorry to say; very bad news."

The old woman looked up at him quickly and read the truth in his face, which was at once reflected in her own.

"Oh, not the master, sir?" she pleaded in a quavering voice inexpressibly touching; it had the loyalty of a life in it; "for mercy's sake do not tell me that any harm has come to the master."

"Would that I could help it, nurse. I would lose my right hand rather than have it to tell, but this telegram has just come from Brighton."

He held it out to her, but she shrank from his outstretched hand. "There is no need to show it me," she answered bitterly, "he is dead and drowned."

"Then you did know it?"

"I knew it when you said there was news from the sea, but not before. It is the luck of the Darrells—Oh, my dear young mistress, my pretty, pretty Hester!"

Nurse Askell had sunk into a chair and covered her grey face with her trembling hands; they had done a great deal of work in their time, and had a less dainty sense of some things than those of her companion perhaps, but the hearts of both were at once wrung by the same solicitude for the same object. Those simple words of the old woman, "My pretty, pretty Hester," utterly broke down the strong man's fortitude, and the tears coursed freely down his cheeks. Just so much only of his characteristic reserve was left as caused him to turn the key of the door so as to prevent intrusion.

"We must do what we can for her, we two, nurse Askell," he said gently. "Though we can never make up to her for the poor Colonel."

"Never, never," cried the old woman passionately. "There was none like him; none so good and kind. I have known him from his birth, sir, and never had a cross word from him. . . . The best of men."

The eulogy was more exaggerated even than is the way of epitaphs, yet it was absolutely genuine. Very much better men have gone to their graves without so favourable

a verdict from any they have left behind them. Nor is it for us poor mortals to decide what attributes in the eyes of the All Wise are excluded from the list of virtues.

"When did it happen, sir?" inquired the old woman after a long pause. Her voice, though it still trembled, was no longer broken by sobs; the waters of old age, though sunless, are exempt from the tempest, or if it sweep them it is soon quelled.

"He was drowned from a boat this very morning."

"This morning, from a boat?" repeated the old woman incredulously; "that does not look like my poor master; to be up, and out, and on the water too, so early."

"He was bathing from a boat before breakfast, and, as I suppose, was seized by cramp."

"It is impossible," cried nurse Askell excitedly. "He could not have bathed from a boat, my master could never swim a stroke in his life; I have often heard him lament it. When at Eton he had a fever (I nursed him through it), which caused him to be forbidden to learn to swim, and he never did learn it."

Philip Langton's face grew very pale. "Are you quite sure of this, nurse," he inquired very solemnly.

"I am as sure of it as that I sit here, sir."

"Then if you would have your master's memory respected, say nothing of this to any human being," he continued earnestly.

"Respected! why should it not be respected? Whose memory could be more worthy of respect?" argued the old woman indignantly.

"Still, if you tell folks that he could not swim, they will call him selfish."

"Selfish! why he never thought of self. He only lived for Miss Hester."

"And died for her," was the reply that might well have risen to Langton's lips. Nurse Askell's statement about the Colonel's not being able to swim, was a revelation to him. He comprehended at once all that had happened, and why it had happened. The old woman's simplicity was fortunately too great to lead her to the same conclusion; when once the manner of the Colonel's death should be admitted, it would be easy to persuade her that the selfishness of which he had spoken as likely to be imputed to his friend lay in the risk he had run in bathing too far from shore; her tongue would then be sealed for her master's sake, and especially in her communications with her young mistress. The immediate necessity of insuring the old woman's silence postponed as it were for

Philip Langton the shock of her unconscious disclosure; but it pressed upon him with frightful persistence. It was, he was convinced, no accidental death that his friend had met with; and if not accidental, how urgent and deplorable must have been the circumstances which had led him to so fatal a step! The investigation of them, however, must be postponed; the first thing to be done, as he told his companion, was to break the terrible tidings to Hester.

"I was going up to Mrs. West's this very morning," said the old woman; "she kindly told me I might bring my work and spend an hour or two with my young mistress. Alack! alack! she little thought the news I was to bring her."

"Still it must be brought, nurse Askell," sighed Langton, "and I don't know where a kinder or more considerate messenger than yourself could be found. I shall go with you, of course."

"Oh, sir, that is very kind of you," exclaimed the old woman gratefully. "I don't know how I should ever have had the courage to do it alone."

"And yet you have more courage than I have," said Philip Langton frankly.

"Nay, nay, sir, my heart is well-nigh breaking within me, but what I feel is that the master would have wished me to bear up for Miss Hester's sake, and that gives me strength."

To have told nurse Askell that she was the embodiment of duty would have certainly puzzled, and probably offended her, but she was one of those people who, without "talking poetry all their lives without knowing it," play in life a noble part quite unconsciously, and for the most part without appreciation, unless, indeed, from an unseen audience that may be watching our earthly drama. For the moment Philip Langton realised and acknowledged this; in the great shadow that had fallen upon that house all lesser shadows, such as those of degree, were lost, and he impulsively took the old woman's hand in his and pressed it.

"If you will put your bonnet on we will take a cab to Bayswater at once, nurse."

The incongruity of the companionship did not strike him at the time at all, but it struck Mrs. West, who from the drawing-room window saw the cab stop and Philip Langton, followed by nurse Askell, get out of it.

"Good heavens! Grace, there must be some bad news for Hester."

Hester was in the girls' boudoir with Marion, and thither, after some delay and

much anxious questioning, the news was brought her. With that piteous promptness to credit calamity which comes to us only too early, one glance at nurse Askell's face made her heart sink within her. She at once exclaimed, "Something has happened to papa! What is it?"

"God give you strength to bear it, Miss Hester."

"I can bear anything but suspense." Then, with pathetic inconsistency she added, "Not dead! Oh, do not tell me *that!* not dead."

Yet, even while she pleaded, she felt that her appeal was vain, and that her father was no longer among the living. Strange to say, though her mind was so swift to comprehend the catastrophe itself, its circumstances she found it difficult to realise.

"Dead, dead," she kept muttering to herself despairingly, but never "drowned." The reflection was thus spared to her, and it was no small mercy, that those loved remains were at that moment swaying somewhere with the swaying tides; the "hands so often clasped in hers tossing with tangle and with shell." She had only some dim conviction that she could not get at him; the overwhelming sense of loss did away for the present with all impression of detail. For the moment she did not even picture to herself her own orphaned condition. She only recognised, as beneath the long white sheet which is poor humanity's last covering, we recognise what lies there, that her "dear young papa" was dead and had left her world a blank.

CHAPTER XIX.—A SOFT-HEARTED TRUSTEE.

In the method which Colonel Darrell had chosen for leaving the world, it is probable, since other considerations besides selfish ones certainly moved him, that he had intended to give as little trouble as possible; but as many things "ganga-gley" with us in our plans and desires, while alive, it is not surprising that matters turn out contrary to our expectations after death—such, for example, as coming ashore again when we fancy we have left earth for good and all. As the boatman had prophesied, the sea gave up her dead at a certain time and place, and the "it" which had been "he" was carried back to the hotel, where Philip Langton reverently awaited it. How terrible are such meetings, with their unwonted pathos and demonstrativeness on one side, and their still more unwonted impassivity and apathy on the other! The sole satisfaction permitted to Langton was that he had persuaded Hester that no

such meeting was possible, and had therefore induced her to remain in town when he took the afternoon train for Brighton.

How cruel it is to rob us of the picture we have fondly made for ourselves of some lost and loved one, to hang for ever in the long galleries of memory, by substituting for it the image which decay has touched! For the purpose of identification, such an ordeal must be in some cases endured, but very often it is unnecessarily suggested and insisted upon. Philip Langton suffered as perhaps few men would have suffered from such an experience, but so much the more he congratulated himself that Hester had been spared it. His own presence on the spot, independent of the obligations of friendship, was absolutely necessary. There would, of course, be an inquest, and who so competent to give evidence respecting his dead friend as himself; above all, who so conscious of the necessity for silence upon certain subjects? As the case appeared to the outside world, nothing could be simpler, and before the public investigation took place, the whole matter had disclosed itself with equal simplicity to Langton; only the conclusions that were thus severally arrived at were wholly different.

Langton was quite convinced that his friend had voluntarily and designedly met his death by drowning, and that he had been led to do so by remorse upon his daughter's account, whose entire fortune (*i.e.*, the money he had always intended to leave her) he had squandered. On the other hand, by his death he had provided her with £5,000, the amount of his life insurance, and this, by the terms of the policy, would not be forfeited, even though he should be proved to have committed suicide. Langton recollected his friend having alluded to this fact, with the subsequent catastrophe even then no doubt in his mind. It seemed to him, indeed, that the Colonel's proceedings had for some time been leading up to it. His placing his daughter with Mrs. West upon pretence of going for his health to the seaside, the arrangement of his correspondence and of his affairs, which Langton had, as his executor, investigated, all pointed to this, down to the letter left behind him at the hotel addressed to Langton himself, and which obviously was written for that very purpose of identification to which it was subsequently put.

Nor could it be argued that the motive, from the poor Colonel's point of view at least, was insufficient. From the statement of his accounts it appeared that when the fatal act had been committed he had become

almost penniless, and that from the policy of his assurance certain debts would have to be deducted which would reduce Hester's means to still smaller proportions. As to his losses at the card-table and on the racecourse, those, it was to be presumed, had been settled as they arose, but that they had been very considerable of late was now a matter of common talk, a rumour very annoying to Langton, not only as likely to grievously offend Hester's ears should it ever reach them, but also, which was of still more consequence, to affect the result of the inquest by suggesting a motive of self-destruction. As regards the latter matter, however, no harm came of it, for the coroner's jury came to the conclusion that Colonel Darrell had met with an accidental death. Philip Langton was the only person who knew better, for though, curiously enough, nurse Askell, as we have seen, had put him in possession of the fact that had convinced him to the contrary, it did not carry that conviction to her own mind. She only thought that the Colonel had been "reckless" in bathing in deeper water than was safe, and the very circumstance that Langton had described it as an act of selfishness had had the effect he had intended, and closed the mouth that could never speak but loyally of her dead master.

Thus, thanks to the solicitude of her father's friend, Hester never knew the worst of the matter in connection with her irreparable loss. We say irreparable, for it is not always by our intrinsic worth that our loss is measured by those we leave behind us. The man of genial nature is often more missed than one of better principles, to whom the gift of a kindly manner has been denied; and as regards the world in which Richard Darrell moved it could certainly be said of it that it could better have spared a better man. There was an unmixed respect for him expressed in the drawing-rooms and at the clubs. At many a house in Belgravia the lady of the house would endeavour to snatch a fleeting reputation by expressing her conviction that the Colonel's like would never sit at her table again; but as in many cases he had only sat there once, and by reason of finding it a little dull had resolutely refused to come again, it is probable that these disconsolate hostesses experienced the healing effect of time, and forgot him before the week was out. One or two mature ones of the gentler sex (among whom was Mrs. Brabazon) ventured upon even a higher bid for the sympathy of society, and affected to lament the Colonel as one who, if life had been left

to him, might have become even nearer and dearer to them than he was. Younger ladies made him a topic in beginning conversation with strange partners or next neighbours at the dinner table, "What a sad thing that was about poor Colonel Darrell!" to which the other would reply sympathetically, with perhaps a "rider" about the strength of the tides at Brighton which they had culled from the inquest.

At the clubs of course the general regret was much more personal. It was admitted on all hands that the Colonel "was a capital fellow," "one in a thousand," and (with some confusion of metaphor), "a man who had always lost his money without turning a hair." It was whispered of late months he had lost a great deal of money, and that Mr. Digby Mason had won it; which was a pity, as that young gentleman was about the last man to be induced to lose it again. Some quaint expressions which the dead man had been wont to use continued to be quoted for some time with a regretful smile, and might fairly be said to have survived him.

The occasion of his burial was seized upon by half the world of fashion to "demonstrate" by wreaths and crosses, not only its respect for the departed, but the serious views it entertained at bottom concerning death and immortality. Engagements of various kinds unfortunately prevented its attendance at the funeral which took place at Kensal Green, but it was represented by some of the gravest coachmen, the tallest footmen, and the finest carriages and horses in London. Nurse Askill and Hester, with Mrs. West and Philip Langton, were the only mourners, but at the cemetery Mr. Digby Mason made his appearance, a circumstance which to those who knew him, had they been aware of the fact, would have caused considerable surprise. Langton resented it exceedingly (though it was not easy to say why), and the more so since this tribute of respect was noted by Hester with approbation. He did not understand that the very fact of her being grateful for so small a service showed how little she expected from him who paid it. The truth was that for the present Hester's regard was only to be won as it were at second hand, through the memory of her dead father. Her own self was obliterated, and even the affection she felt for Philip Langton was evoked rather by the place he had occupied in the Colonel's heart than by his devotion to her own interests.

It is not every girl who, orphan and desolate, can boast of such a friend; with some,

too, pecuniary matters are so pressing that there is no space permitted for the indulgence in the luxury of grief; they may weep indeed, but they have to "work and weep" at the same time. There are few things more pitiful than that ignoring of Necessity and the Common Fate which so often happens to widows and orphans suddenly deprived of their natural guardian. They may be quite free from selfishness and egotism, and yet the catastrophe seems to them so appalling as to do away with the ordinary conditions of existence; they live, move, and have their being, in such an atmosphere of mourning as almost shuts out the sun itself and prevents them from regarding matters with any sense of proportion. This was in some degree the case with Hester; in any other circumstances, she would have been prompt to relieve her friend of all trouble on her account, but a sort of lethargy hung over her, which, with perhaps mistaken kindness, her hostess and her daughters made no effort to dispel.

It was no wonder, therefore, that Philip Langton, with his delicate sense of what was due to a girl's sorrow, abstained from speaking with her upon business affairs a much longer time than is usual in such cases. He might perhaps have delayed the matter still further, but for a circumstance which accidentally came to his knowledge, and which somewhat piqued as well as pained him. Notwithstanding the seclusion in which, through Mrs. West's consideration and kindness Hester was permitted to remain, it seemed that she had not denied herself to Mr. Digby Mason; on one occasion at least, when that gentleman had called he was admitted to her presence and even granted a private interview. "I was out of the house when Mr. Mason called," was Mrs. West's explanation of the affair to Philip Langton, "or should certainly not have permitted her to see him alone. It was injudicious, and under the circumstances, almost compromising, though dear Hester of course was quite unconscious of that."

"Mr. Mason, however, was not unconscious of it," observed Mr. Langton drily.

"Well, I don't know; some men are ignorant of everything becoming in a woman except a bonnet. I should be unwilling to think that the thing was done deliberately with the purpose you suggest. However, as far as I can gather, Mr. Mason took nothing by his motion. He had his interview, and it seems to have been a pretty long one, but that was all. Marion happened by chance

to be at home, though it had been arranged that she was to accompany Grace and myself into town that afternoon."

"And Mrs. Brabazon knew it," put in Langton quickly.

"Why, yes, it was to Mrs. Brabazon's that we were going."

"Just so; the man knew that the coast was clear."

"My dear Mr. Langton, you have the intuition of a detective," observed the lady, smiling.

"I wish I had," said Philip gravely; "unhappily I have only the suspicion; pray go on."

"Well, from Marion's account it would seem that the interview was by no means a tender one. Hester's manner, at least, at parting from her visitor was as cold as an icicle; and what was very curious, his association with the poor Colonel—though we find that the least touch on that string melts the very soul within her—did not seem to have affected her in the least. Moreover, I have observed Hester and this cavalier of hers on other occasions, and so far as an old woman can speak with certainty of a young one in such a matter, I am confident that he has small chance of persuading Hester Darrell to become Mrs. Mason."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Langton, so earnestly that a suspicion began to dawn in his companion's mind that these close inquiries of his concerning Hester's proceedings were not altogether disinterested. It was probable that the poor girl was not left too well off; and albeit there was a considerable disproportion as to years, it seemed to Mrs. West that Hester might "do worse" than marry her father's friend. Mrs. West was far too sensible a woman to shut her eyes to facts, and she felt that the loss of the Colonel had depreciated Hester's value in the matrimonial market. The daughters of a bishop are not so much sought after by curates and others when their papa has been translated from his earthly diocese; and so far, if so far only, the Colonel had resembled a bishop—his social position could no longer avail his child.

The morning after the conversation with Mrs. West, Langton called on Hester by appointment, in his character as executor to her father's will. She received him with affectionate respect and expressions of gratitude for all that he had done for her that he strove in vain to silence, yet her manner was unexpectedly quiet and self-restrained. If it was possible to picture Hester Darrell as a

woman of business one might almost have done so, as she sat silent and attentive to every word of Philip Langton's statement of her affairs. He did not go into details, which, indeed, it was most necessary to avoid; it would never have done to let her know, for instance, that all she had in the world was derived from the policy of her father's life insurance, but he put the figures before her with great exactitude.

"You have but a small fortune, my dear," he observed in conclusion, "but to a young lady of your simple tastes it will be found sufficient; if my calculations are correct you will have four thousand five hundred and fifty pounds of your own."

"Can I have this money at once?" inquired Hester quietly.

"The whole of it—the principal?" exclaimed Philip Langton, in amazement. "Nay, surely not; it is in my hands in trust for you."

"I thought, perhaps, papa had left the time of payment of the money to your discretion. Of course I am not of age; but then he never treated me as a child, and I thought—or at least I hoped—that he might have placed an unusual confidence in me; but it was not so, it seems."

She looked so disappointed and distressed that Langton's heart was touched. He had not the least idea what she could want money for, but he felt certain, from her manner, that it was no trivial sum of which she stood in need, or in fancied need. In character he well knew that Hester, notwithstanding her ignorance of the world, was, as she had expressed it, by no means a child. From the little follies and extravagances to which young ladies are prone she was altogether free; her efforts had always been directed to curtail rather than to swell, not only their expenses in Welham Street, but those which the Colonel had always been so ready to lavish on her person and her pleasures. It was certainly no mere fancy, therefore, that urged her to apply for funds. There was a tenderness in the tone of her pleading which showed that it came from the heart; but it had nothing of coaxing in it; the matter was evidently too serious and too earnest for cajolery.

Now a man may be an excellent guardian and yet a very indifferent trustee, and such was the case with Philip Langton. He had as much truth and loyalty in his composition as human nature is capable of, but where his affections were concerned he was deficient in firmness. He could "put his foot down" ve-

hemently enough to stamp out a viper, but if there was any risk of wounding some tender and innocent creature, he walked more delicately than Agag. He was, in fact, not one of those gentry who, being clear about the law being on their side, find it always easy to say "No."

Moreover, though the Colonel had made no special proviso such as Hester had hinted at, for her having control of her money before the usual time, Langton was well aware that he would have wished his daughter to be, as far as was reasonable, her own mistress, and the wishes of his dead friend were sacred to him.

"If you will tell me what you want the money for," said Langton gently, "and I approve of the purpose to which you would apply it—even if you choose to make a secret of it and it is not a large sum——"

"It is two thousand pounds," interrupted Hester gravely.

"Two thousand pounds, Hester!" he echoed in amazement; "why, that is nearly half your fortune. It is quite monstrous, and out of the question that I should advance you any such sum. What can you possibly want it for?"

The question was a most injudicious one, or, rather, the asking any question was most injudicious. It opened the door for argument after it had been closed.

"It is for a purpose which I am not permitted to mention, Mr. Langton. So far, I feel that my application must needs seem unreasonable. Upon the other hand, I had permitted myself to hope that, from what you know of me you might have given me credit for—well, no, that would indeed have been to expect too much. Let me say, dear Mr. Langton, that I rather trusted—if I ventured to indulge myself in expectation at all—to the tenderness of your heart. I may, perhaps, be permitted to take it for granted that you consider me incapable of any very egregious act of folly or extravagance. I know you would not think that I asked you for such a sum for the purpose of throwing it in the gutter; but my chief hope, I acknowledge, was in that personal kindness you have always shown me, and which I thought might be induced to stretch even to this great length."

"But, my dear girl," exclaimed Langton, in a tone of such distress that it suggested for its accompaniment the wringing of hands, "I am not a free agent. If the money were mine—and, indeed, if I had the money, you should be as welcome to it as——"

"Nay, nay, my dear Mr. Langton," interrupted Hester gravely, "you must not talk like that, it is painful to me because I believe every word you say. Of course if the case was as you put it, I should not have opened my mouth; but the money being mine, or rather being about to be mine, and the purpose for which I need it being, I solemnly assure you, the discharge of a sacred obligation——"

"What obligation?" put in Langton. "Something connected with your dear father?"

"Yes. There, I can tell you no more; and I may have done wrong in telling you that much, but having done so I may add that were my dear papa alive, he would, I am quite sure, approve of the object I have in view."

"It is nurse Askell," exclaimed Langton triumphantly, "you are thinking of making provision for that faithful soul. Now though that does credit to your feelings, my dear girl, and I cordially sympathise with them, there is a medium in these matters."

"It is not nurse Askell, Mr. Langton," put in Hester quickly. "I have satisfied myself that she is placed above all reach of want, though far indeed removed from the prosperity she deserves. Pray press me no further. Even at the price of your agreement to my request, I could not in honour explain its cause, imagine therefore how distressing must be these questionings, which are made, it seems, without any intention of acceding to it; nay, I did not mean to be unkind," she added pathetically, while her eyes filled with tears; "but it seems so hard to be unable to do what is right and just, even with one's own."

At the sight of her grief Philip Langton's heart began to melt within him, and to suggest arguments against himself. He imagined it possible that the Colonel had left behind him some secret that had come to his daughter's knowledge, and which involved some shameful, but none the less binding obligation; her resolute silence upon the matter, the embarrassment which it obviously caused her, and her extreme solicitude to obtain her object, all combined to corroborate this view of affairs. It was true that Richard Darrell and himself had been close friends; had had, as the phrase goes, no concealments from one another; but there are certain secrets sometimes unshared even between Damon and Pythias. True, it should have struck an executor that an "infant" of Hester's age and sex could hardly be a good

judge of the merits of a matter in every sense so questionable ; but, for the present, Langton was overwhelmed with the reflection how extreme must the necessity of the case have appeared to this poor girl, to compel her to speak to him upon such a subject at all, and what distress of mind she must even at that moment be enduring.

"Though it may 'seem hard' you must not think me hard, Hester," he answered gently ; "the sum you ask for is, as I have said, nearly half your fortune, for the safe custody of which I am answerable. If I were to consent to your request and you were to pay this money away—which I fear it is your intention to do," here she made a gesture of assent, a grave inclination of the head without a ghost of a smile, which seemed to corroborate all his suspicions, "you would then have scarcely enough left to live upon ; it is not as if you had sisters, each of whom could club their little incomes with your own, and so build comfort as it were out of the very bricks of penury ; remember, you are quite alone in the world, Hester."

"I know it well," she answered with the first touch of bitterness he had ever heard fall from her lips. "Still, believe me, with that diminished income of which you speak, and with the consciousness of having done my duty, I shall be happier far than if I had the riches of the Indies, and had neglected it."

"Everybody will say I am such a fool," murmured Langton, with an air of conviction, "and everybody for once will be quite right."

"There will be one person, however," returned Hester gently, "a mere girl it is true, whose opinion is not worth much, but who will to the last hour of her life think otherwise ; who will never forget that you put confidence in her when you might reasonably have declined to do so, and lifted a burthen from her heart when no other man in your place would have put forth his little finger to lighten it."

"Well, well, if nothing else can make you happy, you shall have the money, Hester," said Langton, smiling and holding out his hand. She seized it eagerly, and before he could prevent her, had carried it to her lips.

"If you have not made me happy, dear Mr. Langton," she said, "you have at least prevented me from being very, very miserable."

CHAPTER XX.—LORD BUTTERMERE'S GENEROSITY.

HESTER'S gratitude was not unwelcome to Langton ; but the vehemence and earnest-

ness with which she expressed it brought home to him for the first time the importance of the step which he had been induced to take. It is not to be supposed that he had been so selfish as to gratify himself by giving way to her in the matter at her own expense. He was fully resolved to make good, out of his own private means, the sum thus advanced to her. So urgent, indeed, did this duty appear to him, that since for the present he was unable to advance the money, he determined to insure his life for the amount at once. It would be easy, no doubt, hereafter to persuade the girl—utterly ignorant as she was of business matters—that her investments had turned out more profitably than had been expected, and to induce her to receive the interest of what she had lost without inquiry, but in the meantime she was left with narrow means, which could not be increased without exciting her suspicions. Langton regretted too late that he had laid the state of her finances before her with such particularity, since this had put it out of his power to assist her without her being aware of it. Her remaining capital, after that huge candel had been advanced to her, to the promise of which he had committed himself, would only realise about £100 a year—to some women, indeed, a sufficiency in itself, to others, who, as Langton had pointed out, could "club" their means, a moderate competency, but to Hester Darrell, accustomed to twelve-buttoned gloves and a Bond Street dressmaker, a scanty income indeed.

Previous to her residence in Welham Street, Hester had, under the modest roof of Madame Langlais, lived a very quiet life, innocent of all extravagances ; but she had had no experience whatever of domestic economy, without which even a woman with twice her income, and compelled to provide for herself, is poor indeed. Considering the paramount importance to most girls of a knowledge of housekeeping—of which it is not too much to say that she who possesses it can make a home out of as scanty materials as a French cook can make a good ragout, while she who possesses it not will waste a fair income in her attempt to learn it—it is a branch of education monstrously neglected. For the wife of a gentleman who marries upon £400 a year it is not only a more necessary accomplishment than most things taught at Girton, but also—though it is hard to say it—one that more sweetens existence, for I doubt if even the capability of rendering a Greek chorus into English, or solving a problem in dynamics, can com-

pensate for the reflection that one is running one's husband into debt for fish that is anything but fresh, and for very inferior mutton. Nay, even if she should have no husband—if it be possible for the female mind to face such a catastrophe—it is just as well that a woman should know how to make a slender income stretch to its proper limits, and to avoid the necessity for sordid cares.

It is fair to say that the young ladies themselves are not so much to blame for their ignorance in these matters as those who are responsible for their bringing up, and who are much more solicitous about their catching husbands than their keeping them; and it must also be confessed that many mothers of families, sensible and unselfish in all other respects, are often very tenacious of their rights as housekeepers, and disinclined not only to delegate their duties to their daughters, but even to make them acquainted with them; or if sometimes they do suffer them to "tool the coach" for a stage or two, they are so disgusted with their bad driving that, forgetting that they were once learners themselves, they impatiently beckon them from the box, and themselves resume the reins again.

With these general reflections upon the incapacity of young housekeepers, Philip Langton, it is probable, did not trouble himself, but upon the helpless position of Hester Darrell in particular, to which his own inability to say "No" had reduced her, he thought much. How strange it seemed to him (though, curiously enough, the idea would never have occurred to himself had the situation been his own), that with so many and such wealthy friends as she possessed, she should be straitened as to means at all. The society in which she moved, many of whom had professed the warmest attachment for her late father, comprised the richest people in England; and a few crumbs from the table of any one of them would have formed an ample provision for her. To ask for them on her behalf was not, of course, to be thought of; but when these persons came to know to what straits she was reduced, it would surely occur to some of them to show to Hester, in some delicate but material manner, in what affectionate regard they held her father's memory. From his entertainment of which reflections it may be gathered that though Philip Langton might long have lost his own illusions, he still permitted himself to indulge in a dream or two in respect to the conduct of other people.

As he walked sadly home from Mrs.

West's, whither he had promised to return on the morrow to discuss ways and means, or, in other words, her future, with Hester, he came upon Lord Buttermere in Hyde Park, enjoying, on a bench, (to which he beckoned him) the gratuitous pleasures of sun and air.

"See that man," said his lordship, pointing to an official-looking personage lingering in their vicinity, with a disappointed expression of countenance, "that's a vulture. But for me you would have sat down on a chair—I know you would—and he'd have put his beak into you. He's been dogging me for this last half-hour, in hopes there would not be an empty bench; but you see I've done him."

"But what is the difference between a bench and a chair?" inquired Langton, who had his reasons for humouring this eccentric millionaire.

"The difference, indeed! why all the difference!" replied the peer contemptuously, "since one you pay for, and the other you don't. Take a seat, sir, and sit wide, and then we shall have it all to ourselves."

Philip Langton accepted this hospitable invitation in the spirit in which it was offered. He had somewhere read, or heard, that very wealthy persons, notorious for their parsimony, would now and then make proof of it by some exceptional act of magnificent generosity. Why should not this splendid old curmudgeon have an opportunity afforded to him of thus emphasising his peculiarities, and at the same time of burnishing the wings of an angel? It seemed as if Fate herself approved of this innocent strategy, since the peer's next observation had an immediate reference to the matter in hand.

"Haven't seen you, by-the-by, since poor Darrell left us. You and I, I suppose, were about his oldest friends."

Under any other circumstances Langton would hardly have appreciated this association, but as matters were he hastened to cultivate the favourable soil.

"Why, yes," said Langton. "If I remember rightly, Lady Buttermere stood god-mother to his only daughter, poor Hester."

He remembered it well, and also the electro-plated silver mug that had been bestowed upon the occasion in question, which had often been a subject of merriment between the Colonel and himself.

"Did she, now? Well, I dare say she did, and I am sure she has no reason to regret it. An excellent fellow was the Colonel—one of the most deservedly popular of men."

If he was prudent of more material matters, Lord Buttermere was prodigal of gracious

epithets, and especially when his friends were dead. As a composer of epitaphs—to be engraved at somebody else's expense—he could not, indeed, have easily found a rival.

"I have just come from Mrs. West's, where his daughter is staying for the present," continued Langton. "She reminds me very much of him in many ways. The Colonel left me his executor and in a manner her guardian."

"Very nice of him, very good of him," returned his lordship. "I hope," he added with a chuckle, "he left you something else, just to remember him by."

Philip Langton's brow darkened like a thunder-cloud.

"I am never likely to forget Richard Darrell, my lord, and I think he knew it."

"Just so, just so," returned the other with a little nod of acquiescence, "only a mourning ring is not to be despised, and even a ten-pound note is a sort of thing that always comes in handy. I hope Miss Hester has been left well provided for."

"I am sorry to say that that is far from being the case, Lord Buttermere."

"Indeed, indeed," replied the other in a tone of vexation; "of course it is not every only daughter who is left an heiress, but you do astonish me. At the same time she has no one to provide for but herself. It is but little that a young girl needs, and what may seem a small income to a man like you, will, in her case, be positive affluence."

"You are unfortunately quite mistaken, my lord. Your wife's godchild, I give you my honour, has barely sufficient to supply her with the necessities of life."

"Pooh, pooh, you mean the luxuries."

"I have already pledged my word to the literal truth of my assertions."

"Then all I can say," said Lord Buttermere, "is that Darrell has behaved with great imprudence and extravagance. Why, dear me, he had only to insure his life, and consider the premium as part of his necessary expenditure."

"We were speaking of his daughter, my lord," interrupted Langton drily, "who, whatever may have been the shortcomings of our dead friend, can hardly be held responsible for them."

"Certainly not, certainly not, let us be just before—that is before everything. It is a comfort to reflect that this dear young lady has plenty of friends."

"I don't know where she could have made them," observed Langton gravely, "since she has only been a few months in England."

"I mean, of course, her father's friends," explained Lord Buttermere.

"Just so, of whom you and I, as your lordship has just been saying, are the oldest. If she has no claim upon us, she has no claim upon anybody, and for my part I shall help her to the uttermost of my power."

"Quite right," observed his lordship with an approving nod. "A friend should show himself friendly."

"On the other hand," continued Langton, "my power is small, and her knowledge of the fact will make my help distasteful to her; now you are a man in an exceptional position, a sort of small providence, from whom benefits can be derived with thankfulness, but without the sense of obligation, as though they fell from the skies."

Lord Buttermere's face began to expand and shine: every word of his companion seemed to bring out some expression of graciousness and philanthropy in his ample countenance. It seemed to him that he had at last discovered a fellow-creature who thoroughly understood and appreciated his character.

"I trust, indeed, my dear Langton," he replied with unctuousness, "that I am not altogether unmindful of the duties of my position. No one can say that I have neglected the talents committed to my trust."

No one could, as Langton could not help acknowledging to himself, desirous as he was of taking another and larger view. It was certainly not Lord Buttermere's habit to put anything into a napkin, but to realise the best percentage that could be got out of it with safety.

"What you say about this dear young lady," continued the peer, with emotion, "affects me more than I can express. I have a general objection to indulge myself in acts of abstract benevolence, which are in fact only a form of selfishness; but in this case I really think I may make an exception without any sacrifice of principle. So young, so fair, and also so well conducted," added Lord Buttermere with the air of one who excuses himself for a proposed extravagance, "not to mention her being the daughter of my old friend."

"I think, my lord, any resolution you may have formed in Miss Darrell's favour scarcely stands in need of an argument," observed Langton drily. He was getting a little impatient of the other's pompous prolixity, from which, nevertheless, he drew the most hopeful auguries. It was surely impossible, he thought, that all this fuss should be made about any gift that fell short of munificence.

"It is not as if my own conscience was alone concerned in the matter," observed his lordship loftily. "I have also to make myself understood by the world, lest what is an exceptional act of benevolence should be construed as a precedent."

"Why, good heavens! you are not going to tell everybody about it, are you?" exclaimed Langton vehemently. The scornfulness of his tone was so expressive that it made itself apparent to his own ear, and in doing so reminded him of the part he had undertaken to play. "It appears to me, at least," he added in a lower tone, "that the very essence of the good deed you have in contemplation, my lord, lies in the delicacy and secrecy of its execution."

"If I give it to you—I mean the money—I suppose you would let her know who it comes from?" observed Lord Buttermere drily.

"Well, I suppose I should," returned Langton. It was with difficulty that he could restrain himself from an ebullition, and yet there was something in his companion's astounding thickness of skin that tickled his sense of humour; perhaps too beneath that rhinoceros hide there was still the soft spot for which he was so diligently searching, and the discovery of which would atone for all.

"Just so," continued his lordship in a tone of great depression; "and while one is about it one may just as well do it at once and get it over, eh?" He looked like a patient appealing to his dentist; the hideous character of the coming wrench he did not attempt to conceal from himself, but he hoped that the other might counsel delay.

"I think one ought to strike while the iron of a good impulse is hot," returned Langton decisively. "At the same time I need hardly remind you that a few words of kindness—a few words of allusion to the relations between yourself and Colonel Darrell—should accompany your munificence, without which, indeed, it would scarcely be made acceptable. Miss Darrell reminds me of her poor father in many ways, but in none more than in her independence of character and delicate sense of obligation. If it was not an impertinence I would even venture to suggest a hope that the arrangement your lordship may propose to yourself will not necessitate the employment of a third person. Why, gracious heavens! what is this?"

Lord Buttermere had pulled out his pocket-book and carefully extracted from it a neatly folded bit of paper, which he placed in his companion's hands. It was certainly not

a blank cheque, and, in spite of Langton's efforts to discredit his own eyesight, looked uncommonly like a five-pound note.

"There's nothing the matter with it; it's a good one, isn't it?" inquired his lordship with indignation. "Well, just you give that to the young lady. Why, what are you doing? Great heavens! what *are* you doing?" he exclaimed in tones of positive agony. "You must be stark staring mad!"

Philip Langton, with his eyes fixed upon his lordship with immeasurable contempt, was tearing the five-pound note into very small pieces.

"Give it me back, give it me back!" pleaded the peer with frantic entreaty; "I have known the fringes of postage-stamp paper patch them up as good as new."

Langton opened his palm as if in acquiescence with the request, and the summer wind, slight as it was, carried the light fragments in a thousand different directions.

"You will have to make it up to her!" ejaculated Lord Buttermere with querulous passion. "I will let her know to whom she has to look for making it good."

"If you dare to speak to her, or to any living being, of the insult you have put this day upon Hester Darrell," exclaimed the other vehemently, "I'll treat every note in your pocket-book in the same manner, as sure as my name is Philip Langton. No human being who ever slept upon this bench for want of a bed was so mean a creature in the sight of Heaven, I do believe, as you are, Lord Buttermere."

With that he strode away, no less at war with himself than with the object of his indignation. A man may wear his own heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, if he is fool enough to do so; but to expose that of another to such treatment without leave or license is an unwarrantable liberty, and something of this sort it seemed to Langton that he had done. To have appealed for help for Hester, when, as he well knew, she never would have done so for herself, and with this humiliating result, was a crime which he felt, if she should ever come to know of it, he would never be pardoned.

The reflections of Lord Buttermere were of a different though hardly more enviable kind. The sense of loss which (we have the poet's word for it) is the most poignant of all senses, wrung his very soul.

"If it had been only one of my own notes," he murmured, for his lordship was still a banker and the head of his firm, "I should only have been a pound or so out of pocket;



“Why, what are you doing?” he exclaimed, in tones of positive agony.

but as it is there's five golden sovereigns thrown to the—well, to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. That fellow Langton must be a madman. Mean,

he called me! There are no bounds to the expectations of some people. I do believe if I had given him a ten-pound note for the girl he would have treated it just the same."

IONA, 1885.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE quiet clouds within the west
Have built white domes above the isles,
And o'er the leagues of sea at rest
The azure calm of summer smiles.

The sheldrake and the eider float
In peace along each sandy bay;
And softly, with the rock-dove's note,
The caverns greet the warmth of day.

The purple beds of deep seaweed
Scarce wave their fronds around the Ross;
A silence blesses croft and mead,
Each sculptured stone and knotted cross.

The lark may sing in sunlit air,
And through the clover hum the bees;
They yield the only sounds of care
Where warred and toiled the pure Culdees.

And yonder grey square minster tower
For orisons in silence calls,
To where, enshrined in turf and flower,
Kings guard the ruined chapel walls.

Iona, "island of the wave,"
Faith's ancient fort and armoury,
Tomb of the holy and the brave,
Our sires' first pledge of Calvary;

Christ's mission soil, O sacred sand,
That knew His first apostle's tread!
O rocks of refuge, whence our land
Was first with living waters fed!

Mysteriously Columba's time
Foretold "a second deluge dark,

When they who on Thy hill may climb
Shall find in Thee their safety's ark.

Though hushed awhile, the hymns of praise
Again shall rise, where feed the kine."
Once more shall o'er thy grassy ways
Religion's long processions shine?

Shall then each morn and evening late
Unfolded see the illumined scroll,
While echoed over shore and strait
The sea-like organ-surges roll?

O saint and prophet! doth thy word
Foretell an earthly Church's reign,
Firm as thine island rocks, unstirred
By tempests of the northern main?

Perchance! Thy wasted walls have seen
The incense round the altars rise,
When cloister, tower, and cell had been
To Pagan rage a sacrifice.

But if the old cathedral ne'er
Again shall send such children forth,
Like those who, with the arms of prayer,
Were conquerors of the Pictish north;

Yet hath that vanguard set and cast
Such light upon our age's tide,
That o'er life's trackless ocean vast
Secure we sail, or anchored, ride.

And pilgrims to his grave shall tell
The prophet's meaning where he trod,
And in Columba's spirit dwell,
Safe-isled, within the fear of God!

THE WHITE ANT: A THEORY.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., AUTHOR OF "NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD," ETC.

A FEW years ago, under the distinguished patronage of Mr. Darwin, the animal in vogue with scientific society was the worm. At present the fashionable animal is the ant. I am sorry, therefore, to have to begin by confessing that the insect whose praises I pro-

pose to sing, although bearing the honoured name, is not entitled to consideration on account of its fashionable connections, since the white ant, as an ant, is an impostor. It is, in fact, not an ant at all, but belongs to a much humbler family—that of the *Ter-*

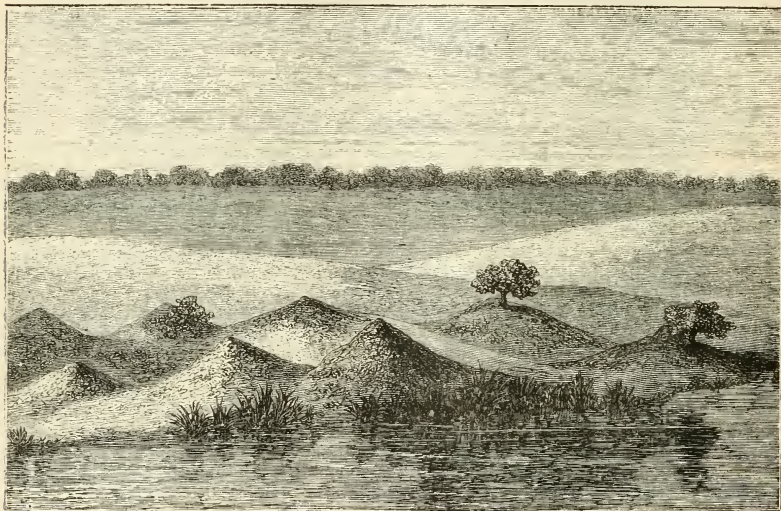
mitide—and so far from ever having been the vogue, this clever but artful creature is hated and despised by all civilised peoples. Nevertheless, if I mistake not, there is neither among the true ants, nor among the worms, an insect which plays a more wonderful or important part in nature.

Fully to appreciate the beauty of this function, a glance at an apparently distant aspect of nature will be necessary as a preliminary.

When we watch the farmer at work, and think how he has to plough, harrow, manure, and humour the soil before even one good

crop can be coaxed out of it, we are apt to wonder how nature manages to secure her crops and yet dispense with all these accessories. The world is one vast garden, bringing forth crops of the most luxuriant and varied kind century after century, and millennium after millennium. Yet the face of nature is nowhere furrowed by the plough, no harrow disintegrates the clods, no lime and phosphates are strewn upon its fields, no visible tillage of the soil improves the work on the great world's farm.

Now in reality there cannot be crops, or successions of crops, without the most



“The mounds of the white ant.”

thorough agriculture; and when we look more closely into nature we discover a system of husbandry of the most surprising kind. Nature does all things unobtrusively; and it is only now that we are beginning to see the magnitude of these secret agricultural operations by which she does already all that man would wish to imitate, and to which his most scientific methods are but clumsy approximations.

In this great system of natural husbandry nature uses agencies, implements, and tools of many kinds. There is the disintegrating frost, that great natural harrow, which bursts asunder the clods by the expansion during freezing of the moisture imprisoned in their

pores. There is the communistic wind which scatters broadcast over the fields the finer soil in clouds of summer dust. There is the rain which washes the humus into the hollows, and scrapes bare the rocks for further denudation. There is the air which, with its carbonic acid and oxygen, dissolves and decomposes the stubborn hills, and manufactures out of them the softest soils of the valley. And there are the humic acids, generated through decay, which filter through the ground and manure and enrich the new-made soils.

But this is not all, nor is this enough; to prepare a surface film, however rich, and to manure the soil beneath, will secure one crop,



"Standing out against the sky like obelisks."

but not a succession of crops. There must be a mixture and transference of these layers, and a continued mixture and transference kept up from age to age. The lower layer of soil, exhausted with bringing forth, must be transferred to the top for change of air, and there it must lie for a long time, increasing its substance, and recruiting its strength among the invigorating elements. The upper film, restored, disintegrated, saturated with fertility and strength, must next be slowly lowered down again to where the rootlets are lying in wait for it, deep in the under soil.

Now how is this last change brought about? Man turns up the crust with the plough, throwing up the exhausted earth, down the refreshed soil, with infinite toil and patience. And nature does it by natural ploughmen who, with equal industry, are busy all over the world reversing the earth's crust, turning it over and over from year to year, only much more slowly and much more thoroughly, spadeful by spadeful, foot by foot, and even grain by grain. Before Adam delved the Garden of Eden these natural agriculturists were at work, millions and millions of them in every part of the globe, at different seasons and in different ways, tilling the world's fields.

According to Mr. Darwin, the animal which performs this most important function in nature is the earth-worm. The marvellous series of observations by which the great naturalist substantiated his con-

clusion are too well known for repetition. Mr. Darwin calculates that on every acre of land in England more than ten tons of dry earth are passed through the bodies of worms and brought to the surface every year; and he assures us that the whole soil of the country must

pass and repass through their bodies every few years. Some of this earth is brought up from a considerable depth beneath the soil, for in order to make its subterranean burrow the animal is compelled to swallow a certain quantity of earth. It eats its way, in fact, to the surface, and there voids the material in a little heap. Although the proper diet of worms is decaying vegetable matter, dragged down from the surface in the form of leaves and tissues of plants, there are many occasions on which this source of aliment fails, and the animal has then to nourish itself by swallowing quantities of earth, for the sake of the organic substances it contains. In this way the worm has a twofold inducement to throw up earth. First, to dispose of the material excavated from its burrow; and second, to obtain adequate nourishment in times of famine. "When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse," says Mr. Darwin, "we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is



"Singly or in clusters."

mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms. It is a marvellous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will again pass, every few years, through the bodies of worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was, in fact, regularly ploughed by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures.*

Now without denying the very important contribution of the earth-worm in this respect, a truth sufficiently endorsed by the fact that the most circumstantial of naturalists has devoted a whole book to this one animal, I would humbly bring forward another claimant to the honour of being, along with the worm, the agriculturist of nature. While admitting to the fullest extent the influence of worms in countries which enjoy a temperate and humid climate, it can scarcely be allowed that the same influence is exerted, or can possibly be exerted, in tropical lands. No man was less in danger of taking a provincial view of nature than Mr. Darwin, and in discussing the earth-worm he has certainly collected evidence from different parts of the globe. He refers, although sparingly, and with less than his usual wealth of authorities, to worms being found in Iceland, in Madagascar, in the United States, Brazil, New South Wales, India, and Ceylon. But his facts, with regard especially to the influence on the large scale of the worm in warm countries, are few or wholly wanting. Africa, for instance, the most tropical country in the world, is not referred to at all; and where the activities of worms in the tropics are described, the force of the fact is modified by the statement that these are only exerted during the limited number of weeks of the rainy season.

The fact is, for the greater portion of the year in the tropics the worm cannot operate at all. The soil, baked into a brick by the burning sun, absolutely refuses a passage to this soft and delicate animal. All the members of the earth-worm tribe, it is true, are natural skewers, and though boring is their supreme function, the substance of these skewers is not hardened iron, and the pavement of a tropical forest is quite as intractable for nine months in the year as are the frost-bound fields to the farmer's plough-

share. During the brief period of the rainy season worms undoubtedly carry on their function in some of the moister tropical districts; and in the sub-tropical regions of South America and India worms, small and large, appear with the rains in endless numbers. But on the whole the tropics proper seem to be poorly supplied with worms. In Central Africa, though I looked for them often, I never saw a single worm. Even when the rainy season set in, the closest search failed to reveal any trace either of them or of their casts. Nevertheless so wide is the distribution of this animal that in the moister regions even of the equatorial belt one should certainly expect to find it. But the general fact remains. Whether we consider the comparative poorness of their development, or the limited period during which they can operate, the sustained performance of the agricultural function by worms, over large areas in tropical countries, is impossible.

Now as this agricultural function can never be dispensed with, it is more than probable that nature will have there commissioned some other animal to undertake the task. And there are several other animals to whom this difficult and laborious duty might be entrusted. There is the mole, for instance, with its wonderful spade-like feet, that natural navy who shovels the soil about so vigorously at home; but against the burnt crust of the tropics even this most determined of burrowers would surely turn the edge of his nails. The same remark applies to those curious little geologists the marmots and skipmunks which one sees throwing up their tiny heaps of sand and gravel on the American prairies. And though the torrid zone boasts of a strong-limbed, and almost steel-shod creature, the ant-bear, his ravages are limited to the destruction of the nests of ants; and however much this somewhat scarce animal contributes to the result, we must look in another direction for the true tropical analogue of the worm.

The animal we are in search of, and which I venture to think equal to all the necessities of the case, is the termite or white ant. It is a small insect (Fig. 1), with a bloated yellowish-white body and a somewhat large thorax, oblong-shaped, and coloured a disagreeable oily brown. The flabby, tallow-like body makes this insect sufficiently repulsive, but it is for quite another reason that the white ant is the worst abused of all living vermin in warm countries. The termite lives almost exclusively upon wood; and the

* "Vegetable Mould and Earth Worms," p. 313.

moment a tree is cut or a log sawn for any economical purpose, this insect is upon its track. One may never see the insect, possibly, in the flesh, for it lives underground;

but its ravages confront one at every turn. You build your house, perhaps, and for a few months fancy you have pitched upon the one solitary site in the country where there are no white ants. But one day suddenly the door post totters and lintel

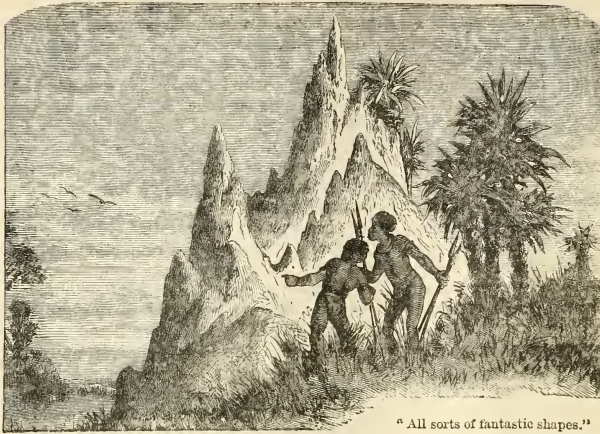
and rafters come down together with a crash. You look at a section of the wrecked timbers and discover that the whole inside is eaten clean away. The apparently solid logs of which the rest of the house is built are now mere cylinders of bark, and through the thickest of them you could push your little finger. Furniture, tables, chairs, chests of drawers, everything made of wood is inevitably attacked, and in a single night a strong trunk is often riddled through and through, and turned into matchwood. There is no limit in fact to the depredation by these insects, and they will eat books, or leather, or cloth, or anything, and in many parts of Africa I believe if a man lay down to sleep with a wooden leg it would be a heap of sawdust in the morning. So much feared is this insect now, that no one in certain parts of India and Africa ever attempts to travel with such a thing as a wooden trunk. On the Tanganyika plateau I have camped on ground which was as hard as adamant, and as innocent of white ants apparently as the pavement of St. Paul's, and wakened next morning to find a stout wooden box almost gnawed to pieces. Leather portmanteaus share the same fate, and the only substances which seem to defy the marauders are iron and tin.

But what has this to do with earth or with agriculture? The most important point in the work of the white ant remains to be noted. I have already said that the white ant is never seen. Why he should have such a repugnance to being looked at is at first sight a mystery, seeing that he himself is stone blind. But his coyness is really

due to the desire for self-protection, for the moment his juicy body shows itself above ground there are a dozen enemies waiting to devour it. And yet the white ant can never procure any food until it comes above ground. Nor will it meet the case for the insect to come to the surface under the shadow of night. Night in the tropics, so far as animal life is concerned, is as the day. It is the great feeding time, the great fighting time, the carnival of the carnivores, and of all beasts, birds, and insects of prey from the least to the greatest. It is clear then that darkness is no protection to the white ant; and yet without coming out of the ground it cannot live. How does it solve the difficulty? It takes the ground out along with it. I have seen white ants working on the top of a high tree, and yet they were underground. They took up some of the ground with them to the treetop; just as the Esquimaux heap up snow, building it into the low tunnel-huts in which they live, so the white ants collect earth, only in this case not from the surface but from some depth underneath the ground, and plaster it into tunnelled ways. Occasionally these run along the ground, but more often mount in endless ramifications to the top of trees, meandering along every branch and twig, and here and there debouching into large covered chambers which occupy half the girth of the trunk. Millions of trees in some districts are thus fantastically plastered over with tubes, galleries, and chambers of earth, and many pounds weight of subsoil must be brought up for the mining of even a single tree. The building material is conveyed by the insects up a central pipe with which all the galleries communicate, and which at the downward end connects with a series of subterranean passages leading deep into the earth. The method of building the tunnels and covered ways is as follows:—At the foot of a tree the tiniest hole cautiously opens in the ground close to the bark. A small head appears with a grain of earth clasped in its jaws. Against the tree trunk this earth-grain is deposited, and the head is withdrawn. Presently it re-appears with another grain of earth, this is laid beside the first, rammed tight against it, and again the builder descends underground for more. The third grain is not placed against the tree, but against the former grain; a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth follow, and the plan of the foundation begins to suggest itself as soon as these are in position. The stones or grains, or pellets of



Fig. 1.—Worker White Ant (natural size and magnified).



"All sorts of fantastic shapes."

earth, are arranged in a semi-circular wall, the termite, now assisted by three or four others, standing in the middle between the sheltering wall and the tree and working briskly with head and mandible to strengthen the position. The wall in fact forms a small moon-rampart, and as it grows higher and higher it soon becomes evident that it is going to grow from a low battlement into a long perpendicular tunnel running up the side of the tree. The workers, safely ensconced inside, are now carrying up the structure with great rapidity, disappearing in turn as soon as they have laid their stone and rushing off to bring up another. The way in which the building is done is extremely curious and one could watch the movement of these wonderful little masons by the hour. Each stone as it is brought to the top is first of all covered with mortar. Of course, without this the whole tunnel would crumble into dust before reaching the height of half-an-inch; but the termite pours over the stone a moist sticky secretion, turning the grain round and round with its mandibles until the whole is covered with slime. Then it places the stone with great care upon the top of the wall, works it about vigorously for a moment or two till it is well jammed into its place, and then starts off instantly for another load.

Peering over the growing wall one soon discovers one, two, or more termites of a somewhat larger build, considerably longer, and with a very different arrangement of the parts of the head and especially of the man-

dibles either of the workers or the works. They are posted there in fact as sentries, and there they stand, or promenade about, at the mouth of every tunnel, like sister Ann, to see if anybody is coming. Sometimes somebody does come in the shape of another ant—the real ant this time, not the defenceless *Neuropteron*, but some valiant and belted knight from the warlike *Formicida*. Singly, or in troops, this rapacious little insect, fearless in its chitinous coat of mail, charges down the tree-trunk, its antennæ waving defiance to the enemy and its cruel mandibles thirsting for termite blood. The worker white ant is a poor defenceless creature, and, blind and unarmed, would fall an immediate prey to these well-drilled banditti, who forage about in every tropical forest in unnumbered legion. But at the critical moment,

like Goliath from the Philistines, the soldier termite advances to the fight. With a few sweeps of its scythe-like jaws it clears the ground, and while the attacking party is carrying off its dead, the builders, unconscious of the fray, quietly continue their work. To every hundred workers in a white ant colony, which numbers many thousands of individuals, there are perhaps two of these fighting-men. The division of labour here is very wonderful, and the fact that besides these two specialised forms there are in every nest two other kinds of the same insect, the kings and queens,



Fig. 2.—Soldier White Ant.

dibles (Fig. 2). These important-looking individuals saunter about the rampart in the most leisurely way, but yet with a certain air of business, as if perhaps the one was the master of works and the other the architect. But closer observation suggests that they are in no wise superintending operations, nor in any immediate way contributing to the structure, for they take not the slightest notice

shows the remarkable height to which civilisation in these communities has attained.

But where is this tunnel going to, and what object have the insects in view in ascending this lofty tree? Thirty feet from the ground, across innumerable forks, at the end of a long branch are a few feet of dead wood. How the ants know it is there, how they know its sap has dried up, and that it is now fit for the termites' food, is a mystery. Possibly they do not know, and are only prospecting on the chance. The fact that they sometimes make straight for the decaying limb argues in these instances a kind of definite instinct; but, on the other hand, the fact that in most cases the whole tree, in every branch and limb, is covered with termite tunnels, would show perhaps that they work most commonly on speculation, while the number of abandoned tunnels, ending on a sound branch in a *cul de sac*, proves how often they must suffer the usual disappointments of all such adventurers. The

extent to which these insects carry on their tunnelling is quite incredible until one has seen it in nature with his own eyes. The tunnels are perhaps about the thickness of a small-sized gas-pipe, but there are junctions here and there of large dimensions, and occasionally patches of earth-work are found embracing nearly the whole trunk for some feet. The outside of these tunnels, which are never quite straight, but wander irregularly along stem and branch, resembles in texture a coarse sand-paper; and the colour, although this naturally varies with the soil,

is usually a reddish brown. The quantity of earth and mud plastered over a single tree is often enormous; and when one thinks that it is not only an isolated specimen here and there that is frescoed in this way, but often the whole of the trees of a forest, some idea will be formed of the magnitude of the operations of these insects and the extent of their influence upon the soil which they are thus ceaselessly transporting from underneath the ground.

In travelling through the great forests of the

Rocky Mountains or of the Western States, the broken branches and fallen trunks strewn high with all sorts of decaying litter, frequently make locomotion impossible. To attempt to ride through these western forests, with their meshwork of interlocked branches and decaying trunks, is often out of the question, and one has to dismount and drag his horse after him as if he were clambering through a wood-yard. But in an African forest not



"Useful to the sportsman."

a fallen branch is seen. One is struck at first at a certain clean look about the great forests of the interior, a novel and unaccountable cleanness, as if the forest-bed was carefully swept and dusted daily by unseen elves. And so, indeed, it is. Scavengers of a hundred kinds remove decaying animal matter—from the carcase of the fallen elephant to the broken wing of a gnat—eating it, or carrying it out of sight, and burying it in the deodorising earth. And these countless millions of termites perform a similar function for the vegetable

world, making away with all plants and trees, all stems, twigs, and tissues, the moment the finger of decay strikes the signal.

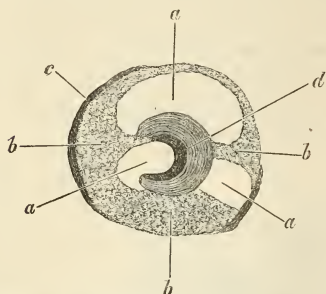


Fig. 3.—a, Tunnel. b, Earth. c, Shreds of outer Bark. d, Remains of Branch.

Constantly in these woods one comes across what appear to be sticks and branches and bundles of faggots, but when closely examined they are seen to be mere casts in mud. From these hollow tubes, which preserve the original form of the branch down to the minutest knot or fork, the ligneous tissue is often entirely removed, while others are met with in all stages of demolition. There is the section (Fig. 3) of an actual specimen, which is not yet completely destroyed, and from which the mode of attack may be easily seen. The insects start apparently from two centres. One company attacks the inner bark, which is the favourite morsel, leaving the coarse outer bark untouched, or more usually replacing it with grains of earth atom by atom as they eat it away. The inner bark is gnawed off likewise as they go along, but the woody tissue beneath is allowed to remain to form a protective sheath for the second company who begin work at the centre. This second contingent eats

its way outward and onward, leaving a thin tube of the outer wood to the last as props to the mine till they have finished the main excavation. When a fallen trunk lying upon the ground is the object of attack, the outer cylinder is frequently left quite intact, and it is only when one tries to drag it off to his camp-fire that he finds to his disgust that he is dealing with a mere hollow tube a few lines in thickness filled up with mud.

But the works above ground represent only a part of the labours of these slow-moving but most industrious of creatures. The arboreal tubes are only the prolongation of a much more elaborate system of subterranean tunnels (Fig. 4) which extend over large areas and mine the earth sometimes to a depth of many feet or even yards.

The material excavated from these underground galleries and from the succession of domed chambers—used as nurseries and granaries—to which they lead, has to be thrown out upon the surface. And it is from these materials that the huge ant-hills are reared, which form so distinctive a feature of the African landscape. These

heaps and mounds are so conspicuous that they may be seen for miles, and so numerous are they and so useful as

cover to the sportsman, that without them in certain districts hunting would be impossible. The first things, indeed, to strike the traveller in entering the interior are the mounds of the white ant, now dotting the plain in groups

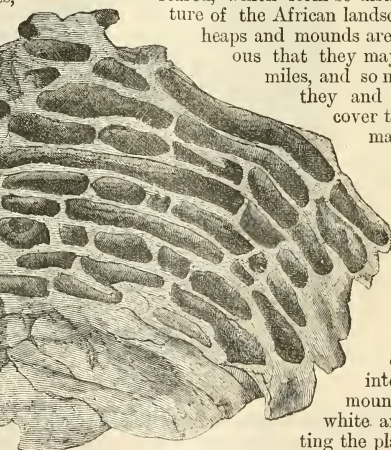


Fig. 4.—Galleries in White Ants' Nest.

like a small cemetery, now rising into mounds singly or in clusters, each thirty or forty feet in diameter, and ten or fifteen in height, or again standing out against the sky like obelisks, their bare sides carved and fluted into all sorts of fantastic shapes (pages 296, 297, 300). In India these ant-heaps seldom attain a height of more than a couple of feet, but in Central Africa they form veritable hills, and contain many tons

of earth. The brick houses of the Scotch mission-station on Lake Nyassa have all been built out of a single ants' nest, and the quarry from which the material has been derived forms a pit beside the settlement some dozen feet in depth. A supply of bricks as large again could probably still be taken from this convenient depôt, and the missionaries on Lake Tanganyika and onwards to Victoria Nyanza have been similarly indebted to the labours of the termites. In South Africa the Zulus and Kaffirs pave all their huts with white-ant earth; and during the Boer war our troops in Praetoria, by scooping out the interior from the smaller beehive-shaped ant-heaps, and covering the top with clay, constantly used them as ovens. These ant-heaps may be said to abound over the whole interior of Africa, and there are three or four distinct varieties. The most peculiar, as well as the most ornate, is a small variety from one to two feet in height, which occurs in myriads along the shores of Lake Tanganyika. It is built in symmetrical tiers, and resembles a pile of small rounded hats, one above another, the rims depending like eaves, and sheltering the body of the hill from rain. To estimate the amount of earth per acre raised from the water-line of the subsoil by white ants would not in some districts be an impossible task, and it would be found probably that the quantity at least equalled that manipulated annually in temperate regions by the earth-worm.

These mounds, however, are more than mere waste-heaps. Like the corresponding region underground they are built into a meshwork of tunnels, galleries, and chambers, where the social interests of the community are attended to. The most spacious of these chambers, usually far underground, is very properly allocated to the head of the society, the queen. The queen-termiter (Fig. 5) is a very rare insect, and as there are seldom more than one, or at most two, to a colony, and as the royal apartments are hidden far in the earth, few persons have ever seen a queen, and indeed most, if they did happen to come across it, from its very singular appearance would refuse to believe that it had any connection with white ants. It possesses, indeed, the true termiter head (Figs.

6, 7), but there the resemblance to the other members of the family stops, for the size of the head bears about the same proportion to the

rest of the body as does the tuft on his Glen-garry bonnet to a six-foot Highlander. The phenomenal corpulence of the royal body in the case of the queen-termiter is possibly due in part to want of exercise, for once seated upon her throne she never stirs to the end of her days. She lies there, a large loathsome cylindrical package, two or three inches long, in shape like a sausage, and as white as a bolster. Her one duty in life is to lay eggs (Fig. 8), and it must be confessed she discharges her function with complete success, for in a single day her progeny often amounts to many thousands, and for months this enormous fecundity never slackens. The body increases slowly in size, and through the transparent skin the long-folded ovary may be seen, with the eggs, impelled by a peristaltic motion, passing onward for delivery to the workers who are waiting to carry them to the nurseries where they are hatched. Assiduous attention meantime is paid to the queen by other workers, who feed her diligently, with much self-denial stuffing her with morsel after morsel from their own jaws. A guard of honour in the shape of a few of the larger soldier-ants is also in attendance as a last and almost unnecessary precaution. In addition, finally, to the soldiers, workers, and queen, the royal chamber has also one other inmate—the king. He is a very ordinary-looking insect (Fig. 9), about the same size as the soldiers, but the



Fig. 6.—Head of Queen magnified.



Fig. 7.—Undeveloped winged female.



Fig. 8.—Eggs.

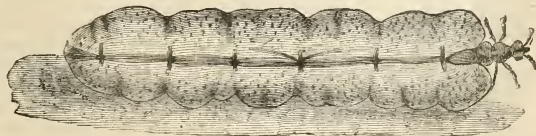


Fig. 5.—The Queen White Ant.

6, 7), but there the resemblance to the other members of the family stops, for the size of the head bears about the same proportion to the

arrangement of the parts of the head and body are widely different, and like the queen he is furnished with eyes.

Let me now attempt to show the way in which the work of the termites bears upon the natural agriculture and geology of the tropics. Looking at the question from the large point of view, the general fact to be noted is, that the soil of the tropics is in a state of perpetual motion. Instead of an upper crust, moistened to a paste by the autumn rains, and then baked hard as



Fig. 9.—King White Ant.

adamatically sealed from the sun; and an under soil, hermetically sealed from the air and light, and inaccessible to all the natural manures derived from the decomposition of organic matters—these two layers being eternally fixed in their relation to one another—we have a slow and continued transference of the layers always taking place. Not only to cover their depredations, but to dispose of the earth excavated from the underground galleries, the termites are constantly transporting the deeper and exhausted soils to the surface. Thus there is, so to speak, a constant circulation of earth in the tropics, a ploughing and harrowing, not furrow by furrow and clod by clod, but pellet by pellet and grain by grain.

Some idea of the extent to which the underlying earth of the tropical forests is thus brought to the surface will have been gathered from the facts already described; but no one who has not seen it with his own eyes can appreciate the gigantic magnitude of the process. Occasionally one sees a whole trunk or branch, and sometimes almost an entire tree, so swathed in red mud that the bark is almost completely concealed, the tree looking as if it had been taken out bodily and dipped in some crystallising solution. It is not only one tree here and there that exhibits the work of the white ant, but in many places the whole forest is so coloured with dull red tunnels and patches as to give a distinct tone to the landscape—an effect which, at a little distance, reminds one of the *abend-roth* in a pine forest among the Alps. Some regions are naturally more favourable than others to the operations of the termites, and to those who have only seen them at work in India or in the lower districts of Africa, this statement may seem an exaggeration. But on one range of forest-clad hills on the great plateau between Lake Nyassa and Tanganyika I have walked for miles through trees, every one of which, without exception, was ramified, more or less, with tunnels. The elevation of this locality was about 5,000 feet above the sea,

and the distance from the equator some 9°; but nowhere else have I seen a spot where the termites were so completely masters of the situation as here. If it is the case that in these, the most elevated regions of Central Africa, the termite colonies attain their maximum development, the fact is of much interest in connection with the geological and agricultural function which they seem to serve; for it is here precisely, before the rivers have gathered volume, that alluvium is most wanting; it is here that the tiny headwaters of these same rivers collect the earth for subsequent distribution over the distant plains and coasts; and though the white ant may itself have no power, in the first instance, of creating soil, as a denuding and transporting agent its ministry can scarcely be exaggerated. If this is its function in the economy of nature it is certainly clear that the insect to which this task is assigned is planted where, of all places, it can most effectively fulfil the end.

The direct relation of the termites' work to denudation will still further appear, if we try to imagine the effect upon these accumulations of earth-pellets and grains of an ordinary rainy season. For two or three months in the tropics, though intermittently, the rains lash the forests and soils with a fury such as we, fortunately, have little idea of. And though the earth-works, and especially the larger ant-hills, have marvellous resisting properties, they are not invulnerable, and must ultimately succumb to denuding agents. The tunnels, being only required for a temporary purpose, are made substantial enough only to last the occasion. And in spite of the natural glue which cements the pellets of earth together, the structure, as a whole, after a little exposure, becomes extremely friable, and crumbles to pieces at a touch. When the earth-tubes crumble into dust in the summer season the debris is scattered over the country by the wind, and in this way tends to increase and refresh the soil. During the rains, again, it is washed into the rivulets and borne away to fertilise with new alluvium the distant valleys or carried downward to the ocean, where, along the coast line, it "sows the dust of continents to be." Herodotus, with equal poetic and scientific truth, describes Egypt as "the gift of the Nile." Possibly had he lived to-day he might have carried his vision farther back still, and referred some of it to the labours of the humble termites in the forest slopes about Victoria Nyanza.

THOMAS FAED, R.A.

SCOTLAND has just reason to be proud of the achievements in art of her sons, and yet it may with truth be said that these achievements do not, in the eyes of the average Scotchman, rank among the chief glories of his native land. In Scotland, from the very nature of the country and its situation, and in spite of the strongly religious character of the people themselves, the world has been too much with us. We have had to fight for our lives. Jealous neighbours and the keen breezes of poverty, a poor soil and an uncertain climate, have put us upon our mettle, and while we have been, comparatively speaking, victors in the strife against opposing forces, we bear about with us, as a nation, the marks of the conflict. The serious interests of existence have pressed heavily against us, and have made us almost as rugged and unyielding as our own rocks and mountain-sides. Our very humour, as truly a national characteristic as our *dourness* or our perseverance, is in great part the result of a reaction. Our earnestness must needs have relief sometimes, and as we cannot often sport in the sun, and be "forgetful of the noon-tide hour," when we do sing and dance and laugh at our own or others' follies we do it with the thorough heartiness and sincerity that are possible only to men who are glad to escape, now and again, out of sight of the hard realities of life. These same realities have left us little time to cultivate the lighter graces, and it must be confessed have also taken from us not a little of the ability to rightly value them. Our most splendid and most self-asserting triumphs have been won in the direction of material progress, and these, consequently, bulk most largely in our own estimation. We remember the manufactures we have started, the harbours we have made, the towns we have built, and we care to

bestow hardly one grateful thought on the painters of genius that our country has given birth to. And yet some Scottish names stand high in the roll of art. We had an admirable native portrait painter before England could boast of one of any note, and the fame of Jamesone has descended to a long line of illustrious successors. The works of Raeburn, of Wilkie, of Phillip, of Horatio McCulloch, to mention only a few of the great dead, would confer distinction on any school of painting. To living artists of Scottish birth contemporary British art owes some of its noblest triumphs.

Much might be said about the excellencies and the defects of the Scottish school; the high position it has taken in portraiture and the impetus it has given to landscape art by its healthy preference of nature and open-air study to conventionality and mere studio compositions; but I must content myself just now mainly with an account of one well-known Scottish artist, who throughout a busy life has worthily sustained the reputation of both his craft and his country.



(From a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.)

For three hundred years the name of Faed, one of the rarest of Scotch surnames, can be traced in Dumfriesshire. It is derived from the Scandinavian, and signifies a prophet or fortune-teller. About sixty years ago the family was divided into the rich and the poor Faeds, and from the latter branch the subject of this article is descended. Thomas Faed was born on the 8th of June, 1826, at Burley Mill, near Gatehouse of Fleet, in the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, a district far removed from the turmoil of cities, and one in which primitive manners have lingered longer than in any other part of the Lowlands of Scotland. His father was the tenant of Burley Mill, and was not a miller, but a builder of

mills. His knowledge of machinery and its mysterious ways was profound, and he had a genius for invention; not, as a rule, a profitable kind of genius to its possessor. The result was that all his life he was somewhat of a disappointed man.

There was an artistic bent in the whole Burley Mill family. Tom, influenced perhaps by the example and precept of his elder brother John, now a member of the Scottish Academy, began when very young to draw and to copy other people's drawings. Two bulky volumes in the Burley Mill library, entitled "The Biography of the Bible," illustrated with outline engravings from designs by Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c., were a never-failing source of wonder and delight to the young Faeds. On the walls of their aunt's parlour hung some drawings, which appeared to the eyes of the youthful students to be veritable masterpieces. Once upon a time an uncle of theirs had set off to England to push his fortune, and had returned without the fortune, but with a few old-fashioned engravings, such as "Cupid subduing the Tiger," "Louis in Prison," and others of a like nature. These the uncle had copied in Indian ink, and the copies were given to Faed's aunt. It was in recopying the copies that the Faeds made their first essays in art. Tom Faed also followed out, in his own way, healthier methods of self-education, such methods as a born painter always discovers for himself. In the picturesque scenery of the Stewartry he found congenial subjects for his pencil. Wandering by the banks of Burley Burn, and among the hills and lakes and masses of the district, and studying the rustic life with which he was surrounded, he laid the foundation of those tastes and sympathies that in later years have helped him to his most satisfactory triumphs. In summer time, when there was no grain to prepare, he used the old kiln-house as a studio, and there, with a fair top-light and a background filled with Rembrandtesque shadows, he had, as sitters, nearly all the ragged urchins of the country side. In the meantime John Faed had settled in Edinburgh as a painter, and by his advice Thomas, in 1842, at the age of sixteen, began his regular art studies in that city. He was soon able to show evidence of proficiency in drawing sufficient to entitle him to admission to the Art School of the Board of Trustees for Manufactures. This school merits a few words of notice. The Board of Trustees was one of the results of the fifteenth article of the Treaty of Union, and was founded in 1727 for the purpose "of encouraging and

promoting fisheries and such other manufactures and improvements in Scotland as may most conduce to the general good of the United Kingdom." An income of £2,000 a year was placed under the management of the Board, subject to the control of the Lords of the Treasury. In 1809 a separate Fishery Board was created, and since then the grant has been appropriated to the School of Art, the National Gallery, and the Museum of Antiquities (*Year's Art*, 1885). In the year 1760 the Board started a drawing school, which was the first School of Design established in Great Britain at the public expense. In 1858, in consequence of certain changes in connection with the administration, &c., of the National Gallery of Scotland, the Board's School was affiliated with the Science and Art Department, and is now under the charge of the Kensington authorities. At the same time (1858) the Royal Scottish Academy set on foot a permanent life school for the higher special education of those who intend to become professional artists. The Trustees' School, in its day and generation, did good work for Scotland and the world, and to it many of our most illustrious Scottish artists owe their training. Faed had a short experience, in the antique class, of Sir William Allan as a teacher. This extraordinary man, the fellow-student of Wilkie and Burnet, had been head master under the Trustees since 1826. He was also president of the Royal Scottish Academy for twelve years, and His Majesty's Limner for Scotland, and had won fame as an adventurous traveller in Russia, Tartary, Turkey, and Asia Minor. His reputation as an artist has not endured. He told a story with spirit and some dramatic insight, but his colour was weak and crude. He was succeeded, in the position of master of the Trustees' School, by another well-known Scottish painter, Thomas Duncan, whose death at the early age of thirty-eight prevented the fulfilment of the high hopes his admirers had formed of his genius. At the time of Duncan's death his influence was one specially needed to guide Scottish art into right paths, as a bad style, servilely copied from Wilkie in his decadence, was too commonly practised. It remained for others in later years to bring about a healthier state of matters, and foremost in this good work was Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., whose merits as artist and teacher have been too soon forgotten.

At the Trustees' Academy Faed gained several prizes. Among the artists still living who were students there, at or about the same time as Faed, are Robert Herdman,

R.S.A., W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., and Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. Looking back to his early experiences, Mr. Faed lately remarked, "Much as the good influences of a teacher may prevail, there is an influence of student over student which is far more conducive to improvement in a class than all the principles and rules laid down by a master. I have noticed in my early student life and since, as a visitor to the classes of the Royal Academy, how frequently a class at a dead low level have been roused from their dulness by the coming among them of even one student of undoubted power, the result being that many were raised to competitive excellence."

Those Edinburgh days were a happy time for young Faed, busy with studies he loved and all his future bright with hope and promise. Merely to live in Edinburgh is to some natures a liberal education. The legendary and historical associations of the romantic town, its picturesque environments, the ever-recurring flush of green that brings the country into the very heart of the stony streets, make it pre-eminently a fit home for an artist. There Faed found healthy stimulus for his imagination, and in addition to learning how to paint, learned to appreciate the manifold beauties of our great literature. With his friend, Mr. R. P. Scott, a poet and a lover of poets, he spent many a pleasant hour roaming over Corstorphine Hill, or on the braes of Arthur Seat, their talk almost always on the one subject, poetry. The influence of these discussions is seen throughout Faed's later work.

The first picture Faed ventured to exhibit was a water colour, representing a sensational incident from "The Old English Baron." Like the majority of artistic aspirants, he began in the grand style, and tried his budding powers on Caius Marius, Siberian slaves, ghosts, demons, and avenging angels. These exercises, however, were badly hung in the Scottish Academy Exhibition, and were never sold. He soon found where his real strength lay; the experiences of his boyhood, the recollections of the scenes around Burley Mill, and the memories of the incidents of rural life that had stamped themselves so deeply on his youthful affections and imagination, began to bear good fruit. Discarding second-hand impressions and all "got up" interest in affairs and men that lay remote from his daily path, he set himself to paint what he really felt and knew about, and the result for him was success. He selected a simple subject from Scottish peasant life, an old man "Reading the Bible" to a young

girl, and he sold it at once for £12 12s. A somewhat similar picture was the first commission he received, at £12 12s. also. It had the singular fortune of being refused for no very definite reason, by the gentleman who had commissioned it, and of being sold, several years afterwards, at a public sale in London, for 600 guineas. Faed rose rapidly in reputation: work poured in upon him more speedily than he could execute it, and his life henceforward is the naturally uneventful life of an artist, whose industry and genius have brought to him fame and a good position. Among his more important works at this time was "Jeanie Deans," which was painted for Campbell of Blythswood, and obtained the Heywood Gold Medal at Manchester. In 1849 he was made an A.R.S.A., and exhibited "Scott and his Friends at Abbotsford," well known to the general public through the engraving of it by his brother, Mr. James Faed. In 1851 he exhibited for the first time in the Royal Academy. Encouraged by the reception he then met, he settled in London in 1852. It was not, however, until 1855 that he made "a palpable hit" in the Academy, with a picture entitled, "The Mitherless Bairn." This canvas shows us an incident—idealised—of his own childhood, and the fact illustrates Mr. Faed's general method of working. When the artist was about eight years of age, a little vagrant, on the plea that he had no father or mother, imposed upon the children of Burley Mill, who coaxed him to stay in the house, and fed and petted him until he "waxed fat and kicked," and grew so insolent that he had to be turned away. It afterwards came out that he was not an orphan at all, but the son of two sturdy tramps who were the terror of the district!

In 1861 Faed was made an Associate, and an Academician in 1866. Since 1855 he has every year, with the single exception of 1875, contributed generally two and sometimes three works to the Royal Academy Exhibitions. I must content myself, however, with mentioning a few of the pictures he has produced. In 1857 we had "The First Break in the Family," a young man leaving home and early ties to face the uncertainties of the world; in 1860 "His only Pair;" in 1861 (his Associateship year) "From Dawn to Sunset," which is, perhaps, at once his finest and his most popular picture; in 1864, "Baith Faither and Mither," truly pathetic in its suggestiveness; and in succeeding years such subjects as, "Ere care begins," "A wee bit fractious," "They have been Boys together,"

"The Waefu' Heart," &c. Throughout his work, so varied, so important, so honestly done, one purpose, one sentiment runs, and the work itself is a noble testimony to a well-ordered, sympathetic, and industrious life.

That there was once a golden age in which life's glad moments knew no "sad satiety," and the burdens of humanity were light to bear, and Nature was monotonously lovely and benignant, is only a dreamer's dream. The world is as full to-day of grace and beauty as it ever was, to him who has ears to hear and wisdom to understand. As long as men are born and die, as long as they love and hope, hate and fear, there will be poetry on earth, and the artist will find materials lying close to him on which to feed and sustain his imagination. He is the genuine Philistine in whose eyes his gross surroundings bulk so largely as to hide from him the glory of the sunset, the miracle of the new season's primrose, the wonders of human experience. To-day is as interesting as any of the ancient epochs of demi-god and hero. Gordon is as great as Leonidas; there are more brave deeds recorded in James's Naval History than in Homer or Tasso; we have women as fair as Helen and men as chivalric as Bayard. The poet recognises this. To him nothing is commonplace or unclean. Mr. Faed is a poet who uses a brush instead of a pen. He seeks his inspiration in the life of to-day, in the life with which his own childhood was familiar, and he reproduces it for us, idealised if you like, but idealised with a light that is pure and sweet. On one side of his nature he is a realist, but he is no devotee of the ultra-realism now in fashion, which, as Mr. Hamerton says, is simply neither more nor less than a distinct and wilful preference of ugliness to beauty. The rose is as real as an onion. Why should he be called the *realist*, by pre-eminence, who paints nothing but onions?

Mr. Faed chooses his subjects well, draws carefully, composes with consummate skill, and makes every one of his pictures tell its story clearly and powerfully. He deals chiefly with the ways of the poor, especially of the Scottish poor, but under his hands their "homely joys and destiny obscure" are represented shorn of much of their sordid-

ness and squalor. This is, at any rate, one way of looking at the world. Life is not with him a mere desperate struggle for existence; into the lot of even the meanest and the poorest among us there enter compensations and alleviations begotten of love, and unselfishness, and faith.

Many competent critics and artists assert that a picture should not tell a story, and that the subject is of no consequence. Well, it may be so to them! We need not dogmatise. The realm of art is surely wide enough to include those who believe that a picture is valuable only for its technique and tone, and those who long to find in a picture something that rouses and responds to their spiritual and intellectual natures. There is nothing final or absolute in any of the methods that even the greatest artists have employed: art is as various as life itself. The truest art is that which appeals most strongly to us and moves our sympathies to their finest issues; and he is the veriest empiric who maintains that there is one and only one road to this end. The essential quality we demand in a work of art is originality. To be of any value at all, the work must come red-hot from the heart of its producer, and be the expression of his own individuality. Imitations are useless; worse than useless are imitations of imitations, and re-echoes of the solemn sounding platitudes of art-cliques. Thomas Faed has always been true to himself, and by force of his sincerity of both aim and execution, has touched our hearts, and at once commanded and enlarged our sympathies.

Mr. Faed is one of the most popular of the brigade of London Scottish artists, that includes so many distinguished men. Success has not spoiled him or weakened his personality. There is a fine sturdy common sense in all his ways and words that is as refreshing as the breeze that blows over the moors and mosses of his native Galloway. Our portrait is taken from a recent photograph by Fradelle, of 246, Regent Street, London.

The illustration, "Seeing Them Off," is a reproduction of one of Mr. Faed's Academy pictures of 1884. Its tender feeling and good composition are in the artist's best manner.

R. WALKER.

THE THIRD VOLUME.

By ANNA H. DRURY, AUTHOR OF "CALLED TO THE RESCUE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IF Lady Honora meant to quiet her own conscience, and to reserve the right of telling her friends that she had prudently

withheld her consent to any engagement, she would have done more wisely to forbid the young man her house. The permission to return was more than his modesty had hoped



Engraved by]

"SEEING THEM OFF."

"He couldna' leave his Highland home,
Where he was born and bred;
The purple heath, his childhood trod,
Must o'er him bloom when dead."

THOMAS FAED.

[C. Roberts.



to win so soon, and he went back to his lodgings in a state of excitement, far too rapturous for sleep. The fervent imagination came to the relief of the overcharged brain, and he sat for hours that night, pouring out on paper such thoughts and fancies as he hardly ventured to read over when written; until the chill before dawn reminded him that the tumult and heat of day would soon return, and that to meet them well, he must have rest. He grudged the time, as a goldfinder might have done, to whom every pause for meal or repose is the loss of so many ounces; but mines of the brain have their laws, as well as those of the earth; and he had yet to learn by experience that they cannot be safely broken. A short rest sufficed, and he sprang to his work again more eagerly than ever; writing, as he himself expressed it, as if he were some one else, and it all came in spite of him. Visions of love and beauty opened upon his glowing fancy almost beyond his power to describe; his creations breathed, moved, amazed him by their eloquence and vivacity; it was as if his pen were a magician's wand. No wonder the public taste was charmed by the freshness of his style, which even disarmed the critics; during those weeks of heat and closeness in London it was not London air he breathed, but the sweet fragrance of Eden—once in a lifetime vouchsafed to the unselfishly true of heart.

A little share of this sweetness was extended to Juliet Sterndale, though her work was far more prosaic than his. No actual engagement being permitted between them, his visits were always considered an indulgence on Lady Honora's part; and yet the whole of the distressed household watched for him as a deliverer. The gifts which he proffered with so much respect and caution, he learned to time and choose so dexterously, that the cares and anxieties about daily wants were wonderfully lightened; and though Juliet would not relax in her industry, but strove all the harder to fit herself for being a helpmeet for him in time, she keenly enjoyed every little comfort for her mother and Clarice, which was the token of Romilly's genius, as well as of his love. She gloried in his proof of power—every coin he earned was in her eyes a triumph; and when he talked in sanguine moments of the fortune he should realise out of his savings, it did not occur, either to her or to him, that as yet he had not saved at all. His way of life was frugality itself; if he ever tasted an indulgence it was in submission to Lady

Honora's commands, when he saw that resistance would be a want of courtesy; but, as he truly said, he needed nothing but the joy of his daily work, and the evenings in the ruined house that were its reward.

Occasionally he beguiled the widow into a little excursion, either by railway, or carriage, or water—excursions against which she invariably protested, but which were of infinite service to all three ladies, unaccustomed to the atmosphere of London at that season of the year. The scent of the fresh air, the sensation of turf under foot, the relief from the sight of houses and sound of wheels, were luxuries they had never appreciated before; and, as Clarice said, it was coming up to breathe before diving again. Divers never held out very long—the work soon killed the strongest—but fresh air they must have while it lasted; and she used to assume an air of careless enjoyment on these occasions, which, perhaps, deceived her mother, though Juliet understood the truth too well.

One thing was always stipulated for; the excursions were made to quiet, unpretending spots, where there was little chance of meeting any one they knew. Romilly would arrange all beforehand; and they would find, on their arrival at some small station, a vehicle of lowly pretensions to carry Lady Honora and Miss Sterndale, while Juliet gladly walked with him to the house he had fixed on for their halting place—either some farm, where they tasted milk and cream such as London never gave them—or the best parlour in some respectable lodging, whose mistress Alexander had made friends with on some former occasion, and whom he announced as the best hand at buttering teacakes that he had ever met. His habit of taking his holidays in rambles of this kind, among all the lovely nooks and corners within easy reach from London, had led, as the ladies observed, to his forming a large acquaintance, and constructing a popularity whose benefits they were now to share.

Very happy, in spite of all the past—and all that might be in the future—was Juliet on some of these occasions, when her mother was resting and Clarice resolved on making a saleable sketch; and in the stillness of the sweet afternoon, she listened to the voice she loved, breathing forth his modest, unselfish tenderness, and planning hopefully for the days to come. So happy was she at times, that she felt as if it were treason to her grief for her father—her intense sympathy for her sister's fate—but the happiness was never long enough for much remorse; hardly a day passed without their being reminded, in some

new form, of their fallen condition; and it may be a question how they would have held out as they did, but for the consolation that Alexander Romilly brought.

It was towards the end of September, when the shortening of the days had obliged them to return earlier than he would have chosen, on Lady Honora's account; and they were waiting at the Gravesend station for the up train, after a drive to one of the pretty villages in its vicinity. Romilly had gone to fetch an evening paper, and been detained by an acquaintance, who was eager for advice about a MS., and was with difficulty prevented from reading out some passages then and there. With a promise to give the matter his best consideration, our hero escaped, and hurried back to his fair companions, whom he was surprised to find conversing with a gentleman—surprised, because they had always been so nervously anxious to avoid their acquaintance, that a bow was all he had ever seen them return to a greeting of recognition. The surprise, however, changed its character when he advanced nearer, and could observe the new-comer's features more distinctly. Involuntarily he stopped short, like a dog that scents an enemy, and stands all eye and ear to discover what he means to do. The gesture was seen by Juliet, who came to meet him, and explain that Mr. Hartington, whom they had known slightly on his marriage with a friend of theirs, had lost his wife after only a few months' happiness, and their mother felt she could not refuse to speak to him.

"You will not mind his going back with us? I think it is settled that he should."

He did mind it very much; but he could not then tell her why, and his assent was evidently taken as a matter of course. There was nothing for it but to come forward and bow with as good a grace as he had at command—more, he quickly perceived, than Mr. Hartington could summon up, at this unexpected rencontre. One glance passed between the two men, like the crossing of rapier blades; and then politeness had them both under control, and nothing was visible to the bystanders that was not perfectly natural under the circumstances. The gentlemen had met before, but so much had happened since that time, that it was almost like making a new acquaintance—and in such society the pleasure was increased tenfold. Before they reached London, Mr. Hartington had obtained permission to pay his respects to Lady Honora in her own house, and the next time Alexander called he found him there.

"Tell me the honest truth, or I shall have to find it out for myself," said Juliet to her lover, when they had a few moments to themselves; "why do not you like poor Mr. Hartington?"

"Who told you I did not like him?"

"A distinguished writer of the name of Romilly, whose pen may indulge in fiction, but whose eyes, not to say his eyebrows, let out inconvenient facts. That you have some reason for not liking this gentleman I have ascertained already; I only ask what it is."

Romilly hesitated; but decided on intrusting her with the truth.

Three years before, when they were both contributing to a magazine, there had been a discussion about a paper of Hartington's, which excited considerable interest, and brought him in a handsome remuneration. Unluckily for him, Romilly's retentive memory made him detect it as a plagiarism from a by-gone periodical, almost forgotten in the world. The editor's suspicions having been roused, he consulted Alexander, as the best-read man on his staff; and the latter had no choice but to give his evidence. The matter was hushed up by Hartington's friends, and might have been forgotten, but for a still more glaring instance of trickery. The MS. of a timid aspirant having been intrusted to him for perusal, he contrived that it should be rejected, and then reproduced all the best points in a paper of his own, which met with great success. The plundered author had not influence enough to make his case known, but Romilly took it up so warmly, that Mr. Hartington found it safe to withdraw from the literary arena; and soon after recruited his fortunes by the wealthy marriage with the Sterndales' friend, a marriage entirely to his advantage, as his wife having left no children, her fortune, by the terms of the settlement, became absolutely his own. It made no difference in the facts, except that he was not likely to be tempted by want of money to play shabby tricks; but a man who could do such things was not one whom our friend Alexander liked to see on an intimate footing with Clarice and Juliet; and as Juliet insisted on knowing why, he had told her.

Juliet quite agreed with him; and was not surprised, after hearing this, to find that Mr. Hartington avoided meeting his old colleague as much as possible. She was not prepared, however, for the hostile tactics he began to employ; first depreciating Romilly's works, then throwing out hints against his family, his education, his way of life, as if they were

of the most plebeian order; and at last, in Juliet's hearing, dropping a doubtful word of his character. That young lady fired up in a moment, and defended Alexander with a sharpness so unlike her usual tone, that her mother remonstrated afterwards, observing that poor Mr. Hartington looked quite frightened.

"I am very glad to hear it; I meant to frighten him," said the still resentful champion of the absent; "he had no right to say what he did of Mr. Romilly."

"But, my dear, if you fight all Mr. Romilly's battles in this way, people will certainly think you are engaged; and you know I have told you both it is out of the question."

"Engaged, or not engaged, mother, he is not to be insulted in my presence," said Juliet, with difficulty keeping back what she knew of the aggressor, and which she felt sure her manner had shown him that she did know. For some days after this he did not call, and she had begun to hope she had driven him away, when one day he reappeared, in company with a sister, a lady dressed as nearly in the extreme of the fashion as the good taste of her French maid would permit; and the object of their visit, it was soon explained, was to negotiate about the house. Mr. Hartington was weary of the unsettled life he had led since his bereavement; his sister would devote herself to him as long as she was needed; and was evidently quite prepared to carry her devotion to any length required. To Juliet she was as unattractive as her brother; all her attempts at conciliation, all her friendly advances, seemed to her to bear a false ring; and it amazed her to perceive how rapidly she was gaining the confidence of Clarice—Clarice, who used to be so fastidious, so keenly observant of character! It was true that their conversations generally left Miss Sterndale more gloomy and silent than ever, and yet she always craved their renewal; and when Juliet sounded her mother on the subject, there was not much satisfaction in her answer.

"She tells us all about what is going on in the world, and it amuses one for the moment, you know, my dear. It is terribly dull for you two, and I am not surprised that Clarice is glad to talk to anybody."

"One comfort is," thought Juliet, "that if they take the house, we shall turn out of it, and then this constant visiting will come to an end. There is always some excuse now about looking at the rooms; and how Clarice can stand talking about them so coolly, I cannot make out."

It was the fact, that though all the business arrangements were going on through agents and lawyers, Miss Hartington had contrived to interest Clarice about the proposed establishment, and to obtain her opinion on contested points of decoration—an opinion that was at once accepted by the brother as final. But on Juliet's observing to her sister that such reference was in bad taste, and she wished they would make their arrangements without talking about them, Clarice laughed, and asked what it could possibly signify.

"If we do the thing, it matters very little whether we talk of it or not. Everybody knows we must let the house, and have discussed the whole affair long ago. These people have one merit at least; they do not pity us."

"No, but they flatter, which is worse."

"What should they flatter us for? We have nothing left to make it worth their while."

"Nothing?" repeated Juliet significantly, with a glance at her sister's face that brought the hot colour there, as Clarice turned away. The younger sister could bear it no longer, she started up from her work, and clung round the elder's neck.

"Tell me I am wrong—tell me it is not so—it never will be—and I shall mind nothing!" Clarice stood motionless for a few moments, as if undecided what to answer; then gently unloosing her sister's hold, walked out of the room."

CHAPTER IV.

"I AM getting tired of this," said Mr. Hartington to his sister one day, and his voice, in so speaking, was singularly unlike that with which he was wont to address Lady Honora and her daughters. "You tell me you are making progress, and that all is going on as I could wish, but it seems to me we are just where we began; and that is not what I had you here for, Nita—to say nothing of paying your bills."

Nita Hartington looked up from her work, and a faint smile flickered under her thin lips. She had learnt to smile under all circumstances—but it was always most difficult to do so when alone with her brother.

"I never professed to do more than prepare your way," she said, good-humouredly; "if you could but have supported my attack yesterday, I think you might have carried the fort by a *coup-de-main*. But when she has time to think twice, we lose the ground we have gained."

"Does she still care for the fine gentleman, who could not afford to keep his engagement?"

"She does ; and that is your best chance."

"Nita, you are too mysterious for me. I know your gift lies in conversation ; but just drop your cleverness when I ask you a question, or I shall put some you won't like."

"It is not being too clever, is it, to see that the more she cares for Lord Alfred, the more she will resent his forgetting her ; and the more likely she will be to listen to any one who offers her the opportunity of repaying him in his own coin ?"

"Did she fire up then, yesterday ? What had you been telling her ?"

"What my friend from B—— wrote of the gossip talked there, with a little Russian scandal to make it startling. How his lordship was amusing and exciting society by his devotion to the leading beauty, and so on. She knows I have a correspondent there, and is restless for her letters. I have sometimes to invent a little, though Lota has taken the hint, and writes as much as she can."

Her brother seemed considerably amused.

"You unprincipled little gossip, do you actually invent your good stories ?" he said, more good-naturedly than he had spoken yet. "It is a pity such a gift should be wasted ; you ought to be writing for a magazine."

"I have done a little in that way before now," returned Nita, watching his countenance, "and always found letters the easiest part of a story, and the least like real life. Do you suppose Julia Manning could ever have written what Walter Scott wrote for her ?"

"Probably not, for ladies in general ignore style altogether, and never manage two sentences without the help of 'so.' You are always *so* glad, or *so* sorry, or *so* much obliged——"

"You have cured me of the last, at any rate. But you are wrong for once in your life, Thornie. I could imitate any one's style and handwriting too, if I chose to study them ; and there must be individuality where you can do that."

"Let us see a specimen then," said Mr. Hartington. He was sure by her manner that more was meant than was actually said. She took pen and paper, and never lifted her head till the sheet was filled ; when she threw it across the table with a careless, "Tell me what you think of that."

He read it through, looked at her a moment, and then read it again. "I would give something to see that come by post."

"You mean that if you were editor of the magazine, you would consider it worth in-

sertion—reflecting equal credit on the writer's head and heart ?"

"Exactly so. And that reminds me—you must have some shopping to do—I never knew a woman who hadn't—you had better get that trap with the two greys, and see if you can persuade her to drive with you. And if you should be in Doré's gallery about four, the chances are I may meet you there."

"I have no objection, Thornie ; only, to go shopping, you know——"

"Requires the wherewithal ? You are an expensive luxury ; but it is only for a time, so how much ?"

His smile was so much pleasanter than usual, that she took heart to answer frankly. She wanted several things, and her purse was exhausted. And after a little haggling, kept up on his side as if for the humour of the thing, she obtained five sovereigns, for which she was properly grateful ; and, indeed, she was somewhat surprised at her own success. Hitherto, every pound she had received from his hand had been either extorted with difficulty, or embittered by sarcastic comment ; for, though wearing the appearance of wealth, Nita Hartington was actually poorer than when Thorncliff was poor. A salary as governess, and occasionally a guinea or two from magazines, had been independence at any rate ; now, she was working as hard as ever, receiving alms in lieu of wages, not always administered in a liberal spirit. The change in her brother's fortunes had done her very little good ; he had insisted on her leaving her situation, and never allowed her enough to make up the loss ; she was always to be well dressed, in case of being wanted, and when she ran into debt in consequence, he taunted her without mercy.

"He was glad enough, sometimes, when I pinched and saved to pay his bills," she thought, in some of her rebellious moments, when aggravated past endurance ; but the principle of her life had been to bow to the supremacy of wealth ; and Thorncliff being rich, had a right to her obedience, who was poor. So, at his bidding, she courted the friendship of Clarice Sterndale—if intercourse such as theirs could even conventionally be called by such a name—and felt she was doing her friend good service, in labouring to bring about the desired union. After such a fall, to be raised up again so suddenly was a stroke of good fortune that was too rare to be despised ; and she fully believed at first that her task of preparing Thorncliff's way would be easy. But she was not without penetration, and was quickly undeceived ; if Clarice

was to be won by riches, it would not be for their own sake. The temptation, to move her at all, must present itself in a different form.

Looking upon her as the future sister on whose influence might depend all her own comfort, Nita's advances to Clarice were so full of deference, every token of favour was so thankfully accepted, that, in spite of herself, the sore heart of the young lady was soothed. As she said to her sister, why should they be flattered now? and this very question was in Nita's favour. But this would not have had sufficient charm to make Miss Sterndale accessible at any hour, and restless when the expected friend failed to appear. Miss Hartington was quite aware of the truth; she was valuable now as the only channel through which the pining heart could gain intelligence of its lost treasure. No matter what was hinted, or implied in the scraps of gossip retailed in Nita's correspondence, the members of the English embassy were sure to be prominent, and in her agony of thirst it was nothing to her that the draught was poisoned. To hear him mentioned as living, speaking, admiring, and being admired, was a drop of water at least, after the desolation of silence that followed his departure; and though each report contained something that it was misery to brood over afterwards, she could not resist the solace of the moment. Maxwell, whose affection gave her some of the privileges of a favourite nurse, was sufficiently in her confidence to understand the secret of this intimacy, and though she doubted the good faith of the friend, she pitied her darling too much to oppose her wishes; and on Nita's arrival in the carriage, to ask if Miss Sterndale would like a drive, the good woman hurried to convey the invitation.

"It was as a particular favour I was to ask you, Miss Sterndale, my dear, and you haven't been out all day, you know."

"Go, go, my love," said her mother, seeing Clarice hesitate; "it is too dreadful for me to see you cooped up day after day, when I think what we have been accustomed to. If your uncle Pontifex does not come and look after us soon, I shall really tell him to expect us over there. Here is the house being let over our heads, and nothing settled about what is to become of us!"

Juliet, who as usual was hard at work, looked quickly up as her mother spoke, endeavouring to read her sister's face; but that face was turned aside, and Clarice only bent over Lady Honora, and said they would talk it over when she came back. A short silence

followed her departure, broken at last by the widow, in a very depressed strain, as she recapitulated the over-true story of their losses, and drew a woful picture of the winter before them, supposing they stayed in London, in lodgings—without society, or comforts, or anything to make life endurable. Pontifex Tower might not be the best home in the world for her girls, but at any rate they would be among their own people; while in town they would be quite overlooked, and soon forgotten. It would soon be her death, she was sure of that; and she wept and lamented without restraint, to Juliet's extreme distress and dismay. Her mother had been so much braver and more hopeful since Alexander Romilly had coaxed her out of her retirement, that this sudden collapse was the more piteous to witness; and Juliet's words of hope and consolation seemed only to aggravate instead of soothing. It was all very well to talk, but she had not been used to that sort of life, and never thought to come down to it, and for her children it was a great deal worse; and not till she had tired herself enough to fall into a doze, could her daughter resume the employment she was so anxious to finish. "Poor mother!" she thought tenderly, as she bent over her silks and crowels; "if she would only believe how little one's happiness actually depends on such things!"

The train of musing thus begun helped her to forget how time went; and she almost started when Clarice returned, to find she had been away three hours. Lady Honora woke up on her entrance, to ask where she had been; and though the answers were given with studied indifference—they had been shopping, had looked in at Doré's gallery, and driven round the Park—Juliet's watchful ear detected some excitement beneath, that convinced her there was more to come.

It came only too soon; Miss Sterndale had nearly reached the door, as if to go and take off her bonnet, when, as if by an effort, she paused, and went up to her mother's chair. "Mother, dear, I said we would talk our plans over when I came back. How should you like to stay here?"

"Stay here, my dear child? How can you talk such nonsense?"

Juliet laid down her nearly-finished work, and came up to them, trembling with nervous dread.

"I should not forget myself so far as to talk nonsense to you on such a subject," said Clarice quietly—her manner was so quiet, it was evident that she was putting a strong control on her feelings—"it is for you to

consider whether you will accept a proposal, that is certainly liberal. Mr. Hartington will be only too grateful if you—if we all—will make his house our home."

"Mr. Hartington? Clarice, my child! What do you mean? Are you in earnest?"

"As earnest as ever I expect to be again in this world, mother. Mr. Hartington has asked me to marry him, and—I have consented. And his hope and petition are what I have told you—that you will make this your home, and let us take care of you. He knows all our affairs, and is pleased to be satisfied with the amount of fortune he will have with me, so you will own he is easily pleased."

"Fortune, my dear? He knows I have none to give you. Clarice!" Lady Honora raised herself in her chair, and her face looked graver and more earnest than her daughters had ever seen it yet, "you are not doing this thing on *my* account, are you?"

"No, mother, no. I am not so dutiful, as duty is represented in novels. I do not think you are quite the selfish parent of Isabella Vere, or Madeline Bray. It is to please myself I am doing it; and if, as I believe, it will cause some pleasure to others, that is only a happy accident. What you have to bear in mind is, that you are not going to be turned out of your home; and Mr. Hartington, when he comes this evening, will tell you the same."

"And you care for him, Clarice—I can hardly believe it. Can you, Juliet? Is she not sacrificing herself for us, after all?"

"Do not ask Juliet, mother; and to make you easy about my affections, I tell you at once, that we quite understand each other. Neither of us can give what we have lost; and we do not expect impossibilities. He takes me, faults and all, for what I am worth; and we all know the value set upon that article now."

"Mother, do you hear that?" said Juliet hoarsely; "you will not let her do this? She no more loves that man than I do—how can she be happy with him?"

"As to happiness," interrupted her sister, "the less we think and talk about it the better. I see a glimpse before me of something a little less miserable than the life I lead now; and I advise no one to stand in my way. I know my mother will not; and she, at any rate, will be the gainer."

Juliet ran out of the room. Lady Honora wiped her eyes, and protested against her comfort being made a consideration, as anything would do for her; but Clarice, profiting

by her sister's absence, poured out, in rapid succession, the advantages to them all from the proposed union; and as always happened, where she set herself in earnest to argue, completely out-talked and persuaded her mother; till the latter began to think she had wished it all along, and that it was the best thing she had heard of for months.

There could be no doubt, when she was able to realise the change, that to her indolent, easy nature, the relief was immense; and by the time Mr. Hartington called to receive her consent, she was prepared to look upon him as one of themselves, on whom she could as trustfully lay his share of the family burdens, as if he had been Juliet or Maxwell. She took him into her confidence at once, pouring into his attentive ears the whole story of their misfortunes and bereavement; and accepted his professions of attachment and filial duty with a cordial readiness that left him nothing to desire—unless it might be that Juliet should support her mother's welcome. But Juliet, though courteous, was silent and sad—sadder than she had been yet, even when weeping over her father's deathbed. Very few words had passed between her and Clarice, but they were not needed; the elder read the younger's opinion in her eyes, and had been in some measure prepared for it. There was no unkindness in the manner of either: but it was tacitly agreed that the subject was not to be discussed.

One person, however, was not so restrained—the only one to whom the young lady would allow herself to open her heart.

Maxwell was busy that night, after her lady was in bed, over some of the fine mending which was beyond the skill of her youthful assistant, when the door was cautiously opened, and Miss Sterndale came in, with a candle in her hand.

"Nothing is the matter," she explained, as she took a seat. "Juliet is asleep, and I thought I should find you still up. I wonder when you ever get any rest?"

"Oh, my dear, I get more than I want, by a great deal. It's only my eyes that are not so good as they were, over this job; but your mamma is so kind, she will never find fault with the stitches. Please to sit down there, Miss Clarice, and have a drop of tea. I have some keeping hot here, all handy."

How long the good woman contrived to make tea leaves do duty, after they had served the parlour, was a mystery known only to herself. Clarice accepted the offered cup with an eagerness that betrayed her feverish thirst; and drained it without criticising the

flavour. "You have always something for us when we are tired or out of sorts, Maxwell, but it is high time some one thought of you in return. I hope good times are coming back now."

"Any times will be good to me, my dear, that are good for my lady and you; but I don't think work a hardship, so long as I have strength. There are worse ills in the world than that."

"But the worst of all come in poverty's train, Maxwell. We have only to look at my mother to see that. Is she not a different creature to-night, with all her cares taken away by one word? You shake your head, and I know you think I am doing all this out of a generous spirit of self-sacrifice. Perhaps I may be, but the sacrifice is not made for *her*."

Maxwell, who knew every tone of her young lady's voice, refrained from word or gesture of surprise, and only made a sign of attention, while threading her needle. She was aware that the explanation would come all the more freely for being unsought. It was, in fact, one of those moments that come to us all in turn, when the overburdened mind must relieve itself by telling what at other times it would rigidly keep secret. To talk to Maxwell was a relief from going over the subject again and again in thought; her sympathy and interest were certain, and she had no power, even if she had the wish, to interfere.

"I have heard of him again, Maxwell."

"Indeed, my dear?" The good servant's tone was unusually serious.

"Yes, indeed—and for the last time. I have now done all that a woman can do; and if he is not happy, it is no fault of mine."

"Not your fault, I am sure, Miss Clarice, my dear; but may you not be a little mistaken?"

"Scarcely, as you will see presently. I read a letter, or part of one, to-day, from some one who little thought it would reach my eye; and it described him, just as I believe him to be, admired and courted everywhere, making himself delightful in every way—he could always do that, you know—"

"To be sure, my dear," said Maxwell, pausing in her work from real anxiety as to what was coming next.

"But it is well known to his friends, and a source of grievous annoyance to his family, that he considers himself bound in honour—in honour only, observe—not to marry, or even engage himself to any one, until he hears that *I* am engaged. Is not that some-

thing heroic in a young man of the present day?"

"Supposing he wishes to be married, which perhaps he don't, my dear."

"Perhaps not, as you say; but report is eloquent on the beauty and charming qualities of a young lady with whom he is constantly seen, possessing the only good thing denied to himself, and without which he could never marry—a handsome fortune. Nothing stands in his way, you see, but this honourable scruple on his part—and that I have now removed." How glad he will be to hear it, won't he?"

Maxwell shook her head; she could not utter the required assent.

"So now you see," continued Clarice, "that by doing what I have done to-day, I have made some half-dozen or more good people happy—relieved one or two from difficulties, and only given away a life that I did not care about in the least. And yet, do you know, Maxwell, for all that is said about the glory of doing good, and sacrificing one's self, there is a horrible sensation sometimes, as if one were slipping down a steep hill-side, going one knew not where. Maxwell, do you remember our taking you to that picture gallery last year, where the young monk is sitting in the chapel, with that look in his noble face, so utterly, bitterly disappointed in the choice he has made—thinking to find his convent a paradise, full of such saints as he has read of, in whose steps he yearned to tread—and finding himself surrounded by companions as commonplace and vulgar as any he had left behind. You remember him? Well, as I sat and looked at him to-day, I wondered what it would be to feel you had taken a step from which you could never draw back—given up liberty, heart, peace—whatever you had—and woke up to know that you had nothing left but death!"

"You felt this, my dear, and yet——"

"And yet, you would say, I did it? Yes, and I think it was all the sooner done because the picture fascinated me. I looked down the cliff till it seemed as if I must go over—and that—that gentleman was close at hand, and seized his advantage; and though I told him as much of the truth as it was civil to utter, he was ready to agree to every condition. My mother and Juliet will have no more trouble about money; and for the rest it must take its chance. Good night, you dear old woman; your time of hard work is nearly over, at any rate. You will have your arm-chair and your store-closet again,

and only the best china to keep out of housemaids' hands."

"I would do without all that, my dear, to know you were going to be happy. You'll excuse my saying that I'm afraid you have been in too great a hurry, and thought of others when you ought to have thought of yourself."

"That is not so common that you need quarrel with it, Maxwell."

"No, my dear, it ain't; but it seems to me that marrying is just the one case in which you are bound to think of yourself first; because, you see, you undertake a thing in which nobody can help you afterwards."

"If that is your view of marriage, you unmarried woman, I may as well go to bed. I should have gone sooner, if only I could have been sure——"

"Sure of what, my dear?" There was a strangeness in the young lady's lighter tone that alarmed the housekeeper even more than her serious tone.

"Of never waking again. It would save so much trouble! Good night."

If the trouble was not to be eluded so easily, it was, at any rate, as much smoothed away as willing hands could smooth it. Lady Honora's feeble opposition, for the quieting of her own conscience, gave way with little effort when she found the thing was to be.

The immediate relief was undeniable. Juliet might look grave and troubled, and preserve a significant silence when the subject was referred to, but this could not prevent the widow from being consoled by the hearty satisfaction her brother expressed by letter, and the liberal plans of her son-in-law elect, when admitted, as he often was, to private and confidential discussion of their future. She could not say, even to herself, that she should have chosen him for her peerless Clarice—especially after the choice made before—but after having accepted him as a son, it was certainly a comfort to hear so much of his undying gratitude, and of his impatience to make their affairs his own, and relieve them of all trouble, except the gracious one of preparation. That sufficient time must be given to mourning he knew—he would not intrude his ardour for a moment beyond what was due—but the interval might be bridged over by allowing him his privileges at once; and to feel that they were all one family, and that his house was theirs, would be an earnest of coming happiness. Lady Honora's easy nature was as wax in his hands; he could argue or persuade her into agreeing to everything; and he was permitted, sorely

against Juliet's will, to make them, as she said, his pensioners. His hand once on the helm, his object was to make the ship go as he chose; and all that her industry and frugality had accomplished was treated as a thing to be forgotten—a necessary evil past and gone. They were to do no more work, and earn no more money; all their wants, and a great deal more, were supplied without their being even consulted; while, on the other hand, every order for the furnishing and decoration of the house was subject to Clarice's approval. The change in their prospects quickly spread among their former tradespeople, and the renewed deference shown to Miss Sterndale whenever she consented to accompany Nita on her shopping was seconded by the most eager solicitation for Lady Honora's patronage and custom, in quarters where it had so lately been decided that the family were hardly safe to deal with. Friends, too, who had been liberal in condolence, and occasionally in substantial help, and who had been uneasily calculating how much farther they would be expected to go, wrote fervent congratulations on the excellence of the match; especially on the joy it must be to dear Clarice that her mother would remain in her beloved home. Indeed, one relation volunteered to put the little girls to school, and another to receive them at Christmas, so as to remove every obstacle to their good fortune. Everybody now spoke well of Mr. Hartington; he was clever, literary, generous, warm-hearted, and the kindest of husbands to his first wife—just the affectionate being who ought to marry again, formed as he was for domestic happiness. And if Lady Honora learned to believe all this, and to think what everybody says must be true, who can be surprised? There was, however, one great drawback; not the uncertain moods of Clarice herself, which she learned to take as a matter of course, but the steady, silent disapproval of the younger sister. Accustomed to find comfort and support in Juliet's sweet temper and unselfish energy, it was a new form of trouble to perceive that on this important subject they were widely severed in opinion. If young Romilly had not been as this time abroad, detained by the illness of a relation, she would have thought it was his doing; her dear girl was incapable of envy, and was not given to uncharitableness; perhaps it was only pride, and yet she had accepted all poor Alexander's little services, and would have been highly indignant if they had looked coldly upon *him*. Lady Honora could not understand it. Thorneliff Har-

tington was as politely attentive to his future sister-in-law as it was possible to be, and yet Juliet treated him with a distant reserve that he could not fail to remark—would accept neither gift nor favour at his hands, and persisted, notwithstanding his vehement remonstrances, in completing the work they had undertaken, and which Clarice would have thrown aside.

“I don’t know what has come over your sister,” observed Lady Honora to her eldest daughter; “I hardly hear the sound of her voice, and she takes no interest in anything. I begin to think Mr. Hartington is right, and she has been allowed to do too much. Or has there been any coolness between her and Alexander, do you suppose?”

Clarice shook her head; she had every reason to believe that Alexander’s influence was as powerful as ever. She did not say that she could have wished it otherwise; but, in fact, she dreaded his return as much as Juliet longed for it. Her lover had let fall a word or two respecting the connection that revealed his dislike plainly enough; and Nita told her in confidence that Mr. Romilly had certainly behaved very ill to Thorncliff, though she was not clear as to the rights of the story, except that it was a bit of literary jealousy.

“Those literary men are always jealous of each other, you know, and Thorncliff was then a struggling man whom it was easy to push back. It will be another matter with this new work that is to be laid at your feet in October. He has been told it is sure to be a success, and I begin *now* to believe he may win whatever he tries for.”

Mr. Hartington certainly had no cause to be dissatisfied with the position he was allowed to assume as Clarice’s betrothed. It seemed to be her one thought how to gratify his tastes, and give him the pleasure of being appreciated. His literary aspirations were encouraged, and his criticisms of others received with respect; while he had only to suggest a plan for her to forward it with as much zeal as if it had been her own. By her influence her mother was persuaded to leave the house to the decorating and upholstering authorities, and allow the Hartingtons to receive them in apartments at Brighton; and it was during their stay there that the much talked of work appeared—“Wanderings,” by Guy Denzil—a *nom-de-plume*, as Nita said, being much more fashionable now than your own. It consisted of a number of papers on miscellaneous subjects of no particular merit, with the exception of two or three, which Juliet remarked on perusal might

have been translations from the French. How near she had gone to the mark she only discovered on the appearance of a review in the magazine with which Romilly was connected, a periodical that could praise heartily when really pleased, but had a stinging lash for anything like sham or plagiarism, both of which were included in the charge brought against the author. A certain amount of original matter was put to his credit; it must be his own—for no other pen would have had the patience to write it; but all that was piquant and amusing was filched from authors, now out of print, but not (unluckily for him) entirely out of mind. Here followed name, title, and chapter of the works referred to, and proof, fatally conclusive, of the singular want of principle on Mr. Denzil’s part. To be sure, the name was suggestive, and a person of lively imagination might feel bound to act up to the character. It was to be hoped that he might yet escape the “short shrift” and “sure cord” of his prototype in Rokeby; but as this was not the first instance, if report spoke truly, of such “Wanderings” from the good old ways of literary honesty, it might be well that the warning should be given—and attended to.

The magazine reached Juliet at breakfast, together with a letter from her lover, so full of interesting matter that it absorbed all her thoughts; and she was still musing over it while sitting at work with her mother, later in the morning, when Mr. Hartington and his sister, who had been to the reading-room, came in from their walk. The former eagerly asked if she had not received the new number of the *Watchfire*. Yes, but she had not yet opened it. There it was, if he liked to cut it open. He rallied her pleasantly on her indifference, wondering what Mr. Romilly would say if he knew how his October chapters were treated; as an author himself, though a humble one, he took the author’s view of the matter—and with the smile still on his lips, turned to the notices of new books.

“I was told by a friend that the *Watchfire* had a review of the ‘Wanderings:’ and though one knows it really means nothing, one just likes to see what strikes people.”

His sister watched him as he began to read, and, alarmed by the contraction of his brows, darted a look of inquiry at Juliet; but the latter, unconscious of what she had done, went on working in silence—forgetting Thorncliff’s presence till reminded of it by such a burst of rage as she had never witnessed in her life. The man was almost beside himself; all his studied refinement and courtesy

of bearing had vanished; and the coarse nature, between the shame of detection, the sting of wounded vanity, and the exasperation of defeat, was carried along as by a torrent, uttering words as he strode up and down the room that would not have escaped him had he been on his guard. He knew whose writing it was—those low, cowardly fellows thought they could say what they pleased, because they kept behind the curtain; but there was no mistaking the mean, envious spite, that would go any lengths to blast a rival. He knew his touch, his style—and he would make him pay for it—and so on, happily not half understood by any one but his sister, but intelligible enough, as far as passion went, to terrify Lady Honora, who could hardly find voice to ask what it all meant. Her agitation and fright, bringing both Juliet and Nita to her assistance, in some degree restored the angry man's recollection; and he made a faint attempt to laugh at himself for being moved by something so beneath his notice. The attempt did not deceive Juliet, whose dismay at his behaviour had reference to Clarice alone—what sort of life would hers be with such a temper? Though he was comparatively calm when he left the room, she knew by his mutterings that he was still enraged, and she could not help showing Nita how much she was shocked.

Miss Hartington's lip curled in bitterness. "Do you call *that* so dreadful to bear, my dear? Ever since I was fifteen I have been exposed to a great deal worse, and I am still alive to tell it. I am only glad your sister was not in the room."

Juliet almost wished she had been; but refrained from uttering the wish, and turned to inspect the article that caused the outbreak. Nita read it over her shoulder, and observed that she was not surprised at Thorncliff's being annoyed, especially if he believed it were written by Mr. Romilly.

Juliet felt certain it was not. The style was not Alexander's; and she believed he had been too much engaged with the affairs of his relation, who had died while he was abroad. This opinion Nita carried privately to her brother; but the only reply she received was, that whoever wrote the article should be made to pay for it, and if Romilly did not write it himself, he must know who did. He made some excuse to the ladies about urgent business, and went up to town that evening.

CHAPTER V.

"I MUST confess," wrote Romilly to his betrothed the next day, "that I have been

considerably annoyed by a visit from Mr. Hartington, who has taken great offence at the treatment of Guy Denzil in the last *Watchfire*. As he so openly acknowledges the work, I wonder why he assumed that unlucky name; however, though he was very angry with me, and all the rest of the world, I could not give him any satisfaction; for it is not our way to give up names on demand, nor was the occasion one for apology. I need hardly tell *you* that the review is not mine. Indeed, I never saw it till after I had sent you the number; but I was not going to answer any questions, put as this gentleman is pleased to put them. Truth compels me to state that he behaved in such a manner, that I very nearly turned him into the street; and his parting shot was the announcement that in no house of *his* should I ever be received. I could only assure him that the reception would never be asked for. Now, my darling, this brings matters to a point. You will have to choose between us—if your home is to be with him we are parted indeed; you must not delude yourself about his temper. Where he once hates, it is for life, and he has his own reasons for hating me."

"It is coming to that—I knew it would!" thought Juliet, as she studied this passage of her letter again and again.

She was sure her sister had received one from Mr. Hartington, and watched for an opportunity of speaking to her in private. Such opportunities had, of late, been comparatively rare, but Clarice's desires that morning met hers half-way. She called her into her room, on some pretext of millinery, and having locked the door, held out her hand. "There is no quarrel between us, at any rate, Juliet?"

"Nor ever can be," said Juliet; "but there may be division, Clarice, and great sadness for us all. You must help me to break it to mamma."

"You mean to leave us in our strait?"

"In no strait whatever would I have thought of leaving you, if my staying could have helped you through; but, as matters stand, I should only add to your difficulties."

The elder sister's face had grown very pale, and every muscle seemed to quiver with the effort to remain calm, while Juliet, without restraint, wept on her shoulder.

"You would not have me do it, Clarice. Could I live in a house whose door was shut on Alick, for no fault of his—Alick, who came when we were so desolate, and was made so welcome then?"

"And there is no alternative?"

"You know best whether Mr. Hartington is likely to make advances; Alick would do anything for us that he could, but they cannot come first from him."

"They will never be made by the other. I read his nature as if I had it written in a book; but, Juliet, I cannot go back now, and the mother's home will be with me. That, at least, is worth a little patience."

"Not worth such a look as that. Oh, Clarice! do not say you cannot now go back. Anything may be better borne than a marriage without love—without even esteem. I have never dared to say this before, and I shall not say it again; but better we were working for our bread, mother and all, than that even her comfort were bought at such a price as yours!"

"Why not say openly, Juliet, better we had never been born? I should not dispute the matter; but, being born, we must live, and a few years hence nothing will matter. There, we will say no more just yet: wait a few days, and see how this wretched business ends; if nothing can be done, it will only be one more sacrifice. I will arrange it all."

She kept her word. Her position as the rich man's affianced bride gave her influence of which she failed not to avail herself. The wretched business, as she called it, grew worse as the days went on; Thorncliff's wounded vanity utterly blinded his judgment, and the paper war into which he plunged only added to his humiliation. Every attack on the reviewer served but to bring out more clearly the justice of the review; while the spite and bitterness he displayed towards Romilly personally, contrasted so strongly with the gentlemanly calmness of his replies, that the public verdict was decidedly in favour of the latter. The whole affair became so unpleasant to Guy Denzil, that he announced his intention of spending the winter abroad, and his hope that Lady Honora and her elder daughter would accompany his sister and himself. Whereupon Clarice spoke out decidedly, and gave him to understand that over Juliet he had no control, and that her happiness must be considered before anything else. She was prepared to lose her sister's presence, but not to see her parted from her lover; and Thorncliff had the wit to perceive that his wisest plan was to concede the point. He found a sufficient pretext in the eyes of the world for taking his sister to Paris, and

left Romilly temporary master of the field; consoling himself with secret plans of revenge, and a determination never to admit him inside the door of his house.

This one difficulty removed, all others melted before Clarice's wishes. Her uncle, Lord Pontifex, was easily persuaded that it was all right, and when he said that, Lady Honora could not think it was wrong; and as he could not afford the gift he had promised the elder sister for her trousseau, he argued that it would not make much difference if he gave the same to the younger. He raised the money, no matter how; and Juliet's modest equipment was made in keeping with the life she was prepared to lead, as the wife of a man with a small income, which he hoped to increase. Their marriage took place at Brighton towards the end of November; and we leave them for the present to their bliss—too real to be called a dream; as real, while it lasted, as the glory of the sky, or the fragrance of the flower, and as truly the gift of a Father's hand. Such a foretaste of Eden is like the angel's food to the prophet of old; in the strength of that meat true hearts can go bravely on through the desert, and find trouble only draw them more closely together. For trouble Juliet held herself prepared; indeed, her burden of family cares was only laid by for the moment; but it never again could oppress as it had done before, for her husband's strong shoulder took half the load, and the comfort of his sympathy sweetened all the sorrow. Even more than by his deference to her mother, did he soothe her by his tenderness towards Clarice, to whom he felt bound by gratitude, as well as by the new brotherly bond.

"Remember," were his parting words, "come what may, our home is yours, and whatever a man can do, in honour, you may claim from me! It shall not be my fault if you two are divided!"

"Ah," she said, trying to laugh, "if you had my story to write, I have no doubt you would make it all end charmingly."

"Clarice," he said, with that bright look in his eyes which was his chief personal attraction, "we writers have gifts of our own, or we could not live. Your story is not worked out yet, and may take you by surprise some day. There is always a misunderstanding and mistake in the second volume; I mean to wait for the third."

(To be concluded next month.)

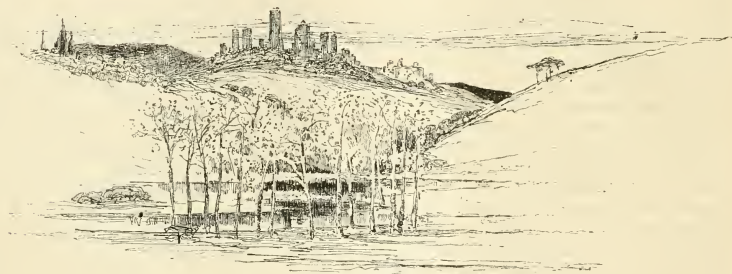
THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL TOWERS.

By WILLIAM SHARP.

OF all the hill towns of Umbria and Tuscany, San Gemignano, while one of the smallest, is one of the most interesting, and certainly the most picturesque. It lies in the heart of a country that has a peculiar fascination for all lovers of Italian art and literature, not only on account of the famous men who were natives of these districts of ancient Etruria, but because of the strange influence of the scenery itself—scenery intensely Italian, yet unlike the preconceived ideas of any one concerning that magic land. There are few of the minor towns of Tuscany better worth a visit, though it is the case that a very limited number of travellers seem to care about even passing an hour or two within

its crumbling walls and narrow picturesque streets. Yet it is within easy reach either of Florence or Siena, and no one in the least degree really interested in art, not to speak of history and natural beauty, should hesitate as to making at least a few hours' pilgrimage to the "City of the Beautiful Towers."

San Gemignano could never have been a place of great importance commercially, for it lies, and always did lie, completely out of the world, that is, away from the great routes whereon the trade from the chief Italian towns of the north continually passed to and fro, nor had it any natural advantages or manufactures of its own wherewith to achieve



San Gemignano.

and maintain a position of importance. But from a strategic point of view it was justly esteemed in bygone days as a stronghold of very great value; and that it was for a time a great centre is evident from the fact that Dante Alighieri was sent, as the ambassador of the Florentine Republic, to convey the thanks of the latter to the inhabitants of the smaller state for great services rendered throughout the many minor wars before and after the great victory at Campaldino over the Ghibellines of Arezzo. It was long, however, before the birth of the famous ambassador that San Gemignano became a place of importance; indeed, it is known to have flourished under another name at least three hundred years before the future author of the "Divine Comedy" was born. One tradition has it that the ancient city of Silvio was saved from destruction by the intercession of an eloquent bishop with the generally

not over scrupulous Attila; but another and more probable account is that it was founded by Desiderius, the last of the Lombards, in the eighth century. The first event of importance to the little township that has been handed down in its public records was the visitation of Pope Eugene III. in 1148 on his way from France to Rome, attended by seventeen cardinals; and it was on this occasion that the church of La Collegiata was raised to the dignity of a cathedral. The next great event is the visit of Dante as ambassador of the Florentines, already recorded. Not so many years after this act of duly appreciated courtesy, the citizens of San Gemignano became alarmed at the tyrannic sway of the Duke of Athens over the Florentine territories, and, throwing off their allegiance to the Republic, declared their absolute independence of all other states, and at the same time announced that



The Gateway.

they had constituted a government of their own. The same fate that overtook all the independent Italian cities of the Middle Ages came upon the sturdy and turbulent little town among the lonely Tuscan hills. Foreign enemies were kept at bay, or did not declare hostilities; but internecine strife raged continually for the next decade, and with far more disastrous results than ever accrued from the attack of any external foe. The plague swept over San Gimignano again and again; indeed, it is said to have ravaged the little city thirteen times in a space of little over two hundred years, and in

the year 1418 two thousand of the citizens died from this cause alone. Ever since that period it may be said to have dragged on a drowsy existence, till now the ancient walls and lofty towers are perceptibly in extreme old age, and the inhabitants, few in number and, for the most part, joyless in mien, move one or two at a time along the narrow streets, heedless even of the infrequent stranger, and apparently indifferent to all things under the sun.

The easiest way in which to reach San



At the Fountain.

Gemignano is to break off from the route from Florence to Rome at Poggibonsi, whence the distance is only seven miles, for the accomplishment of which in a small carriage or *legnetto* the charge is only three lire, or half-a-crown. A still pleasanter way, especially for those desirous of paying a visit to the magnificent old Etrurian city of Volterra, is to take the "City of the Towers" *en route* from Siena to the latter, a journey which, by leaving Siena in the early morning, can be accomplished in one day, though only two or three hours will thus be afforded in San Gemignano itself. Or again, and certainly for the inured pedestrian, the pleasantest way of all is to start from Certaldo, the birthplace of Boccaccio, and reach the hill-set town by way of the little village that has the honour of having produced Guercio del Gambasso, the master of Luca della Robbia.

It is generally found most convenient to visit the old town from Siena, and in this case the city of St. Catherine should be left by the Porta Camullia, at its extreme northern end. It is a delightful drive through a fertile country, sunlit, yet with that strange sombreness which, even in the month of May, here verily the month of flowers, strikes such a keenly pathetic note amid all the delicate loveliness around. The pink gladiolus waves among the long grasses, clusters of azure flax make little blue hollows every here and there, and poppies gleam like straight flames against the pale greenness of the young corn, or droop along the dusty roadway like discarded banners of an army of fairy folk, dispersed hours ago by the first lance-like shafts of the dawn. Every here and there a lark, unseen, will be heard filling the ever-deepening blue above with joyous song; and occasionally there will float upon the warm wind the bleating of young lambs upon the pastures, or the distant barking of a dog. But for the most part there is little seen of active human life; a strange dreaminess seems to rest upon the few scattered villages as upon the land; at most an infrequent team of oxen will be met, those great, white, pathetic-eyed Tuscan oxen, with a sun-tanned teamster drowsily recumbent on the rough cart behind, possessed of just sufficient energy to raise his handsome face, and with a genial smile remark, "Buon' giorno, signore, fa' bel tempo." Far away are seen the heights of Monte Lisciai and Monte Riggioni, pale blue in the sun-hazed atmosphere, deepening only when a passing cloudlet drifts over their flanks a shadow of melting purple. Ricciano and the

tiny village of Abbadia are passed on the left, the latter looking like a large white butterfly clinging to a verdant swell of meadow, and in its air of absolute repose recalling drowsy Signa on her hill-slope above the Arno. Colle, a double town, consisting of Colle Alto and Colle Basso (upper and lower), is ere long descried on the right. The scenery becomes more and more attractive, owing to the narrowing of the low hills, and at last a point is rounded, and against the deep blue of the sky and a steep semi-circular mountain background a number of lofty towers stand out in bold relief, while the *vetturino* calls out loudly, "Eccola! San Gemignano!"

Though only some fourteen towers remain out of the seventy or eighty that once rose above the narrow streets, the old town still deserves its appellation, "San Gemignano delle belle torri e delle belle campane," whatever truth there may be in the vicious second line of the couplet, "Gli uomini brutti, e le donne befane." These "beautiful towers" make of this place a picturesque scene that once viewed is never forgotten, and that to the artist is full of endless charm. Imposing as these erections are—and still more so must have been in olden days—their origin is not due to the æsthetic sense of the citizens, but to sensible care for themselves and their fortunes, and to foolish vanity. For whereas the building of the first great tower was owing to a spirit of communal independence, that of the second was due to the pride of one of the dominant families; soon afterwards a rival house built one somewhat taller than that of their neighbours—a small one, and, like all those of the city, square; then, through successive periods, different branches of the Salvucci family erected numerous lofty and strongly-built towers—useful for defensive and even offensive purposes, as well as gratifying to feudal pride; while during corresponding periods of more or less temporary ascendancy, the chief adherents of the opposite faction, the Ardinghelli, raised rival towers of equal or greater strength and height. It is tolerably certain that all, or the greater number of these partizan monuments, were erected not later than the end of the thirteenth century, for on the Tower of the Palazzo del Podesta, in the Piazza della Collegiata, there is still visible the communal limit beyond which private individuals were forbidden to raise their *torri*. It is recorded that the building of the large tower just mentioned arose out of the offence taken by the Commune at the surliness of

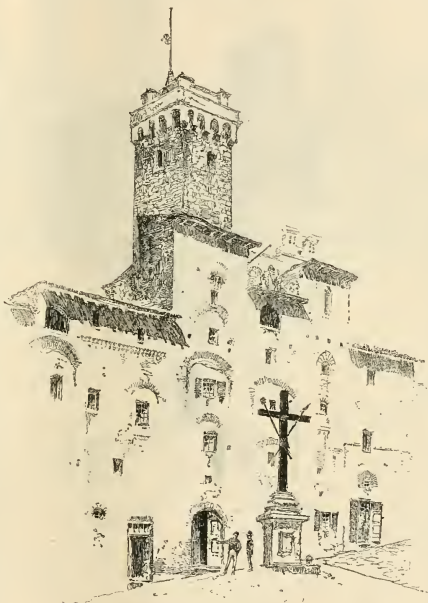
the ecclesiastical authorities in the matter of the ringing of their great bell on *festas* or other important occasions; so the governing citizens set to work, and ere long their labours were crowned with success. Among other ways of raising the needful funds they ordained that every successive *podesta*, or mayor, should contribute a sum equal to about £10—then, of course, representing much more than it would now—and as the tenure of the office was only for six months, the contributions of the mayors represented in time no insignificant amount. This ancient tower has survived lightning and storm, the attacks of beleaguering foes, and long neglect, for close upon six hundred years; but it seems as if it would for generations yet overlook the decaying town at its feet, for centuries yet watch summer and winter alternately come and go over the heights of the enviring hills. The great bell near its summit is said to weigh over 12,000 lbs., and to be capable

of a clangour audible throughout the whole district once constituting the territory of San Gemignano.

It is in the same piazza—by the townspeople invariably spoken of as the Piazza del Duomo—that the *vetturino* reins in his horses, after the rattling trot through the heavy gateway and up the narrow ill-paved street, which, bad as it is, is yet the principal one. Around it are grouped all the most notable public buildings—La Collegiata, the Palazzo Communale, &c.; but it is not in the architecture of its chief buildings that San Gemignano has much to be proud of, picturesque as are many of the ordinary houses. In La Collegiata, or *il Duomo*, as it is called for short, the great attraction is the

famous chapel of Santa Fina; but there are also to be seen some noteworthy frescoes by different masters. The fresco on the western wall, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Benozzo Gozzoli, is a fine example of this true and earnest artist, as is also his "Madonna, Child, and Saints," in the choir. In the right aisle is a series representing the life of Christ, from the annunciation to

the crucifixion, painted by Berna di Siena and his pupil, Giovanni d'Asciano; and over the first two arches of the nave are well-preserved representations of "Paradise" and "Hell," by Taddeo Bartolo. The left aisle is entirely covered by a series of badly restored frescoes illustrative of the history of the Old Testament, painted by Bartolo di Fredi, the father of the last-named artist; and in the choir, besides the work of Benozzo Gozzoli, there is an interesting composition by Matteo Rosselli, and a characteristic "Coronation" by Ant. Pollajuolo. It is



In the Piazza.

to the Capella Santa Fina, however, that the visitor at once proceeds. This chapel, beautifully kept, and rich in colour and harmonious accessories, was constructed towards the end of the fifteenth, to commemorate the famous peasant-saint (as St. Fina is generally mistakenly called), who died in her native town of San Gemignano in the middle of the thirteenth century. A lovely altar, by Giulio da Majano, covers the remains of the saint, since these were removed from the chapel opposite, that of the Santissima Concezione. On the walls are noble frescoes by Domenico Ghirlandajo illustrative of her life, visions, and death, with a number of apostles and prophets, and a circle of seraphs, by Sebastiano Mainardi. This

much-revered saint was one Fina de' Ciardi, and though not of ignoble birth, was from her birth onwards accustomed to nothing else than the direst poverty. Early in her youth she fell a victim to a terrible disease, lost her parents, and was tended only by her old nurse Beldia. Yet throughout her long years of suffering she bore herself with the utmost equanimity and even serene cheerfulness. After her death she was canonized by the Catholic Church, not on account of any miracles or strange visions, though both are recorded of her, but simply because of her divine patience and sweetness. Her case is said to form the only example in the Romish Church of any one being raised to sainthood merely on the purely human grounds of long suffering and patient resignation—an elevation in this instance the more remarkable from the fact that the unfortunate girl, hopelessly bed-ridden, owing to incurable spinal disease, belonged (save in the mere event of her birth) to the poorest classes, and had nothing to recommend her save her patient sweetness of character and intense religious ardour. From the circumstances of her life as much, perhaps, as on account of her great sanctity, her story has always exercised a great fascination for the peasant classes of central Italy, and especially in the western districts she is loved and more frequently addressed in supplication, if not actually held in greater reverence, than Saints Catherine or Clara themselves. Of this chapel and its contents the best has been said in a few words by Mrs. Jameson. "It is," says that charming writer, "the glorification of feminine patience, fortitude, and charity."

In the Palazzo Comunale, or Pubblico,

the visitor can hardly fail to be strangely stirred when, standing in an old hall on the upper floor, he is told by the custodian that in this place, over five and a half centuries ago, Dante, as Florentine ambassador, spoke words full of bitterness to the Salvucci, if of joyful reassurance to the Ardinghelli, the two great factions of San Gimignano who respectively represented the Guelphic cause

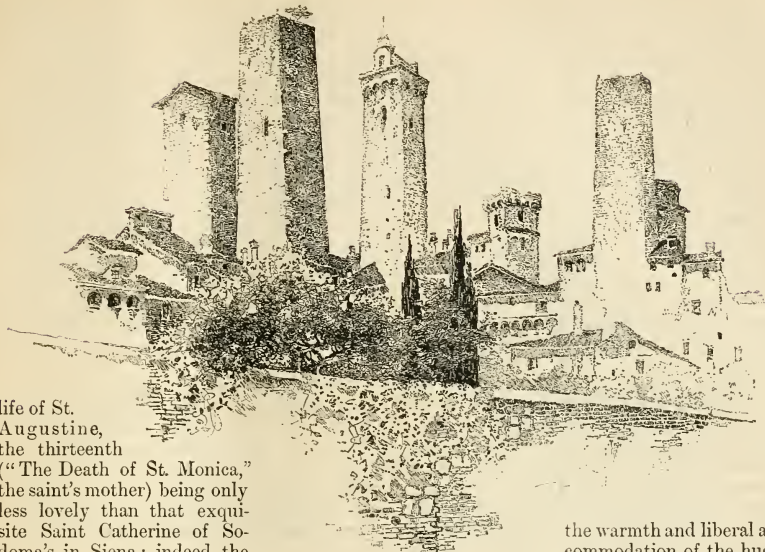
and that of the Ghibellines. Along the walls of the room below this hall are some interesting, but not well-preserved, frescoes by Sodoma, comprising a scene from the legend of Yvo, and allegorical figures representing Prudence, Truth, and Falseness (in the Capella del Pretore). In the Sala del Consiglio, or Council Room, is a fine fresco by Lippo Memmi of a "Madonna and Saints," executed in 1317, but practically repainted about a hundred and forty years later by Benozzo Gozzoli. In the same room are interesting paintings by Taddeo Bartolo, Lorenzo di Niccolò, Filippo

Lippi, and others, including an exceedingly fine Madonna in an oval glory of seraphs by Pinturicchio.

Having examined the treasures of the Palazzo Pubblico and the cathedral church, the visitor will not, if he be wise, leave San Gimignano without strolling through the quaint streets to the church of St. Agostino. Here he will see the famous shrine by Benedetto da Majano, raised in honour of that Tuscan saint, St. Bartolo, who may be said to be the male counterpart of Santa Fina, in the sufferings he underwent and the influence the story of his life has exercised. In the choir is the still more famous series of frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, illustrating, in sixteen designs, the chief events in the



The Principal Street.



Over the Wall of the City.

life of St. Augustine, the thirteenth

("The Death of St. Monica," the saint's mother) being only less lovely than that exquisite Saint Catherine of Sordoma's in Siena; indeed the series, as a whole, has several striking resemblances to the last-named great painter's St. Benedict frescoes at the convent of Monte Oliveto Maggiore. In the same church are other works of great interest and beauty, which need not, however, be mentioned here.

After all, to the majority of visitors, nothing in San Gimignano will prove more attractive than the place itself. If time presses, the best way to obtain a picturesque impression is to stroll through the little town to the right, half-way between the upper and lower gates, and thence into the abrupt valley where some arched conduits follow the lines of the hill. Over the upper walls of the city a lovely view can be had of low green and earth-brown hills, sudden valleys, and winding pathways that seem to lead to nowhere in particular, but one of which affords a short cut to the picturesque suppressed monastery of St. Vivaldo, where the latter, with its score of chapels scattered among groves of dark ilex and tall pines, stands now in melancholy desolation.

The inn at San Gimignano is called the Albergo delle due Piazze, and is clean and moderate, though this is the utmost that can be said for it. I well remember how welcome, after being drenched by heavy rain, were

the warmth and liberal accommodation of the huge fireplace in the antiquated kitchen, for literally *inside* of it were the seats at the moment most coveted. That fireplace, with its rude

benches on either side of the flaming logs—sending ever and again showers of sparks up the wide-mouthed chimney—with the Rembrandtesque picture created by the red flame of the burning beech-wood fire flashing through the dark shadows, and casting swift, fantastic gleams upon the faces of my friend and myself, of the taciturn host, and of a depressed member of the Guardi di Citta, will long abide in remembrance. It was after a good drying, followed by a meal of stewed kid, goats' milk cheese, and a flask of generous chianti, that, close to the huge and picturesque old city well—with its thick stone lips worn all round into numerous deep ruts, owing to the almost hourly friction of the bucket-chains—we chanced upon a personage who afforded us no little surprise. In an antiquary's house—whither we had been directed—we discovered that the signora (whom we saw in the absence of the antiquary himself) was an Ayrshire woman! Years ago she had married her husband while he was on a visit to Scotland on business, and much, I think, she yearned to see once more the land she loved better than

the alien country in which her lot was cast. In several of the narrow streets we observed, embedded in the walls of some of the old, ruinous mansions, propped up by stone pillars, and below the not infrequent grotesque carvings, china plates of varying sizes, but mostly small, and never more of them on one house than three or four at most. These are remnants of old days, for the citizens have not so ornamented their abodes (or chronicled events? or advertised their occupation?) for generations past. I have seen something of the kind in one or two of the back streets in the Trastevere in Rome, and also in a small *via* in Florence, in the neighbourhood of Santa Croce; but in both these cities the plates were manifestly of much later date than those in the little Tuscan hill-town.

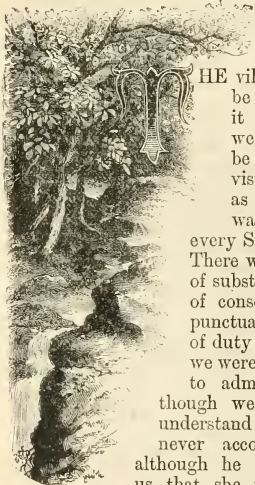
The day we left San Gemignano was one of wind and driving rain. A gale from the south-west was blowing, whirling before it great masses of heavy, grey clouds, fringed at their edges like spume along the shore of a tempestuous sea; and behind these, again, were huge, mountainous *cumuli* of greyish white, coming steadily up like disciplined battalions over the misty heights beyond

Pomarance and the lofty mountain ranges encircling Volterra in the west. At times the rain thickened by sudden deluging spurts, and then nothing was to be seen but wild mists tearing past the hills immediately round the town, and sheets of rain flying slantwise between the tall, square towers that had withstood so many years of winter and equinoctial tempests. Then again the wind proved stronger than the rain, and for a brief space there was a grey clearness, wherein San Gemignano gleamed dully with dripping roofs, and then was visible a wild surging of white clouds, as the latter were driven with whirlwind speed across the wan hills of the Maremma, tossed against the dark Apennines in the west, and broken and curdled into flying shreds by the serrated crags of the mountains of Volterra.

A sudden turn of the road, and ere a jutting height hid "The City of Beautiful Towers" from view, we caught our last glimpse of San Gemignano, shining as brightly in a momentary gleam of wet sunshine as ever it did in the breeziest noon of the spring equinox, or in the clear and untroubled radiance of autumnal sunshine.

VILLAGE ACQUAINTANCE.

By J. E. PANTON, AUTHOR OF "COUNTRY SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE," ETC.



I.—WILL'UM.

HE village will never be any more what it has been, now we can no longer be edified by the vision of Will'um as he appeared walking to church every Sunday morning. There was such an air of substantial goodness, of conscious virtue, of punctual performance of duty about him, that we were literally forced to admire him, even though we could hardly understand why his wife never accompanied him, although he invariably told us that she insisted on remaining at home, because she could not pray

comfortably with the dinner on her mind; and there were actually found folks to insinuate that

Will'um's mind was on his dinner too, and that a greater portion of his weekly space for thought was occupied with this same subject, and in getting the materials thereof from one or the other of his numerous friends. Indeed so cunning and so cute was he in his production of a gratis Sunday dinner that his conduct, to put it mildly, would have caused a less punctual attendant at church to be suspected of nefarious practices, ending usually in the county jail. Still it was impossible to suspect Will'um of aught save the most straightforward conduct. He was sobriety itself; he was most respectful and respectable; he always had most excellent reasons for all he did, and he invariably showed a foresight and a mind that shrewdly calculated any one's chances of success, that were really qualities thrown away in the small space of the village. Respectful and attentive enough when the MacManchesters called at his master's door, he yet was never to be found

when Sir John Shuffler's handsome mare required holding for the orthodox quarter of an hour; for albeit the MacManchesters were new-comers, and the Shufflers had been denizens of the Hall since the village grew up around the moat that enclosed it, Will'um saw signs of remaining in the one, signed and sealed by the half-a-crown that was never forgotten when the MacManchester's horses were stabled in *his* premises, while Sir John, as often as not, rode whistling away without throwing him so much as a sixpence; and Will'um had friends in Lawyer Jones' office who had told him Sir John's days at the Hall were numbered, and that he had already selected the colony he was to honour with his presence when the Hall was sold, and he could buy land "out there" with the proceeds.

It was easy for any one who kept an eye on Will'um to know precisely how folks stood as regards their bankers, and to gauge by his conduct exactly how they were regarded in the neighbouring county town. If all was well, Will'um would be positively servile in civility, but if there were a screw loose Will'um's cool and calm contempt was enough to strike awe into the very stoutest soul.

Successful himself, he had a successful man's contempt for failure; and while he allowed a certain amount of social superiority to those finer china pipkins who occasionally got broken in the swim for life, he could not refrain from stating how superior a thing common wood was for a bowl's composition, and remarked that china was good stuff no doubt, and costly, but was of small use in a world where, in Will'um's eyes, every man's hand is against his brother's, and he obtains most of the earth's good things who keeps eye and ear open, and uses all he sees and hears for the discomfiture of his enemies and the exaltation of himself.

Will'um, stoutly believing that a rolling stone gathers no moss, contrived to be transferred with the cottage in which he was born to the service of the three successive masters who purchased the small property to which he was attached.

The first two men were not there long. Will'um "couldn't abide 'em," and he managed in some mysterious manner that they, not he, should go; but the third came, saw, and was conquered; and Will'um remained in his service until he required to work no more. The third master and mistress were Will'um's beau-ideal. Happy and rich, they cared for nothing save that their servants should do their work, and the place should yield sufficient for their use; and when this was done surplus time

or vegetables and fruit were never inquired after; and, indeed, the words, "'Twas the young gentlemen and ladies, ma'am," sufficed to explain matters comfortably should an extra demand for grapes at a high price have been too much for Will'um's honesty to resist, or a run occur on the peach-house, or the house where azalias, camellias, roses, and geraniums appeared to blossom all the year round.

Then truly Will'um had a soft corner for the youthful tyrants, who were the only creatures in the village that knew him for the feeble thing he was, yet somehow or other gave him homage like the rest, because they literally could not help it. Often and often his grim, silent wife prepared hot cakes and buttered toast, the butter got from the home dairy for the purpose, for the young "gormandizers," and often and often Will'um would scour the country with the boys rabbiting, and at times showing them how to set a snare or put a line for trout, that he always excused himself to them for knowing of by telling them he had read how to do it in "them books in the library to home."

No one was so cunning at inventing excuses for long absences; no one warded off maternal sorrow—she was too sweet for anger even over spoiled garments and trodden out boots—better than Will'um; and if sometimes what was untrue passed his immaculate lips, he'd excuse himself to his young followers by saying, "A lie can't be a martel sin, Master Willie; it be so terribul convenient at times, you know." Really and seriously attached to his master and mistress, he yet looked sharply after the 5s. and beer which was the orthodox fee for carrying them to their last resting-place; and his mind was materially soothed by the master's wardrobe, the contents of which he wore unaltered, looking like a caricature of his good friend, until he went to a land where he would have no more occasion for raiment.

With the death of the master and mistress, Will'um took upon himself the airs and graces of a landed proprietor. He looked sharply after the children and their guardian, and neither they nor the servants dare do or say anything until Will'um had been consulted and his opinion given; and his tyranny began to be a serious burden, when all at once the boys discovered that any allusion to the contents of a locked inner room in his cottage almost drove him wild, and that a promise to look into this reduced Will'um to an abject state of positive submission.

So things joggled on pretty comfortably



"Will'um."

till a new line of rail came through the village, and ran straight through the grounds of the Manor-house and immediately over Will'um's very hearthstone. This suited the children, who began to long to try their wings in the wider world; but it was death, positively death, to our old friend.

Clad in his very best suit, and grasping the umbrella with which he kept order among the boys in the church galleries at 1s. 6d. a-week, which, according to Will'um, did not cover wear and tear, he positively interviewed the engineers of the line, but with no effect; and he returned home for the last time, to move only across the way to a precisely similar cottage, but to die very shortly after from the wrench it had been to him.

Perhaps the turning out of the locked-up room, albeit it was done in the dead of night, gave the fatal stroke. Anyhow, long before the rail ran through the place of his birth, Will'um had departed, his eyes being closed

by his wife, who had been chosen entirely for use and not for ornament, and had been selected because her age precluded any chance of a hankering after gaieties and finery, and because she had enough money saved before marriage to be quite an heiress in Will'um's eyes.

The first thing she did after his funeral was to turn out the locked-up room, which resembled nothing so much as a magpie's nest, and the second to call in the rag and bone man, a creature found in the smallest and remotest village even; and with the proceeds of the hoard she put up an appropriate headstone over her loving spouse, thus proving undoubtedly how right he was when he said, "All's fish that comes to my net. I never refuses nothing. One never knows how soon even the meanest of things will come in handy."

THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLES.

By J. L. PORTER, D.D., LL.D.

BIBLIA. The Bible, that is, the holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn in to Englishe." Such is the title of the first complete English Bible printed. We have the date 1535; we have a dedication to Henry the Eighth and "his dearest just wife Queen Anne;" we have a "Prologue unto the Christian Reader," by Myles Coverdale; but where the book was printed, or by whom, or for whom, or under what circumstances there is no mention or indication. There is not a more interesting book in our language, and yet the story of its origin and publication is to a large extent a mystery. Volumes have been written on our English Bibles, researches have been made by historians and bibliographers, but the conclusions arrived at have been strangely divergent. Some have affirmed that the book was printed in Zurich at the famous press of Froshover; others have assigned it to Cologne; others to Frankfort; others to Worms. The weight of evidence seems now, however, to be in favour of Antwerp.

I purpose in this paper to give, as briefly as possible, the leading facts known about this Bible and three others which followed it. Their history is to some extent the history of our country, our Church, and our literature during one of the most eventful periods. The struggles of the translators and promoters should be known to every Englishman, for they were struggles on behalf of the freedom which was then achieved, and which we still enjoy.

The Bible of 1535 bears the name of Myles Coverdale. Coverdale was a native of Yorkshire, born in 1488, and educated at Cambridge, where he graduated in Canon Law. Soon afterwards he went to Germany and took the degree of D.D. in Tübingen. He was at Antwerp in 1534, and there became acquainted with William Tyndale and John Rogers, who were then engaged in translating the Old Testament. Tyndale had incurred the deadly hostility of the leading authorities in England. His works were proscribed, and wherever found on English ground were seized and burnt. He himself was hunted and persecuted by English emissaries; a few months later he was treacherously captured, and in 1536 was strangled at Vilvorde.

It is a remarkable fact, however, that the

very cause for which Tyndale suffered was even then being fostered in England by his persecutors. In 1534 the holy Scriptures were read freely and openly. Anne Boleyn exerted her powerful influence on behalf of the Reformers, and as a mark of gratitude Tyndale sent her a beautiful copy of the revised edition of his New Testament. Towards the close of the year a meeting of Convocation was held, and a petition presented to Henry, praying that the Scriptures should be translated into English by honest and learned men. The petition seems to have been favourably received, though no open action was taken. Tyndale's version was under ban, and no book of his would be accepted by the English hierarchy. Coverdale, however, was the friend and protégé of Cromwell, who had just become Secretary of State, and of Cranmer, now Archbishop of Canterbury; and he was privately encouraged by these men to prepare the wished-for translation of the Bible. It so happened that there was then in Antwerp an enterprising printer called Van Meteren, deeply interested in the advancement of freedom, and especially in the circulation of the Bible in England. For the accomplishment of the latter beneficent design his biographer tells us, "he employed a certain learned scholar, Myles Coverdale by name." It would appear from an incidental remark in Coverdale's "Dedication" that Van Meteren was one of those who furnished the requisite funds. He also aided in the translation, for which his scholarship fitted him, directing Coverdale to those versions which, he says, he "was required" to follow; and when the work was done Van Meteren printed the first complete English Bible.

Mr. Henry Stevens, in his quaint introduction to "The Printed Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition," gives some particulars of the life of Jacob Van Meteren; and for the first time identifies him as the printer of Coverdale's Bible. The entire edition was transmitted in sheets to James Nicolson, of London. The reason was, the passing of a statute in 1534 compelling foreigners to sell their editions of English works to a London publisher in sheets, "so that English binders might not suffer." This accounts for some peculiarities in the title and preliminary matter. The original title is given above, and is enclosed within a broad margin of woodcuts.

The space was thus limited, and when it became necessary to print a new title Nicolson wished to preserve the engraving, but, as his type was larger than that of Van Meteren, he was obliged to omit some words, and he omitted the following:—"and truly . . . out of Douche and Latyn." The new title, which appears in a copy in possession of the Earl of Jersey, is as follows:—"Biblia. The Byble; that is, the holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully translated in to Englishe." The Earl of Leicester's copy has the full title as originally printed in Antwerp. Some have said that the words were omitted in order to lead people to believe that it was translated from the originals; but this would have been absurd, for both in the Dedication and Prologue the sources of the version are fully stated.

The dedication to Henry the Eighth does not appear to have been in the Bible as issued by Van Meteren. It is in a different type, and was probably added by Nicolson to suit the new and more liberal feelings of the English Court in the end of 1535, and to pave the way, as Stevens suggests, for a royal licence. The first London issue of the dedication mentions Queen Anne; while the reprint of 1537 has Queen Jane, who was married to Henry on May 20th, 1536. Coverdale's "Prologue unto the Christen Reader" was doubtless in the original as well as in subsequent issues.

The sale of the Bible must have been rapid, considering the critical and dangerous character of the times. A new edition in folio was published by Nicolson in 1537, and this was the *first English Bible printed in England*. It was immediately followed by an edition in quarto, having on the title-page these suggestive words:—"Set forth with the Kyng's moost gracious licence." Liberty had so far triumphed. The desire of the English people for the Bible in their own tongue could not be suppressed. Cramer had been the principal agent in moving Convocation to petition the King to have the Bible translated; and Cromwell, whose influence was now paramount, issued a decree in 1536, that a copy of the Bible in English should be provided for every parish church, so as to be accessible to the people. These men were the representatives of that advanced thought which the private circulation of Tyndale's New Testament, and the oral teaching of the Reformers, had been mainly instrumental in creating.

But Coverdale's Bible was not fitted to occupy a permanent place, or to satisfy

critical students. Coverdale himself confesses that it was only intended to serve a temporary purpose until a better should appear. It was not translated from the original languages. It was made up of Tyndale's Pentateuch and New Testament revised, and a translation of the remaining books of the Old Testament from German-Swiss versions; and there is evidence that neither in revision nor translation did Coverdale consult the original texts. The title says: "Faithfully and truly translated out of Douche (German) and Latyn;" and Coverdale is more specific in his "Prologue:" "To help me herein I have had sundry translations, not only in Latin, but also of the Dutch (German) interpreters, whom I have been more glad to follow for the most part according as I was required;" and in his Dedication he adds: I "have, with a clear conscience, purely and faithfully translated this out of five sundry interpreters." Tyndale was one of them, although, for reasons which it is easy to understand, his name is not mentioned. Coverdale had Tyndale's Pentateuch and New Testament of 1534, and these he followed closely, introducing, however, a number of changes taken from the Latin Vulgate, and from the German versions, which Tyndale would never have approved. One characteristic of his version, as compared with Tyndale's, is a free use of such terms as "priest," "church," "confess," "penance," introduced to please his English patrons. He is not, however, uniform in his renderings, and he boasts of this in his Prologue as a mark of liberality: "After this manner have I used in my translation, calling it in some place penance, that in another place I call repentance, and that not only because the interpreters have done so before me, but that the adversaries of the truth may see how that we abhor not this word penance (as they untruly report of us) no more than the interpreters of Latin abhor pœnitere when they read *resipiscere*." I have observed that the changes made in the Gospels are comparatively few and unimportant; while in the Epistles they are numerous, and generally follow the Vulgate.

The "five interpreters" to which Coverdale refers were:—1, Tyndale's Pentateuch and New Testament; 2, the Latin Vulgate; 3, the Latin of Pagninus, published in 1528; 4, the German of Luther; and 5, the Zurich Bible, published complete in 1531. The last was a revision of Luther's, so far as then printed, with the prophetic books newly

translated, and the whole given in the Swiss-German dialect. Its leading authors were Leo Juda, Pellican, and Zwingli. From the Zurich Bible the whole of Coverdale's Old Testament, except the Pentateuch, is translated, and in most places with slavish literality, sometimes even following the German construction.

I have thought it well thus to detail what is known of the sources and character of Coverdale's Bible, on account of the mistakes that have been made regarding it by historians of eminence, such as Hallam and Froude, and by many others of less note. Some represent the book as the joint work of Tyndale, Rogers, and Coverdale; some affirm that it was translated direct from the Hebrew and Greek; some that it was made from existing versions, but with a careful and constant regard to the original. The statements in the title, dedication, and prologue, combined with the results of comparative criticism, prove that there is no foundation for any of these opinions. Yet, though the version was only secondary, "it possessed," as Dr. Eadie says, "merits of its own. The gentle flow of its English is idiomatic and fresh, though many words and phrases are now antiquated, and it may still be read with pleasure in the Psalms of the Book of Common Prayer, of which it is the basis. The simple grandeur of many portions of Isaiah and the prophets was initiated by Coverdale . . . changes of order, varieties of rendering, . . . and numerous literary dexterities are used to secure the same result—a result that still gives tone and cadence to the authorised version."

After the two editions in 1537, this Bible was not again printed till 1550, when an edition issued from the press of Froshover of Zurich, but the title and preliminary matter were supplied by Hester of London. Another issue of the same edition, with a new title, appeared in 1553; long before that date, however, it had been superseded by more accurate versions.

MATTHEW'S BIBLE.

Coverdale's Bible supplied a present and pressing want, but it did not satisfy scholars. The author knew its defects, and in his Prologue he indicated that a better version would soon appear, from the hand of one who preceded him in the work of translation. He referred doubtless to William Tyndale.

When Tyndale had completed his New Testament, he began to translate the Old from

the Hebrew. In the year 1530 the Pentateuch was published—Genesis and Numbers in black letter, and the other three books in Roman type—but probably all from the press of Hans Luft, in Marlborow, though the books were issued separately. In the following year Tyndale printed his translation of Jonah, with a long and somewhat bitter polemical prologue. In 1534 he appended to a revised edition of his Testament "The Epistles taken oute of the Olde Testament, which are read in the Church after the use of Salisbury." These included short extracts from the Pentateuch, Kings, Proverbs, Canticles, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joel, Hosea, Amos, Zechariah, and Malachi, and from some of the Apocryphal books. It is also said that Tyndale translated, and left in manuscript, the historical books from Joshua to the end of Second Chronicles. If this be so, and there is no ground for questioning it, the manuscript fell into the hands of Rogers. Rogers was educated in Cambridge, ordained a priest, and was for several years Rector of the Church of Holy Trinity in London. He resigned his living in 1534, probably owing to his having adopted new views in theology. He was appointed chaplain to the English Colony in Antwerp, and there became acquainted with Tyndale and Coverdale.

It would seem to have been Roger's great desire to finish what Tyndale had begun, and to give to the English people a complete Bible in their own tongue. He therefore took Tyndale's translation of the Pentateuch, historical books, and last revision of the New Testament (A.D. 1534—5); and to these he added Coverdale's version of the remaining part of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. The Bible thus made up was printed, probably at the press of Van Meteren of Antwerp, with whom Rogers was connected by marriage. A break may be observed in the printing of the volume at the beginning of Isaiah, where a second title is introduced, and a new numbering of the pages begun. On the reverse of the title are the initials of Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, who, it would seem, bought the previous sheets, and had the whole work finished and taken to London, where it was issued in 1537 in a large black-letter folio. Its title is as follows:—"The Byble, which is all the Holy Scripture: in which are containyd the Olde and Newe Testament truly and purely translated into English by Thomas Matthew."

But who was Thomas Matthew? We do not know. The general belief is that Rogers

assumed that name in order to make the Bible acceptable to those who would have rejected anything written by himself or by Tyndale. This was the opinion of Foxe and others of that period; and there is much in its favour. At the same time it is strange that while the name Thomas Matthew stands at the end of the dedication, the initials of John Rogers are found at the end of the "Exhortacyon to the Studye of the Holy Scripture." This does not favour the idea that they were identical. Matthew may have been an assistant in the work. Hallam makes the strange blunder that he was the printer. The book was published in August, 1537, "With the Kinges most gracyous Lyceuce," which was secured through Grafton's influence with Cranmer. It was dedicated to Henry and Queen Jane.

Matthew's Bible, therefore, was the joint work of Tyndale and Coverdale, revised, though not to any great extent, by Rogers. The New Testament is the last edition revised by Tyndale (published complete in 1535), which differs in many places from that of 1534. The Bible is furnished with marginal notes and various readings. Its chief interest consists in this, that it presents the earlier English versions in a combined form, which furnished the basis of all subsequent revisions. "The labours of the next seventy-five years were devoted," as Westcott says, "to improving it in details."

TAVERNER'S BIBLE.

Among the young men trained in Wolsey's new college in Oxford was Richard Taverner. He was an ardent student of Greek; and Erasmus' Greek Testament and Tyndale's English version naturally attracted his attention. He read them, and was imprisoned for his pains. Afterwards he gained the favour of Cromwell, who had him appointed to an office at Court. His own scholastic tendencies, encouraged probably by his patron, set him to undertake a fresh revision of the English Bible. He took Matthew's as his basis, and endeavoured, by an occasional change of phraseology and minute critical touches, to make the translation more accurate and the language more vigorous and idiomatic. Some of his renderings in the New Testament are very happy, and bring out the exact meaning of the Greek. He uses the word "parable" generally, instead of "similitude," which Tyndale usually employed. In fact, this Bible brings us a step nearer our Authorized Version. It was pub-

lished in small folio "At London, in Flete-strete, by John Byddell, for Thos. Barthlett," in the year 1539. A quarto edition of the Bible, and two separate editions of the New Testament were printed in the same year. In the first edition there is a curious omission of the last clause of 1 Cor. xi. 28. It occurs at the foot of a column. In my copy a small piece of paper, containing the missing clause in the same type, is neatly inserted. Two curious readings may be noted. In Ps. xci. 5 we find "bugges" (doubtless from *bogle*, a fiend) instead of "terror;" and in Jer. viii. 22, "tryacle" instead of "balm."

THE GREAT BIBLE, CALLED CRANMER'S.

The leading authorities in Church and State were not satisfied with either Coverdale's or Matthew's Bible. The first was imperfect in conception, being based wholly upon other versions; while "the second was burdened with notes and additions which could not fail sooner or later to call out bitter antagonism." Taverner's revision attracted comparatively little notice. Cromwell and Cranmer therefore resolved to have a new Bible prepared, more in accordance with the views of the High-Church party. Coverdale was selected as editor; and so great was his desire to give to the people the pure word of God, that he took Matthew's Bible as his basis in preference to his own. How the new revision was conducted he explains in letters to Cromwell:—"We follow not only a standing text of the Hebrew, with the interpretation of the Chaldee and Greek, but we set also in a private table the diversity of readings of all texts, with such annotations in another table as shall doubtless elucidate and clear the same." The changes made in Tyndale's Pentateuch and historical books of the Old Testament were chiefly from the Latin of Sebastian Münster, published in 1534-5; but some are from the Vulgate. In the New Testament Tyndale's version is considerably modified by the peculiar readings of the Vulgate, and some short glosses and erroneous renderings are introduced from that version. One of the latter may be mentioned, as it is unfortunately retained in the Authorized Version. Tyndale translated John x. 16:—"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold. Them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice. And there shall be one *flock* and one shepherd." Instead of "flock" the new version has "fold," the revision following the Vulgate, which confounded two distinct

Greek words. "An analysis of the variations in the First Epistle of St. John," says Westcott, "may furnish a type of the general character of the New Testament. As nearly as I can reckon them, there are seventy-one differences between Tyndale's text and that of the Great Bible. Of these forty-three come directly from Coverdale's earlier revision (and in a great measure indirectly from the Vulgate); seventeen from the Vulgate, where Coverdale before had not followed it; the remaining eleven variations are from other sources." But among the most objectionable changes are the interpolations from the Vulgate, which are not found in the Greek. I have observed twelve such interpolations in the Epistle to the Romans.

It is also worthy of note that in the second edition of the Great Bible, published in April, 1540, a considerable number of new readings, taken from Münster's version, were inserted in the Old Testament, especially in the prophetic books. In the New Testament changes were also made in this edition, taken principally from the Latin of Erasmus, and the Complutensian Polyglott.

Such a mode of revision was decidedly retrograde, as the original texts ought to be the sole ultimate standards, and no word or clause ought to be admitted to a version which is not based upon them.

The book of Psalms was carefully revised with the aid of Luther's version and the Swiss-German. The language is smooth and flowing, but often paraphrastic; it is perhaps for this reason better adapted for chanting, and it is still retained in the English Prayer Book.

The printing of the Bible was begun in Paris towards the close of 1538 by royal licence, but before it was completed the licence was withdrawn, and the sheets already printed were seized by order of the Inquisition, and condemned to the flames. Many were burnt, but a number were sold, as Foxe quaintly says, "to a haberdasher to rap caps in." Grafton heard of them, bought them through his agents, and had them taken to London. He afterwards succeeded in importing presses, type, paper, and workmen; and the book was published in April, 1539, a huge folio volume, whence its name—THE GREAT BIBLE. As first issued it had no prologue; in November of the same year, however, a prologue was written by Cranmer and inserted in the copies remaining, and in subsequent editions; this gave it the name CRANMER'S

BIBLE. It has a beautifully engraved title-page, representing the king on his throne receiving the Word of God from the Saviour, and handing it to Cranmer and Cromwell. Below this Cranmer is figured on the one side handing the Bible to the clergy, and Cromwell on the other giving it to the laity. The Bible has no dedication and no notes. An injunction was issued by the vicar-general to the clergy "to provide one book of the Bible in the largest volume in English, and set up the same in some convenient place within the church that ye have care of, whereat your parishioners may most commodiously resort to the same and read it." During the years 1540 and 1541 at least six folio editions were printed. It is interesting to observe on the title-page of one of them that it was "overseen and perused at the commandment of the King's highness, by Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham," the same Cuthbert Tunstal who, a few years before, had denounced and burnt Tyndale's New Testament.

From the time of the printing of Tyndale's Testament in 1526 to 1560 there were, as nearly as I can estimate, about sixty editions of the New Testament, and thirty of the entire Bible published; and it shows how the sterling qualities of Tyndale's Testament were appreciated, that of the sixty editions no less than forty were Tyndale's.

The effects produced by the English Bible upon the minds, sentiments, and acts of all classes of the community were wonderful. The prejudices of ages were dissipated, freedom of thought assumed its legitimate sway, and England took the lead among nations as the champion and guardian of civil and religious liberty. Yet the fate of the men to whom England was indebted for all this was terrible. Tyndale was strangled at Vilvorde, Coverdale escaped death by exile, Rogers was the first victim of the Marian persecution, and Cranmer was burnt at the stake.

Three other versions followed. 1. The *Breeches Bible*, so called from the peculiar rendering of Gen. iii. 7. It was translated by English exiles in Geneva, and published there in 1560. 2. The *Bishops' Bible*, prepared by a committee of prelates, under Archbishop Parker, published 1568. 3. The *Authorised Version*, translated by forty-seven eminent scholars, and issued in 1611. Now, after an interval of two hundred and seventy-four years, a fresh revision is issued to the English nation.

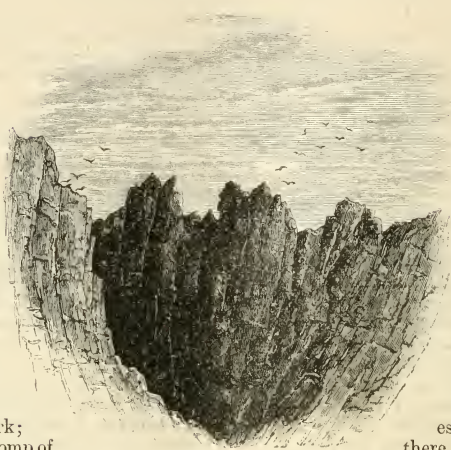
HIGHLAND RESTING-PLACES.

By "SHIRLEY."

III.—THE PEAKS OF ARRAN.

MOWBRAY is discovered at the writing-table, adding a few sentences to a letter to Miss Isabel Lee, which his wife had begun.

"Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." Health and a day! This is what Mr. Emerson says in that rhapsody on Nature, which I still think his finest work; and certainly the pomp of emperors is ridiculous when compared with the view which from our bedroom window I looked on this morning. With few and cheap elements what a feast does nature provide for us! and how supremely blest is the man who with a light heart, a clear conscience, and a sound liver can seat himself at her bountiful table. Alas! so much depends upon the liver. Real exhilaration has become so rare and difficult in these times that it is like to die out altogether, like the Dodo. Black care sits behind the swiftest horseman—a cloud of doubt darkens the brightest day—the fever is in our blood, and we take it with us to the cool summit of Alp or Apennine. The sadness of a moralist, like Carlyle, indeed, is not entirely due to dyspepsia. The man who after dining with Sidney Smith must needs write in his journal, "To me through these thin cobwebs"—Thin cobwebs! Alas! poor Yorick!—"Death and Eternity sat glaring," is clearly beyond the reach of any medicine that nature can provide. To the Seer, who apprehends the unseen with an almost morbid vividness, who feels that only a frail and perishable crust separates him from the fathomless abysses, the ministry of sun and moon and stars, of woods and fields and seas and rivers, is not likely to be accom-



Castail Abhall.

panied with any healing power. The impatience of emaciated saint or stiff-necked Puritan with mere secular joys (as compared with the glory to follow) is not more manifest or intelligible than the inability of the philosopher, to whom this fair world is but a ghostly mask, to take comfort

from the picturesque. To such an one

there is something distinctly impertinent in smiling skies, and laughing seas, and prattling brooks; and he says in

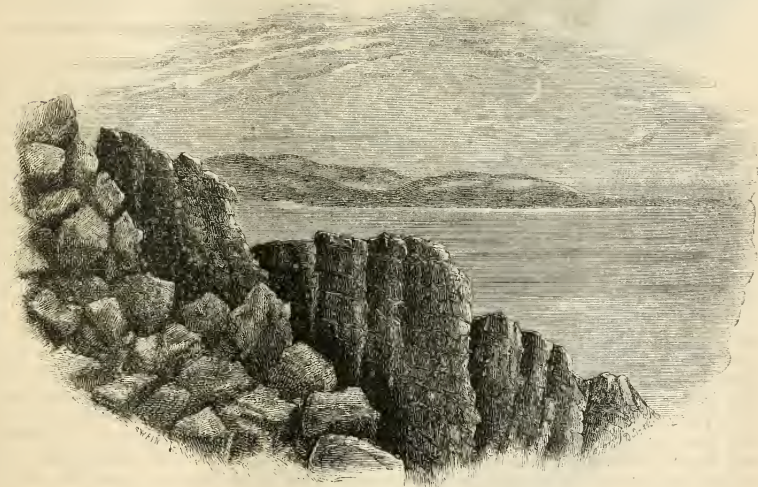
the bitterness of his heart, as Beddoes said in his singular "Death's Jest Book,"—"The face of the world's a lie."

The moody moralist is wrong—as he finds to his cost. Emerson's immense enjoyment—"the dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos and unimaginable realms of faerie"—indicates a truer and deeper outlook. The inexhaustible loveliness of our world is not altogether a vain show. It may be, as you say, only a frail perch above the bottomless gulf; but, such as it is, it has been fashioned by a divine hand, by an architect who is never at fault. He has made it, as you see, very good, beautiful exceedingly; devised it with matchless skill, adjusted it with incomparable precision. Is it possible that you can think or believe that it has no message for you, and that without hurt or damage to your immortal soul you can turn your back upon the sea and sky, the mountain and meadow and woodland, of this astonishing universe?

Mrs. Mowbray (née May Maxwell) enters from behind, sees how her letter has been tampered with, inflicts condign punishment, and taking the pen, continues—

O Bell! what an altogether too delightful place this Vale of Tears is on a day like this, when the shadows are chasing each other round the mountain hollows; and now Ben Ghou, now Ben Tarsuin, now Keer Vhor, is struck into sudden glory by the sunlight. Inside, our little cottage is homely enough in all conscience; but outside, it is the palace of a king! Everything hereabouts, you know, belongs to the Duke,—the grouse, the deer, the woods, the mountains—everything except what is best; and *that* belongs to nobody in particular, and the merest beggar may have it for the asking. (What an advantageous arrangement for poor people like ourselves!)

And, better still, it *cannot* be bought with money. There is a fearful and wonderful creature across the Sound, who pays three thousand a year for his forest; but the exclusive enjoyment of the beautiful is not included in his lease, and even if it were, he wouldn't be a bit the richer. For the poor man cares for the picturesque as little as Mr. Carlyle cared. Ralph says that I am cribbing from Emerson again. I don't care if I am; but in fact I never saw the passage till he read it to me this moment. Here it is: "The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this



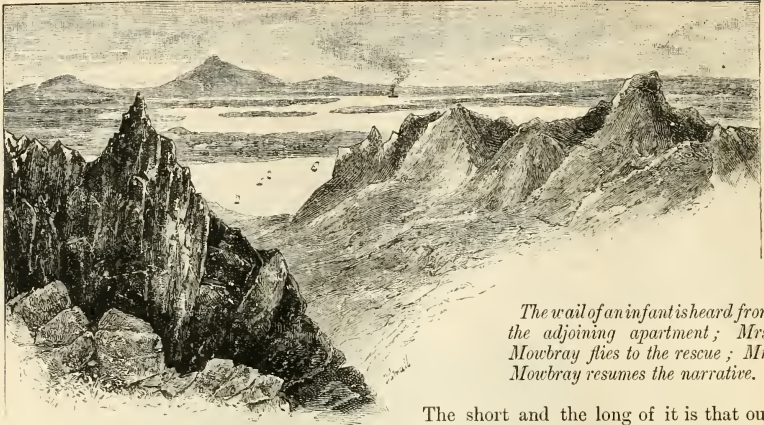
From Castail Abhail.

field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has, but He whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their land-deeds give them no title."

So you see Ralph and I are poets, and in virtue of that gift the whole lordship of Arran belongs to us in a much more real way than it does to the Duke. What we see every morning when we look out of our window you will find in Ralph's sketchy pen and ink*

* See the sketch in the March number of Good Words, page 185.

at the top of our first page (correct so far as it goes)—a semicircle of giant peaks, with the blue sea all about their feet. We have bathed and boated and flirted (O Bell! people *will* flirt with me, do what I can), and dawdled about to our heart's content; but yesterday a great longing seized me to get to the top of that far-away battlement—sometimes it looks miles away, sometimes close at hand—and Ralph in his good-natured way—for to do him justice he is as a rule delightfully lazy, and just as ready to lie in the sun at my feet, as he was before we were *engaged*—promised to give us a hand up if we liked—"us" being me and Mabel, and Mabel's little sister Euphame; for Mabel Graham—Mabel



From Ben Tarsuin.

Gray that was, you remember?—is our nearest neighbour, and lives only a couple of fields away. So we see each other ten times a day, and she is just as simple and round-eyed as when we lost ourselves on the Aletch glacier, and takes just as much fresh and innocent delight in everything and everybody, as if she were still running wild about her Yorkshire moorland. She was born and bred among the moors, you know, like Charlotte Brontë. And Euphame is a beauty. The men are all crazy about her, and poor Mr. Puffy Brown, the Edinburgh writer, who is as stiff as a poker, and as stupid as an owl, would kiss the ground she treads, I believe, if there were any case in point.

Poor Puffy, to do him justice, is not worse than his neighbours, and his lugubrious vivacity is considered quite lively, I understand, in the select society of the metropolis. Why is it, Bell, that your eminent big-wigs, young and old, are all stiff and stupid? Our witty friend, Mr. Justice Jawkins, told me once—but you know the story. What do you say to that, Miss Bell Lee? Shade of Scott, or Wilson, or Jeffrey!—to say nothing of David Hume and Principal Robertson, on whom you always retreat in extremity—what is your famous Edinburgh select society coming to, I would like to know? Why, my dear, if you go down—down—down at this rate, why in the course of the next century or two, you won't be so very much superior to all the rest of the world.

The wail of an infant is heard from the adjoining apartment; Mrs. Mowbray flies to the rescue; Mr. Mowbray resumes the narrative.

The short and the long of it is that our expedition was a brilliant success. It was a perfect day; and a perfect day in Arran is as “unspeakable” as the Turk himself. You don't have anything like it anywhere else. There is a certain dinginess and poverty about the fine weather of the East Coast; the sun that professes to shine upon the Calton Hill has, as your poet Campbell once remarked, a “sickly glare” at its best. I have little doubt indeed that on further inquiry Mr. Ruskin will find that the mean and disreputable “Storm cloud of the Nineteenth Century” was born and brought up in the Lothians.* But here we don't stick at trifles. Wet or dry, the clerk of our weather has no taste for the compromises that are in fashion at Westminster and elsewhere. The cats and dogs of popular meteorology are a joke to our waterspouts. But when the storm has once spent its passion, there is an end of it. And who indeed can object to an “ootbrak” which is accompanied with such Lear-like sublimities—the thunder-cloud trailing up the bay, the incredible rainbow that arches Ben Ghòil? It doesn't hang about the place, and mutter and sputter, and mizzle and drizzle, and make everything uncomfortable for everybody for days. The clouds roll away to the Atlantic, and the sun shines out—jovially, royally—as he used to shine elsewhere when Mr. Ruskin's papa lived at Herne Hill, and our eloquent Jeremiah was still a little boy in bib and tucker. “Ach Gott!” as Mr. Carlyle says, “it is a queer world. Our Jeremiah in bib and tucker!—indisputable bib and

* “The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century.” By John Ruskin. Allen, 1884.

tucker of the Anglo-Saxon race—and cart-loads of æsthetic gabble—barrenest of all gabble in this gabbling universe—still nebulous in chaos. Ach Gott! Ach Gott!” The earth in short has had a famous washing, and the hoary old mountains themselves look as clean and fresh as last night’s daisy. Allons, mes enfants!—a march like the Marseillaise is beating in the blood, and we shall carry Keer Vhor at a canter.

This way of putting it is all very well in a letter to your wife’s dearest friend; but in

point of fact it was an uncommonly stiff pull. You must understand that there are two deep clefts by which the inner circle of storm-beaten crag and corrie which lies behind Ben Ghoil may be approached—Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox. Except Glen Rosa there is nothing in the way of valleys finer than Glen Sannox, and nothing finer than Glen Rosa except Glen Sannox. There are one or two points in Glen Sannox—where you get Sui Ferghus, and the Carlin’s Step, and Keer Vhor in a bee-line—which it is difficult to



Ben Noosh.

beat. But Glen Rosa leads direct to the innermost sanctuary, and so we went up Glen Rosa.

There is a pool on the Rosa beside which we took our first breakfast. The morning, let me say in passing, consisted largely of breakfasts—the afternoon, until it gently and imperceptibly declined into five-o’clock tea, being mainly devoted to lunch. But I anticipate. This pool on the Rosa may or may not be historic; we know indeed that Robert the Bruce, and the good Sir James of Douglas, and the rest of the heroic outlaws, hunted

the red deer in this identical valley, and I cannot believe for my own part that on a sweltering summer afternoon even the patriot king, gazing longingly into its cool translucent depths, could have resisted the temptation to a dip. It is a noble granite bath fashioned by nature herself; and from a polished slab that runs right across the stream you dive into twelve feet of water that bubbles like sparkling hock. Well, we breakfasted here, and thereafter the ladies magnanimously suggested that they would wait until our Serene Highness had finished his

cigar. The morning mist still clung to the mountain tops; the great peaks rose silently round about us—Ben Ghòil, Keer Vhor, Ben Noosh, Ben Tarsuin; the whaups were calling to each other on every side; and a herd of lordly deer grazed leisurely overhead. The proper thing, you know, for these lordly creatures in similar circumstances is to “snuff the tainted gale;” but here as a rule they don’t take the trouble to lift their heads. They are in fact as tame as the black cattle, and you would as soon think of shooting a cow.

We had a stiff tramp through long heather and round scattered boulders, and then a hand-over-hand climb up the side of the precipitous wall that joins A Keer and Keer Vhor. The girls were not to be beat, and when we gained the summit of the high table-land, from which the great peaks spring, they had got their “second wind” (as the jockeys say), and were nearly as fresh as when they started. After the land is nationalised, and the Duke sent to the right-about, we shall have a big hotel up here, with a patent lift, seven-o’clock table d’hôte, and a Church of England chaplain. Meantime it remains a majestic solitude, where, except for the hoarse croak of the raven or the pitiful wail of the whaup, the silence is seldom broken. High up in the ether a peregrine watches us with jealous eyes; a pack of grouse sweep round the boulders and duck into the valley at our feet;—these and such as these are the only natives visible. The inevitable Mr. Cook is still conspicuous by his absence.

Fancy to yourself a prolonged battlement, with a square tower at intervals of a mile or so, and you obtain a very fair idea of the great central range from Sui Ferghus to Ben Noosh. The massive wall is never less than two thousand feet in height. The highest of the towers is close upon three thousand. This is “Cyclopean architecture” indeed, and in all Scotland, nay in all Europe, you will hardly anywhere match these gigantic slabs, piled one upon the other by cunningest masonry into the air!

The outlook over sea and shore from the table-land is very fine; but not of course to be compared with that from the watch-towers overhead. Which of the “Castles” shall we assail? There is Ben Noosh far to the west, then Ben Tarsuin, then A Keer, then Keer Vhor, then Castail Abhail. A Keer is too difficult, Castail Abhail is too distant; but here is Keer Vhor close at hand, and though on the other side it falls like a

riven Dolomite sheer into the Castail Abhail corrie, the ascent from this shoulder is not difficult.

The view from the final slab (for the summit is formed of a single block of granite) is certainly superb. Sheer below, as I have said, lies the Castail Abhail corrie—two thousand feet below. A wilderness of peaks rises on every hand, six or eight first-class peaks at least, and minor pinnacles without number. The valleys at their feet are deep in shadow, but the peaks themselves are brilliantly lighted up, and burn like beacon fires against the blue of sea and sky. The Atlantic is all aflame. Jura and Islay and Colonsay are the phantom islands that lie along the horizon. Winding fiords, exquisitely blue and dotted with snow-white sails, divide them from each other and from the mainland. Clear to the north rises Cruachan; on the frosty evening sky the Cobler is delicately pencilled.

Ralph yawns and lays down the pen, which is resumed by May.

What a screeed he has written to be sure! And only the tag-end of a page to round off our adventure. But I don’t know that there is very much more to add. We had, of course, a lovely time of it at the top, and made lots of sketches. Then we scrambled along a sheep track that skirts A Keer, and came to “Bealach an fir bogah,” the Archers’ Pass. The pass is a true Col, as they say in Switzerland, a deep cleft cut in the rock between A Keer and Tarsuin. We raced down the upper valley—startling some splendid stags as we passed. They bounded up the hill-side in royal style; when we saw them last they were standing on the summit, their antlers outlined against the sunset. The sunset! For round our five o’clock tea in a cosy nook below the pass, the flying minutes had slipped away unnoticed. The day was done before we reached the level of the Rosa at the Garb Alt; and we had to pick our steps warily through Glen Shiant as the shadows grew deeper in its depths. Glen Shiant itself was magical in the enchanted twilight. Out of the darkness from the river brink came the restless cry of the plover. Mysterious murmurs issued from the pine wood. A stag bellowed far up on the mountain. And then to add to the magic, the crescent moon rose from the bay and cast a sad light upon the lonely valley.

In such sadness, however, there is a fine

and subtle joy. The mood was upon us—we experienced that elation, that exaltation of soul which Emerson describes.* Even Euphame was touched.

At that moment, through the mystical moonlight, we perceived a solitary figure

* "Crossing a bare common in snow-puddles at twilight under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration, almost, I fear, to think how glad I am."—"Nature: an Essay," by R. W. Emerson, chap. I.

THE DEAD SOUL.

I DREAMED such a horrible dream
last night,
It smote me through with a cold affright,
And would not go with the dawning light
Like other lies;

For in dreams men often meet a guess,
Or a wandering thought in bodily dress,
A visible "No" or a tangible "Yes"
To some dim surmise.

What was that horrible thing I dreamed?
I met a man—or a man he seemed,
As the noonday sunlight over him streamed,
Till, thrilled with dread,
I saw when my soul looked his soul through,
As only in dreams a soul can do,
That, though brain and body lived and grew,
His soul was dead.

Yes, there he stood, a creature indeed,
That could walk and talk and drink and feed,
And add up figures, and write and read,
And work and wed—

advancing towards us. The irreproachable propriety of the attire was visible, nay conspicuous, even in the uncertain light. The spell suddenly snapt, and with a sigh which was distinctly audible in the supernatural stillness of the night, Nature admitted that the Philistines were too strong for her. We came down to earth with a thud—like the stick of a rocket.

It was Puffy himself.

And all with automatic neatness,
Smiling even with studied sweetness,
And quite enjoying life's completeness,
The life he led.

Till at last as I saw him standing there
With never a hope and never a care,
His dead soul set in a stony stare,
"Poor soul," I said,
"And wilt thou never feel again
Divinest joy, most God-like pain,
Love in which self is lost and slain?
Art thou quite dead?"

And then in my pity I cried aloud,
"Oh, give to this poor dead soul a shroud,
And hide him away from the living crowd
In some narrow bed.
Oh, merciful heaven, give him a grave,
Or send some fire that will cleanse and save
And quicken again the soul God gave,
The soul that's dead!"

A. MATHESON.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By ALEXANDER McLAREN, D.D.

MAY 3RD.

Read Isaiah xlix. 13-23 and Rev. xxi. 10-end.

THE WRITING UPON GOD'S HANDS.

"BEHOLD, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands. Thy walls are continually before me" (Isaiah xlix. 16). Thus God answers Zion's complaining suspicion that He had forgotten her. Another part of the answer is the infinitely tender comparison of His love to the feebler maternal love, which is contained in the fami-

liar words, "Can a mother forget? . . . Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget." He is the perfect type of fatherhood and motherhood. By the side of that bold analogy is this bold metaphor, conveying the same idea in another form. What was graven on the great palm of the Divine hand? Not merely the name of Zion, but, as the second clause shows, the "walls," as if a ground-plan or picture of the waste city in its restored strength. In a previous chapter we read in

regard to the converts in the future, that "one shall mark on his hand—Jehovah's."* The man marks himself with the name of God, as slaves and chattels are branded with the sign of ownership, or as worshippers of idols are sometimes distinguished by the emblem of their god. And God marks Himself with the name of Zion, in token of His love, His remembrance, and His care. If one may venture to use a metaphor, which is no more vulgar than this of our text, but only seems so because it is more modern; it is like the true-love knots and hearts and anchors, with initials below them, tattooed in indelible blue on a sailor's arm. Though the words here are addressed to the community, they may be taken by each individual, for God does not deal with masses, but with single souls.

Each of us may rest in the assurance of the Divine remembrance. The Israelites were bidden to write the words of the law "for a sign upon their hands." God does with our names what He would have us do with His commandments. We cannot speak of the Divine memory as if He, like us, had to bring back things past, for all the distinctions of time lie far beneath His feet, and all things are spread out before Him, the timeless Being. But the meaning of His remembrance of us is just this, "The Lord thinketh upon me." We are not lost in the crowd. Each of us has a distinct place in the infinite room of that tender heart. We with our limited minds and leaky memories are fain to help ourselves by jotting down names and engagements. God stoops to our level, and assures us that we need not fear that we shall be merged in the mass, for He has noted down our names. We have all to pass through dark places, where we are tempted to think, like querulous Israel in this context, that "our Lord hath forgotten us." Let us take the brave good cheer of these words, and when our drooping or aching hearts and the plain facts of sorrows and blackness in our lives whisper suggestions that our "judgment is passed over from our God," let us listen to His voice: "I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands," and cannot forget the name written there.

But there is more than this here. The hand is the instrument of power. What, then, is the meaning of writing the name of Zion on the palms of the hands but to convey the idea that the thought of His Church, and that not merely as a collective whole, but in its individual members, is perpetually present to the Divine mind, in all the Divine

activity? The high-priest wore the names of the tribes on his shoulders, which are the seat of strength, and on his breastplate which lay on the heart, the home of love. All the Divine activity is shaped with a view to the true welfare of those who trust Him, as one, and, in some respects, the chief of its inextricably complex ends. Whenever He looks on His mighty hands as they mould the plastic clay of circumstance, He sees the name of Zion. The hand which wields the sceptre of the universe works for us, if we have yielded our wills to Him. He never acts in oblivion of us, or without regard to us; "yea, he reproveth kings for their sake." The rudder of the universe is grasped by a hand which has our names indelibly written on its firm palm.*

Zion had no walls at the time which this prophecy contemplates. It was ruined, devastated, a widowed city. And yet "thy walls are continually before me." What was graven on the Divine hand had no existence in fact. The ideal was ever before Him as the end of His working. So is it with us individually and with the Church as a whole. All His dealings tend towards realising, in fact, that ideal perfection which is ever before His mind. The walls may be broken down, as Nehemiah found them in his sad moonlight ride. But before His eye who calleth things that are not as though they were, the bright vision of the city builded in fairer completeness, and adorned as a bride for her husband, ever gleams, and His hand ever works to execute the plan drawn there by Himself. If we will let Him carry out His design in our hearts and lives, not murmuring when He clears away some building that has sheltered us, nor thwarting His constructive work, He will rear our ruined natures into more than their original beauty, as holy temples for His satisfied love to rest in for ever. On His hand is graven the ideal of the complete structure, and as surely as that hand is omnipotent and that ideal and purpose unchangeable, so surely will He perfect that which concerneth us, for He will never let it be said of Him that He "began to build and was not able to finish."

MAY 10TH.

Read Psalm xxiii. and John x. 1-18.

PASTURE IN UNLIKELY PLACES.

"They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in all high places" (Isaiah xlix. 9). The prophet speaks of the nearer future, the return of the Jewish exiles. But

* So Cheyne on Isaiah i. 273.

through his language there shines another deliverance, and homeward journey of the wanderers. His description of the closer event is transparent, and the great outlines of the remoter appear through it. The servant of the Lord shall lead His flock to Zion. That servant is the Good Shepherd, whom we know, and they who love Him are the sheep whose lot is so tenderly set forth here. It is a great promise for the journey of life.

"They shall feed" in or "on the ways." The flock finds abundant food as it travels. They do not need to be turned into pasture-lands, and pause on their road in order to feed, but the very path, hard-beaten as it is, shall yield sweet grass, which they can crop as they go along. That is a promise not merely of abundance, but of abundance in the path of duty, of nourishment and refreshment in the act of obedience, of full and ever-springing supplies, wheresoever God in His providence may lead us. We do not need to go out of the straight line of progress towards God in order to secure anything needed for strength or delight. Joy and solace, the objects that correspond to all our wants, will be found in the road. He stores provisions for His soldiers at many points on their march, or rather the land through which He leads them will ever yield enough for their need. Obedience is itself nourishment, as the Shepherd found it when He said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." So His flock will ever find it too. Therefore they who follow Him do not need to burden themselves with laying in stores of tinned meats for their journey. They will not want them as long as the very path, rough and rocky as it seems, grows enough for their sustenance.

Here, too, is a lesson of restraint. We are to be like Gideon's men, who lapped as they ran. We are to eat for strength, and not for gluttony. Our enjoyments are not to interfere with our journey. We may halt when weary; and God smiles upon gladness and mirth. But a sparing use of earthly food is as needful to keep the soul in condition as temperate diet to keep the athlete's body so. The scantily fed deer can run like the wind, because it picks its subsistence among the heather. Stall it, and let it feed its fill, and you destroy its speed. The ideal of Christian life includes a Spartan simplicity, and a perpetual care lest our hearts be overcharged with the lust of earthly things.

"Their pastures shall be in all high places," literally "bare heights." An Eastern hill-top is not the spot for rich herbage. In our

moist climate many a hill pasture keeps its hundreds of sheep on its short sweet grass. But in those lands the food for the flock is down in the bottoms, where "the still waters freshen the green pastures." This flock finds succulent nourishment in unlikely places—on bare hill-tops, a chaos of bleached and barren rocks. So sorrow and loss, trial and loneliness, will yield a peaceable growth to nourish our souls. No circumstances will be barren of blessing. None will be stripped so bare that there will be nothing to supply our wants. The outward mercies may not grow as lush and abundant as down in the rich valleys, but there will always be enough to satisfy hunger and to minister strength. No carcasses strew the path of the flock, as the camels' bones mark out some desert route. We shall not be left to starve.

And sustenance of a higher kind will come to us, even through our experience of the bareness and bleakness of the hill-tops to which He leads us up. The Alpine flora may be less showy than the gaudy flowers that grow in the plains, but it has a refined and modest beauty all its own. The soul which through loneliness has learnt to clasp Christ's hand and to find a companion in a present God, which through sorrow has learned submission, and because earth has become dark has been lovingly driven to fix a longing eye on the lights that glow in heaven, has meat to eat which the world knows not of, and, nourished on angels' food, need not hanker after the strongly flavoured dainties in which the coarser taste of the world delights.

MAY 17TH.

Read Gen. xxxii. 22—end, and Luke xvii. 11—19.

FORGOTTEN VOWS.

"And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there, and make an altar unto God, that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother" (Gen. xxxv. 1). It was more than thirty years since Jacob had vowed that vow at Bethel. He had laid down very ample conditions to be fulfilled before it was paid. He had bargained for God's protection, and providing—to be kept in the way, bread to eat, and clothing, and a happy return—"and then," after He has done all this for me, "shall the Lord be my God, and this stone which I have set up for a pillar shall be God's house." The vow thus cautiously made in a spirit of calculating selfishness was performed in a remarkably

leisurely fashion. Some ten years have passed since his return to Palestine. God has done more for him than he bargained for. He has prospered beyond all his hopes, and has settled down comfortably in the fertile valley of Shechem, a well-to-do man. He seems to have forgotten all about Bethel, and his vow to make it a "house of God" by sacrifice and worship. So he needs this command, which reminds him of his own solitude and sorrow at the time when he saw the open heaven, and the ladder of light with the climbing angels, and the face that made sunshine at midnight.

Is not Jacob's negligence but too true a picture of a universal fault? How many of us can pray, and vow, and think of God when sorrow or sore need press on us, and forget all when the storm is past and we settle down at Shechem? When the river is crossed we forget the bridge. We are often more prepared to vow at the beginning of some difficult enterprise than eager to fulfil at the successful end. There are more prayers for the future on January 1 than there are thanksgivings for the past on December 31. The early stages of a Christian career are often radiant with devout enthusiasm which fades as surely as the rosy morning blush into the prosaic light of common day. Alas! that so often many professing Christians should have in their memory a Bethel at the beginning of their course, the vows made at which are unfulfilled to this day! Is it so with us?

What kept Jacob from going and building the altar? He had forgotten the impressions of the vision. He had lost the sense of need in his growing prosperity. God "loses our admiration by His assiduity," as one of the Fathers has it; and Jacob's unbroken success made him less consciously dependant and thankful. Health is more precious to the man who has had it interruptedly. Shechem, too, was a better place for "business" than Bethel. There were fountains and grass there; and every English merchant and tradesman knows that "business" is the first thing to consider. This pitiful world hinders us from fulfilling early resolutions, and is ever pulling at our skirts to keep us back, and weighting us to keep us down.

How did Jacob prepare to fulfil his vow? He demanded from his household the "strange gods which were in their hands" and their trinkets, and buried them under a conspicuous terebinth-tree; and so purified, they set out for Bethel. It says little for the earnestness of his own religion, that idolatry

should have been rife in his family, that his sons should have been cruel and vindictive, his daughters light-minded and giddy. No doubt he found it hard to get such a set to give up their idols, and the necessity for the unwelcome sacrifice may have been one hindrance to the fulfilment of his vow. Surrender of all idols—and especially of the chief idol, self—and purity, are the essentials of communion and service to-day as they were then. Our communion is more inward, our worship more spiritual; and our surrender and our purity must be proportionately more inward, but Jacob's way must be our way. If we are to fulfil early vows, and to keep the noontide and evening of our Christian life of a piece with the morning brightness, we must yield up every hindrance to our consecration, and offer ourselves in thank-offering. The first step towards building God's altar is gathering together idols and treasures, and digging a hole, and laying them all there, and covering them, and so beginning the march purified of evil, and lightened of worthless possessions.

And such surrender and consequent fulfilment of early vows will ever be rewarded as it was in Jacob's case. I wonder what he thought of his negligence, when he saw the stone that he had reared so many years ago, and forgotten so long. He received a renewed vision of God, a confirmation of the name of Israel and enlarged promises. So the old man's vision is better and more glorious than the young man's dream. One was by night, the other by day. One had a narrower promise, applicable to himself, and concerned mainly with earthly blessings; the other embraces the future of his people and expands to mysterious hopes. It is possible for aged eyes to see more brightness than was flashed on the eager eyes of youth. If we hold communion with God in glad self-surrender, the Bethel which was the scene of the glad visions and ardent vows of our early days, will still be a house of God to us in our old age, where we may receive larger promises and joyfully fulfil the pledges we gave to Him who has more than fulfilled His promises to us.

MAY 24TH.

Read Psalm xl., and Rom. vi. 12—end.

WILLING CONSECRATION.

"Amasiah willingly offered himself unto the Lord" (2 Chron. xvii. 16). This is the sole record of this man. The name occurs in a list of the chief officers in

the army of King Jehoshaphat—all of them utterly unknown. We see Amasiah for a moment. He swims out of the darkness like a little star across the field of a telescope, passes and is no more seen. We do not know what he did to deserve this eulogium. Perhaps there may have been some special deed of heroism; perhaps, while the rest were pressed men, he was a volunteer, and flung himself into the fight "to the Lord," regarding the King's cause as God's. It matters not. Blessed he whose life can be summed in that one sentence, by which he shall be known for ever!

Such cheerful self-surrender is the sum of all religion. We have here an antique form of piety, very strange to us. Amasiah's surrender to God expressed itself in daring courage on the field, and willingness to fling away life on the enemies' spears, like those wild warriors in the Soudan to-day. But, however unfamiliar the form, the underlying spirit must not be strange to us, if we are to have any religion at all. Glad, willing consecration of myself to God is the inmost heart of religion. The constant submission of my will, which is myself, the constant reference to God, and the all-mastering love which, kindled by His great love, makes submission delight and the thought of Him better than life;—these are at the bottom of all true religion to-day and ever. Yield thyself, in glad spontaneous obedience, to the Great Will, and say, "Here am I, send me. Whether to do or suffer, I am ready; move me as a pawn on thy board, no matter how or where." Each man must, like Amasiah, be priest and sacrifice, offerer and offering. Each man must be a willing offerer and a willing offering. The cords of love must bind the sacrifice to the horns of the altar; there must be no pressed men in God's army. The will is the man, and not unless the will freely and even gladly consents to the sacrifice can any man offer himself to God. A grudging gift is no gift. We can stretch out our hands across the centuries to this shadowy hero, and recognise in him the same absolute self-devotion which is the life of Christianity.

This glad consecration may hallow and be expressed by all life. We do not know how it was shown by Amasiah. No details are given or needed. The spirit of the life is all-important; the specific actions are less so. This one sentence is the essence of it all, the one drop distilled out of a thousand rose-petals. How little the different events will matter if this is the meaning of them all! How blessed our lives will be, how calm and

beautiful, if these words may describe them! Trivial things will be greatedened; small sorrows, which irritate like gnats' bites, will be soothed. From greater sorrows the poison will be sucked; nothing will be monotonous, nothing repulsive. We shall need no inferior motives to keep us at our work; the soul will be stimulated to intenser activity; the wheels will revolve faster and smoother; life will be filled with new meaning and new beauty, and ourselves will rise to nobler stature and carry calmer and richer hearts. Could Amasiah's epitaph be ours? Would this sentence be the condensation of my life?

This glad consecration is accepted by God. This eulogium may be called God's recognition of Amasiah's service. He accepts imperfect consecration, and never grudges praise. There are a great many incomplete gifts on God's altar, and much lies there, not without His smile, which many of us would scarcely accept if brought to us, so stained and marred are our gifts of love and devotion. We see strange collections of worthless gifts hanging in some saints' shrines, and wonder that such "rubbish" is allowed there. God gladly accepts much which many of us would hastily sweep away. And even deeds of which the doers know only too well the flaws are counted by Him "an odour of a sweet smell."

God, then, remembers our poor service. This old-world warrior's deeds of daring devotion are written in no chronicle, and have faded for ever from human memory, as we and ours will do sooner or later. But what the world may say about us matters little, so long as we "receive" that "praise from God," which is one of His most wonderful promises to sinful men who give themselves to Christ. Whether our names be written in any other book matters nothing, so long as they "are written in the Lamb's book of life." Let us seek to have that same sentence as the Divine summary of our lives, seeing that we have in Christ's willing offering of Himself for us the most powerful of all reasons for our willingly offering ourselves to the Lord.

MAY 31ST.

Read Psalm xxii. and Matthew xxvii. 26—37.

SEEING WHICH IS NOT SEEING.

"Sitting down they watched him there" (Matthew xxvii. 36). We rightly fix our eyes on the central figure on the cross with absorbing attention, and are apt to

pass by the subordinate persons almost unnoticed. And yet much may be learned from them.

These soldiers—four in number, as we are told by St. John—had probably joined in their comrades' brutal mockery, had done the executioner's work of nailing the sufferers to the crosses which they then reared and fixed; they had divided the poor plunder of his clothes, and then, their work done, had sat stolidly down to prevent disturbance or rescue, and wait unconcernedly till death came. It is a strange thought that these four legionaries were so close for hours to the greatest event in the world's history, and gazed at it and Him with lack-lustre eyes, and saw nothing.

As we look at them looking at Him, we are reminded once again of men's ignorance of the true meaning and outcome of their deeds. These four were shut out in all probability by diversity of language from communication with the fierce crowd around them. They were accustomed to crucify rebels. This was to them only one more execution of a very familiar sort. They simply did what they were bid, with no feeling and no knowledge. Think of how coolly and carelessly a corporal's guard of English soldiers would carry out the death sentence on some Hindoo rebel against our authority. So did these men. How little they knew what they had done! They marched back to their barracks and went quietly to sleep that night, all unconscious that they had been actors in the most stupendous miracle, the blackest crime, and the Divinest mercy in the world's history.

So blind are we all, though in less extreme degrees. We never can tell what will come of our actions. We seldom know their real importance till they are past. We are like men sowing seeds in the dark. "Thou sowest not that body that shall be." Therefore the plain conclusion is—leave all questions about results alone, and be not concerned as to what "body" it may "please" God to "give" the seed we sow. We have only to concern ourselves about this end of the chain, and to make sure that the motive from which the action springs is right. Let the other end which was beyond our sight be cared for by Him.

We learn, too, the consoling lesson that Responsibility is limited by Knowledge. While the accomplices in Christ's death were guilty in varying degrees, singularly enough these very soldiers who actually crucified him were the least guilty. The hammer that

drove the nails into His palms was scarcely more of a tool than the men who used it in mechanical obedience and ignorance. In so far as they might have known and did not, their ignorance was sin, but in so far as their act was ignorant, their act was innocent. Pilate, who knew that he was shedding innocent blood, had hands fouler, for all his washing, than theirs, and the darkest guilt lay on the soul of the traitor who had walked in the light, and of the rulers who had shut their eyes against it. Surely for these rude and blind souls the whole power of His dying prayer availed, and they were forgiven, not knowing what they did. Let us then think with thankfulness of the "pure eyes and perfect judgment" of Him who knows the depth of our ignorance, and refrain from pronouncing on our brother's criminality, since we know not how thickly his soul may have been shrouded in darkness, and how innocent he may have been even in doing a hideous crime.

Again we see in these four stolid gazers how possible it is to look at Christ's sufferings and not see them. For long hours they sat and gazed at that spectacle of divinest love, which has drawn hearts to it ever since in a rapture of devotion and a passion of love; into which angels desire to look; and all which they saw was a dying Jew. They gambled for His robe; they waited wearily for His death. They saw it all, and they saw nothing.

So we may look at Christ's cross and see only a dying man. Many among us look with as little of emotion or faith or personal interest as His unconcerned executioners did. We say, "We see." Do we see there what is there—the Lamb of God dying for the sins of each of us, a more spotless and a more willing sacrifice than Isaac's, and given up to death by a more wonderful parental surrender than Abraham's? Do we see there the ground of all our hope, the source of all our peace, the pattern of our lives? Looking, do our hearts fill with thankfulness and melt in love? And as we turn away, do we bear the picture of that dying love persisting on our mind's eye, as a man may do who has gazed at the sun, and when he looks away still sees the flaming disc? Many there be who think they see and are blind. None are so blind as those "before whose eyes Jesus has been openly set forth crucified," and who have looked with languid gaze all their lives. Let us pray that our eyes may be purged, and that we may indeed behold that dying Lord who takes away the sin of the world!

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

BY JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—AN INVITATION.

TO the legal mind nothing, no doubt, can appear more monstrous than that Philip Langton, being in the position of her dead father's executor and her own guardian, should have been persuaded to hand over to Hester Darrell, a girl yet in her teens, so large a proportion of the money which he had in trust for her; on the other hand, some things occasionally seem quite natural to the legal mind which to that of the general public appear prodigious and abnormal enough.

It must be remembered, moreover, that Langton's relation to Hester was not merely that of guardian to ward. He had known her all her life, and regarded her with a devotion only second to that of her father himself, in whose position he now stood. It was a positive pleasure to him to indulge her, and a proportionate pain (only he had never tried it) to deny her anything she desired. I am inclined to think, indeed, that there is no limit to the folly which a man of Philip Langton's character is capable of committing to oblige a young and beautiful girl, who looks up to him with artless affection as to her only friend and protector. Of business matters, to say truth, he knew very little more than Hester, and found a difficulty in interesting himself in them, which to nine-tenths of his sex would have been inexplicable, while on money itself he set so small a store as in the opinion of most people would have qualified him for a lunatic asylum. He had a strong sense of legal right which caused him, as we have seen, to propose to himself some immediate means of making good to Hester the loss that she was about to sustain through his own good nature, but, that provision being effected, the matter was likely to trouble his Serene Executorship but very little. His chief solicitude, indeed, was that it should not trouble Hester, who, had she been aware of the legal aspect of the affair, would certainly never have made a request that placed such a huge personal responsibility upon Langton's shoulders. To her uninstructed mind it seemed as though she was only asking an advance of what was already her own, and in respect to which nobody but herself could be the loser.

On the other hand, it was a great comfort to Langton to know that this was not the case, and that, in reality, she was asking nothing that could hurt herself but only him. It is probable, indeed, that the whole transaction would even have given him pleasure, but for the doubts he had in his own mind as to the necessity of the money being advanced at all. As to the object to which it was to be applied, it was impossible under the circumstances to question the girl with any particularity; the claim, whatever it was, evidently appealed to her sense of honour rather than to that of right; but in the interview which, as had been agreed on, followed that in which her request was made, Langton did make an effort to assure himself that she was not at least the victim to a fraud.

"When a man dies, my dear Hester, attempts are often made to obtain money upon his account from his friends, which would never have been made to himself. I do hope that you are well convinced of the justice of the present demand, and especially that you are not acceding to it upon the bare word of any individual."

"I have written proofs of it, Mr. Langton," answered Hester gravely, "in my dear father's own handwriting."

Her pale face flushed to her forehead, and her voice trembled as she spoke. Langton felt himself a wretch for having caused her such obvious distress of mind, and, even if her words and tone had not fully corroborated his previous view of the matter, would have abstained from putting another question to her.

"You shall have the money in a few days," he answered gently; "it is unnecessary to say another word about it."

"If I do not again allude to it, dear Mr. Langton," she replied, while the tears rushed to her eyes, "it is not, be sure, because I do not understand the unusual, possibly even the unexampled, trust you have thus placed in my bare word. The gratitude that I feel towards you, you on the other hand can never understand, because you do not know how heavy is the load that your generous delicacy has thus lifted from my heart. There are circumstances which prevent me from treating you in this matter with the frankness and candour that you deserve, but henceforth, and in all things else, I shall come to you for help and

counsel as dear papa bade me do with almost his last breath."

"I hope so; indeed, I hope so," was the earnest reply.

"It is not much of a guerdon for your great kindness," she continued, with a smile, "that I should thus impose upon you the task of adviser to a young and foolish girl."

"It will, nevertheless," he answered gravely, "be a very great pleasure to me, and the sooner I undertake the duties of my position the better. You have had many communications from your father's friends no doubt. Have any of them suggested a plan for your future life?"

"Many of them have been very kind, most kind," said Hester warmly. "It seemed that every one strove to express, at dear papa's funeral, some tender recollection of him."

"If you refer to the wreaths that were so bountifully bestowed on that occasion," said Langton drily, "they are blossoms, my dear girl, I regret to say, of a kind that do not bear much fruit."

"Still, what could friends do more, or what more would I have had them do? Even if I had been much poorer than I am, dear Mr. Langton, I should never have dreamt of asking——"

"Of course not, of course not," interrupted Langton with a guilty recollection of that appeal of his to Lord Buttermere. "You would no more have thought of asking them to help than they of offering it; one cannot put the case much stronger than that."

Hester looked up at him a little puzzled, then went on unconscious of the sarcasm. "The kindness of some of them I shall never forget," she continued; "Mrs. West has been a second mother to me."

"Quite true," said Langton, with enthusiasm, "one in a thousand, one in ten thousand."

"And her girls have been as sisters."

"That is not to be wondered at—I mean," observed Langton, correcting himself, "that they are excellent girls, capital girls."

"This house has been my home for weeks," continued Hester with emotion. "Consider what a guest I have been, bowed down by grief, and of necessity the most cheerless of companions. Yet they have never suffered me to feel that I have worn out my welcome. Nay more, Mrs. West has even offered that I should remain with her indefinitely, a thing not to be thought of, perhaps, in any case, however tempting the

offer might have seemed to me, but now, of course, quite out of the question."

"You mean that you could not bear your share of even their moderate housekeeping," observed Langton thoughtfully, and wondering to himself if such an arrangement was within his means, and if so, whether it could be made without her knowledge.

"Of course not. Pray do not suppose, my dear Mr. Langton, that I have not the courage to look my future in the face. It will, I know, be something altogether different from my past. Since I have been here I have now and then accompanied Grace and Marion in their visits to poor people. I am ashamed to say that it was a new world to me, and I am infinitely obliged to them for my introduction to it. I now know that that is the real world, and that the one in which I have been living is an exceptional state of existence. There are people all around me, to whom the money which is still left to me would seem like opulence; people who, when they are hungry, have not enough even of bread to eat; who when they are cold, lack clothes and firing; who, when they are sick, have not the means to purchase the most ordinary comforts. Do not pity me, Mr. Langton, for I may honestly say that save for that other loss (wherein I claim kin with the most miserable) how fortunate by contrast with that of thousands of my fellow-creatures is my own lot, and how little reason I have to repine at it."

"But, my dear Hester, these poor people—though indeed you are quite right to pity them—are after all, in a manner, used to it."

"Do not say that, dear Mr. Langton," pleaded Hester earnestly. "Do not do violence to your noble nature by imitating the cuckoo note of the harsh and selfish. Do you think that anything can make a mother used to the sight of her children lacking bread, or in pain, without the means of mitigating it, or pining for the fresh air that she has no means of purchasing for them? Is it not enough that we should turn our ears away from the cry of the poor, without making light of the misery that extorts it?"

Langton gazed at Hester with amazement. He had given her the credit that men usually give to girls they think well of, for tender and charitable thoughts. That she should be grave, sorrowful, and even devout, was under the circumstance to be expected; but the earnestness and enthusiasm she was exhibiting were altogether unlooked for.

She had never seemed to him so gentle and so pure, or, as he expressed it to himself,

so like a saint, as she looked in her deep mourning, but he had set it all down to the misery of her own condition, and to the sense of her personal calamity. That she should be taking these larger views of life at a time when her own share of it was being so narrowed astounded him. As he gazed at her with wondering eyes, it struck him for the first time that there was a change in her face, beyond what was to be accounted for by the circumstances of her new position. Could this have been wholly caused by the mere fact of her having visited a few poor folks, as he understood in a vague way, it was customary for some young ladies to do? Or was it not, more likely, owing to some experience of another kind, perhaps in connection with the disposal of the sum for which she had appealed to him, and which might have thrown her thoughts out of their usual groove? For the moment it even struck him that in her highly wrought and abnormal state of mind, it was not unlikely that she was contemplating a retirement from the world and devoting herself to deeds of charity. Whether such a course was right or not, he felt certain that she was at present in a state of mind very unsuitable for a decision so important.

"You must forgive me, Hester," he answered gravely, "if my feelings of duty towards my fellow-creatures are just now a little more restricted than they should be by reason of the more immediate duty to yourself, which, as you have just said, has been imposed upon me by your dead father. In granting you, as you have admitted, so much more than you had any reason to expect, I have not forfeited my authority over you, remember, in other respects. I have no desire to pry into your secrets, I have waived my right to do so in one instance——"

"I know it, I know it," she interrupted vehemently, "and for that generous abstinence I am your debtor to my life's end. Whatever course it may please you to advise me to take, you will not find me disobedient, it is the least I can do in return for the trust you have placed in me. Do not fear that I shall give you any further trouble."

"There is a good girl," replied Langton with a great sigh of relief. The observation, as he felt, was short of the occasion, and even slightly ridiculous, but it conveyed his feelings. "And now, since remaining with Mrs. West seems out of the question, has any alternative since suggested itself to you?"

"I have had an invitation from my aunt Elizabeth," said Hester slowly.

"What, from Lady Barton?" exclaimed Langton, smiling. "That goes far indeed to restore the average. If one overrates the good in some persons one underrated it in others. She probably knew, however, that she was making a proposal that would never be accepted."

"I should be sorry to think that," said Hester gravely. "Her note was curt and strange enough, yet I think it was sincere; you shall, however, judge for yourself." She took from her desk an envelope containing two enclosures, and handed him one of them.

"DEAR NIECE,

"I am truly sorry to hear of the calamity that has befallen you. I know nothing, of course, of the state of your affairs. It is probable that among your many friends you will find a home in every way more agreeable to you than Medbury; but if this should not happen to be the case you may count upon me to give you a genuine welcome.

"Yours sincerely,

"ELIZABETH BARTON."

"Stiff enough, indeed," was Langton's comment, "and yet I agree with you that her ladyship means what she says. It is very unfortunate that there should have been so wide a breach between you, and for so long."

"You are thinking, of course, what dear papa would have wished me to do," said Hester gently. "It is very curious, but within a few days of his death he conversed with me upon this very subject: if anything should happen to him, he bade me remember that it was not his wish that I should reject any overture from Aunt Elizabeth. It was really almost as if he foresaw——" She turned away her head and finished the sentence with a sigh.

Langton sighed also, but for another reason; it was clear to him that the Colonel had not only "almost" but quite foreseen what was about to happen, and had made his arrangements accordingly.

"This, of course, leaves you free to act, Hester, in accordance with your own views in the matter," observed Langton thoughtfully. "You acknowledged her ladyship's letter, I suppose?"

"Yes; and asked for time to consider her kind offer. I felt I was not just then in a fit condition to decide upon a matter, to me, so momentous, and also that the disposal of myself was not in my own hands. How-

ever wilfully I may seem to have behaved, dear Mr. Langton," she added with a smile, "I had still, you see, some instinct of obedience."

"You do what is right quite naturally, my dear girl," said Langton gravely, "just as other people quite naturally do what is wrong. It was immensely to your credit, however, that you took your aunt's letter in such good part. It is not, I must say, a very pressing invitation, and considering not only what it says, but what it avoids saying—though, to be sure, when a topic cannot be handled properly it is better perhaps to avoid it altogether—"

"You are praising me as usual much too much, dear Mr. Langton," interrupted Hester with a quick flush (for the allusion to her father's estrangement from his kindred was painful to her), "and this time under especially false pretences. I must tell you, that with my aunt's note came this letter from my cousin Maria, which, as you will perceive, makes ample amends for any shortcomings on the part of her mother. I have seen her but twice in my life, yet you see she writes to me as if we were old friends as well as relatives."

"MY DEAR HESTER,

"The news that has come to-day distresses me beyond expression, and you have never been out of my thoughts since it arrived. I have had such few opportunities of seeing you, and I am myself such an insignificant personage, that it almost seems necessary to recall myself to your remembrance. I am the only relative except my mother, dear Hester, that you have in the world; do, do let me show to you that it is the same blood that runs in our veins. That you will be welcome under many a roof there is no doubt, but is not this, dear cousin, your natural home?"

"We are very quiet at Medbury; here you can indulge your grief to your bruised heart's content, and will find, believe me, the deepest, truest sympathy. It will be such an excessive comfort to me to have you with us, that I dare to think you may yourself receive some of its overflow. It sounds egotistic and presumptuous enough to say so, but love has made me bold. My mother is writing to you by the same post; if her words sound formal remember that she has never had the happiness of knowing you, as I have had, and I am quite sure that the wish she expresses to see you is sincere. I cannot expect that for the present you will promise more than to give Medbury and me

a trial; but at all events, dear Hester, come to us till you shall have made some arrangements for your future. I could write much more, but refrain from doing so, for I think you know what my heart would say to your heart. With the deepest sympathy,

"I am your affectionate cousin,

"MARIA BARTON."

"That is an excellent girl," exclaimed Langton warmly; "no matter what stock she comes from."

"Then you would advise me, as she says, to 'try Medbury?'" inquired Hester smiling.

"Well, yes," was the hesitating reply. "There is one thing, however, that has to be considered. You are placed, my dear girl, though partly by your own act, in a very different position in the world from that which you might have been reasonably expected to occupy."

"You mean that when Lady Barton wrote to me she thought she was inviting a guest, and not a poor relation."

The colour rushed into Langton's face. "You put it with painful plainness, my dear Hester. As your father's friend, and your guardian, it is my duty, remember, to see that you are not exposed to humiliations."

Hester was touched to her heart's core; she felt that no young knight of old had ever laid lance in rest for his lady love more loyally than this middle-aged gentleman of Pall Mall was doing for his dead friend's daughter.

"There is no fear of that," she said softly, taking his hand and pressing it in both of hers. "There should be no fear of anything for me since I have a friend like you."

CHAPTER XXII.—CUTTING HER CABLE.

WE live rapidly during great events. A single important experience often teaches us more than we have learned in all our lives before, and sometimes the contrary of what we have learnt. The rude hand of adversity, in particular, will tear a veil from our eyes, which, but for it, they would have worn, perhaps, from the cradle to the grave. The majority of people in what are called "good circumstances," have a certain unctuous, comfortable way of looking at things, which always gives me pleasure, because it proves to me that they have no real knowledge of misfortune. According to these cheerful philosophers, "people are really uncommonly kind;" one's friends "will do anything for one;" and their little world of acquaintances seems knit together (and especially to them)

by irrefragable bands. Even should any strain take place they flatter themselves that these will prove elastic; a "solution of continuity" in any one of them—far less the whole lot of them, snapping short off together—never enters into their mind. They cannot conceive a state of affairs where the tide of friendship, instead of greeting them with its accustomed music and sparkle, goes right out, leaving them at dead low-water—and never comes back again.

Of such a melancholy fact Hester Darrell had certainly had at present no knowledge, and yet, as Philip Langton had said to himself, there was a change in her not to be accounted for by the mere domestic calamity that had befallen her. Her father's death had, indeed, been something more than an ordinary misfortune of the same nature; it had been a catastrophe, and might naturally enough have made an impression deep and lasting upon her mind. Such occurrences, however, are after all in the course of nature, and their usual effect is merely to depress, though sometimes, alas! to overwhelm for ever. In Hester's case the blow had fallen with terrific force, and at first had utterly prostrated her; but there was no prostration now. She was looking life in the face almost, as it were, before there was any necessity for it, and with the utmost calmness and resolution.

Langton was not the only one who had observed this, for other loving eyes were watching her closely. Mrs. West, being a woman, regarded her, of course, from another point of view, but she was equally puzzled. The advice, *Cherchez la femme*, has its counterpart with the other sex. When anything inexplicable affects one of them her female friends instinctively look for "the man."

Without taking Mrs. West into his confidence with respect to detail, Mr. Langton had a little private conference with her upon Hester's affairs. She showed much distress and amazement at finding she was left so badly off.

"I am afraid," she said, with a mixture of pity and indignation that was very characteristic, "the poor Colonel must have been a much more selfish man than any of us had any idea of."

"If you knew all—though I do not deny he has been much to blame—I do not think you would say that," observed Langton gently.

"At all events we have only to do with the living," returned Mrs. West after a pause. She would have dearly liked, as she afterwards observed, to have heard what the

counsel for the defence might have to say, but she respected the other's silence. "The question is, What is to be done with our dear Hester? I hope she feels that this house is her home as long as she pleases to make it so."

"She feels everything she ought to feel with respect to you and yours, Mrs. West; but she has a very independent spirit. Her quiet and resolute way of looking at things, indeed, amazes me."

"And me," said Mrs. West significantly. "You and I are not young people, Mr. Langton, and are therefore aware how differently things turn out to all human expectation; but to her, remember, all that has lately happened must seem very strange. Her father has been suddenly taken from her, her fortunes have collapsed; the very thing she was apprehensive about—the being sold to the highest bidder——"

"You do the Colonel wrong, Mrs. West," interrupted Langton gravely. "That was never intended."

"At all events, she was not to be a free agent in a matter," persisted Mrs. West, "where all girls such as Hester wish to be free. She has lost at one blow both her hopes and fears."

"True; and now that life-long estrangement from her father's family seems suddenly about to be exchanged for intimacy. As you say," added Langton thoughtfully, "these things are perhaps sufficient to have made a revolution in any girl's character."

"Nay, I did not say they were sufficient, Mr. Langton, though they, no doubt, have affected her very seriously."

"You think, then, there is something more—that something else has happened to her, the facts of which are not before us."

"I don't know what has happened, but I do think she has some secret of her own—a woman's secret."

"You mean that she is in love. Good heavens! not with that man Mason, I do hope!"

"No, I have already told you that she does not care for him. That he would have won her if he could, I am persuaded; nor did he lose time in wooing her. He sent his aunt, Mrs. Brabazon, to plead for him—at least, that is my conviction—and by that means obtained an interview almost before the poor girl's tears for her father's loss were dried, but I again repeat, that in my opinion nothing came of it."

"He would not have been so precipitate," observed Langton bitterly, "if he had known how ill off the poor girl was left."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, I think you are wrong there. The gentleman in question may be all you think him to be, and even worse; and yet he may be genuinely in love."

"With himself," was the curt rejoinder.

"Of course, with himself first; that is the case with many of your sex: if we women can only make sure of the second place in a man's heart, we are generally quite content."

"How on earth could she have been induced to see him at all?" mused Langton with irritation: his mind was too preoccupied to concern itself with any abstract question.

"I cannot tell, unless it was through his aunt's representations. I only know that he came, he saw, and did not conquer."

"Then what is your explanation of the change in Hester's character?"

"I have none to give, but only an hypothesis. I think during the last two months she has seen some one who has found his way to her heart. There was, perhaps, no great likelihood under any circumstances of anything coming of it, but that is a very different thing from there being no possible chance of such an issue. And now, as she says to herself, and sees for herself, there is no chance. The reason why she takes adversity so calmly is because all other misfortunes have become subordinate to this one. That is why she says to you, 'Do with me as you will. I will go to the Bartons or anywhere else; it is all one to me.'"

"But before this happened," urged Langton, "I mean before the Colonel's death, Hester seems to have taken up with other things than those to which she had been accustomed, visiting the poor, for instance."

"That is because she has been thrown of late so much with my girls. We are not people of fashion, you know. Grace and Marion have always considered themselves of the same clay as other people, and not of egg-shell china. Hester has fallen into their ways; they please her, perhaps I may be allowed to say because she shares with them the same charitable and womanly instincts. I should not wonder if in her new position she pushed them somewhat to extremity. The best actions of us women have more often a personal motive than those of men. This is especially the case with young ladies who become, as Mrs. Brabazon calls them, the Brides of the Church."

"But surely Hester will never take up with Mrs. Brabazon's tomfooleries," exclaimed Langton apprehensively.

"Certainly not, she will be genuine in all

she does, and never self-conscious or demonstrative; it is probable that she will be always Hester Darrell, and yet not the same Hester Darrell that you and I know."

"I can't fancy her changing for the better," remarked Langton simply.

"You are far too impressionable to be any young lady's guardian, Mr. Langton," observed Mrs. West with an irrepressible smile. "Nevertheless I will go so far as to admit that I cannot fancy Hester's changing for the worse."

However the views of Mr. Langton and Mrs. West might differ—and they did differ—as to the cause of change in Hester, they were at one in their affection for her. She recognised it to the uttermost and was grateful to them from the bottom of her heart; but for the present she was unconscious of the rarity of such friendship. In a very short time—for there is no bad news that flies so quickly as that which is euphoniously termed "a reverse of fortune"—she learnt the difference, which so many of us living in our fool's paradise never discover, between fair-weather friends and all-weather friends. The former, in Hester's case, were very numerous. A hundred fine ladies of fashion had kissed her and called her their "dear girl," and professed their readiness to be mothers to her; their daughters had made overtures to her of eternal friendship; their sons had flung themselves at her feet and lisp'd devotion. Yet only two persons out of all this multitude henceforth thought it worth while to recall themselves to her existence, and even these—though it was in fact the cause of their communicating with her at all—were careful to ignore her reverse of fortune.

Mrs. Brabazon wrote to say that she had suddenly resolved to accompany her nephew to the Continent (whither, as Hester knew, he was intending to set out), which would prevent her, she regretted to say, from calling to take leave of her. It was her view, that her dear Digby having, for the present, got safely away from the siren—she knew not how, but probably more by good luck than good guidance—it behoved her to cut off her own personal communications with her so that if her nephew should show symptoms of a relapse, the dropped skein would be more difficult for him to pick up. He had shown great imprudence in paying attention to Hester even in her former position, but to renew them under her changed circumstances would be midsummer madness.

A similar apprehension moved the maternal heart of Lady Buttermere. She wrote

to say that their plans, as respected Fromsham, whither, in a moment of impulsive imprudence, she had invited Hester for the autumn, had undergone a change; they were all going to Scotland with dear Thirlmere, who had taken a moor there for the season: the pleasure that her dear girls had promised themselves in Hester's companionship must, therefore, be postponed.

Whether Hester saw through these particular subtleties or not, or whether she recognised the fact that Society had turned its back on her, it was difficult to say. She never alluded to these matters in any way. Her mental attitude, in regard to them, to the few lookers on who thought it worth while to note it, seemed to be one of complete indifference. Perhaps like the dying girl in the ballad: "All these things had ceased to be with her desire of life;" that is of the life that she had hitherto lived and which she had utterly done with.

It is only when we are prosperous that mere annoyances and slight disappointments have power to harm us. To him who has received a mortal wound it is of comparatively small consequence that the rain falls on him, or that the wind visits his cheek too roughly. There was nothing, however, of despair or morbid insensibility in Hester's case; and though it is probable that a sense of duty to her hostess was the motive of her smiles, rather than any gaiety of the heart, she was not only uncomplaining but cheerful. On the very day of her interview with Mr. Langton, she wrote to Lady Barton, proposing, if nothing had happened to change her kind intentions towards her, to come down at once to Medbury; and by return of post received a renewal of her ladyship's invitation. It was couched in terms decidedly warmer than before, nor indeed was there any fault to be found with it, save for its studious avoidance of the name of nurse Askell. It would unquestionably have been a great comfort to Hester could she have taken that faithful friend with her—dearer to her now than ever from association with her beloved dead—to her new home, but she had not ventured to hope that the invitation would include her.

"Her ladyship will have none of me, you may be sure, Miss Hester," had been the old woman's own words; and besides, would it not, she reflected, have been an arrangement altogether incompatible with her changed circumstances? She no longer belonged to that class of young ladies who can go nowhere without their maids.

Still, the hour of parting with nurse Askell was a very bitter one for Hester; it was like the severance of the last strand that held to the shore her little bark, which henceforth was to traverse the ocean of life alone. Her one comfort was that the old woman, thanks to the Colonel's forethought years ago, was well provided for; indeed, if she had only known the truth (which Hester had carefully concealed from her) almost as well as her young mistress.

Then there was the "good-bye" to be said to her "all-weather friends;" a sad duty, but fortunately a short one, that sort of congregation being seldom large.

"We are sorry you are going, my dear, we don't want you to go, and we shall be glad to see you back again whenever you please," said Mrs. West. A simple formula which, however, unlike most formulas, was dictated by her heart.

The two girls embraced her with sobs and tears.

"You are quite like one of ourselves," they murmured in her ear.

"That is just what I am not, and shall never be again," was the thought in poor Hester's mind as she folded each to her bosom.

At her own earnest entreaty she went unaccompanied to the train. From Philip Langton, to whom she had bidden adieu the previous evening, she had concealed the time of her departure, or else, as she was well convinced, he would have been awaiting her at the station to do her the last services in his power.

She had braced up all her energies, and to the outward eye had courage enough and to spare; but in truth there was no margin, and she had elected to make this solitary exodus to save herself from breaking down. It was a wise and prudent resolve, and one to be recommended to all in similar circumstances. The platform of a railway station is no place for the tender emotions of a farewell.

CHAPTER XXIII.—SPORETON JUNCTION.

SHINGLETON is on the north-east coast, and, like other places in the same locality, not approachable by train direct from town; that is to say there is a junction at which the journey has to be broken. It is possible, indeed, for great magnates like Sir Abraham Barton to get a through carriage put on at St. Pancras (which involves a little shunting and some inconvenience in the way of delay to those who have the honour of travelling

with them by the same train); but the ordinary passenger to Shingleton has to turn out "bag and baggage" at Sporeton; of this Hester was made duly aware by Maria. "It is possible," she wrote, "that by using papa's name you can get a through carriage; but at all events you will have no difficulties, as we shall send to meet you at the junction."

That so much trouble should be taken about her, distressed Hester, who felt it to be out of place, but as for the through carriage it was not very likely she should have got it even if applied for, since she travelled second class. "Every one," it is said, "travels second class nowadays;" but this is not quite the case. It was once remarked to me by a person of high rank that "everybody lives in the same fashion, and that there is no difference between the mode of life of rich people and poor people save in the matter of superfluities—more curricles." Taking everybody in the sense of "everybody who is anybody," the observation is a just one. People "in society" live very much in the same way whether they have a thousand a year or twenty thousand; there is no marked diversity in their dinners, their apparel, or their mode of travel. And thus it happened that Hester Darrell, whose father, as all were now agreed, must have been as poor as a church mouse, had never travelled second class before.

If it had been third class she would not have been discomfited, for indeed she was far too sensible to care twopence about such things; but somehow it did bring the colour to her cheek when on arriving early on the platform the obsequious guard flung open the door of a first-class carriage for her as a matter of course, and she had to tell him that she was going second class. She blushed, not for shame, but from the sense of the incongruity of her apparel (though of course she was in deep mourning) with the state of her finances.

A young lady of my acquaintance, to whom a similar reverse of fortune had still more suddenly happened, once observed to me (very pathetically, as I thought), "I am ashamed to say I have nothing but fashionable dresses to wear;" and this was literally poor Hester's case. There was no diminution in the guard's politeness when informed of the state of affairs. Where they get it from I don't know, whether from the ozone they imbibe in travelling rapidly through the air, or from the electricity they acquire through turning so many metal door handles, but English railway guards (I say English, for foreign railway officials can be as offensive as anybody else, and more so), are the politest class of people in

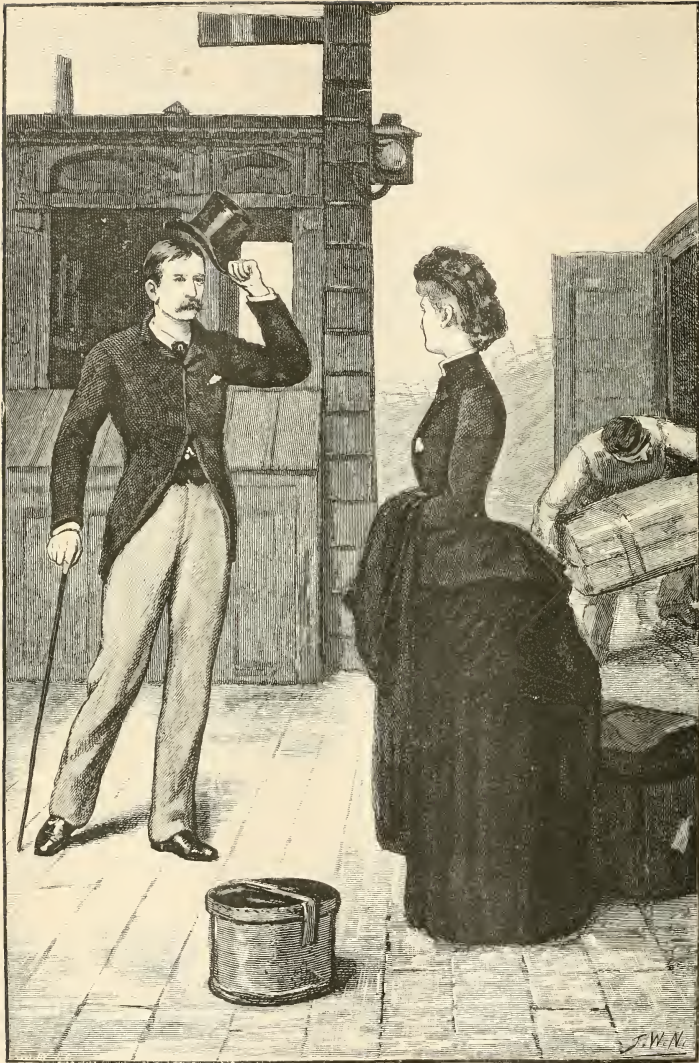
the world. I sometimes wish that our Government officials were all compelled to serve at least one year as guards to trains, that they might gain at least the rudiments of politeness.

"Here is a carriage, miss," he said with a low bow, "where I will do my best to see that you are not disturbed."

And he kept his word so faithfully that she had the compartment to herself all the way to Sporeton Junction, a favour for which she was truly grateful; of course it was morally very wrong and, from an economical point of view, madness, in Hester, to give that guard a florin when they parted, but it is a system which certainly works admirably and which I fervently hope will last my time. To be by herself and free to think her own thoughts was just then worth many florins to Hester.

They were not sad, or at all events not morbid thoughts. The fresh air and the new scenes through which she was so smoothly hurried were like a tonic to her. Every hamlet, every farm by the wayside, had an attraction for her which hitherto such things had never had; she saw in each a microcosm—a world within its nutshell as complete and not much smaller than that in which she had been accustomed to move, and to regard as the universe. The people in these out-of-the-way dwellings, with their humble surroundings, lived a life as real and probably much more useful than that to which she had been accustomed; they were as dear to one another (Hester might well have been excused for putting that reflection even a little more strongly) and as important in the eyes of Him who made them. It might very well be possible, notwithstanding superficial appearances to the contrary, that she might be leaving her world for a better one. Otherwise, thought she, with an involuntary shudder, her case was bad indeed.

She had gone through much of late that none of her friends guessed at, nor were likely, thank heaven, to guess, for their knowledge of it would have been an humiliation to her. The experience of a lifetime had been crowded for her into the last few days, and it had been bitter as gall. Poverty, nay, almost dependence, had become welcome to her by contrast with it. It was only the strong instinct of youth and health that prevented even death itself from seeming preferable. Of her old mode of life with all its splendour and luxuries she was unfeignedly glad to have got rid. Philip Langton and the Wests had pitied her not without cause; but though



"So I have found you at last, Miss Darrell!"

she was far more deserving of pity than they had any idea of, they were wrong as to the cause. She regretted her separation from them with all her heart, but that circumstances had cut her off from the sphere in which she had moved with them she did not regret. It had become hateful to her. It was with a shudder that she recognised the fact that her father had always lived in it, and indeed had known no other. Her "dear young papa!" It was but a few weeks ago that she had lost him, but it seemed an age; she had not forgotten him—oh, no—but his memory was not the thing it had been; it was a living memory still, but it had suffered change; it had lost something of reverence. It was as though she had been taken to some unwelcome spectacle, to which she would fain have closed her eyes, and had had them forcibly opened to it.

Such revelations do not commonly take place, save upon the death-bed, when all things appear in their true light, save the unfathomable mystery on the brink of which we stand.

It is curious how deep thought swallows time; though she had omitted to bring a book with her, Hester felt no ennui throughout her journey. Presently, her mind, weary of the past, strove to prefigure her future life—an imaginative task indeed. Fortunate, in truth, it is for all of us that the attempt is beyond our powers; if Hester Darrell could have foreseen what fate had in store for her—nay, could she but have snatched a glimpse but a few months hence of one day's doings—existence would have been insupportable to her.

Suddenly, as the train slackened for the twentieth time or so, the words rang out for which she had been told to listen, "Sporeton Junction, change for Shingleton." Even then she could not shake herself quite free of dreamland; her thoughts reverted in a flash (not for the first time) to the last occasion on which she had stepped out of a railway carriage, and to him who had been her temporary companion—the invalided young soldier, who had wiled away for her the hours so pleasantly when she would otherwise have been so feverishly impatient to meet her father, and who had looked after her luggage, and tried to learn her name, in vain, at Charing Cross. Her impression of him had not been very deep perhaps, but it had been lasting. Again and again at balls and similar festivities in town she had looked round her in the vague hope of seeing that pleasant face once more, which had never found a

rival. All others, to her mind, had fallen short of it in gentleness and honesty, though many had excelled it in mere good looks. She was not the sort of young woman who falls in love at first sight, even with a young gentleman who has been wounded in battle, because he has shown her a little conventional civility; but though she had often thought of him, she had never mentioned the fact of her having met him to any one, which (though she did not know it herself) was significant. I again repeat that she was not in love with him; the pain with which she had listened to her father's statement of his position, and of the matrimonial destinies that were expected of her, was not increased by her recollection of this interesting young stranger. She was quite aware that in all probability she would never see him a second time, but this very fact had permitted her to make of him a sort of ideal of what a man should be, to indulge herself in innocent and tender fancies which would have been otherwise reprehensible.

"This is your junction; here you change, miss," said the faithful guard, appearing at the window.

Hester stepped on to the platform and looked about her, remembering what Maria had said of some one coming to meet her. There was some one, hat in hand, within a few feet of her, the very man upon whom her thoughts had been engaged one minute ago: her whilom fellow-passenger by the tidal train.

"So I have found you at last, Miss Darrell?" were his first eager words.

She felt that she was blushing deeply, as, indeed, well she might, had his speech conveyed the meaning which for the moment she put upon it. As though conscious of its having been misconstrued he went on to explain himself with precipitation.

"My name is Drake, Captain Drake. I am a friend and near neighbour of Lady Barton, who enjoined upon me, as I was returning from town to-day, to act as your convoy; but somehow I had the ill-luck to miss you at St. Pancras—a misfortune far greater than I could have imagined since—"

She stopped him with a smile, but in a tone that was earnest and significant enough.

"The reason of your failing to find me is easily explained, Captain Drake: I am travelling second class." She would fain have added, "My fortunes have changed since you saw me last," but the insignificance of the occasion forbade it. Upon such a little peg it was difficult to hang so important a piece of information; moreover, how could

it concern this almost utter stranger to know it ?

He pointed to the branch line, where their train was already standing, and murmured something as she thought in relation to it. His words, at all events, were commonplace enough, and contained not the least allusion to the matter in her mind, and yet there was something so sympathetic and tender in his manner as to at once convince her that he knew all that had happened to her, and that it did concern him very much. He himself seemed to think that some explanation was needed, for after a moment's hesitation he added, "Perhaps I should confess, Miss Darrell, that your affairs have formed a topic of great interest to your friends at Medbury of late, and that I have been taken into their confidence, though without knowing how nearly—that is to say how personally—I mean," here he stammered very much indeed, "without, of course, my being aware that I myself had ever had the privilege of meeting the object of so much solicitude."

"You are very intimate, then, with the Bartons?" answered Hester, glad as any bird from the net to escape from so personal a topic.

The colour rose high in the young man's cheek as he replied, "Oh yes, we are very near neighbours and good friends. This way, if you please, Miss Darrell; we are fortunate in finding a carriage that is not crowded; our little train is generally full on market days."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE MAP OF THE COUNTRY.

A RAILWAY carriage is not commonly described as "not crowded" when it contains no one save the speaker and the person he addresses; but it would have been a little too much audacity, perhaps, if the young man had congratulated himself upon getting one quite empty, which was the case with the compartment in which Captain Drake and Hester Darrell now found themselves. One cannot always say to a young lady (though one always thinks it), "How lucky we are to be alone together!"

However lucky it might have been in the present case, the circumstance was not without its embarrassment for both parties. Francis Drake knew that he had already permitted himself to imply more than he intended, and much more than he ought, and yet felt it highly probable that opportunity and contiguity might, in spite of himself, lead him still nearer to what would be to him a very perilous position. Hester, too, was con-

scious that the heretofore harmless thoughts that had strayed involuntarily in this young man's direction would henceforth have danger in them, though, indeed, as she bitterly reminded herself, the danger would be all on one side. Whatever dreams she might have indulged in with respect to her companion a few months ago, had now been shattered by that "shock of chance," the change in her worldly fortunes.

"You know Medbury well, of course," said she, "since you tell me you live so near it. Is it really so fine a place as it is described to be?"

"A few months ago," he answered modestly, "would have prevented my praising it, for it was then my home. Since then it has passed into the hands of your relatives, the Bartons, through circumstances, as the phrase goes, over which we had no control."

"I beg your pardon," murmured Hester in distressful tones. "I had heard, indeed, that it had been purchased from those who had possessed it for many generations; but I did not know——"

"How should you?" interrupted her companion gently; "and if you had known, what have we to complain of? It is not an exceptional trouble to lose house and land. Others, far less able to bear reverses than I, at least, are often far greater sufferers. You yourself, Miss Darrell, as I understand, to my deep sorrow, are in a similar plight; and, besides"—here he glanced at her black dress—"you have had a far deeper loss than that of fortune; whereas my father, though cast down in spirit, for the old walls of Medbury comprised almost the whole world for him is, thank Heaven, still alive. It is curious," he went on with tender gravity, while Hester remained silent, from the fear that speech would bring down the avalanche of her tears, "that since we last met both of us should have met with an ill-turn of fate. In my case, indeed—I think I told you as much, for I got quite confidential with you, you remember"—here he smiled—"though you would not vouchsafe me so much as your name and address—I was even at that time aware that matters were not flourishing with us; but I had no idea that I was coming home to find my poor father on the brink of ruin. However, he was spared the spectacle of the old place being knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer. Father Abraham bought it—I beg ten thousand pardons, I had forgotten, I mean Sir Abraham."

"Yes?" said Hester with a smile half of amusement, half of encouragement.

"Well, Sir Abraham bought the castle, stock, lock, and barrel, just as it stood, family pictures and all, and to my mind behaved very handsomely in the matter."

"That's why you call him Abraham, I suppose," said Hester slyly, "because Mr. Abraham is made to do the same thing in the *School for Scandal*."

"To be sure; I had forgotten that. Well, no; the fact is, the people about here do call him Father Abraham, and one so easily picks up a bad habit."

"I don't know whether I ought to ask it of you," said Hester hesitatingly—"I mean whether it is not bad taste to make inquiries about one's own connections from one who is himself almost a stranger."

"That is unkind, Miss Darrell," put in the young man reproachfully. "I am sure I do not feel as if we were almost—or anything at all approaching—strangers; even the common misfortune that it seems has happened to us should surely be some bond between us."

"I did not mean to be unkind, as you call it, Captain Drake," returned Hester, blushing, "and I don't think I am; indeed, I fear it is hardly right to be thus speaking confidentially to you at all upon so short an acquaintance. But though I feel it is most kind of Sir Abraham to permit my aunt to invite me to Medbury, the fact is I am utterly ignorant of what sort of man he is; I have never set eyes upon him nor even upon my aunt herself, and I should like to know——"

"The map of the country," interrupted her companion; "what is more natural than such a desire?"

"It is not at least an impertinent curiosity," faltered Hester, "but my doubt is whether I ought to ask you to gratify it."

"Why not? Who could be better qualified than one who is a common friend to both parties? Well, Sir Abraham is a man of the city, in which he made an immense fortune; and out of which I believe, but for her ladyship, he would never have set his foot. She is ambitious and compelled him to stand for Shingleton, and when he became its member persuaded him that it was his duty to purchase Medbury. I am sorry to say he does not appreciate it so much as its late proprietor. I think he would have preferred a spick and span new residence, built under his own supervision, with all the latest improvements. Still, since he went in for antiquity, he did it thoroughly; he bought the castle, as I have said, just as it stood,

pictures and all, and is as jealous for its reputation as my poor father himself. All things considered, the two old gentlemen get on very well together, the only ground for dissatisfaction Sir Abraham has found with his purchase being that the family ghost (which you remember I told you we possessed) is said to no longer walk in the great corridor. It is a regular appendage to the establishment and he contends should have been conveyed over to him with the other fixtures, or rather movables. By contrast with the lavish open-handedness of the Drakes, to which, assisted by some unfortunate speculations of his own, entered into to retrieve the family fortunes, my poor father owes his ruin, Sir Abraham appears to our neighbours to be somewhat close-fisted; but this is not really the case; it is only that he is a practical man and likes his money's worth, and as for ourselves we could hardly have fallen into better hands. He is not emotional nor sympathetic, nor anything of that kind, but there are many worse people in the world than Sir Abraham Barton—do I make myself intelligible as dragoman?"

"I beg you will not compare yourself with a *valet de place*," said Hester, smiling. "It seems to me you have missed your mission and ought to be at the head of the Intelligence Department. And now, for your candour makes me bold, will you paint for me my aunt, Lady Barton?"

"Ah, there you ask something that will test my powers indeed," returned her companion gravely. "Well, Lady Barton is a very fine woman."

"Is not that rather like saying of one of your own sex, into whose character some one is inquiring, that he is very tall?" observed Hester, smiling.

"Not precisely, I think; the phrase, 'a fine woman,' to my mind, goes far beyond that. To begin with, a lady of that description has always her willing slaves, which renders her masterful. Not that Lady Barton could ever have required slaves to give her that attribute; she was born with it. In saying that, you will understand, of course, that I am saying nothing against her."

"Of course not; the picture I had made of her in my mind is so far at one with that you have drawn for me."

"If I go on, you must understand that my portrait of your aunt may be very far from life-like; a man can paint a man, but rarely a woman, and least of all one who is never demonstrative, which is the case with Lady Barton. Her feelings are very much under

control; I am far from suggesting that she is what is called a hard woman; she strikes me as having less of hardness than her husband (of whom I have not spoken I hope unfavourably), but she is more reticent. I have sometimes thought that, notwithstanding all her apparent prosperity and her evident satisfaction in it, that she has some secret sorrow."

"Poor soul, poor soul!" sighed Hester involuntarily.

"If it be so, Miss Darrell, I am sure that it will, in your eyes, be an ample excuse for her if—if—I scarcely know how to express it—but her manner has some stiffness. In your case it is impossible but that she will unbend when she comes to know you; but just at first you will think her cold. She does not wear her heart upon her sleeve; but you will find your way to it."

"Your knowledge of character may be great, but I doubt its intuition," said Hester, laughing; "and as I did not ask you to read mine, Captain Drake"—she broke off suddenly, attracted by an object in the landscape, which came opportunely into view. "What a noble house that is under the hill yonder!"

"That is Medbury—your future home, as I hope you mean to make it."

To this friendly aspiration—expressed, too, in tones so genuine that it certainly deserved some acknowledgment—Hester answered nothing; the singular beauty of the scene before her, though combined, no doubt, with the possible associations that it might one day possess for herself, held her spellbound. With two exceptions—one of which will occur to every home-traveller, while the other is the hereditary home of the Howards—there is no mansion in England which, from the railway, has so picturesque an appearance as Medbury Castle. Other fine residences, while enhancing the beauties of nature, fill, after all, only a secondary place in the landscape, while Medbury dominates it. As the train sweeps round the curve that leads to Shingleton and the sea, the Castle suddenly "leaps up" (as it does in Mrs. Browning's ballad), and though forming only the

background of the picture presented to the traveller's eye, demands his undivided admiration. The noble pile is of vast extent, and towers over the stately trees that guard it on the east and west; behind it rises a cliff, in autumn (which was the season at present) green with foliage, and only showing here and there the glint of the chalk; but to the south, whence the travellers were approaching it, it unveils all its beauties; its stately terraces, beneath which lies the sleepy moat, preserved from stagnancy by a thread of running stream, its smooth and shaded lawns, and its park studded with clumps of oak, as old as the walls themselves, illustrate to perfection the poet's line, "a haunt of ancient peace."

"I have never seen anything so beautiful," murmured Hester; "it is like a new sense of enjoyment to behold it."

"True," replied the Captain, pleased by her evident admiration; "and yet to my father it offers the saddest spectacle, because it is his home no longer. For my part I confess I do not share his feelings; the place, to my mind, is too huge to admit of a merely personal association. It seems to me—though perhaps I should not say so if we had not lost it—that it ought to be public property."

"I quite understand what you mean," said Hester, smiling, "though the sentiment sounds socialistic."

"Yes; I don't think Sir Abraham would sympathize with it—but here we are at our journey's end."

With one more turn to skirt the bank of a little river, the train ran into the station.

On the platform, scanning with eager eyes the foremost carriages, which happened to be first-class ones, stood Maria. The blank disappointment, and even pain, in her face on not finding in them her she sought touched Hester to the core.

"I am here, dear!" she exclaimed from the window.

"Oh, Hester, I am so glad!" cried the girl, running up to the carriage door; "I thought both you and Captain Drake had missed the train."



COUNTRY LIFE FOR POOR TOWN CHILDREN.

By MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSITER.

A LARGE red-brick house with three gables, each gable surmounted by a white round stone; on one side a noble row of chestnut-trees, intended to keep off the east wind; on the other an old-fashioned, walled-in kitchen-garden; in front a lawn, nearly as large as a small London square; on every side, as far as the eye can reach, open fields, with abundance of trees; and on one spot, and only one, a group of cottages; all asleep in the early morning sun, except a few pigeons perched on the points of the gables, and just beginning a new day by a lazy survey of their domain, now and then flying back through the open window of the room given up to them.

About seven o'clock a bell is rung, in a half imperative, half cheerful manner, and in a few minutes the white blinds of the large square windows on the first floor are pulled up, and the windows themselves opened top and bottom; then the large white front doors are opened; then a side door; lastly, a third door, of a large outbuilding, being opened, lets out, with a succession of "whirrs" as they fly down from their lofty perches, some two score chickens, of all ages and dignities, from the tiny fledgeling running by its mother's wing, to the magnificent rooster, chief of the clan, who rouses nobody by his mighty crow only because there are no neighbours to be roused, always excepting the big dog, Boxer, who at the appearance of the birds comes out of his kennel, shakes himself and his chain, takes a drink of water, looks round leisurely, then calls out lustily for his breakfast. The only other living beings are all girls, too numerous to be sisters, too lively to be scholars, too active to be at home, too natural to be anywhere else.

About eight they go to breakfast, prefaced by brief morning prayers, in a large room at a long table, in the centre of which is a large vase full of fresh wild flowers. One of the older girls acts as "mother," pouring out the coffee, &c.; and when they have eaten and drunk as much as they will (for there is the same freedom as in an ordinary family, no limit or separate portions), each girl carries out her cup and saucer, plate, &c., to the still larger kitchen, through the open door of which can be seen the old-fashioned well, surrounded by wooden palings, covered by a wooden roof, and backed by an enormous quince-tree, the age of which is unknown to

the oldest inhabitant of the district. In this kitchen two of the girls, called "breakfast-girls," clear away the breakfast apparatus; while the others divide their time between preparing the dinner, getting water up from the deep well (the opening of which is firmly covered in, leaving only a small opening, just large enough for the pail to pass, so that it is impossible for even the smallest child to fall down, for the well is very deep), hunting about the fields and hedges for eggs laid by hens of emigrating dispositions, gathering wild flowers, and playing about generally. The younger children devote themselves entirely to playing, and this takes very varied forms. One of the most uncommon was invented by a little lame girl, who found endless pleasure in sitting on the edge of the dust-bin to watch a hen laying an egg in one corner.

At ten the postman's cart is heard coming; it turns up towards the house, a quarter of a mile from the main road, stops opposite, the postman climbs the wire fence, crosses the intervening meadow, is received with an inquiring bark by the big dog, who comes out to examine every visitor, has a special objection to doctors and clergymen, a dislike to farmers, a tolerance for ordinary people, and a special liking for children; while a woman in a bonnet (always excepting myself) excites the fiercest howls. The children crowd round the man of letters; those who get any sit down to read them; those who don't turn away, saying, "Never mind, I'll have one tomorrow."

At one o'clock, dinner. Then some of the bigger girls disappear for a long walk to the woods to gather flowers; or to the post, a box in the wall at the blacksmith's shop a mile and a half off. The younger ones play about, some on the huge trees that, cut down years ago, still lie at the bottom of the field near the gate leading to the road, some on a swing set up between two trees; some read on the lawn, fairy tales being the literature most in favour. By five o'clock they are all together on the lawn, grouped round my easy-chair; and here, under the bright sun, we can see them individually and collectively. On a rug spread out on the grass are three girls, about thirteen, reading; three younger are trying to put together a dissected puzzle; two are on chairs doing needlework; one, a lame girl with two crutches, is running

with wonderful speed round the lawn, dragging the big dog along by a string; two others run with her to take the dog when her "turn" is ended; the remainder are doing nothing in particular, except, perhaps, watching the chickens that, almost as tame as kittens, wander about amongst them, looking for young grass and stray crumbs, or the pigeons that fly about between the house and the big pond in the adjoining farmyard, and circle about high above the trees. A general and very desultory conversation goes on, partaking largely of personal reminiscences on the part of the children, and inquiries as to the details of country life.

At six comes tea, either in the large room at the long table or on the lawn, just as may be decided at the last moment by the popular vote. If the latter, a small table is carried out to hold the tea-things, the meal becoming a picnic, the children grouping themselves as they please. Afterwards the day is ended by a general playing about near the house, on the lawn, or in the adjoining meadows; and soon after eight some one calls out, "Time for prayer." Then, after a brief meeting in my room, at which, after a few short prayers, any desired change as to "sleeping partners" is made in a committee of the whole house, by nine o'clock the windows are closed, the blinds pulled down, and the whole place goes to sleep again till the morning sun warms it once more into active life.

Who are these children? Whence do they come, and for what? They are all London children, all poor, some very poor; mostly delicate in health, many deformed or lame. They have come from Mile End, Seven Dials, Islington, Paddington, Battersea, Rotherhithe, &c., to this red-brick house, Horsforth Park, Ingatestone, half-way between Ongar and Chelmsford, in the very heart of rural life; half-a-mile from the high road, a mile and a half from the nearest village, three miles from the nearest postage stamp, and four miles from the nearest nut-ton chop; to live, for a brief time, the life God means children to live, a life surrounded by the beauty of the earth and sky, with room to breathe in and pure air to breathe; free from anxiety, care, trouble, hunger, thirst, or pain; to learn that London is not the world, that life may be something besides a feverish existence of barrack-like school and stony pavements.

It has always been recognised that country air, sometimes sea-air, might lawfully be given as medicine to restore health to the sick; but when I spoke, five-and-twenty

years ago, of the right of all children to a knowledge of nature as part of their education, urged that it was better to see a field and cows for a week than to read about them for a month; that town children, if poor, could never hope to develop all the possibilities of their life without some experience of the freedom of rural life; that penned up in narrow streets and imprisoned at the top of narrow stairs, their minds and bodies are alike starved, their bodies cramped, their minds dwarfed, their moral sense dulled: then I spoke to the wind. Now, after I have shown that the work is easy, the expense small, the gain enormous, the public mind has got so far as to recognise that it is more desirable to prevent illness by food and pure air than to cure it, and thousands of children are sent into villages to stay with cottagers, who receive with them something better besides the few shillings weekly for their board—the sense of giving hospitality to those who need it, the pleasure of giving pleasure. Even now, the bodily benefit of pure air is the one object, and I am still vainly crying in the wilderness that the poor children of large towns have need of nature as a teacher as well as a doctor; that the development of the sense of natural beauty is an essential of full morality.

That rural life is natural to children is, for me, proved by the fact that the children never thank me at going away. At parting, they are affectionate but never thankful; of all the hundreds of children that have, during the last seven years, been here, no one has ever said, "Thank you." But every Christmas, every Valentine's Day, every Easter, brings me a shower of cards; on St. Patrick's Day, a bit of shamrock came to me from an Irish girl in Saffron Hill, who sent to Ireland for it. My birthday is remembered in many parts of London by children whom, probably, I shall never see again. I am always delighted to find that the children utterly forget that the house is not their home, that they regard it as so much like home that a formal expression of thanks for anything never occurs to them. I have printed a few of the many letters I have received, to show how very cordially the children and their parents feel the benefit and pleasure of country life; but it requires return to the unnatural life of town to remind them that their pleasure was only a glimpse of the world of beauty around them, not their daily life; that nature is not to them an every-day matter.

It is with the hope that, by showing how

easily vast good may be done at almost nominal expenditure of money and labour, many country houses and gardens may be opened to poor town children when otherwise unoccupied, that I write this paper. If there be any fear that damage will be done, that disorder or dishonesty will be troublesome, I may offer my own experience to the effect that, for many years, for seven or eight months of each year, my daily life has been with a constant succession of poor town girls of all ages, received simply in order of application from the parents, without any inquiry as to character or habits, without any formality of committee, or anything else, with nothing but the writing of a letter or two for each child, and that damage, disorder, and dishonesty have been absolutely unknown.

There are no rules or regulations. The children come by rail to Ongar, thence, five miles by road, to the house where we meet for the first time. In five minutes they are playing in the fields, and for twelve days they have the same freedom as if members of a private family. Every alternate Tuesday, from March to October, a party of children may be seen leaving Liverpool Street Station at nine in the morning, and twelve days later, on Saturday, at half-past eleven, the same children may be seen arriving at the same station, with a little less boot-leather but a great deal more colour in their faces, and

with bunches of flowers of any magnitude, mostly the free gift of poor cottagers who willingly rob their own gardens for the "London Children."

I urge this upon rich people who have ample space to spare, because something more is needful than mere fresh air; it is sympathy, enlargement of ideas, escape from cramping ignorance of life, in a word, real education that is wanted, and this cannot be got except educated people take some interest in these town children, and give them personal companionship. I shall seem ungrateful to all my generous friends who have so liberally helped me, especially during the first years when the idea was new, if I say nothing about money; I shall seem to be asking for it if I do speak of it. So I will ask my readers to believe that I leave out all question of expense because my object is to show with what little trouble houses may be opened to poor children, and speak of my own experience only as evidence of the ease with which this may be done and the good that would result. In this I ask, for the poor children, only the crumbs falling from the table of the rich children. To any one so wishing to open their houses, I shall be glad to give any information as to details of what is done by us. We have lately removed to Birchanger Hall, Bishops Stortford, but the general arrangements remain unaltered.

EMERSON.

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, AUTHOR OF "OBTUR DICTA," ETC.

THE life of a poet by a poet ought to make very pretty reading, and be an easy theme for a timid reviewer, but the life of Emerson, even when written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is not, in my judgment, easy to handle.

There are men whose charm is in their entirety. Their words occasionally utter what their looks invariably express. We read their thoughts by the light of their smiles. Not to see and hear these men is not to know them, and criticism without personal knowledge is in their case mutilation. Those who did know them listen in despair to the half-hearted praise and clumsy disparagement of critical strangers, and are apt to exclaim as did the younger Pitt, when some extraneous person was expressing wonder at the enormous reputation of Fox, "Ah! you have never been under the wand of the magician."

Of such was Ralph Waldo Emerson. When

we find so cool-brained a critic as the American Minister at the Court of St. James's writing and quoting thus of Emerson:—

"Those who heard him while their natures were yet plastic, and their mental nerves trembled under the slightest breath of divine air, will never cease to feel and say:—

'Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace
That ever thought the travail long;
But eyes, and ears, and every thought
Were with his sweet perfections caught;'"

we recognise at once that the sooner we take off our shoes the better, for that the ground upon which we are standing is holy. How can we sufficiently honour the men who, in this secular, work-a-day world, habitually breathe—

"An ampler ether, a diviner air,"

than ours!

But testimony of this kind, conclusive as

it is upon the question of Emerson's personal influence, will not always be admissible in support of his claims as an author. In the long run an author's only witnesses are his own books.

In Dr. Holmes' estimate of Emerson's books everyone must wish to concur. These are not the days, nor is this dry and thirsty land of ours the place, when or where we can afford to pass by any well of spiritual influence. It is matter, therefore, for rejoicing that, in the opinion of so many good judges, Emerson's well can never be choked up. His essays, we are told by no less a critic than Mr. Arnold, are the most valuable prose contributions to English literature of the century; his letters to Mr. Carlyle carried into all our homes the charm of a most delightful personality; the quaint melody of his poems abides in many ears. He would indeed be a churl who grudged Emerson his fame.

But when we are considering a writer so full of intelligence as Emerson—one so remote and detached from the world's bluster and brag—it is especially incumbent upon us to charge our own language with intelligence, and to make sure that what we say is at least truth for us.

Were we at liberty to agree with Dr. Holmes in his unmeasured praise—did we, in short, find Emerson full of inspiration—our task would be as easy as it would be pleasant; but not entirely agreeing with Dr. Holmes, and somehow missing the inspiration, the difficulty we began by mentioning presses heavily upon us.

Pleasant reading as the introductory thirty-five pages of Dr. Holmes' book makes, we doubt the wisdom of so very sketchy an account of Emerson's lineage and intellectual environment. Attracted towards Emerson everybody must be; but there are many who have never been able to get quit of an uneasy fear as to his "staying power." He has seemed to some of us a little thin and vague. A really great author dissipates all such fears. Read a page and they are gone. To inquire after the intellectual health of such a one would be an impertinence. Emerson hardly succeeds in inspiring this confidence, but is more like a clever invalid who says, and is encouraged by his friends to say, brilliant things, but of whom it would be cruel to expect prolonged mental exertion. This gloomy and possibly distorted view is fostered rather than discouraged by Dr. Holmes' introductory pages about Boston life and intellect. It does not seem to have been a very strong place. We lack performance. It is

of small avail to write as Dr. Holmes does, about "brilliant circles," and "literary luminaries," and then to pass on, and leave the circles circulating and the luminaries shining *in vacuo*. We want to know how they were brilliant and what they illuminated. If you wish me to believe that you are witty I must really trouble you to make a joke. Dr. Holmes' own wit, for example, is as certain as the law of gravitation, but over all these pages of his hangs vagueness, and we scan them in vain for reassuring details.

"Mild orthodoxy, ripened in Unitarian sunshine," does not sound very appetising, though we are assured by Dr. Holmes that it is "a very agreeable aspect of Christianity." Emerson himself does not seem to have found it very lively, for in 1832, after three years' experience of the ministry of the "Second Church" of Boston, he retires from it, not tumultuously or with any deep feeling, but with something very like a yawn. He concludes his farewell sermon to his people as follows:—

"Having said this I have said all. I have no hostility to this institution. I am only stating my want of sympathy with it."

Dr. Holmes makes short work of Emerson's childhood. He was born in Boston on the 25th May, 1803, and used to sit upon a wall, and drive his mother's cow to pasture. In fact, Dr. Holmes adds nothing to what we already knew of the quiet and blameless life that came to its appointed end on the 27th April, 1882. On the completion of his college education, Emerson became a student of theology, and after a turn at teaching, was ordained, in March, 1829, minister of the "Second Church" in Boston. In September of the same year he married; and the death of his young wife in February, 1832, perhaps quickened the doubts and disinclinations which severed his connection with his "Institution" on the 9th September, 1832. The following year he visited Europe for the first time, and made his celebrated call upon Carlyle at Craigenputtock, and laid the keel of a famous friendship. In the summer of 1834 he settled at Concord, where he died. He married again, visited England again, wrote essays, delivered lectures, made orations, published poems, carried on a long and most remarkable correspondence with Carlyle, enjoyed after the most temperate and serene of fashions many things and much happiness. And then he died.

"Can you emit sparks?" said the cat to the ugly duckling in the fairy tale, and the poor abashed creature had to admit that it

could not. Emerson could emit sparks with the most electrical of cats. He is all sparks and shocks. If one were required to name the most non-sequacious author one had ever read I do not see how we could help nominating Emerson. But, say some of his warmest admirers, "What then?" "Why not?" "It does not matter!" It appears to me to matter a great deal.

A wise author never allows his reader's mind to be at large, but casts about from the very first how to secure it all for himself.

He takes you (seemingly) into his confidence, perhaps pretends to consult you as to the best route, but at all events points out to you the road, lying far ahead, which you are to travel in his company. How carefully does a really great writer, like Dr. Newman or M. Renan, explain to you what he is going to do and how he is going to do it! His humour, wit, and fancy, however abundant they may be, spring up like wayside flowers, and do but adorn and render more attractive the path along which it is his object to

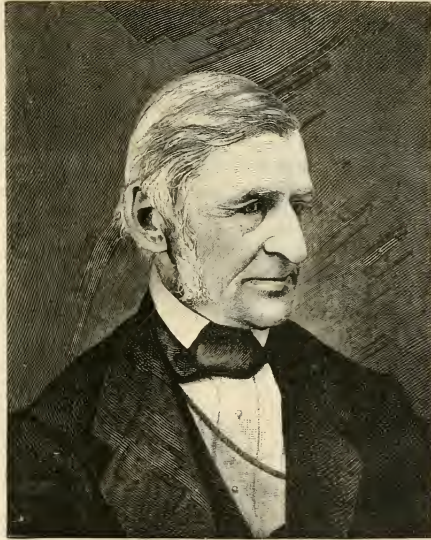
conduct you. The reader's mind, interested from the beginning, and desirous of ascertaining whether the author keeps his word, and adheres to his plan, feels the glow of healthy exercise, and pays a real though unconscious attention. But Emerson makes no terms with his readers—he gives them neither thread nor clue, and thus robs them of one of the keenest pleasures of reading; the being beforehand with your author, and going shares with him in his own thoughts.

If it be said that it is manifestly unfair to compare a mystical writer like Emerson with

a polemical or historical one, I am not concerned to answer the objection, for let the comparison be made with whom you will, the unparalleled non-sequaciousness of Emerson is as certain as the Coreggiosity of Coreggio. You never know what he will be at. His sentences fall over you in glittering cascades, beautiful and bright, and for the moment refreshing, but after a very brief while the mind, having nothing to do on its own account but to remain wide open, and see what Emerson sends it, grows first restive and then torpid.

Admiration gives way to astonishment, astonishment to bewilderment, and bewilderment to stupefaction.

"Napoleon is not a man, but a system," once said, in her most impressive tones, Madame de Staël to Sir James Mackintosh, across a dinner-table. "Magnificent!" murmured Sir James. "But what does she mean?" whispered one of those hopelessly commonplace creatures who, like the present writer, go about spoiling everything. "Mass! I cannot tell!" was the frank



R. Waldo Emerson

acknowledgment and apt Shakespearian quotation of Mackintosh. Emerson's meaning, owing to his non-sequacious style, is often very difficult to apprehend. Hear him for a moment on "Experience."

"I gossip for my hour concerning the eternal politic. I have seen many fair pictures, not in vain. A wonderful time I have lived in. I am not the novice I was fourteen, nor yet seven years ago. Let who will ask, Where is the fruit? I find a private fruit sufficient. This is a fruit, that I should not ask for a rash effect

from meditations, counsels, and the hiving of truths."

This surely is an odd way of hiving truths. It follows from it that Emerson is more striking than suggestive. He likes things on a large scale—he is fond of ethereal remarks and typical persons. Notwithstanding his habit of introducing the names of common things into his discourses and poetry ("Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood," is a line from one of his poems), his familiarity therewith is evidently not great. "Take care, papa," cried his little son, seeing him at work with his spade, "you will dig your leg."

Even for authors and books his affection, real as it was, was singularly impersonal. In his treatment of literary subjects we miss the purely human touch, the grip of affection, the accent of scorn, that so pleasantly characterize the writings of Mr. Lowell. Emerson, it is to be feared, regarded a company of books but as a congeries of ideas. For one idea he is indebted to Plato, for another to Dr. Channing. "Sartor Resartus," so Emerson writes, is a noble philosophical poem, but "have you read Sampson Reed's 'Growth of the Mind?'" We read somewhere of "Pindar, Raphael, Angelo, Dryden, and De Staël." Emerson's notions of literary perspective are certainly "very early." Dr. Holmes himself is every bit as bad. In this very book of his, speaking about the dangerous liberty some poets—Emerson amongst the number—take of crowding a redundant syllable into a line, he reminds us "that Shakespeare and Milton knew how to use it effectively; Shelley employed it freely; Bryant indulged in it; Willis was fond of it." One has heard of the "Republic of Letters," but this surely does not mean that one author is as good as another. "Willis was fond of it." I daresay he was, but we are not fond of Willis, and cannot help regarding the citation of his poetical example as an outrage.

None the less, if we will have but a little patience, and bid our occasional wonderment be still, and read Emerson at the right times and in small quantities, we shall not remain strangers to his charm. He bathes the universe in his thoughts. Nothing less than the Whole ever contented Emerson. His was no parochial spirit. He cries out

"From air and ocean bring me foods
From all zones and altitudes."

How beautiful, too, are some of his sentences. Here is a bit from his essay on Shakespeare in "Representative Men":—

"It is the essence of poetry to spring like the rainbow daughter of Wonder from the invisible, to abolish the past, and refuse all history. Malone, Warburton, Dyce, and Collier have wasted their life. The famed theatres have vainly assisted. Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Macready dedicate their lives to his genius—him they crown, elucidate, obey, and express—the genius knows them not. The recitation begins, *one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painful pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to his own inaccessible homes.*"

The words we have ventured to italicize seem to us to be of surpassing beauty and to express what many a theatre-goer of late years must often have dimly felt.

Emerson's poetry has at least one of the qualities of true poetry—it always pleases and occasionally delights. Great poetry it may not be, but it has the happy knack of slipping in between our fancies, and of clinging like ivy to the masonry of the thought-structure beneath which each one of us has his dwelling. I must be allowed room for two quotations, one from the stanzas called, "Give all to love," the other from "Wood Notes."

"Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free,
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer's diadem,
Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Tho' her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

The lines from "Wood Notes" run as follows:—

"Come learn with me the fatal song
Which knits the world in music strong,
Whereto every bosom dances,
Kindled with courageous fancies;
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes
Of things with things, of times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid;
The land reflected in the flood;
Body with shadow still pursued
For nature beats in perfect tune
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea
Or hide underground her alchemy,
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake,
Not unrelated, unaffixed,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty heart."

What place Emerson is to occupy in American literature, it is for America to determine. Some authoritative remarks on

this subject are to be found in Mr. Lowell's Essay on "Thoreau" in "My Study Windows;" but here at home, where we are sorely pressed for room, it is certain he must be content with a small allotment, where, however, he may for ever sit beneath his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. Emerson will always be the favourite author of somebody; and to be always read by somebody is better than to be read, first by everybody, and then by nobody. Indeed it is hard to fancy a pleasanter destiny than to join the company of the lesser authors. All their readers are sworn friends. They are spared the harsh discords of ill-judged praise and feigned rapture. Once or twice in a century some enthusiastic and expansive admirer insists upon dragging them from their shy retreats, and trumpeting their fame in the market-place, asserting possibly, with loud asseverations (after the fashion of Mr. Swinburne) that they are precisely as much above Otway and Collins and George

Eliot, as they are below Shakspeare and Hugo and Emily Bronte. The great world looks on good-humouredly for a moment or two, and then proceeds as before, and the disconcerted author is left free to scuttle back to his corner, where he is all the happier, sharing the raptures of the lonely student, for his brief experience of publicity.

Let us bid farewell to Emerson, who has bade farewell to the world, in the words of his own "Good-bye."

"Good bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his wise grimace,
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple Office low and high,
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
To those who go and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home,
I'm going to my own hearth-stone
Besomed in yon green hills, alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER.

By HENRY JOHNSTON.

IT is my purpose in this article to explain as briefly as I can how the ordinary newspaper is produced, and to describe the agencies and appliances that are brought into operation in producing it.

The subject may be thus divided:—business management; editorial and sub-editorial staff; reporting department, including country correspondence; the case-room; stereotyping and printing. I take these divisions not in the order of their importance, but in the form which seems most natural in looking at the work from beginning to end.

A very essential part of a newspaper is its advertisements. It is from this source principally that profit is made. The profit from circulation is, unless in exceptional cases, very trifling. Some of the London dailies have a circulation of between two and three hundred thousand copies; in some of these the paper alone, without printing, sometimes costs more than the price at which it is sold, but the additional space which a large sheet affords for advertisements converts this apparent loss into a profit. In a well-established and influential journal there is little or no direct canvassing for advertisements, but, in such offices, the management is far from being a sinecure. The duties of the counting-house are exceedingly onerous, and require

the most careful supervision. Moreover an established paper has its reputation to sustain. It must not follow in enterprise, it must lead. In all the new movements of the time it has ever to be in the van. In the field of scientific exploration, in the progress of a royal pageant on a peaceful mission, in civilising congresses, in foreign wars, or whatever, in short, may be interesting to the reading public for the time, the genius of the successful manager will display itself by being early in the market, and in selecting and sending forth as his representatives the best talent he can find for the particular duty in hand. Then the circulation of his paper must have the closest attention. Distant districts have to be reached, involving the starting of special trains and the running of special steamers. Posts have to be caught at particular hours, necessitating early editions; and failure in any of these arrangements, or tardiness in making them, leaves the way open to enterprising contemporaries, and to that extent endangers a newspaper's stability.

Important as the management of a newspaper is, however, the task of the editor is of a higher and more momentous nature. The responsibility of making and maintaining the character of his paper rests with him. It is he who has to shape its policy, and maintain its consistency. The duties of the editor of a daily

newspaper are, year by year, increasing in importance, and when one considers the multifarious interests he has to represent, the watchful supervision he has to exercise over these interests, as well as the personal work which falls to his own hands, it is almost surprising to find men able and willing to undertake such arduous responsibilities. Politics, commerce, the drama, music, art, and literature have each to find their fitting place. Sporting and athletic intelligence have recently assumed such prominence as to demand considerable space. Most of the work in these departments is done by men specially retained for the purpose. Reviews of books, however, and literary articles on general subjects, are for the most part done by outsiders, but with the editor rests the selection of the men, and the revision of their work. On him also falls the onus of gauging the public mind, and of assigning to each department its relative modicum of space. It is impossible that one man can read, select, and arrange all that a newspaper contains; he therefore surrounds himself with a staff of sub-editors on whom he can rely. These gentlemen have different duties assigned to them. One, or more, according to the importance of the paper, is told off to assist the editor in writing, or in superintending, the leading columns. To another is assigned the task of making the summary or editorial notes. While to others falls the duty of looking into contemporary papers, the reading, extending, or condensing of new matter that flows into the office by post and telegraph from all parts of the world.

The reporting staff is also subject to the directions of the editor. The number of reporters on an ordinary morning paper consists of a chief and from four to eight subordinates; but in emergencies this number may be augmented. The chief of this staff is accountable to the editor for his own department, and from him takes his instructions as to the space to be devoted to the various meetings or events of the day. As a rule, reporters must be able to make a verbatim note, *i.e.* take a speaker word for word. This, unless on very important occasions, is not absolutely required, but as the necessity for doing so may occur unexpectedly, and in circumstances quite unforeseen, any deficiency in this respect might be a serious matter for the newspaper concerned. The ability to take a verbatim report is, as I have implied, important, but it is not by any means the most important qualification of a good reporter. The power to put an hour's speech into three or four inches

of space, and yet retain all the essential points, is of infinitely greater value. Discrimination is a primary virtue. In speeches that are full of fresh facts and new thoughts not a word is to be lost, while the repetition of old ideas and the elaboration of familiar arguments fall to be entirely discarded, or to be summarised in a dozen lines. Were he at liberty to do so, I have sometimes thought it would have a beneficial effect upon the verbose tendencies of the age if the reporter were to give certain speeches as they are delivered, with all their errors of grammar and faults of construction. Thanks to him, however, even the utterances of stupidity assume the form of common sense. In fact, he gives what the speaker means, and not what he says. The duties of a reporter are manifold. He has to go everywhere and do all sorts of apparent impossibilities in the way of picking up and chronicling news in the shortest period of time. He must have a cool head and a ready pencil, because his field of action is often in the midst of the greatest excitement. He must be a man of nerve but without nerves. At unexpected moments he is called to the scene of accidents, fires, shipwrecks, and railway disasters without previous warning, his only implements for work being three or four sharp pencils and a note-book; and, while the world around him is mad with excitement, and the air rife with exaggerated rumours, it is his duty to embody the truth in sober English, catch the nearest cab or the fastest train, and be in time, either by telegraph or otherwise, for the first issue of his paper. It may interest some readers to know that in addition to the ordinary agencies engaged in the transmission of news, the services of the carrier pigeon are now taken advantage of. This interesting bird, whose speed of flight exceeds that of the express train, is exceedingly useful for short distance journeys in districts where the telegraph wire is not convenient. The results of athletic contests, volunteer competitions, &c., are commonly conveyed to newspaper offices by this means. The bird, which usually has its cot on the building in which the office is situated, is taken to the scene of interest. When the event has been decided, the pigeon is set free with a note of the result tied round its neck. Thus charged it reaches its cot without pause, and the report which it has been the unconscious means of conveying is given to the world.

Connected with the reporting department there is an army of skirmishers in the shape

of country correspondents. These men, being paid by the "piece," or at so much a line, are ever on the alert in the interest of the organ they represent. In the principal towns where the paper circulates there are branch offices, each with an organized staff, so that when events of importance occur in any locality thus represented, they are immediately communicated to the head office by express train, or telegraph, there to be dealt with according to their varying degrees of interest, or as the space at the command of the sub-editor will allow.

From the editorial and reporting rooms the MS. of which the newspaper is composed passes to the case-room. In this department the types are set up. The "copy," as it is technically called, is cut into slips of a few lines each, numbered, and given out to the compositors. Each man as he finishes his slip returns it with the types he has set up to a person whose duty it is to put the pieces together in consecutive order and make them up in "galleys" or columns. The types are then inked, an impression is taken which is at once passed to the corrector, who, with the aid of a reader, compares it with the original copy, and makes the necessary alterations in spelling and punctuation. When this is done the matter is made up in pages and sent to the stereotyper. The "form," or page, is here put on an iron slab, a thick layer of specially prepared paper, consisting of tissue and blotting paper in a damp condition, is laid on the surface of the types and beat in with a brush, or passed under a heavy roller, until a clear impression of the types is made on its surface. This paper, which is then dried in a press heated by fire, steam, or gas, is called the "matrix," or mould. This is afterwards placed in a semicircular casting box, into which and over the matrix boiling metal is poured. When the box is opened the newly-cast page has assumed the form of a semicircular plate, and, after a little dressing, is fit to be placed on the cylinder of the printing press. The operation of making the matrix, moulding the page and dressing it, has been brought to such perfection, that in less than ten minutes' time from leaving the case-room, it is cast in solid metal and is ready for printing. I may here explain that in making a new edition of a paper it is not necessary that the whole of the pages should be re-cast. For example, an important telegram or a fresh piece of intelligence comes in. If this is considered of sufficient importance to demand

a new edition it is at once set up, the page containing the types with the latest news is unlocked. The sub-editor either lifts out from this page the least important item of news, or otherwise condenses it, so as to make room for the intelligence just received. When this is done, and the fresh matter inserted, the page is again locked up and re-cast by the stereotyper, then the printing machine is stopped, the old page is taken off the cylinder, the new one takes its place, the machine is again started, and thus the fresh edition is produced. This is sometimes called a "stop-press" edition. The time lost between the stopping of the press and its going on again is rarely more than two or three minutes.

There is no part of newspaper work that has undergone such important changes, within recent years, as the printing press. The *Times* was far in the van of newspaper enterprise, when in 1814 it introduced what was called a "fast printing press," which produced 1,000 copies per hour. The machines now in use can print 12,000 complete eight-page papers in the same space of time. The modern, or rotary machine, which is self-feeding, prints from the web, and in the course of one hour will print, fold, and deliver ready for publication, about ten miles of paper. One day's impression of the *Daily Telegraph*, the paper reputed to have the largest circulation in the world, and consisting of, say 250,000 copies, would measure upwards of 200 miles; in other words, if these printed papers were put end to end they would extend about half-way from London to Edinburgh! This vast number of papers is produced nightly by ten rotary machines, which print from the web at the rate of 12,000 copies each per hour; so that the whole impression is printed, folded, and delivered to the publisher in about two hours. Manual labour is reduced to a minimum by the present system of printing. All that is required is a skilled mechanic to stand by the lever, an assistant, and a few lads or girls, to clear away the piles of folded papers, to the publishing room, as they fall from the press.

Having thus briefly sketched the different agents required in the making of a newspaper, let us turn for a moment to view those agencies at work. In some respects the provincial press gives us a fuller illustration than that of the metropolis, of the difficulties and cost which have to be faced in producing an ordinary morning paper. The London dailies are saved much expense by being so conveniently situated to the Houses

of Parliament, and to the agencies for collecting and supplying news from all parts of the world. In the case of provincial papers all parliamentary and foreign news has to be sent from London by telegraph, and, in the matter of parliamentary news especially, is attended with great expenditure, and involves expedition, which to the uninitiated mind seems little short of marvellous. The principal newspapers have telegraphic communication between the Houses of Parliament and their offices in London; and I have known a division announced at the table of the House of Commons at 2.30 A.M., reach the London office at 2.32, and be in the printers' hands, four hundred miles away, five minutes later; while at three o'clock, the newspaper containing the intelligence thus sent, was in the publishing room ready to catch the early trains! Provincial papers now give lengthy reports of late speeches delivered in parliament, and it is not an uncommon thing for a compositor hundreds of miles away from a speaker, to be following but a few sentences behind him, and to have the whole speech in type within a quarter of an hour, or so, after the speaker has resumed his seat. This feat in reporting is accomplished by a system of what are technically called "turns." In the House of Commons these turns are, on an average, of about fifteen minutes' duration, but in cases of emergency they are sometimes much shorter. For example, the speech delivered by the Marquis of Salisbury at Dumfries on the evening of the 21st October last, was taken for the London *Times* and the *Glasgow Herald* in combination, in turns of two minutes each by a staff of five reporters, under an experienced chief. A two-minutes' turn with five of a staff leaves ten minutes to transcribe what has been taken down by the shorthand writer in two. Each man is designated by a letter of the alphabet. When A begins, B, who is to follow, consults his watch, stops A at the end of two minutes, goes on himself, signalling to C as he does so to keep time for him, and so on. With this limited staff the whole of Lord Salisbury's address, consisting of over four columns, was written and in the hands of the telegraph clerks within half-an-hour after the Marquis had finished speaking.

The system of turns requires careful supervision to see that exact continuity is maintained. This has to be done by the reporter in charge. He keeps a watchful eye over his staff; he receives the notes as they are transcribed, and sees that the connections

are properly made. That he may be able to do so, he generally takes a sentence or two in shorthand himself, while one turn is ending and another beginning; in this way he is able to supply omissions and prevent overlapping. He has also to keep a careful eye on the speaker, who may be running at a troublesome rate for the reporter whose turn is on, and in such cases it may be necessary for him to strike in and take a "protective note" till the paroxysm of haste has passed away.

Editorial articles, as a rule, are written and corrected with deliberation. The test of editorial ability, however, comes when, at the eleventh hour—and frequently after it—the telegraph conveys some momentous intelligence which must be commented on in the leading columns. When one considers that the time at the disposal of the writer is barely more than permits of the mere mechanical operation of writing the column which is to be filled, it is astonishing that the result appears, next morning, so calm, so judicious, and so clear. The reporting department is also the scene of silent activity. The reporters have returned with their spoils—one from a fire, another from a public meeting, another from a colliery explosion, another from a "smash" on the railway; and who can tell the hardships that have been suffered, or the difficulties that have been overcome in the discharge of their respective duties? Yet there they are, after all the worry, calm and resolute, transferring their mysterious hieroglyphics into readable English, which, on the morrow, will be so eagerly scanned by thousands of eyes. The reporter must be a man of infinite resource, but his resources are sometimes taxed to the full; impossibility is a term unknown in his vocabulary. I remember an incident that occurred to a friend of mine, which illustrates what I am now saying. He was the London representative of a provincial paper. One night, at a late hour, he had obtained possession of an important item of news, and hurried back to the office for the purpose of sending it off; at the top of the building sat the telegraphist, busy despatching his night's work by special wire. The front door was locked, and the night-porter within was sound asleep. The knocking outside was ineffectual in waking the sleeper, and the telegraph man was too far removed from the street to hear him. The news he had obtained would be practically lost unless it reached his paper before the hour of going to press; but he was equal to the occasion. Taking a cab, he hurried off to the General Post Office, sent a telegram

to his office, several hundred miles away, requesting them to wire back to the telegraphist up-stairs, in London, to go down and waken the porter so that he might obtain admission. This was done, and the message reached its destination in time to appear in the paper on the following morning.

Meantime, the sub-editors are also at work. As early in the evening as possible, they get from the case-room the measurement of the space they have to fill. Telegrams pour in from all quarters of the globe, varying in importance; parcels come from country correspondents; perhaps there is not space for one-fourth of what reaches them. The question is, what is of the greatest moment, and what will prove of the largest general interest to the readers of their paper? The decision has to be made without loss of time, for the press is waiting. The fall of a government or a dynasty is important, but so also are the marriage rejoicings of a neighbouring county laird. The report of a Board of Guardians, or a scene at a parochial meeting—each must have its space and place in to-morrow's issue, and it is the sub-editor's duty to see that these items have their relative positions, and to cut down or extend each to suit the place it is intended to fill.

Of the composing, stereotyping, and printing rooms, I have already spoken. Each man is at his post. The paper, whatever be the difficulties and troubles of making it, must go to press at a certain hour, and woe betide the man, be his place on the staff ever so important, who stands in the way of the publisher catching the early mails!

In energetic journalism (and no journalism, nowadays, is successful unless it is energetic) the cost is something enormous. One London paper recently paid £1,600 for a telegram. This will give some idea of the outlay necessary in collecting and transmitting news from all parts of the world. In times of war the cost is simply fabulous; but the manager's orders are, "Send us the first news; never mind the expenditure." After the foreign telegrams, perhaps the page containing the commercial news is the most costly. This closely-set page gives the latest pulse-beats of trade and commerce in all business centres, both at home and abroad. The intelligence has to be collected by reliable and highly remunerated agents, and almost the whole of it has to bear the additional tax of passing over the telegraph wires.

Well, after what has been said, is it not surprising that our newspapers, produced under such conditions of pressure and haste,

should be so free from errors as they really are? I shall conclude by alluding to a few of these slips, not for the purpose of casting ridicule upon the press, but to show that editors and printers, habitually so accurate, are at times erring creatures like ourselves.

Perhaps one of the most common slips to be seen in a newspaper is the mixing up of reports of different events. It is rather trying to one's gravity, in following the solid facts and figures of a railway report, to miss the facing-points, as it were, and find one's self shunted into a noisy electioneering meeting, with ninety-nine speaking and one listening! Some time ago the following appeared in a London newspaper. It had been speaking in high terms of a new tenor, a *rara avis*, who had delighted and entranced all hearers. The criticism was elaborate, but it finished by saying, "He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, so that society will, for some time, be freed from the infliction of his presence." This extraordinary climax was simply owing to the fact that the end of a trial had been "lifted" and left at the bottom of the notice of the tenor, to which it formed such an inappropriate pendant.

The dropping of a letter is not an uncommon thing; but it is sometimes extremely awkward. A London morning paper is responsible for the following: "A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer a charge of having *eaten* a hackney coachman for demanding more than his fare." The missing letter was a *b*.

Adverting to the system of "turns," already referred to, the reporter in the House of Commons, at the end of his fifteen minutes, usually puts in the name of the man who is to follow—as, say, "Robinson's first follows." These catch lines are commonly set up by the compositors, and are, of course, removed when the types are finally put into "form." On one occasion a London morning paper omitted to delete this line, with the following result. The speaker had said, "And now, sir, I have shown you the evil consequences of this policy; we began badly, we are going on worse; what follows?"—here the unfortunate catch line answered the question—"Robinson's first follows."

Equally funny are the slips that occur from the transcription of hurriedly-taken short-hand notes.

An amusing story is told of the late Mr. Justice Byles. The learned judge was an excellent short-hand writer, having early in life graduated as a reporter. At the Somerset Assizes on one occasion, as was customary,

he read portions of the evidence to the jury, but floundered hopelessly in the middle of a sentence. There was an awkward pause, and the jury and bar nervously awaited the result. His lordship at last, after many efforts to decipher the missing word, dropped his dignity, and, leaning over towards the reporters below, inquired, "Can any of you gentlemen assist me to a word here? I have not put in the vowels, and what I have in my book looks as if a witness had said, 'Go and call in the baby;' but"—with a puzzled look—"it can't be that, because there is no baby in the case." One of the reporters was equal to the occasion, and putting in the right vowel the word "bobby" was the result, and the judge continued his charge.

At a much later date Mr. Gladstone, speaking in Wales with reference to the position taken up in regard to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, assured his hearers that there could be no compromise of his position. "I have," he said, "burned my boats and destroyed my bridges, and

therefore cannot retreat." In print he was made to say, "I have burned my *boots* and destroyed my *breeches*, and therefore cannot retreat."

In the domain of newspaper criticism there is only one curiosity to which I would like to refer. The only poem ever published anonymously by the poet laureate was "In Memoriam." When that book appeared, amongst other notices it drew forth the following, "This is a collection of poems of a religious character, apparently written by an officer's widow."

Now I have done; but in the foregoing remarks there is, I think, enough to make us proud of our newspapers. The enterprise exerted, the expenditure of money and brain power involved, and the difficulties of time and space that have to be overcome, in order to supply us with our morning newspaper, will, I am sure, enable us to appreciate it more, and to think more kindly and gratefully of the labour and talent of those who are engaged in producing it.



MY AUTUMN QUEEN.

COME, weary little maiden,
With all thy laughter fled,
Two hands with berries laden,
Red berries on thy head,

With little step that lingers,
Tired in the long, dusk road,
With droop of weary fingers,
Faint with their ruddy load;—

Come, darling! let me carry
This wealth thy heart desired;
Sure little footsteps tarry
When little feet are tired.

The eventide comes colder,
And we must homeward hold,
So lay thee on this shoulder
Thy head of ravelled gold.

O maiden! thou hast led me,
As to a merry tune,
With twinkling feet that fled me
All thro' the autumn noon.

When yet the air was mellow
And shadow there was none,
When woods of red and yellow
Flashed in the fiery sun—

Sweet was thy fleeing laughter,
 In echo still more sweet,
 While light leaves fluttered after
 The going of thy feet.

Thou ledst through rustled places,
 Where brown leaves made their lair;
 Thou spedst down sunlit spaces
 With loose gold on thy hair.



Oh, we were gay together,
 This sunny maid and I,
 All in the autumn weather,
 Beneath the autumn sky.

We wrought amid the sedges
 Green crowns of finest pith;
 We sought along the hedges
 Red gems to twine therewith.

With green and red I bound thee,
 Where sunlight set its sheen;
 I kissed, dear child, and crowned thee,
 My shining Autumn Queen;—

A queen with sleep o'erladen,
 Whose crown droops from her head,
 This weary little maiden,
 With all her laughter fled.

JAMES HENDRY.

SALTING THE EARTH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

“Ye are the salt of the earth.”—St. MATTHEW v. 13.

TH**ERE** is a feeling so prevalent among many excellent people that they should not admit to their friendship nor adopt into their households any who are not professedly like-minded with themselves, that we almost fear to be misunderstood when we attempt to suggest that this exclusiveness is in some aspects scarcely agreeable to the teaching of Christ our Master; that this was not, if we may so speak, in His mind, when He addressed those whom He had called to follow Him as the “salt of the earth,” thus plainly intimating that their influence was to spread through and through and thoroughly permeate the untaught and unbelieving world, even as salt preserves and purifies whatever it impregnates.

Now for salt to exert its power, it must

of necessity come into contact with—more, it must itself become a part of, the substance which is to be salted; without friction and without embodiment salt could do but little, if anything; and yet, is it not a fact that many of the “salt of the earth,” devout and pious workers in Christ’s kingdom, have an idea—vague and unsubstantial, it is true, but still influencing their lives—that it is well for them and theirs to keep well away from those whose tastes and principles are of the earth earthy, and that all that can be done for them had better be done from a safe and secure distance?

It will be seen at a glance to what this observation applies. No Christian man or woman but would readily acknowledge an obligation to visit the sick and poor, circumstances permitting; it is, they allow, part of our duty in this world to relieve their necessities and instruct their ignorance;—but those from whom they involuntarily retreat are not the poor but the rich (or comparatively rich), their equals in position, in education, and outward circumstances,—it is to them that many of us are tempted to say, “Go your ways; we can do no good to you, and you can only do harm to us;” and though it is an ugly word to use, there is no denying that our secret but very real feeling in the matter is, that we fear *contamination*.

The salt is afraid lest the earth should rob it of its savour, instead of being by it salted; Christ’s followers dread lest the devil’s followers should be too strong for them, and should turn their feet aside instead of treading along the same path; and they feel themselves, they say, so weak, and they have so much of sin to contend with in their own hearts, that they dare not run into more temptation outwardly than they need to do.

But, with all allowance and all honour for the humility of mind which is often at the root of this apprehension, let us endeavour to show that it is hardly creditable to any one’s religion to assume it to be such a shallow thing, such a poor struggling sickly plant, that it cannot keep itself upright amidst ill winds, or even withstand a sharp tug or two at the roots. A guinea need not fear becoming silver by rubbing against a shilling; and a Christian who knows in whom he believes, and on what he bases his belief, ought surely to be no less a Christian, because in all the kindly and necessary intercourse of life he mixes with worldlings; and though this paper is not for *all*, and not for any one poor weak yielding soul, whose convictions and experience alike prove him or her unfit

to influence others, yet we do earnestly desire to set forth to all who aim at being hearty influential thorough-going Christian people, that they should go out of their way to make opportunities for drawing within the bonds of good fellowship the most thoughtless, the most heedless, the least like themselves among their equals—just as they would lay themselves out to woo and to win their poorer brethren.

Is it not a strange thing that you can send missionaries to the heathen, and yourselves work gladly and hopefully among the worst classes at home, but you cannot cultivate the good-will of a worthless neighbour, nor take into your service a merely respectable young man or woman? You can be tender and merciful and enticing to the poor, but you look sternly and gloomily away from the rich; you will scarce exchange civilities with your busy prosperous acquaintance, who “has no time” to read his Bible, no inclination to go to the House of God nor to bend the knee in prayer,—but your bowels yearn over the drunken blasphemous labourer in whom you recognise a sinner for whom Christ died.

Has the other then no soul to be saved? May he not need you, though neither he nor you know it; though he would raise his eyebrows and you would shake your head over the suggestion? May he not need you all the more because others are letting him alone as you are; because you cannot go to him in the open straightforward way you can to the poor, tell him he is on the wrong tack, and take hold of him to set him in the right; because the *convenances* of society prevent your speaking to him about religion at all? *That*, you say, is just it—the point. It is *that* which makes the difference. You would willingly convert the wealthy sinner, but you may not even broach the subject.

Well, but you are not required to broach it; you are not required to say a single word bearing upon it. It is quite possible that even a syllable of admonition or of inquiry on your part would be out of place and impertinent; but what you *can* do is to *live before him*, let him know you, see you, scan you, mark your daily life, its actions, its motives. (Oh! it will be a discipline rarely excellent for yourself if you will but try it). You can show an open hearty interest in his affairs, a sympathy in the hopes and fears which he imparts to you; you can greet him with the hospitable welcome whenever he chooses to turn to your door; you can gladly bestow the little favour, or otherwise, appreciate the

same, if the favour be on his side ; you can chat, laugh, be neighbourly and communicative when you meet, jump into the same railway carriage if he invite you, and walk with him a bit of the way home if he is lonely and seem as though he would like a companion. You may be sure that if you do all this, neither you nor your religion will suffer at his hands. It may be some time in coming, there may be a long step between Dives' acknowledging that you are "sincere in your convictions" and "honest" in living up to them, and his bestirring himself to mend his own ways ; but can any one dare to affirm that it is impossible, nay, that it is not a very natural and likely thing, that your consistent life, being perpetually brought under his notice—and under his kindly notice, because you have established kindly relations with him, that this may, by God's mercy, so work in him as to occasion a blessed discontent with himself and his own grievous case, and in the end a turning from death unto everlasting life ?

Still more should your face be fully and frankly turned towards the unbeliever who is a relation. And yet we are fain to own we know not one nor two, but many, who systematically draw back from any overtures made by relatives whom they "cannot approve," and "do not wish to have anything to do with."

There are, of course, cases in which such a course is the only one open ; where there are very young children to be shielded from a bad example, for instance—although we will presently show how even from them it will glance aside in most instances ; but it being understood that there is no special hindrance, no substantial reason why you should not be on an easy, familiar *relationly* footing with one of your own people, be-think you, is it not a cowardly and foolish timidity which bids you hold aloof from him ?

How are you to *get at* him, and such as him, if you won't allow them to come near you ? Who should have more weight with them than one who has in common with them not only the usual interests of mankind, but all sorts of smaller webs of association and memory ? The man who is known to the world only as the grey-headed squire, or the portly admiral, or general—but to you as Dick, or Tom—with whom you can venture upon little pleasantries, whose very face and voice recall innumerable reminiscences, whose eyes will moisten when you go over with him childish days and follies, who can laugh with

you to recollect the awe with which some mutual relative alike inspired you, or the doom in which some boyish freak alike involved you—have you not a hold upon that man which none but you, and such as you, can have ? Do not imagine that the worst of men are insensible to the kindly pressure of the hand, to the knowledge that trouble has been taken to make them comfortable, that little ones have been taught to treat them with respect, that consideration is shown for their tastes and habits, and provision has been made for any little want—none of it will fall to the ground.

The old man won't want to shock you ; for the world he would not do or say anything to disturb what he considers your "prejudices ;" only let it be understood plainly and from the first, *what you are*, a God-fearing man or woman, and you will risk but little by making your advances, or responding to his. If you cannot manage to hit each other off, well and good ; don't force yourself upon anybody ; you may not be to the taste of your relation, quite apart from your religious profession ; but it is always worth while to try ; it is always worth while for kith and kin to try to stick together ; and at any rate if nothing should come of it at the time, you have done your part ; you have sown your seed by the wayside, and it is not for you to know when or where you may hear of it again.

And then about the younger kinsman, the nephew, or the cousin ? Oh, don't be afraid of the poor boy who is so mortally afraid of you, who reverences with an instinctive recoil your uprightness and devoutness. Meet him face to face, hand to hand ; and in the surprise and relief he experiences, if you will but come down from that dread pedestal on which he has placed you—for he probably thinks you read sermons and sing psalms all day long, and is quite astonished to hear you laugh at anything—he will be ready to throw up the whole phantom of his imagination and take you to his heart. How he loves to have you take his arm, and walk him off—him, the black sheep of the family—before the eyes of all ! How proud and mysterious he is about any little errand with which he has been entrusted, any little secret to which he has been made a party ! Thenceforth he swaggers about his "good" uncle or aunt, who is the "best of fellows" or the "best of creatures," as the case may be ; he takes care to let it be known that he is a "favourite in that quarter," that he has been told to make your

house his home, and can offer a visit whenever he chooses. It is, he allows, a "serious" house; but what of that? He is "awfully well treated" there; he wishes "there were more like it;" and by-and-by may it not be that he is sick of the wretched husks in the far country, and the thought of the glad welcome ever ready, and the kind hands ever stretched out, rise before his home-sick aching eyes with such an exquisite allure-ment, that he comes creeping into the fold at last?

And then we are to be the "salt of the earth" to our inferiors—that is, to our household and dependants—as well as to any others.

Undoubtedly it is a reproach upon any one who is a busy eager Christian abroad, to have a disorderly set of servants at home, and it is a pleasant restful feeling to know that you are at one in the highest sense with those who wait upon you in your daily life; but there is, we venture to think, a pitfall even in this which some of us do not escape.

A pious master or mistress before engaging a domestic, inquires into his or her religious views, with the very justifiable desire of learning what to expect as to conduct or behaviour; but setting aside that this is a great temptation—being a direct "lead," so to speak, to the young person who desires the place, and naturally puts his or her best foot forward to obtain it—and, mind you, frequently the very worst sequel follows the fairest profession—but setting aside this, and supposing, for the sake of argument, that such a searching inquiry did procure the result desired, namely, that of obtaining pious domestics, where then is the admirable and in no other way obtainable chance of leading gently and invisibly, by the soft un- felt pressure of example, young men and women to consider what they will do with their lives now, and where they will spend them hereafter?

A respectable girl with a good character wishes to engage with you, and you find her all that is suitable, but while a member of your Church, or of some other religious denomination—and this, alas! is no guarantee for anything more—nothing more is professed. Now what will you do? Will you readily and cheerfully take that girl into your Christian household, giving her every advantage that it can offer? Will you see that she attends church or chapel, and show that you also value the privilege? Will you look to see her at your morning and evening prayers and be always present yourself? Will you lend her instructive books which she sees you read?—

(oh! the eyes about us are sharp, and they know better than any mere acquaintance in the outer world can do if we *practise* what we *preach*, and *do* as we *say*)—will you hedge in by gentle restriction, and wise but not too severe, rules, letting the new-comer have a happy comfortable godly home? Or will you turn her away from your threshold, drive her by your sensitive narrow-minded fears to another place, a place where God is not worshipped nor prayer made, where she sees religion thought but little of, where the good and holy seldom come, and where loose thoughts and talk prevail both above and below stairs?—Will you do this, and, if so, are you guiltless if that girl fall to rise no more?

Masters and mistresses can constrain outwardly by the weight of *authority*, but more, infinitely more, inwardly by the force of *example*, that unseen power which but few can hold out against, when brought to face it daily and hourly.

Then, once again, we must be the "salt of the earth" in a barren and unfruitful land.

Perhaps you hesitate to place yourself and your family in some parish or neighbourhood whose conditions, though otherwise all that you require, appear to you to be unfavourable to the growth of your hidden life. It offers no advantages of Christian intercourse; you cannot, you are led to fear, expect much profit from the ministrations of the pastor; everything about is cold and dead; and it seems to you that by establishing yourself in such an untoward spot you would yourself be chilled by the prevailing atmosphere. This is no doubt a consideration of the first importance, but let us look at the matter in another light. Do not take it for granted, to begin with, that the atmosphere must affect *you*, but rather resolve that you will make yourself felt throughout the atmosphere. Do not expect to be chilled, desire to warm. Say to yourself, "Why should I be afraid of this place; what can it do to me? God is on my side; of what shall I fear? As His servant, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,'"—and then consider rationally and practically what you can do.

You must expect no support from without, it seems? Then you must all the more fly to the Fountain-Head. Your future clergyman has grown, you hear, careless and heedless, perhaps even worse; he will be no help to you; but does not that distinctly point out that you may be a help to *him*? He is miserable, sunk in his own esteem, fallen in the eyes of his parishioners? You will reach out your hand, draw him from the slough,

cover as with a mantle his errors, and strive to reinstate him, penitent, in the place he once held. There is not in the whole district a country house where any pretension to piety is made? It is for your house to set the example, and see if there be not some to follow.

And it may be, Christian brother or sister, that it was for *this* you were sent to this unhallowed spot; it may be that for years these poor doubting and troubled ones have been longing for the approach of just such an one as you, some one whose very presence checks vice and upholds virtue; some one before whom the mocker will not mock, nor the profane swear, nor the liar lie.

With what strange emotions do they now behold that there is one among them, who like Cornelius the centurion, fearlessly and decidedly worships God "with all his house,"—how new to him or her, so long exposed and accustomed to the lowering tone, the foolish talk and frivolous aims of a worldly circle will be your life with its boundless hopes and aspirations; how delightful, how almost inconceivable to find their hitherto dwarfed and blunted longings all responded

to, encouraged, cherished, drawn forth beneath the sunshine of your loving approval. What if it hath been your Lord Himself, who has laid this holy enterprise before His servant, because the time has come to gather in this portion of His vineyard, and into your hands He has put the sickle?

Remember, Christians, that "ye are the salt of the earth"—not of this bit nor of that bit, not only of the wilds and wastes, but of the fair broad prosperous lands that lie yet nearer to your own feet, but from which you are fain to turn aside because all is smiling on the surface; all is not smiling beneath, the most luxuriant show oft covers the most pitiful soil, and thither you, in God's name, should penetrate. Armed with His sword, imbued with His spirit, throw yourselves gladly and boldly into all companies, take to you all who will; the earth cannot poison and suffocate you if you are salting the earth, the wicked cannot tempt you if you are bent on tempting them. Only go as Christ went, bearing His Father's message, about His Father's business; and you like Him may sit at Simon's loaded board, as well as among the meanest of publicans and sinners.

A VISIT TO THE SAVAGES OF FORMOSA.

By A. HANCOCK, OF THE CHINESE CUSTOMS SERVICE.

WHEN public attention is so much directed to the operations of the French in Formosa, the following account of a visit paid to the remarkable tribes inhabiting the forests of that island may be of interest.

Often when walking over the Tamsui mountains I looked in the direction of the lofty forest-clad ranges of the aborigines, a mysterious and unknown region. From various sources I learned the following facts: first, that some of the savages come out to the border to barter with the Chinese; secondly, that in consequence of the encroachments of the latter on the edges of the forest, seeking camphor-wood, &c., encounters frequently take place, or rather that the Chinese, when engaged in cutting down the trees, are surprised by their wary antagonists and killed, their heads being cut off and carried away as trophies; thirdly, that these acts are not always done by the savages of the particular place where they occur, but by others brought from a distance for the purpose; and, fourthly, that anyone entering the forests and coming upon the savages without previous warning

would almost certainly be killed. These particulars were not specially encouraging to one desirous of exploring their fastnesses; however, I decided to endeavour to get a look at them at some bartering place, and thus perhaps gain additional information regarding their habits and customs.

On the 10th of February, 1882, I started from Tamsui, steaming ten miles up the river to Banka, where I proceeded to purchase such articles as I thought might find most favour as presents. From Banka I went south and crossed the plain till I entered the mountains at Sintiam. The situation of this place is very pretty; the river a few hundred yards up is a brawling mountain stream, which, after passing over a rapid, flows smoothly in front of the village under the base of rocks projecting, like the buttresses of a cathedral, into clear green water fifty feet deep, whilst, reaching far up behind, the hillside forms a canopy of hanging wood interspersed with miniature bamboo dells.

Ferrying over the rapids, I traversed a stony tract of waste land, which is submerged in heavy floods, and then crossed the

river again, and, ascending a hill five hundred feet high, devoted entirely to tea, dropped down into a small semicircular shut-in valley, and put up at the village of Kochu.

A few years ago the river at this place was the boundary between the savage and Chinese territories, and although a few tea plots are now established on the other side, it was only last September that a Chinaman, while at work, was surprised and killed by savages who crept over the hill from the back and shot and beheaded him within half a mile of Kochu; whilst at another spot, rather more than a mile off, five days before I arrived, three Chinese had been pounced upon, and their heads cut off and carried away. By the side of the river is a curious little hamlet perched on the summit of a mound-like hill; this place was attacked a few years ago by fifty or sixty savages, but the inhabitants were able to defend themselves and beat them off.

My object now was to find a Chinese go-between, and induce him to bring out some of the natives for me to see. Hearing that such a man was to be met with farther up the river, I started for his cottage. The path lay by the side of the water, which was fast becoming hemmed in by mountains descending in perpendicular precipices, so that the only footing to be had was cut out of the rock, in the style of paths in the Andes; a little farther on and the river had to be crossed, and then the walking was along the face of a smooth rock—the base of a mountain which shot down at a steep angle to the water's edge. Along this was a crack which served as a path, allowing in some places almost as much as the width of one's foot; but hat, coat, and boots had to be dispensed with, and it became necessary to claw the rock with both hands and to edge along, picking one's steps with care, as the river below was swift and strong. At length, after a good deal of scrambling, I reached fair ground, and, mounting a very steep hill, came to the cottage of the go-between, and set to work negotiating.

It was arranged that he should bring out some savages and I would give them a feast of pig and samshu (their special fancy) at the bartering-house by the river. My friend forthwith changed his clothes and put on a striped tunic of savage cloth, tied on a huge knife, and threw round his neck a gay arrangement of coloured beads, from which hung shot and powder pouches and all the necessary paraphernalia for the long-barreled matchlock which he had taken down from its rest on

the wall. He was now transformed into a typical "Hawk-eye," and having lit his fuse, he sallied forth, passed over the mountain by a winding path, and disappeared. This was in the morning.

At about half-past five in the afternoon there was a cry from the door of the cottage, where I had remained, "They are coming!" and on going out I beheld three men and a girl slowly ascending the path from the river, "Hawk-eye" having preceded them and laid aside his gun. Five of the savages had originally started to come out, but hearing the roaring or howling of a bear in the mountains as they journeyed, the fifth considered it a bad omen and had returned home. As the party came up, carrying their spears—long bamboos with iron heads—the Chinese shouted to them in an overbearing manner to leave these weapons outside, and they were stuck into the ground before the door. As they entered I bade them sit down. Two of the men were old—one was a chief; the girl might have been about twenty. As to their dress, it was pretty much the same. The men wore a long piece of cloth like bed-ticking, which was suspended from the shoulders and simply tied in a knot and left open in front. Round the waist was a girdle of blue material, also tied in a knot in front. Their legs were entirely bare. On the head was a curious close-fitting bowl of wicker-work of dark colour, resembling an inverted slop-basin. Their hair was quite black, and hung in copious locks round the neck; their complexion was light olive, and in the case of these three the profile was not specially pronounced. Their expression was by no means unpleasant. The girl was on a somewhat large scale and rather Egyptian in face, putting me in mind of the bas-relief on a mummy coffin. Her dress resembled that of the men, but there was more of it; she wore, in addition to the hanging toga, a sort of *sarong* in picturesque colours, extending from the waist almost to the knee, and a pair of regular moccasins. Her hair, which was quite black, was not long, and was tied up with a string behind in one place; her earrings were very curious—a couple of pieces of carved bamboo, thicker than a pencil and about an inch long, thrust through the ears, and holding suspended little strings of blue glass beads and flat bits of white ivory. As the sun was going down and the river had to be crossed once more, I took my departure, having arranged that the savages were to be brought in next day to the bartering-house by the river.

Early in the morning the first thing to be done was to purchase a pig; and having accomplished this, I moved on to the samshu shop, where a big crock was placed on the floor, and the shopman began to ladle out the stuff at a rate which rather astonished me, as though the savages wanted to wash in it. "Oh," said the Chinese, "that's nothing; they drink it like water." The article was not very deadly, so that I paid my dollar and completed the purchase, despite my qualms about giving 29 catties weight of samshu to four savages. Arrived at the rendezvous, I found not only my four friends of the previous evening, but eight more, to whose savage ears the rumour of roast pork had penetrated far in their mountain fastnesses, so that now I had a goodly show of twelve for inspection and comparison. Having set myself by the door, as the house was rather dark, I ranged them all in a row in front on benches, so as to obtain a good view. The first thing that struck me was the great variety of type. One girl of about twenty-two was not only good-looking, but of dignified and graceful mien, and for dress and style the personification of Miss Bateman in *Leah*; olive-complexion, large and beautiful eyes, long eye-lashes, and a remarkably well-formed nose. On her head she wore a picturesque dark turban embroidered round the edge in red; her earrings were the same as the other girls', but her general style was superior. The tattooing, strange to say, seems not to disfigure these natives—in fact, it rather adds piquancy than otherwise. The pattern is the same in all, and may be compared to a pale blue gauze band or ribbon, starting in front of the ears and passing down in a slope to the corners of the mouth, where it divides, half going over the top and meeting under the nose, and half passing under the lower lip and meeting on the chin. The tint is pale blue. The men do not have anything at the sides, but merely a narrow band down the centre of the forehead about half an inch wide, and consisting of horizontal lines close together. This is not worn until the individual has accompanied a party on a raid against the Chinese; and when he has himself killed a Chinaman and brought home his first head, a similar band is added to the chin. Excepting the youths, all the gentlemen present had this badge.

After a number of questions, I ordered the samshu to be brought in and placed in the centre of the floor. There were two chiefs present, and when they drank they put their heads close together and their arms round

each other's necks and drank simultaneously out of the same bowl. After we had spent some time in conversation and samshu-drinking, I noticed that the eyes of one of the chiefs kept wandering restlessly to the door, where the unfortunate pig was biding his time. Suddenly the savage arose, and, stalking out of the house, seized the pig, which was bound, and, hoisting him along, swung him on to a couple of logs which were lying over a slight depression in the ground. The whole conclave of savages rushed out in a body and crowded round. Drawing the blade from his girdle (the savages all carry hideous long knives), the chief delivered the fatal blow, coolly holding the pig by the nose the while. A fire was kindled in the hollow below, and after a few minutes, and without using any hot water, but merely rolling the carcase round and round, the chief proceeded with the next act of the drama. Cutting off the ears, he presented one to his brother chief and pocketed the other himself. Then the beautiful "Leah," with three other damsels, each stooping down, held a pig's foot, and as the chief with four dexterous strokes separated them from the shins, each young lady placed the treasure in her bosom! Over the subsequent dissection let us draw a veil.

The carcase having been duly divided, a big copper, into which the *dissecta membra* were dropped, was set going with a roaring fire underneath, and sundry old savage hags stirred the mess. Meantime, waiting for the finale, the old men were seated in a circle by the fire, smoking their short bamboo pipes and conversing in their rich guttural tones, which somewhat resemble Spanish. At last the contents were turned out and piled in a steaming pyramid on a table. Round this the savages thronged, helping themselves with their hands; and what they could not just then eat, the men put into their hats, and the women into their bosoms. When the feast was all over, I beheld, on going to the door, a boatload of savages slowly coming down the river. The sight was an interesting one, and a vivid picture from "The Last of the Mohicans"—the wild forms and varied attitudes, all in true savage costume, passing along under the shadow of the dark rocks. I at once went down to the water's edge to receive them, and undisguised indeed was their astonishment at being helped ashore by me. If there had been variety amongst the first batch, there was still more in this one. One young fellow in particular attracted my attention; he might have been twenty-six years of age, and was of singularly sinister and for-

bidding mien. His head was ornamented by a crimson cincture, and he wore, besides, other gaudy articles, and was evidently the head of the party. As I learned later on, he was the brother of the chief of the tribe. His displeasure on discovering that the pig was already devoured was ill concealed, and his manner was correspondingly haughty and abrupt, till a happy thought occurred to me, and I lost no time in investing him with the Order of the Antimacassar, the only present I had at my disposal after having given the chief a pair of bathing drawers. Then I sent out and bought a dollar's worth of brown sugar; this I had made up into little bags, and presented each of the new-comers with a parcel, so that everyone was mollified, and all went merry as a marriage feast. Before taking my leave of the assembly, I told "Hawk-eye" to ask the chiefs whether they would allow me to visit them in their forests, and to this they nodded assent. I now considered that, thanks to the instrumentality of the pig and an antimacassar, I had accomplished the first step, and was in a position to take the second. Being unable, however, to remain at this particular time, I put off the proposed visit for the present, and returned to Tamsui.

The 26th of February, early in the morning, found me once more in "Hawk-eye's" cottage preparing for the expedition. Four savages had been brought out the day before, two (the chief and another) to conduct me into the forest, and two to be retained as hostages.

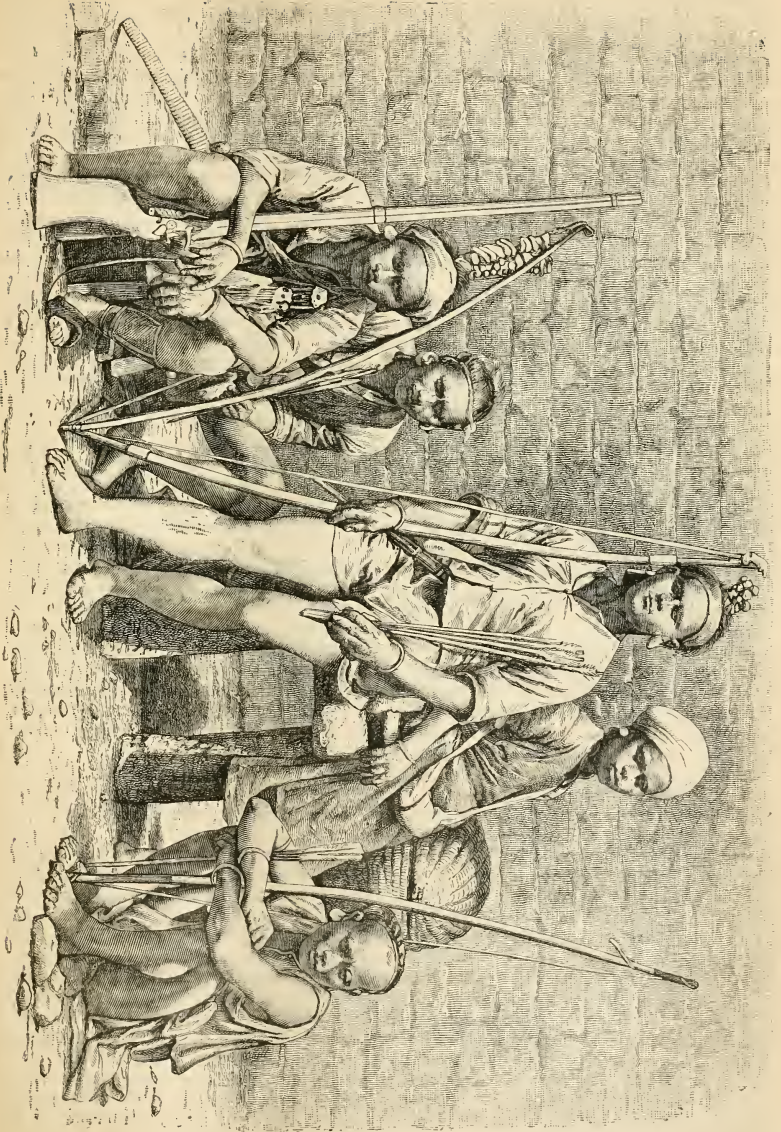
"Hawk-eye" and the savages having loaded their matchlocks and lighted their fuses, I buckled on my trusty steel (a savage knife, nineteen inches long), shouldered my gun, and off we started from the midst of an admiring throng. First went the chief, I came next, then "Hawk-eye," then my servant, and the other savage brought up the rear. The path at once began a steep ascent, winding along some very awkward places; at one spot the recent heavy rains had washed away one half, and I had once more to claw the rocks. At length, after a tough climb, we gained the top of the ridge, and there beheld mountains all round in every direction, those in front one dense mass of forest. The day was gloomy; heavy banks of dark clouds brooded over the ridges, forming a kind of pall, and the forest looked perfectly black. We were standing on the outskirts of civilisation, had passed the last patches of indigo, had seen the last sod of virgin soil that had been turned, and now we had to descend and enter the wilderness. By degrees the path, which hitherto

had been little to boast of, became small and beautifully less. At last jungle appeared—masses of reeds, grass, and other plants ten to fifteen feet high, and as dense as a wall. When approaching this place the chief blew a small reed whistle, and then raised a peculiar and melancholy wail, which resounded through the forest. The object of this was to let the other savages know who it was that was coming. The path got worse and worse; for me, with boots, it was a round of slipping, sliding, and scrambling, and nothing to lay hold of except the stalks of reeds, which cut like knives. Moreover, the chief walked at such a rate that it was as much as I could do to keep my eye upon him; it was a springy bounding step, with the body bent forward and eyes constantly on the trail. Presently the jungle ended, and after an unusually steep and tough descent, we came to the bottom—a vast deep mountain glen—where

"Broken by stones and o'er a stony bed
Rolled the loud mountain stream."

I now for the first time stood in the forest primeval—a sight never to be forgotten. Wherever the eye wandered, trees of various forms and sizes, all in full foliage, seemed banked up against the mountain sides. In some places, such was the angle of the escarpment that it was evidently a precipice; yet not a trace of rock was visible. Conspicuous before all, magnificent camphor-trees reared their shapely branches, clothed with glistening green leaves. I saw clean-stemmed liquidambar and a host of other trees unknown to me; and under their shadow, in dark interstices, rose, like feathery palms, tree-ferns twenty to thirty feet high, whilst close beside were dense clumps of smooth-bladed bananas. The ground below, reeking with steamy moisture, was one mass of luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. Except for the sound of the mountain river, all was silent; no birds visible; no signs of life except some white and speckled butterflies dancing over the surface of the water in the dark glades. Here we sat down, and "Hawk-eye" changed his garb entirely, and donned complete savage costume—the toga, girdle, and skull-cap—so that but for the tattooing he was a savage.

It was up this mountain river that our course now lay, and it had to be crossed and re-crossed repeatedly. At first I was carried over, but at last, like the rest, I simply walked through. Sometimes we passed under overhanging banks of dripping moss, then over huge boulders, and again, leaving the river, through tracks of jungle, which the savages slashed with their knives, whilst occasionally



Formosa Typen.

I would come upon some exquisite botanical treasure, which I had just time to snatch and throw into the basket. Sheets of ferns (pellucid green *Trichomanes* and *Hymenophyllum*) encased the trunks of trees like wreaths of emerald lace, whilst far aloft depended orchidaceous and other epiphytic plants; in the forks of branches, huge shuttlecocks, six feet high, of *Asplenium nidus*, or the birds'-nest fern of the tropics; and reaching across from tree to tree were cords and cables of rattans and various other creepers hanging in long festoons. At last we came suddenly to the foot of a steep buttress, up which we had to pass in zigzag, holding on to the trees, which I noticed were now getting thinner; more light was visible, and something resembling signs of a path. We were now close to our goal, and the savages told us to sit down till the chief should go on ahead and give notice to the rest. As he left I observed that his peculiar call changed. Whilst waiting for his return I watched a flock of most exquisite birds (the *Pericrocotus brevirostris*, of Hindustan) playing on a tree close by; they resembled wagtails in form, but are much larger, the plumage of the male being vermilion, with black head, and that of the female, canary yellow and olive green. I should have shot specimens, but considered that my mere arrival would be a sufficient source of excitement without the firing of guns.

Just before leaving the last trace of cultivation, a young Chinese, an inmate of "Hawk-eye's" own house, and personally known to both these savages, was allowed to join the expedition; but when we had reached this particular spot and were sitting down, he wandered slowly on ahead of his own accord and was suddenly missed by us. At once the savage who was remaining with us jumped up, ran after him, and called him back in haste, because, as "Hawk-eye" told me, if he should happen to come across any other of the savages who were not aware of our arrival, he would almost certainly be killed. This incident shows the wild and wary nature of this people.

At length there was a distant call from the chief, and the other savage led me on. A little more winding about, and I emerged on the top of a narrow ridge, crowned by the savage huts. The two first on whom my eyes should fall were my old acquaintance and the beautiful Egyptian.

After the long morning's race over stock and stone I was not sorry to sit down. The hut in which I found myself, and it was a

fair sample of the rest, was of the rudest possible description. The doorway was so small that it was a task to get in; the walls were composed of the branches of trees stuck into the ground a few inches apart, the interstices being filled with bits of chopped wood; the roof was thatched with grass. Three sides were occupied by raised bamboo sleeping platforms, some fifteen inches above the ground; there were no windows. At one side was a slight depression in the ground, which served as a fireplace, logs of trees being laid over it, end to end, and constantly pushed farther in as they gradually consumed away. All the village crowded in—women, young girls, and children of all sizes; but the male savages, with the exception of those referred to, were all absent on a hunting expedition, having been gone several days. From the roof were suspended various requisites of the chase—bows, arrows, and deer skins—besides sundry articles of domestic use, all of the rudest kind.

Having had something to eat, I strolled out amongst the other huts, and everywhere was well received. What particularly struck me was the fearlessness of the women and girls and the frankness of the children, who were most interesting. They came close up to me, examined my clothes with their large dark eyes, pulled my whiskers, and were never tired of looking at my watch. They are bright, and I should say intelligent, and incomparably more interesting than Chinese children—so simple, natural, and unsophisticated. All smoke, from the youngest to the oldest of both sexes, and it was truly ludicrous to see tiny mites of certainly not three summers—stark naked—with pipes in their mouths; in which respect, however, they are surpassed by the natives of the Matabello Islands (Malay Archipelago), who smoke cigars before they are weaned. The women and girls carry their pipes of bamboo stuck in their hair, somewhat in the style of the *liangpat'ou* head-dress of the Pekingese ladies, and keep the tobacco-bags hung round their necks. They at once offered me a smoke. Some of them were playing upon a curious kind of jew's-harp, made out of a slip of bamboo with threads at each end, whilst one girl, of about sixteen, danced. The dance was neither a fandango nor a bolero, nor yet a minuet, but bore some resemblance to all three; it was so intensely grotesque that I laughed uncontrollably. No sooner had she finished than the girls came up to me and, offering me a jew's-harp, made signs to me to dance. The harp alone was a sufficient

mystery to me, but when the minuet was added, the *tableau* was complete; my audience threw themselves down and screamed with laughing. From this performance I passed to a scene of somewhat different character: a few yards along a path, a step to one side, and I stood before a scaffold of camphor-branches on which reposed a grinning row of human skulls, the heads of Chinese slain in raids. But the day wore on, and the preparations for journeying back were made.

We returned by a different route, and if there was no mountain river to be forded there was something worse—the crossing of ravines and gullies on slimy trunks of fallen trees. Then, again, we wound through water-courses, where the vegetation was loaded with moisture, and the glen—a vast fernery—was dark through the interlacing of the trees above. We had gradually ascended so high that we were in the clouds, which made the forest doubly dark. The chief, as before, went first, and his wailing call once more echoed around. Presently the rest joined in it, and I was told that we were approaching a stockade of the savages, close by which we passed. At length we gained a ridge and changed our direction, plunging down steep and dark declivities. The scene was often highly interesting and romantic. Sometimes at a projecting buttress I would pause and look back at the line of savages winding single file round the precipices, and beguiling the way with a sweet and musical chant, which I was told was a sort of ditty addressed to lover or husband hunting far off in the forest. I have crossed Formosa thirty

miles, with the thermometer 92° in the shade; I have topped the Wut'ai-shan, ten thousand feet; and I have tramped the sands and lava-fields of Hainan under a tropical sun, thirty-five miles in a day; but let no one talk of walking till he has been through the forests of Formosa with the savages.

I had been rather annoyed at the way in which the old chief persisted in going ahead, but I afterwards learned that he did this by way of precaution against surprise. The choice of a different route for the return journey, also, had been made because the wary savages did not propose to make me familiar with the approach to their forest home. At about six P.M. we reached the cottage, after a day of great and varied interest; and as the poor creatures preferred taking their pig and samshu home with them, I consented, and after distributing a few presents, took my departure.

The impression left on my mind was a mixed and rather sad one. I had been amongst a people whose days are numbered—a people who showed various kind and amiable traits of character, but whose natural temperament, even were they disposed to work, seems unfitted for the systematic toils of civilised nations; whose ignorance and simplicity permit them to barter away their noble forests for a mess of pottage; who are steeped in poverty and ignorance—the constant dupes of unscrupulous and mercenary neighbours; the victims of strong passions; without friends, without help, without sympathy—children of the present hour.

NAME CHOOSING.

II.

THE motives at work in name-choosing that were spoken of in the former paper would account together, no doubt, for a very large majority of the names given to English children; the causes now to be considered are among those of less common operation.

I. *Aspirations of parents as to the characters and careers of their children* exercise some influence on personal nomenclature. In primitive days when names had to be created, this influence was much more largely felt than it is now. Many designations whose meanings have nothing to do with their present use amongst us, embody the desires of primeval parents for their children. For the original *David* the paternal wish was that

he should be beloved, and the name expresses the wish; the early *Philips* were set apart as horse lovers; the primal *Franks* were designed never, never, to be slaves. But the aspirations set forth in these and many other names of antiquity found for the most part a more direct expression than do the corresponding aspirations which disclose themselves in name choosing now. Perhaps the most common denominational shape in which English parents express the desires referred to, is that of hero names; not the gift, quality, or success desired, but the man who possesses or achieves it furnishing the appellation. Contemporary heroes are, of course, more likely than others to be drawn upon in

this way for their names. It was, as has already been hinted, in the days of Wellington's greatness that *Arthur* began to be popular. During the Russian war *Raglan* and *Arnaud* became numbered among English Christian names; so did *Garibaldi* at the times of that hero's prominence. When the struggle was going on at Plevna, *Osman* was often given to our children; and *Suleiman* appeared as a British prænomen about the same time. Later still the appellations *Garnet* and sometimes *Garnet Wolseley* have commemorated in the registers the prowess of the living British general. But neither is the heroism of the past entirely forgotten in naming, for the writer has met with the registered appellations *Alcibiades*, *Julius Cesar*, *Boadicea*, *William the Conqueror*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, *Peter the Great*, &c. The desired qualities may have been exhibited in the lives of religious characters, and here, perhaps, the past is more resorted to than the present. The following may all be found in English registers of recent years:—*Simon Peter*, *Joseph Arimathea*, *Tabitha*, *Cyprian*, *Martin Luther*, *Melancthon*, *John Bunyan*, *Selwyn*, and *Morley Punshon*. *Luther* has been a good deal used in England since the recent four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformer's birth. Politics also supply plenty of heroes, whose names are freely given to English children; but here the present once more asserts itself loudly over the past. *Ledru Mazzini Kossuth* forms a registered name combination, but it appeared many years ago. The *Gladstones*, the *William Ewarts*, the *Beaconsfields* figure of course among the rising generation. So also do the numerous *Wilfrids* (who often appear as *Wilfreds*), and the *Wilfrid Lawsons* of more explicit denominational association with temperance politics.

There is a division of the class of names under consideration that is interesting from the tenderness and refinement of the ideas which it sometimes seems to express. The aspiration here assumes a poetical shape; some "thing of beauty" or nobleness, whose loveliness or other qualities are coveted for the child to be named, and perhaps traced by parental fondness in the features of its infantile person or character, is called upon to lend its title. The various flower- and gem-names belong to this division. Many of these are being used daily without reference to their meanings, on the repetition-principle already spoken of. Every *Rhoda* is a rose, every *Margaret* a pearl; but numerous parents who give these appellations to

their children do not associate them with the fragrant blush and gleaming radiance which the words really commemorate. Nevertheless flower- and gem-names are evidently given from time to time with direct reference to their significations. The following floral and kindred appellations have occurred in modern registers, most of them having appeared quite recently:—*Azalea*, *Blossom*, *Camelia*, *Carnation*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Convolvulus*, *Daisy*, *Evergreen*, *Flora*, *Hyacinth*, *Hyacinthe*, *Iris*, *Ivy*, *Jessamine*, *Laurestina* (*sic*), *Lavender*, *Lily*, *Maple*, *May*, *Mayblossom*, *Mignonette*, *Myrtle*, *Olive*, *Orange*, *Pansy*, *Posey*, *Primrose*, *Rose*, *Rosebud*, *Snowdrop*, *Vine*, *Violet*, and *Woodbine*. The name of a single flower, it would seem, is not always enough to set forth the parental longings. A labourer named Carden, living near Tunbridge Wells, lately called his little girl *Violet Camelia Daisy*, as though he wanted for her at once the sweetness, the splendour, and the simplicity of the world of flowers. It was another labourer—one Preece, of St. George's, Southwark—who, at the end of 1883, made use of the name *Posey* above quoted, so denominating his little lassie as if wishing to endow or credit her with the varied lovelinesses of an entire nosegay. Gem-names are less to be met with than those just mentioned; but specimens, if rare, are not entirely wanting in the great mine of the national name-roll. The writer's notes disclose a *Jewel* to begin with, with *Beryl*, *Garnet*, *Jacintha*, *Jasper*, *Pearl*, *Ruby*, and *Sardonyx* to follow. Of these, however, *Garnet* has, perhaps, referred to the general more frequently than to the gem, and *Jasper* (which, indeed, owns but a doubtful connection with the stone at all) was formerly a good deal used, and consequently now often occurs merely by repetition. Both flowers and gems have sometimes lent appellations to the same children: *Violet Pearl* Willmott was registered at Royston in 1880, *Ruby Rose* Smith at Guildford in 1883. Somewhat allied to the flower- and gem-names appear to be such appellations as *Angel*, *Cherubim*, *Cuckoo*, *Dove*, *Eden*, *Melody*, and *Star*; the blessedness, glory, or sweetness so referred to being, it would seem, desired for the children by the parents bestowing these titles upon them.

One other pretty form of the aspiration-name should be separately mentioned. It is that which follows the names of the ideal characters of romance. In the prosaic pages of register-books, the writer has lately met with such poetical beings as sweet *Cinderella* of the fairy tale, Shakespeare's sad *Ophelia*

and sprightly *Rosalind*, Sir Walter's charming sisters *Minna* and *Brenda*, Longfellow's faithful *Evangeline*, Mrs. Stowe's quaint *Topsy*, and Mr. Blackmore's gentle *Lorna*.

Some of the more familiar shapes of the kind of name under consideration can here be but passingly referred to. Among these is the *Abstract-virtue-name*, which from Puritan days downwards has often been used in England, and which is still constantly appearing in the national registers, not only in well-worn guise, but in less accustomed forms from *Affability* to *Zeal*.

Does anything in the nature of an aspiration, it may be asked, underlie such an appellation as *Sir Roger*, recently noticed in a death-register at Woking? While the Tichborne trial was going on, the name Roger was certainly additionally used among the lower orders. But it may be that the fact did not point—or at any rate did not always point—to sympathy with the person who laid claim to the designation and all that was attached to it, or to any approval of his procedure; but rather merely to the strong interest generally felt in a singular investigation at the time it was going on.

II. So far as this may have been the case, *Roger* is to be regarded as having been a *Public-event-name*, of which variety of titles something shall now be said under the more general head of *Names caused by circumstances of birth*.

Appellations created by contemporary public occurrences are constantly appearing in the registers. In the quarter following the battle of the Alma, five hundred and nineteen children, males as well as females, received *Alma* as a Christian name. *Balaklava*, *Inkerman*, and *Sebastopol* also speedily gave their names to English infants, and one *Siege Sebastopol* was registered. The acquisition of the island in the Mediterranean during the year 1878 was the means of introducing *Cyprus* into English personal nomenclature; and to pass to a later date still, a labourer's boy, born at Sawston, Cambridgeshire, in September, 1882, was named *Tel-el-Kebir*. Political events, as well as military, find their reflection in names. *Charter* is a recorded appellation recalling the popular movement of 1848, and *Reform* is also an existing denomination. In a birth-register of 1882, appears as the personal designation of a certain Mrs. Thorpe, who became a mother at that time, the startling name *Leviathan*. The good lady, it is stated, was born or named at the time of the launching of Brunel's monster steam-ship, which was

at first so called, though it has since been known as the *Great Eastern*. A little girl, daughter of a hoop-maker, born early in the last-named year at Rye, in Sussex, received the name *Jumbo*, presumably in commemoration of the regretted departure of the zoological favourite from Regent's Park to America.

Family circumstances evidently sometimes create names in the same way. *Orphan* Humphrey is the name of the mother of a child registered at Colchester in 1882. *Forsaken* appears as one of the names of an infant who died at or near Depwade in 1876; and *Post-humous* also is a registered appellation. Some of the noun-names, of which many are used from time to time, apparently refer—but less directly—to occurrences affecting the families concerned. Among such, perhaps, are *Admonition*, *Advice*, *Agony*, *Comfort*, *Deliverance*, *Repentance*, *Trial*, *Wrong*, &c.

Days and seasons of birth, again, sometimes pass on their titles to the children born upon or within them. *Newyear*, *January*, *Midlent*, *Easter*, *Trinity*, *Midsummer*, *Lammas*, *Autumn*, *Christmas*, *Merry Christmas*, *Sabbath*, *Monday*, and *Birthday* are all English personal names.

Some appellations suggest large families and small means, as *Enough*, *Last*, and *Omega*, each of which seems to be a protest against further family additions. *Constant Increase* has once appeared in the registers; it reads like a desponding complaint of domestic growth. A few names—as *Welcome*, which has often been used—tell the opposite tale of acceptable and perhaps long-deferred arrivals in homes of plenty. The prosaic Roman custom of naming children according to their number in the family has been, as every one knows, copied in England to the limited extent that occasionally one child in a household—rarely more than this—has been named thus, the Latin word being generally used. There are a few cases on record where the same thing has been done in English, the names *Unit*, *Three*, and *Number Seven*, having occurred in the registers at different times.

III. Something should be said next of those names which are suggested by the budding characteristics of the children receiving them. A good many English adjectives have been employed in personal denomination, and among these probably are several that have been applied for the reason referred to. The following would seem to be of the number:—*Affable*, *Amiable*, *Bloomy*, *Bold*, *Cautious*, *Charming*, *Civil*, *Constant*, *Easy*, *Energetic*, *Fearful*, *Giddy*, *Golden*, *Grateful*, *Happy*, *Irresistible*, *Large*, *Patient*, *Perfect*, *Placid*, *Polite*,

Sober, Sunny, Stubborn, Troublesome, and Won-derful. Other of these adjective names, as *Blessed, Chaste, Free, Gracious, Holy, Righteous, Victorious, Worthy,* belong, it must be supposed, to the category of aspiration-titles already spoken of, as they could not point to observed characteristics on the part of the infants so named. On the other hand, it may easily be that of the flower-, jewel-, and other names which have been set down as representing aspirations, some might more rightly take their place under the present head, for the boundary-line between these two name-classes is indistinct at several points.

The adjective-names quoted include, as will be observed, some that seem to refer to physical traits. Such are *Bloomy, Golden, and Large.* And there are other forms in which bodily characteristics are denominationally noted. *Goliath,* for instance, would seem to denote gigantic proportions; *Forehead* must be supposed to celebrate a remarkable frontal development; *Brighteye* probably signalises the brilliant "eyelight" of the little girl to whom it was once applied; *Presence* and *Majesty* seem to point to a noble infantile mien; and *Fidgett (sic)* appears to unfold a tedious tale of restless baby ways.

It is to be remembered—and a parallel remark has already been made with respect to names expressing parental aspirations—that in the primal days of name-invention personal characteristics were far oftener directly responsible for names than they now are. Good health denominated the early *Valentines*; fairness of skin the *Blanches*; red hair the *Griffiths*; blindness the *Cecils*: and these are only a few specimens from a multitude. Now so many prænominial varieties exist ready for adoption, that but few persons reject them all for the sake of creating original titles out of infantile peculiarities.

IV. It would be easy and convenient to arrange under several other different heads what remains to be told about the reasons which determine people in choosing names, but for brevity's sake a single category headed *Miscellaneous causes* shall be made to embrace all further motives to be referred to.

It may be well here to give a caution to the reader with respect to examples of names already quoted and yet about to be quoted. From various causes which need not be specified, an exceedingly large number of nouns and other words associated with almost every department of human interest have become English surnames. And again, since the days of Puritanism, surnames have been constantly liable to usage as Christian

names. It follows that of the prænomena mentioned in these articles, some may in some cases have been given to children as the surnames of relatives and friends, and therefore of course without reference to their meanings. This should be borne in mind with respect to *all* the classes of appellations referred to, as probably there is not one of them whose terms have missed being largely appropriated to the uses of family nomenclature.

Sometimes *tenderness* so prevails in name-selection, that nothing but a pet name will do as the permanent appellation of the child. Then registration formally applies those soft and affectionate forms of denomination which are usually left for mere family employment. The loving termination in *ie* or *y* thus comes into the register-books. It would seem that there are no recognised principles for the construction of pet names, provided their last syllables take an acknowledged shape of tenderness. Any part of the original appellation, apparently, may become the basis of the fond adaptation; and indeed sometimes, it must be surmised, pet names are daringly invented. *Birdie, Conney, Essie, Flossy, Harty, Medley, Nappy, Sizzie (sic), Tizzie, Virtie, &c.,* which are taken from registers of late date, cannot all of them be traced to recognised names at all.

Occasionally the surname creates the Christian name, suggesting some familiar or facetious combination which the personal appellation can be made to complete. A Mr. Lattimer (*sic*) who was married at Alston in 1876, bore the Christian names *Ridley* and *Cranmer*. *Olive Green* and *Olive Tree*, both registered couplets, may perhaps be accidental, but *Green Leaf*, another recorded combination, can scarcely be so. *Grace Darling* has been the name of others besides, the veritable heroine, and a *Lord John Russell* exists or did exist, without tangible relations to the house of Bedford or the question of Reform. The registers afford many other examples of name-selection determined by the suggestive character of the surname. Such are the following: *John Guy Earl Warwick, Pleasant Sky, Butter Sugar, Martin Swallow, Sea Gull, Saint Paul, Royal King, River Jordan, and Silver Shilling,* in all which cases it will be understood that the cognomen is the word ending the combination.

A *patriotic spirit* seems now and then to break out in child-naming. To some extent probably it is this that incites parents to the choice of the national hero-names to which some reference has already been made, but

it discloses itself more distinctly from time to time in such appellations as *Albion*, *Britannia*, and *Old England*.

Can it be *family pride*, or is it mere eccentricity that inspires such repetitions as *Fitz-Barron Barron Barron*, *James Ashburner James Ashburner*, *Eve Eve*, *Pickup Pickup*, *George Ellis Ellis Ellis*, and *William Prior Johnson William Prior Johnson*? (In these examples, as in those cited a little way back, the reader will perceive that the surname, as well as the Christian name or names, appears in its place.)

Whether mere love for eccentricity had or had not any hand in shaping the foregoing combinations, it often seems to direct the choice of names; and a few final words shall be added about those appellations which appear to have been selected out of *sheer desire for singularity*. Probably the lengthy concatenation of titles quoted at the opening of the former paper may be placed among the number, and a few other instances shall be given. The registers contain all the fol-

lowing as personal names: *Alphabet*, *Ask*, *Avalanche*, *Dupper Dupper*, *Etna*, *Fancy*, *Half*, *Hebrews*, *Hyena*, *Lavender Waters*, *Married*, *Merino*, *Modern*, *Musty*, *Nought*, *Purify*, *Sir Dusty*, *Tea* and *Tempest*. It is not unlikely that some, if not all of these appellations may express a definite though dark meaning of some sort, but it will be allowed that no one in whom a wish to be singular was not a master motive, would be likely to use either of them. To finish with a specimen in strong contrast as regards length with Mr. Pepper's alphabetical choice, but certainly its match, and that of any other appellation mentioned, in eccentricity:—There is, or lately was, in existence a child who, should he reach that point in education when he will have addressed to him the familiar question of the catechism, "What is your name?" will be compelled to return to his catechist the curt and irreverent answer—"Guess!"*

EDWARD WHITAKER.

* The birth of Guess Scutter, son of a pork-butcher at Basinstoke, was registered during the quarter ended 30th September, 1833.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

By MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

IN the company of my husband and my younger daughter I first saw Meran, on May 23rd, 1874. Although we had come from Rome to an Alpine land, we were agreeably astonished by the prolific growth of vegetation, testifying to the fertility of the soil and the geniality of the climate. The public gardens of the picturesque little town, and those of the private villas of its extensive suburbs of Unter- and Obermais, were adorned by splendid specimens of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, the *Cedrus Deodora*, the *Catalpa*, the *Paulownia imperialis*, and other choice evergreens and deciduous trees. But what especially awoke our admiration was the magnificent profusion of the roses blooming on trellises, house-walls, balconies, and in garden-beds. They presented a marvellous show of flowers, brilliant in hue, crimson, white, and pink, but more generally flaming out coppery gold, canary yellow, and salmon colour.

On May 26th, 1880, then a widow, I laid the first stone of the house represented in the woodcut on next page. The succeeding Mays have been signalled by a series of happy and important events, which have already

furnished the home, given me by a kind Providence, with hallowed memories.

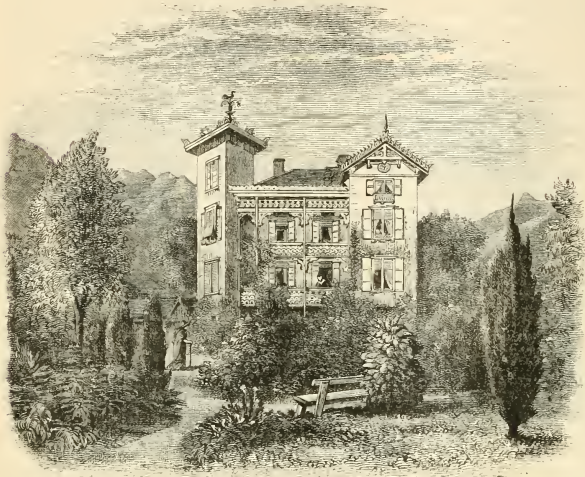
Marienuhe, or Mary's Rest, is situated on the slopes of Obermais. It commands on its four sides rich and varied landscapes. Facing the south, there stretches out below it the broad valley of the Etsch or Adige, bordered by lofty, wooded mountains, having old castles and little churches crowning verdant crags and summits, and terminating in the bold precipitous profile of the Mendola—a mountain that marks the division of German and Italian-speaking Tyrol.

To the north runs the valley of the Passer river, containing the birthplace of Andreas Hofer. It, too, is edged by mountains. It has a broken picturesque foreground of vineyards and grassy slopes, shaded by luxuriant Spanish chestnuts, mediæval castles, and capacious chalets, and a background of the Jaufen range—the Mons Jovis of the Romans.

To the east the view is more limited. It is bounded at a distance of two or three miles by high porphyry walls that hem in the Naifthal—a wooded gorge dominated by the granite crest of the Ifinger, and characterised by its hermitage and chapel, and the savage nature of its treacherous mountain torrent.

To the west we look into the Vinschgauerthal—the upper Venosta valley of the Romans. On its northern side a range of stupendous mountains lift their jagged peaks into the intense blue sky. The Muthspitze, the nearest of this giant band, has an elongated spur, called the Küchelberg, whereon

proud war-steeds, they rode through thick fir-woods by the rushing waters of the Adige until they reached luxuriant meadows at the foot of these lofty mountains, and saw spread out before them the fairy garden, made famous and beautiful by the splendour and fragrance of its roses. But Sir Wittich ruth-



Marienuhe.

nestles the village of Tirol, which is separated by a landslip from its ancient castle, belonging to the ruler of the realm, and the very heart's core of the country, for, as the old proverb runs: "The Lord of Schloss Tirol is Lord of all the Land." On the nearest and lowest slopes of the Küchelberg stands a solitary square tower with battlements. It is called the Pulver Thurm, and, rising up amongst vineyards above Meran, immediately catches the eye.

In the sweep of the Vinschgauerthal, where now stretch orchards and vineyards, and where the most northern stone-pine grows on the sunny banks of the Küchelberg, lay, according to the ancient legend, the fragrant rose-garden of the dwarf King Laurin. Sir Dietrich of Bern (Verona), his knights, Wolfhart and Wittich, with their old master of arms, Hildebrand, learning that Laurin kept the beautiful Princess Simild of Styria, a captive in his great crystal palace in the Küchelberg, resolved to set her free. Clad in glittering armour and mounted on their

lessly tore down the little gates of delicate gold workmanship, studded with gems, destroying the delicate silken thread, which had surrounded the garden from gate to gate; and the ruby-coloured roses instantly faded, their perfume died away, and the vision of beauty vanished. Then appeared little King Laurin, in gold jewelled armour, on his richly caparisoned steed of the size and agility of a chamois. In great indignation he bewailed his rose-

garden. Sir Dietrich said: "When God next sends the sweet time of May, the roses will again bloom in all their glory." But, unappeased, the little King valiantly fought the aggressors; he was only conquered by Sir Dietrich, at Hildebrand's advice, snapping his magic girdle. The knights entered the crystal palace; they killed Laurin's vast retinue of giants and dwarfs, and, laden with booty, returned to Bern, taking with them the liberated Simild and the captive dwarf-king. Laurin lived in honour at the court of Sir Dietrich, where he died a Christian.

Thus the month of May and roses have an especial connection with this favoured neighbourhood; nor does the association belong merely to bygone romance or to modern cultivation. It is rooted in history.

The Romans, in the year 15 B.C., subduing the Rhaetians, the original inhabitants, selected, according to their military tactics, the present site of Meran as the most important point in the Venosta land; for it was at the

juncture of three valleys, screened partially from view and quite from the north wind. Here they formed—after the manner of similar stations placed along the south side of the Roman wall in Britain—a stationary camp, to which they gave the name of Maia, a goddess identified with the blooming month of May. This suggests the probability that they discovered the beauty and fertility of the secluded mountain district in that month. A region, indeed, to which they might fitly apply the words describing their native country, sung by the Mantuan bard, who had died but four years earlier: "Here the spring is longest, summer borrows months beyond her own."

As Maia was a stationary camp, it received a fixed population of veterans and their families, to whom grants of land were made by the Roman authorities, and tradespeople flocked thither to supply the wants of the soldiers and the well-to-do settlers. All natives capable of bearing arms were dispatched as legionary soldiers into foreign parts, and were supplanted by Roman colonists. The religion of the conquerors was introduced; whilst later on Christianity must have spread amongst the inhabitants of the citadel, its surrounding houses and villas; as in the fifth century, on the arrival of St. Valentine, Bishop of Rhætia (who is reported to have originally come from beyond the northern sea, therefore probably Great Britain), he suffered no opposition from the citizens of Maia. There he built the little church dedicated

to the first martyr, Stephen, which still testifies to his beneficent labours; there he died, but his name lives on in the hearts of the people.

The neighbourhood of Meran is encircled by numerous picturesque castles, often built

on Roman substructures, or retaining incorporated in their walls Roman towers that were the outposts placed at regular distances from the stationary camp. The foundations of the mediæval Pulver Thurm, to which I have already referred, are built on a rocky height, and mark the site of the Roman Pretorium.

But whilst Maia was celebrated for the fruitfulness of its soil and its gracious climate, it had nevertheless its morasses and moraines. Houses were built in the Middle Ages near the earlier demolished rose garden of King Laurin. They gained the designation "on the Moraine," or Meran, a name which gradually signified the town proper; whereas Maia or Mais became exclusively used for the beautiful suburbs. This town and the fact of Obermais being situated on an elevation belonging to the glacial period, but from the features of the country appearing to be formed by the fall of a mountain (the cavity thus made being the present Naif gorge) led to the general supposition that the locality



View from Marienruhe, looking east.

where I am dwelling covered the buried Roman city of Maia. This theory has of late years been clearly disproved by the careful investigations of the archæologist, J. Vetter of Carlsruhe, and by Professor C. Stampfer, an erudite Benedictine, the historian of Meran.

At the close of the nineteenth century a fresh settlement of Meran and Mais is occurring. Wealthy visitors from the north, attracted by the mild, salubrious air, by the combined grace and majesty of the scenery, are purchasing and restoring for habitation the old castles of a decayed, almost extinct native nobility; are also purchasing for the erection of villas the vineyards and fields of the peasantry, who have hitherto possessed nearly the entire land. They are followed by enterprising and intelligent hotel-keepers and tradesmen alive to the requirements of rich, refined families with fastidious invalids.

On the other hand, the peasantry retain to a marked degree the traits noted by Archibald Alison in a tour through Tyrol in 1818. They possess, as he observes, "the independence and pride of republican states, with the devoted and romantic fidelity which characterize the inhabitants of monarchical realms." And are so "universally pious" that "on Sunday the *whole people* flock to church in their neatest and gayest attire, and so great is their number, that it is not unfrequent to see the peasants kneeling on the turf of the churchyard, where mass is performed, from being unable to find place within its walls."

Conservative, thrifty, strongly attached to the one faith of their forefathers, forming by their landed possessions the most important portion of the state, they regard with astonishment and a little resentment the rise and progress of the modern health and pleasure resort. And the highly educated new-comers, holding a great diversity of religious creeds and political opinions, often treat the peasant proprietors as an inferior race, blame, not without reason, their defective agricultural and sanitary arrangements, and ignorantly interfere with ancient water privileges, needful for the irrigation of their crops.

But I have not to treat of the great social battle waging in Europe, and now begun in Tyrol. I will therefore restrict myself to the past, and with a rapid flight of the imagination transport myself and my reader to the close of the eighteenth century, and a sombre scene in our native land.

In the year 1798 a Quaker couple took up their abode at Coleford, in the Forest of Dean. The wife was four-and-thirty, and the husband four years her senior. They were sedate, according to the principles of their sect, and held their peculiar tenets with a firmness which gave a tone of severity to their lives. They went thither to commence a new chapter of life, trusting, with the divine

blessing—it was thus that they spoke of their heavenly Father—it would be the beginning of a prosperous career. They had left a comfortable home in the county of Stafford, to which the husband, two years before, had taken the wife, whom he had just married in Glamorganshire. They now brought with them their first-born, a lovely little girl, Anna by name, who, in the quaint, demure costume of her parents' sect, looked like an infant saint, whilst her attendant, a grave young Quakeress, resembled a nun.

They were Samuel and Ann Botham. He was a land-surveyor, a profession which then ranked with the civil engineer of the present day, and although fully and profitably employed in his calling, possessed a strong propensity to speculate either in coal or iron. A long sojourn in Shropshire had made him intimately acquainted with the Darbys of Coalbrookdale. They had a cordial regard for him, and may have stimulated his interest in iron forges. With two Shropshire gentlemen, the brothers Bishton, he entered into partnership in some ironworks in South Wales; also in some new works to be established in the Forest of Dean.

It was for the management of the new undertaking, of which he was the chief shareholder, that he had removed with wife and child to Coleford. Property had been purchased; forges had to be erected. In the autumn of 1798 the first direction was satisfactorily begun. But the winter set in early with great severity. Deep snows fell, succeeded by excessive rain. "Nothing could be more gloomy," wrote the wife: "the brooks rose like rivers, flooding the new erections, and threatening to carry away all before them." To add to these disasters astonishment and dismay filled their hearts, from a growing conviction that the absent partners intended to screen themselves from all loss and responsibility. The anxious couple saw not only disappointment, but ruin before them.

"It was in this time of sore anxiety," again writes the wife, "that Mary, our second daughter, was born on the 12th of third month, 1799. My husband was desponding, and nothing but a firm reliance on Providence supported me. I never lost faith to believe that He who careth for the sparrows would, in His own time, raise us out of this gulf of destruction, and show us the way He would have us to go."

Respecting the names of the two children, who were my sister and myself, I may add that she was called Anna (Grace, for the Lord



View from Marienruhe, looking west.

was gracious to our parents) and I Mary (Marah, or bitterness, as I came at a time of dire trouble and anxiety). I do not know that our names were intentionally chosen as appropriate at the time, but remember as a child our parents remarking on their significance.

Both our father and mother had brave

hearts, and what appeared to them right in the sight of God they carried out. Winding up their affairs at Coleford, they resolved to return to his home and native place, Uttoxeter. Thither they repaired; my father, strengthened in his belief that he must not attempt to make money outside his profession. Money had been abundantly provided

for him by that means, why then should he hanker after wealth from iron or from coal? Yet, strange to say, these sources of speculation ever remained his temptation.

But to conclude the Coleford experience, it is satisfactory to state that four or five years later, when the trouble lived only in remembrance, my father was surprised to receive from his former partners the full amount of money, which should have been their share of outlay.

Nor did my parents ever forget the sympathetic kindness which they experienced during that anxious episode from a wealthy Quaker couple at Ross. A little daughter had been born to them just about the time of my birth. These children were surely intended to be friends, and through the Divine love we are so to old age.

I must now elucidate my narrative with a few particulars respecting my father and his parentage. He was descended from a long line of farmers, who had lived for centuries in primitive simplicity on their own property, Appsford, situated in the bleak northern part of Staffordshire, known as the Moorlands. It was a wild, solitary district, remote from towns, and only half-cultivated, with wide stretches of brown moors, where the undisturbed peewits wailed through the long summer day. Solitary houses miles apart stood here and there. Villages were far distant from each other. There was little church-going, and education was at the lowest ebb.

The town of Leek, in itself a primitive place, might be called the capital of this wild district. It was the resort of the rude farmers on the occasion of fairs and markets. Strange brutal crimes occurred from time to time, the report of which came like a creeping horror to the lower country. Sordid, penurious habits prevailed; the hoarding of money was considered a great virtue.

The Bothams of Appsford, who had accepted the teaching of George Fox, might be preserved by their principles from the coarser habits and ruder tastes of their neighbours, but refined or learned they certainly were not. The sons walking in the footsteps of their fathers, cultivated the soil; the daughters attended to the house and dairy, as their mothers had done before them. They rode on good horses, saddled and pillioned, to meeting at Leek on Firstday mornings; and were a well-to-do, orderly set of people.

Now and then a son or daughter married "out of the society," as it was termed; and so split off like a branch from the family tree with a great crash of displeasure from

the parents, and "disownment," as it was called, from the Monthly Meeting. In the ancient records of the Staffordshire Monthly Meeting preserved by the Friends of Leek, they appear, however, to have been generally satisfactory members, living up to the old standard of integrity of their ancestress Mary; who, a widow at the head of the house in the days of Quaker persecution, was imprisoned in Stafford gaol for refusing to pay tithes.

Years glided uneventfully on, generation followed generation, until 1745, when the rumour that "the Scotch rebels were approaching" filled the scattered inhabitants of the Moorlands with terror. Even the quiet Friend, John Botham of Appsford, might have prepared to fight; one thing is certain, he hurried wife and children out of the way and buried his plate and valuables. But there was no need of fighting and hardly of fear. The Scotch and Highland soldiers that came to that secluded spot only demanded food. They sliced the big round cheeses and toasted them on their claymores at the kitchen fire. James Botham, the youngest son of the house, then a lad of ten or twelve, and who died at the age of eighty-nine, watching them thus employed, talked of it to the last.

John Botham, like another King Lear, divided his property during his lifetime amongst his children, three sons and two daughters. But his eldest son, another John, although he received as his portion the comfortable old homestead, being naturally of a roaming, sociable disposition, removed in the year 1750, at the age of twenty-seven, to Uttoxeter, in the more southern part of the county. A small but long-established company of Friends, consisting of the two families, Shipley and Summerland, resided there. William Shipley's sister, Rebecca Summerland, a comely, well-endowed widow between thirty and forty, living in a house of her own, may have been from the first an attraction to the new-comer from the Moorlands.

She had married quite young, and had at the time of which I speak two sons, remarkably tall and stout youths, both amply provided for, and quite ready to be their own masters. Many men had looked upon the widow as a desirable wife, but she had declined all proposals, until wooed and won by John Botham; and on the last day of the year 1754 she became his wife, being six years his senior.

Their first son was born in 1756 and called James; their second, Samuel, in 1758.

Here I may mention a favourite playmate

of Samuel's childhood, his first cousin, Ann Shipley, two years his junior. In after years she and another first cousin, Morris Shipley, fell in love with each other; and as the rules of the society to which they belonged did not allow of first cousins marrying, they set off to Gretna Green, and returned man and wife, to the great scandal of the Friends, by whom they were disowned, but afterwards reinstated in membership. Emigrating to America, they settled in New York State, and were the progenitors of the important banking firm of that name. She died in 1843, in the ninety-fourth year of her age, and in the full use of her faculties. My youngest sister, Emma, then residing in America, had called on her and been most kindly received.

My grandmother's second marriage brought her much disquietude. It was an enduring displeasure to her sons, and made, I am afraid, a considerable breach in the hitherto united meeting. I use here the phraseology of Friends, meeting in this sense being equivalent to church or religious body. She speedily discovered, moreover, that her husband had no faculty for regular business. He was an amateur doctor, with a turn for occult sciences and animal magnetism. He used metallic tractors, then in vogue, and prepared vegetable snuffs and medicines. His revving sociableness, combined with a love of nature, caused him to spend much time amongst friends and acquaintances up and down the country. His accredited healing powers, his grave and scriptural way of talking, the interest he took in mowing, reaping, and other agricultural pursuits, perhaps in remembrance of his early years at Appsford, made him welcome in many a village and farm-house; whilst he on his part cast aside his wife's anxieties and all needful forethought for the future of their two sons.

Rebecca Botham, therefore, took upon herself the entire management of affairs. She sent the lads to the best-reputed Friends' school of that time, kept by Joseph Crossfield, at Hartshill, in Warwickshire. Later on she provided handsome apprentice fees, and decided their callings in life. It is, or was then, a principle with Friends that their sons, of whatever rank by birth, must be educated to follow some useful trade or profession. Law was forbidden to them, and but few, strange to say, were educated for the practice of medicine, although the art of healing appears peculiarly consonant with their humane and benevolent sentiments.

She placed James with a merchant, the

father of a schoolfellow, with whom he had formed a strong friendship, and who dwelt in Lancaster, at that time a place of greater maritime and commercial importance than Liverpool. She apprenticed Samuel to William Fairbank, of Sheffield, one of the most noted land surveyors, whether amongst Friends or others.

Unfortunately, the ever-prudent and affectionate mother died before her youngest son returned to Uttoxeter to establish himself there in his profession. On his so doing he made an appalling discovery. His father had mortgaged the greater part of his wife's property, and a considerable portion of the income that remained was needful to pay the interest.

The ill-will with which the elder half-brothers regarded their mother's second marriage was increased by these after circumstances. They considered that they had not only been robbed of their birthright, but that it had been squandered by their step-father.

It was a joyless beginning of life to my father. He was, however, young, and endowed with some of his mother's spirit and determination. He sold some of the less valuable property to free the rest. He was also enabled speedily to make money, being employed to enclose the Heath, an extent of common land to the north of the town, and which fell like a gift of God's Providence into his hands. This and other professional earnings, and the assistance of his brother James, who had settled in Liverpool as a broker in West Indian produce, gradually enabled him to redeem the mortgaged estate. Yet even this praiseworthy success was clouded by the death of his brother, who was carried off by fever only six months after his marriage to a young Friend of Lancaster.

My father seldom spoke of the sorrowful commencement of his career. He related, however, on one occasion, what in a moment of weakness and failing trust in God he had been tempted to do. In those days a popular belief in the occult power of so-called witches prevailed. The most noted witch of the period and locality was Witch Hatton, who lived in the high Moorlands, from where his father came. To her he went in the darkest time of his perplexity, when he could see no possible means of rescuing his father's affairs from their terrible entanglement. He never revealed to us, his daughters, what the witch had said or done. He simply told us, with a shuddering emotion, "He had left the house with deep self-abasement, inasmuch as he

saw that he had been in the abyss of evil."

About the same period he took the liveliest interest in the first outbreak of the French Revolution, in the supposition that it would lead to the release of the Christian mind from "the fetters of popery," as he termed it. He and two of his acquaintances in Uttoxeter, a young lawyer and a young man of fortune, afterwards a banker, joined in the same newspapers, and met regularly for the discussion of events which might usher in the second coming of Christ and the dawn of a new day of human brotherhood. His Quaker principles, however, scrupled at many deeds and utterances over which his associates rejoiced. He began to perceive that something more abhorrent even than popery was evolved in the vaunted liberty and equality. By degrees his friends came to regard him as a renegade, and withdrew their intimacy, but not their personal regard. They themselves remained firm friends. As married men they resided near each other, and their wives and children were on the best terms; and when death carried off the lawyer, the banker, true to a last request, walked once a year over his grave, that he lying below might know that he was not forgotten by his oldest friend.

In the threatening aspect of public affairs, English landowners appear to have become anxious about the amount of acres in their possession, and my father found constant employment. On one occasion a dispute having arisen regarding the measurement of an estate, which he was called in to adjust, the rival surveyor, on seeing the methodical way in which he set to work, withdrew the very first day, on the plea that it was no use measuring land as if it were gold.

The extreme accuracy of my father's work was, however, appreciated by landowners; and consequently many large estates in Staffordshire, Shropshire, and even in South Wales, were measured by him.

When thus employed in 1795 on the Tal-

(To be continued.)

bot estate at Margam he attended the First-day meeting of Friends at Neath, and met, at the hospitable table of Evan Rees, Ann Wood, a convinced Friend, on a visit to Evan's wife Elizabeth.

They saw each other frequently, and became well acquainted. On one occasion, at dinner, she suddenly learnt his regard for her by the peculiar manner in which he asked, "Wilt thou take some nuts, Ann Wood?"

She took them, saying, "I am fond of nuts."

"That is extraordinary," he replied, "for so am I."

There was in those parts an aged ministering Friend of so saintly a character as to be regarded in the light of a prophet. One Firstday morning after they had both been present at meeting, this minister drew her aside and said, "If Samuel Botham make thee an offer of marriage thou must by no means refuse him."

Accordingly he was before long her accepted suitor. In the year 1796, on the sixth day of twelfth month, they took each other for man and wife after the prescribed simple form, "in the fear of God and in the presence of that assembly." They were married in the Friends' meeting-house at Swansea, where the bride's mother then resided.

In the marriage certificate my father is stated to be an ironmaster of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. He must therefore have considered the iron works, with which he was then connected, as the established business of his life.

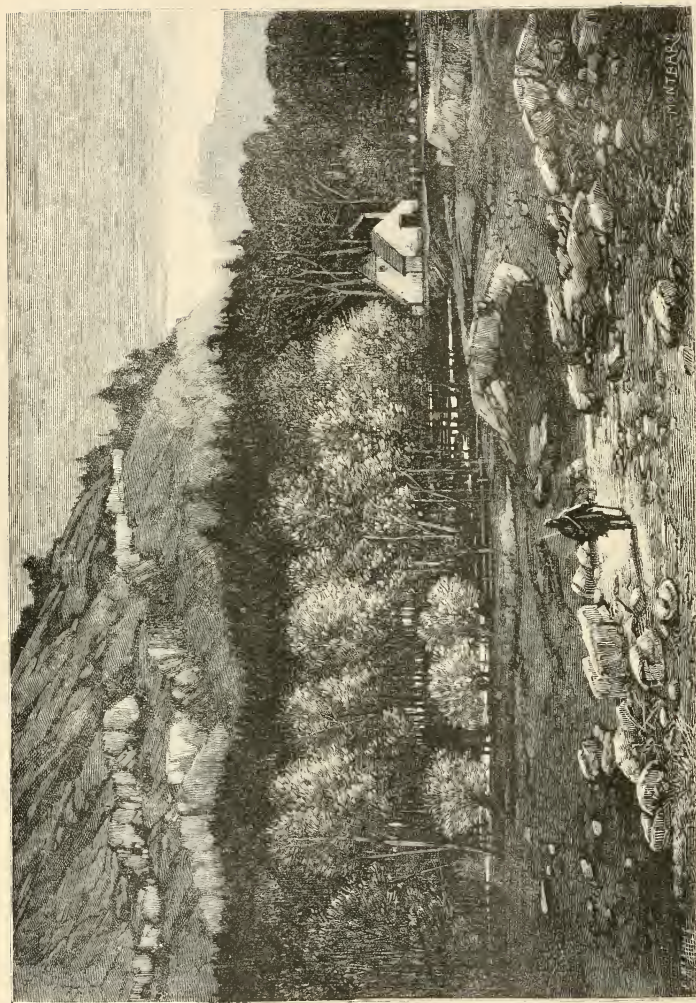
My mother was attired in a cloth habit, which was considered suitable for the long journey she was to commence on the wedding-day. She travelled with her husband post into a remote and unknown land, and as they journeyed onward the weather grew colder and drearier day by day. They were to set up house in the old home where he had been born, and his father was to live with them.

THE OLD HOME.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"RETURN, return," the voices cried,
 "To your old valley, far away;
 For softly on the river tide
 The tender lights and shadows play;
 And all the banks are gay with flowers,
 And all the hills are sweet with thyme;
 Ye cannot find such bloom as ours
 In yon bright foreign clime!"

And still "Return, return," they sung,
 "With us abides eternal calm;
 In these old fields, where you were young,
 We cull the heart's-ease and the balm;
 For us the flocks and herds increase,
 And children play around our feet;
 At eve the sun goes down in peace—
 Return, for rest is sweet."



"For softly on the river tide
 The tender lights and shadows pass;
 And all the banks are gay with flowers,
 And all the hills are sweet with the
 The Old Home."

For me, I thought, the olives grow,
 The sun lies warm upon the vines;
 And yet, I will arise and go
 To that dear valley dim with pines!
 Old loves are dwelling there, I said,
 Untouched by years of change and pain;
 Old faiths, that I had counted dead,
 Shall rise, and live again.

Then I arose, and crossed the sea,
 And sought that home of younger days;
 No love of old was left to me
 (For Love has wings, and seldom stays);
 But there were graves upon the hill,
 And sunbeams shining on the sod,
 And low winds breathing, "Peace, be still;
 Lost things are found in God."

TWELVE YEARS' DEALING WITH NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

By WILLIAM MITCHELL, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE GLASGOW SCHOOL BOARD
 AND CONVENER OF THE ATTENDANCE COMMITTEE.

SECOND PAPER.

IN dealing with neglected children there is nothing more touching than the simplicity and artlessness with which they accept their forlorn condition. In many respects knowing and precocious, yet it never occurs to them that blame attaches to any one on their account. They suffer the pangs of hunger or the bitterness of cold, or they huddle together on the bare floor in the corner of a room with only an old sack to cover them, and no word of reproach, no bitter cry escapes their lips. The dumb, patient resignation with which they endure their hard lot is an appeal more irresistible than the loudest proclamation of their wrongs. Even the rhyming, canting, pitiful story of the little beggar boy, sent to the streets by an ill-behaved intemperate parent, exhibits the obedience and submissiveness rather than the frowardness and badness of the child. Pity and rescue, don't blame and punish the poor boy.

Any classification of such distracting elements must be necessarily imperfect and incomplete. The children cannot be considered apart from their parents; while the parents themselves—father and mother—are frequently as widely different in condition and character as the poles asunder.

The term "neglected" must be held as including not only those who are being injured by neglect, but those who are in imminent danger of being so injured.

Perhaps the families most to be felt for are those of widowers—working men, who have been left early in life with several young children, one or two of school age, and others younger, down to the babe in arms. Many a tale of sorrow is wrung from the heart of such men. Some old woman has been engaged to undertake the duties of housekeeper—a resource frequently accompanied by the most vexatious results: drinking is followed by pilfering, until one household effect after another has disappeared, and the poor man,

at his wits' end, is either cooking his own victuals, or with the help of a girl or boy doing much of the household work himself.

Widows with young families and without friends come next in order. Here is one whose life has been all gladness and brightness, her husband crewhile returning from his daily toil to pour his hard-earned wage into her lap, and share in her domestic joys. In a sad hour he is cut down, and after he has been laid in his grave—what next? Too often the terrible vision of "The House" floats before her eyes. No! she will go out to work. She will seek again, perhaps, the loom from which her young lover bore her off. She will get washing, or cleaning, or sewing, but to turn pauper and be separated from her children—No! "rather let me die." One resource of very doubtful tendency is often resorted to—taking in lodgers. Let all who have the good of such young women at heart earnestly dissuade them as a rule from this dangerous alternative.

Deserted wives form a numerous class. Such conduct on the part of married men is becoming distressingly common. It seems so easy when a man cannot support his family for him just to turn his back on home, and cross the border or take ship for Canada, America, or Australia. He has a shrewd idea that his family may be better off with him away. He may be a bad man, an ill-behaved man, an intemperate man, but he may also be a broken-hearted man. He may have seen his wife and children starving before his eyes, and have gone off in despair. Not unfrequently family quarrels and jealousies have been the cause, and not always is the wife sorry when he takes his departure. Anyway, there they are, there are the children—what is to be done?

Then, again, sickness, combined with poverty, does bear heavily on many. When a man's right arm is all that can be depended

on for daily bread, and that arm is rendered weak or powerless by some wasting trouble, how are his young and numerous children to be fed and clothed, let alone educated? Far, far down have we often found the circumstances of such afflicted family—one article parted with after another—until the poor man looks round on his wife and children, whose pale faces tell of both cold and hunger, and wonders what is to become of them.

Even without sickness cases frequently come up where parents and children have been found covering together in a cold and empty house—the father, whose trade is of some refined character, having in vain tried to find work, and being unsuited by nature and temperament for any occupation but his own.

The foregoing are typical classes, representing hundreds, ay, thousands, of families in large cities; but it will not be supposed that I wish to keep in the background or minimize the fact that the greater number of our neglected children belong to families where misconduct and intemperance hold sway. Great as are the hardships of those to whom I have referred, they are all surmountable, because whatever is done to aid and help is valued and turned to account; but whenever you cross the line between the honest, deserving poor, and the careless, ill-behaved, intemperate poor, you are on a quicksand, where much labour will be lost and the best-intentioned efforts prove fruitless and vain.

My limited space does not permit me to attempt the classification or delineation of such disorderly households, but let me say if there is a heart-rending sorrow on earth it is when a decent, honest man, father of several fine children, is constrained to declare that his life is embittered, his children neglected, his circumstances impoverished, and his spirit crushed, owing to the intemperance of his wife, the mother of his children. Far, far more common this than is generally supposed. The consequences—simply dreadful: children divided between love for their mother and respect for their father; learning to be deceitful, untruthful—striving, poor children, to hide their mother's shame. Sadness is written on the faces of all; the family wears the aspect of gloom; they experience not the joys, they know nothing of the gladness, of home. No other case approaches this even in degree. Poverty, sickness, bereavement, for all these there is a remedy. For this, alas! there is none. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that causeth shame is *rottenness in his bones.*"

It is true that many worthy, deserving wives have much to bear from drunken, intemperate husbands; but in this case the children are not in so sad a plight. The very wretchedness of their condition stimulates the mother to seek the welfare of her children. She can do much in the way of guarding, and guiding, and bringing them up in a right way in spite of the misconduct of her husband, whose folly she often tries to hide. In her own breast is locked up the lifelong agony she endures throughout the bitter struggle. Too often, alas! she breaks down, and sobs and tears reveal to members of the School Board the terrible endurance of hunger, cold, and nakedness to which she and her poor children have been at times subjected.

But what avails this record of misconduct and distress? Enough has been written, you will say, to awaken interest and call forth pity; something more is wanted. What are the remedies proposed? What is being done? What remains to be done? Where are the healing waters?

How ready is the sympathetic heart, when awakened to the wrongs and sorrows of poor children, to rush to the conclusion that new codes of legislation, new forms of philanthropy, are urgently wanted! It would startle some if I should say legislation is superfluous, and that remedies abound. On every side, on every hand, there are institutions, societies, homes, orphanages, and agencies without number—legal, voluntary, benevolent. In these and by these large numbers of neglected children are rescued daily from hunger, misery, and shame. It is not healing waters that are so much required as the loving, gentle hands that will take hold of the wanderers and lead them there, and the zeal and patience that will follow up such work—"the oil and balm," and the "coming again" to see that the neglected child has not relapsed into former evil courses, or again fallen in with robbers "by the way."

There is, perhaps, too much reticence shown by the managers of existing agencies in the way of not letting their work be widely known. They walk in "modest stillness and humility," and only perhaps once a year, when their report is issued and the meeting held, followed by a short notice in the papers of next day, does the community hear of the admirable operations constantly carried on. This is not well; it is not true humility. An open door, a large and generous invitation should be proclaimed, that all who seek the welfare of

neglected children may know where to look for and where to find the most suitable remedy—the most suitable agency for the cases they have in hand.

Parochial aid for the relief and education of neglected children is a vexed question, on the merits or demerits of which there is so much to be said that I cannot venture to introduce it in the space at my disposal; but it is without doubt an agency which, for a certain class of cases, cannot be dispensed with, and must be kept steadily in view. This only I would say—let not School Boards, if they are wise, allow themselves to become identified with Parochial Boards in the administration of relief or of free lines for education. Let each board keep strictly within its own province.

It needs not that I should refer at length to the older agencies—the Reformatories, the Industrial schools, the institutions of various kinds, including Orphan Homes, where the work is so well known; rather let me notice briefly the more recent forms of benevolence which are doing incalculable good in the city.

One of the simplest and best in Glasgow, because so universally applicable, is the Poor Children's Dinner-Table Society. In twelve different districts a table is spread on five days of the week. Each table is presided over by two ladies. The dinner, consisting of soup and bread, is brought from a central depot; and about twelve o'clock each day there may be seen converging towards these centres of attraction a large number of hungry children of all ages and conditions. Tickets, admitting the children, have been previously distributed by agents of the Society, and a supply is always in the hands of the School Board officers. The officers have discretionary power to send any hungry or destitute child at once to these tables, and this not only supplies a meal, but as the name and address are written on the ticket, it brings the child under notice of the Superintendents, and in many cases clothing or boots and shoes are provided. A look-out is kept that the children are attending school, and thus a double end is served, and two birds killed with one stone.

Day nurseries for infant children are quite a necessity in all our large cities. See that decent woman with an infant in arms and a tear in her eye, accompanied by a fine smart little fellow about twelve years old. Her husband, a confirmed invalid, has gone to the country. She must go out to work, and Robert must stay at home to keep the baby.

The trials and sufferings of the poor are like the changing features of a wintry sky. Baby is got into the Day Nursery; Robert goes to school, and a load is lifted from the mother's heart.

Day Refuges as well as Day Industrial Schools form a very marked feature in our city work, the principal distinction being that the Day Refuges are entirely a voluntary agency; the children are admitted in the morning, fed, looked after, sent out to school, returning for meals and lessons and play, and going home to their parents at night. The children belong to the very lowest and poorest class of the community, and are gathered in by a Christian society, which spends much time and labour in visiting and looking after them. Only a very small sum is got from the parents by the generous upholders of this agency. There are two such Refuges, one in the east and one in the west, where two hundred and fifty to three hundred children are daily found.

The Day Industrial Schools, of which there are also two, are under Government inspection, and have been doing excellent work. The children are usually recommended for admission by the School Board officers. Children of widowers or widows who go out to work, as well as truant children, form the chief source from which these schools are supplied. If found suitable by the directors they are formally committed for a certain period by a magistrate. The schools are open from six to six, so that parents going out to work may bring their children and lock their house, but attendance is not compulsory before eight o'clock. The parents are required to pay a fee for board and education of not less than one shilling per week, which is very difficult of collection. The superintendent and her assistants are all females, and their influence, especially over the rough, wayward lads, is most beneficial. Every case is investigated before admission, and the strange child-histories which are often revealed baffle comprehension. Take two illustrations.

At a late meeting of the directors two boys were brought up for admission—one remarkably good-looking, about ten years of age, auburn hair, fair complexion, slight make, clean and smart; an only child; mother dead, father fond of him, and the two living alone together. Father declared that he could not keep him at home; he had got in with bad companions, stayed out for nights together, sleeping in closes or cellars; could give no account of himself; not a bad

boy—in sooth he looked the very picture of innocence and simplicity. The other—a smart, bright little fellow of about eleven—was brought up by his married sister, who said he had run away from his stepmother, his father having recently died; he had come to her, but often stayed out all night; had stolen five shillings, and she had lost control over him. Robert answered all our inquiries with the utmost frankness. He had been led away by Geordie Smart, who had pocketed his school fees to supply his share of the escapade. They visited “The Britannia,” and this was Robert’s account of how the money went—“I bided fowr bottles o’ lemonade and yin o’ ginger, twa pies and a sixpenny pipe, then twopence worth o’ shag;” he subsequently admitted to “sweets” and “hot peas.” When children of ten and eleven years of age can indulge in a roving gipsy life of this kind, is it not high time they should be looked after? Both were admitted, and two better-behaved, more regular boys, are not to be found in the school.

The children are not long in the Day Industrial Schools before a great improvement is noticeable in their appearance and behaviour. Having led a restless, vagrant life, discipline is at first irksome; but they soon conform to the rules, and their behaviour in the class-room and attention to lessons is nearly all that could be desired. The cleaning in the school and kitchen operations are done by the children, and they show a willingness and interest in the work calculated to foster a home feeling. It is believed that their training at school has had in some cases an excellent effect on their own homes to which they return in the evening. There are, of course, cases frequently turning up of bad and truant children whom this ordinary dealing fails to reclaim. For these the best and most effectual remedy is transference to one of the certified Industrial Schools, or one of the Training Ships.

Had there been space, I would gladly have referred to our Home for Infirm Children, where diseased, lame, and helpless ones are received, and their trials as far as possible mitigated, while their education and training is carefully and efficiently attended to.

It has often been a puzzle how to deal with the Italian children who frequent our streets. Barrel-organs, monkeys, ice-cream stands, and so forth, give daily occupation to hundreds of foreigners—men, women, and

children. Happily they are not left uncared for. In an upper room in the “Gallowgate” may be found, several nights a week, a little company of Italians, mostly children, gathered in by the daughter of one of our esteemed city clergy. She speaks their language fluently, and has evidently endeared herself to them by her kindly interest in their welfare. She is assisted by another lady and by an Italian student. How strange the contrast between their daily occupation and their present employment. Spelling-books, reading books, and copies are being carefully studied and oral instruction given. The brilliant eyes and sunny faces of the children form a pleasant scene, and the Neapolitan costumes of the girls with the kerchief tied over their heads gives quite a picturesque appearance to the group. Singular somewhat to see an oldish wrinkled father writing a copy-book by the side of his son. They sing hymns and listen attentively to Bible stories. They were pleased to know that the School Board was specially interested in the manner their education was being looked after.

Such self-denying labours indicate better than all that can be written the manner in which the rescue of neglected children can be accomplished with the greatest advantage. It will not be by legislation, however excellent, nor by institutions however benevolent, unless these are associated with zealous personal effort. Agencies will be taken advantage of, and Acts of Parliament may be helpful, but there must be individual zeal and determination which will not be daunted by lions in the path. The fortnightly Board meetings with defaulting parents and children, indicate where material for such dealing may constantly be found, and illustrate in some degree the manner in which such a campaign might be carried on. A small army of willing workers resolutely taking the field would soon work wonders. It is not necessary to wait for meetings, speeches, organization. Each volunteer can easily find two, three, or half-a-dozen families, where counsel, friendship, sympathy, and such aid as the circumstances warrant, persistently followed up, will do more for the welfare of the children than any stereotyped system however good.

How pertinent the aphorism of the late David Stow, “The best way to do a thing is just to do it.”

THE THIRD VOLUME.

By ANNA H. DRURY, AUTHOR OF "CALLED TO THE RESCUE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Italian winter is over, the sun shines with daily increasing power on the orange gardens of Sorrento, and the Bay of Naples wears its loveliest veil of tinted haze, through which its islands look like a dream of fairyland. If ever a sight were designed to instil gentle and pleasing thoughts, to the mind surely this is one, and yet there are eyes gazing upon it to which it seems to bring nothing but gloom.

Seated in the verandah of a favourite hotel in Sorrento, a young Englishman had remained for some time, so lost in his own reflections that, perhaps, he did not even see the glorious view stretched out before him. Certainly he paid no heed to any of his fellow-travellers, who came backwards and forwards discussing the plans of the day, though more than one group cast a curious glance at his moody attitude, as if some of the party would fain have solaced his gloom. One or two, who could claim the rights of new acquaintance, tried a casual remark on the weather or the wind, and received the mechanical reply of habitual politeness, but the handsome, weary face remained unilluminated, and the eyes still dwelt on the distance they hardly saw. A sketch-book and colour-box lay on his knee, as if his intention had been of carrying away some remembrance of that matchless beauty, but not a line had been drawn; and could the mind of the artist have been inspected, it might have been discovered that it was full of a very different scene.

Something of this kind, perhaps. A crowded drawing-room, opening into another, the buzz of voices blended with music, the air heavy with scents and heated with wax-lights, and a hand resting on his arm with a light but firm pressure, that tells him it is glad to be there. His voice has been pleading with an eloquence he hardly was conscious of possessing, and it has won his cause, for that white shapely hand is pledged to be his own. And he has never felt before what happiness meant, what love was intended to do for the brain and soul of man. Everything that is holy, glorious, immortal must be real and true, and was meant to be an heritage. Ah's me! The scene has changed, the hand is withdrawn, the heated London assembly has become the exquisite

bay, and he is sitting there alone, with sorrow and anger gnawing at his heart, and all its gladness crushed out and dead. It is doubtful how long he might have remained in his reverie, but for the sound of a voice and the approach of a step that made him look round and stretch out a hand of greeting.

"Ah, doctor! I did not expect to meet you here."

The person thus addressed, a white-haired but active-looking man, with keen eyes veiled by spectacles, accepted the hand with evident pleasure, and held it in his own while observing that the surprise was mutual.

"We all thought you were stationary at Berlin, keeping an eye on the Chancellor. 'What made you from Wittenburg, Horatio?' If you don't understand me, never mind."

"I understand what my cue ought to be, doctor, but it would not apply. Instead of being a truant I have just done as I was told. One authority said, 'You must go South,' and another offered a furlough; so here I am, trying to get rid of a Prussian winter."

"I see," was the doctor's brief reply, which meant a great deal more than it said, for his spectacles had already taken as accurate note of complexion and attitude as his fingers of temperature and pulse. The short cough that ended his young friend's speech only confirmed what the first glance had told him.

"Are you all alone, Lord Alfred?"

"Yes, I preferred it. My man understands as much nursing as I want, and I should only be a bore in a party. Of course *you* are not studying the picturesque by yourself, this busy time of the year?"

"What I study concerns myself only; but you are so far correct, that I am here professionally, attending a lady whose case is thought to require watching."

"Not a bad case, I hope?" said Lord Alfred, indifferently.

"No; I hope she has many years before her yet. To tell you the truth, if hers were the only case I should find myself at a loss for sufficient occupation; but I have another patient on my mind, in whom I am still more interested, to say nothing of yourself, Tre-sayle. I am not going to leave you entirely to your judicious serving-man!"

"Take me in hand by all means; I want to be patched up before I go home, or they'll be ordering me out again. I have just dropped

into some money, and they say I ought to be in Parliament; but with a chest that wants tinkering I don't see my way there."

"Certainly not; but as you have money, youth, and leisure, it will go hard if we don't tinker you to some purpose. Why, man, life is only beginning for you—years of usefulness, I hope, are held for you in store."

"I would as soon be without them, doctor. Your skill is great, no doubt, but you will find it hard to make a fellow wish to live when he knows he has had enough of it."

"What will you give me if I succeed?"

"Give you? I shall have nothing left to give. All I have, or am, or shall be, will be your own. But you need not look so covetous, the case is past remedy."

"We shall see. There is one hopeful feature in yours; you not only know that you are ill, but you own it. Were you to carry it off like that other patient I mentioned, and stand up a pillar of strength by day, which is shattered every night, I should be more anxious about your recovery. Ah, Lady Honora," as that lady appeared in the verandah, attended by Maxwell with cushions and shawls, "you are right to come and enjoy the air. There is not too much sun now for comfort, and we shall see the steamers if they venture to-day."

It took a little time and a little arranging to establish the widow to her satisfaction; and during this interval Lord Alfred could observe her unobserved. They had not met for several months, and the change in her appearance went to his heart. She was, indeed, looking much more worn and harassed than in the earlier weeks of her widowhood, when first invaded by poverty. Her voice had a fretful ring which was comparatively new, and it was not so easy now for Maxwell's solicitude to procure her repose of mind and body, as when Juliet was working for her comfort, and Alexander Romilly forestalling her wishes.

The doctor's cheerful remarks, however, were not without effect, and she was still smiling at one of them when her eye fell on the figure of Alfred Tresayle. He was standing in an irresolute attitude, uncertain whether to withdraw or remain; however, on meeting her eye, he bowed respectfully, and left it for her to invite or repel his advances. The colour flew into her cheeks, and she held out both her hands.

"My dear Lord Alfred! I must shake hands with you. You have no objection, have you?"

The young man was too much moved to

answer immediately, but his grasp of her friendly hand could not be mistaken.

"How very odd that we should happen to meet like this! I thought you were miles away. You don't look well, indeed you don't, my dear boy. Oh dear, what changes there are in the world! I've gone through a terrible time since I saw you last. It is a wonder I am alive, as Dr. Godfrey will tell you." And her tears flowed plentifully as she leaned back in her chair. Lord Alfred looked at the doctor, and the latter walked away, engaging Maxwell in conversation. Then bending over the lady as she wept, Tresayle again took her hand and pressed it in his own.

"Everything else may have changed, Lady Honora, but I see your kindness remains as unaltered as my affection. I have been cruelly used, but not, I feel sure, by you; and you will hear me now?"

"Hear you, my dear boy? Of course I will, if you have anything to say to me in confidence; but you know all *that* is past and gone—your own dear mother said quite enough to show it must be put an end to."

"My mother acted as she thought right, and so do I. She might wish—as who did not?—that misfortune had never fallen on heads so innocent—but how that misfortune could affect our engagement, unless one of us were untrue, it is beyond my power to understand. I, at least, have never changed, and I have never been allowed to prove it."

"But you know," faltered the mother, "that Clarice is engaged to Mr. Hartington?"

"I have heard so, but I do not admit that it is possible. She is engaged to *me*. I have never given up my rights, nor intend so to do, till I see the reason why."

"And it is not true, then, that you were only waiting to hear of her engagement, that you might marry another?"

"Did she believe that? I ought to wonder at nothing, but still I am a little surprised. What sort of man is Mr. Hartington? Not the author of 'Guy Denzil's Wanderings?'"

"Indeed he is—and it has been the greatest misery to me, for it keeps up a coolness between us and Juliet's husband. Do you know Alexander Romilly?"

"I met him at your house. I should be proud to say I knew him more intimately, for I delight in his writings."

"So do I, but I dare not speak of them. You have no idea"—Lady Honora had now become confidential, and lowered her voice accordingly—"what a dreadfully jealous and angry temper Mr. Hartington shows on that

point, and, indeed, on any where he is contradicted. He cannot bear that Clarice should look at or think of any one else—even of me; and though he always said I should be as his own mother, he really treats me sometimes as if I were an old woman in my dotage, just to be kept alive and out of harm's way. It was all to put him in good humour that she went with him and his sister to Capri, when she would rather have stayed with me. And the wind has been against them, and I do not know when they will be back; and I wish we had never left London, I do, with all my heart. I am not happy about Clarice, and I do not think a man who is so domineering before marriage will ever be kinder afterwards."

She was crying bitterly now, and Dr. Godfrey strolled leisurely up to join them. At a hint about nerves and quiet, Lord Alfred restrained his impatience, and contented himself with a few words of respectful devotion before he retired. As soon as he could seize on his medical friend, however, he dragged him to his own room for an explanation.

"You talked of a patient whose illness was of the heart; was it of Clarice Sterndale you were speaking?"

"It was—and I had better have held my peace. Remember, I am not in her confidence, and have only formed my opinion on observation. Had she really been my patient, I should have told you nothing."

"You have done me the greatest possible service, doctor; she will be wretched for life if we do not save her now. There has been misunderstanding that can only be remedied by a few plain words; and I must have a moment to say them, without giving her the alarm. Can you help me?"

"If you will promise to keep out of sight till we are seated at the table d'hôte, I will arrange that you shall sit next to Miss Sterndale. You will have my place—it is only a matter of five lire to the waiter. Hartington always sits opposite, and his sister keeps guard on the other side. I shall caution Lady Honora to say nothing about your being here. If they see your name we cannot help it."

And thus it was that Clarice, who only returned to the hotel an hour before dinner, had just begun to wonder why Dr. Godfrey did not appear as punctually as usual at the table d'hôte, when the seat beside her was quietly taken, and a word of greeting gently spoken in her ear, by the being whose image was ever in her mind, but whom she believed

to be hundreds of miles away—more divided from her in heart than even by distance.

It was no dream, such as had tortured her so often; he was there, and by one word, and half a look, she had been told of her great mistake; that let who might be in fault for their separation, he had certainly been guiltless. Oh, the rest of his presence, like the shadow of a rock in the sun—like the shelter of a fireside in the snow—like a cool draught on a fevered bed—what similes would adequately describe it? She hardly dared to move—what she said she hardly knew—the fear of waking, of breaking the delicious spell, the consciousness that it could not last, made the strange emotion of happiness unlike anything she had ever imagined before. No wonder that her lover, in his guarded glances at her face, thought that her beauty had only grown more striking for all that she had gone through.

A joyous party of Americans, who had made their acquaintance at Capri, and had been their lively companions in the boat, were dining at the same table that day; and one of the young ladies, radiant with health, spirits, and conscious advantages, seemed bent on absorbing the attentions of Thorncliff Hartington, who had shown no unwillingness to offer them, when he had once discovered that she was a rich man's heiress. It flattered his self-esteem that she should single him out, and might serve to correct any mistakes on the part of his betrothed, as to the advantages of her own position. He was thus too much occupied to keep a strict watch over her looks and behaviour; and it was not till the meal was nearly over that Nita herself became aware, from the casual remark of a neighbour, who it was filled Dr. Godfrey's usual seat at Clarice's right hand.

Between her dread of her brother's violent temper, and her own remorse for having aided him in his deceit, she lost her presence of mind, and sharply reminded Miss Sterndale that Lady Honora (who always dined in her room) would be tired of sitting alone.

Clarice turned slowly, and looked the speaker in the face. "Do you know what you have done?" she asked, in as quiet a tone as if she had inquired the hour.

"I know what you are doing," was Nita's whispered retort, "and it frightens me to think what Thorncliff will say. He is amused just now, but presently he will find out who is here, and then——"

"And then——?"

The flash in Clarice's eye daunted the meaner nature. She said no more; only

watched nervously for the moment when her brother should become aware of his rival's presence. Before that occurred, however, Lord Alfred relieved her by rising from the table and withdrawing with Dr. Godfrey. Clarice waited a few minutes, and then rose also. There was a bright flush on her cheeks, and on her lips a smile, which made every one who saw it turn to look at her again. But to her, at that time, it mattered nothing what was seen or thought; she passed Nita without a word of explanation, and went to her mother's room.

One look was enough for Lady Honora; she saw those two had met, and trembled for the outbreak that would follow. Clarice came up to her, with the smile still on her lips, knelt by her chair, and rested her arms on her lap.

"Mother, kiss me. I have been so happy."

"Happy, my poor dear girl?" said Lady Honora, drawing the fair head on to her bosom.

"Yes—I have been in Paradise, where nothing could hurt or divide those who loved, and he loved me as I loved him, and we were alone with God. I knew we might not stay long, but it was heavenly while it lasted. Now we have only to go on living while we must live, and the end will bring us together again."

"You do not know what you are saying, my love; your forehead is burning hot. I wish you would speak to Dr. Godfrey."

"Time enough for that to-morrow, mother. Do you know what must be done to-morrow? I have to look two men in the face, to whom I have given my word, and in the eyes of one or the other I must be shamed as untrue. And others have been untrue before me who feel no shame. Do you know that he tells me he has enough for us to live upon quietly, and to keep a home for you, and a welcome for Juliet; and that his mother loves him so well she would never really object to his being happy his own way, and there is only one little difficulty to get over, and that is, that I belong to another? And I knew that while he was speaking, but I would not feel it while he was near. I held my happiness in my hand, and it was very sweet, though I had to let it go again."

"Oh, Clarice, my child, do not talk like that, or I shall go myself to Mr. Hartington and tell him—"

"You are as much bound as I am, mother; you have given your consent and cannot take it back. It is just one of those cases when one has no idea how it will turn out; it

would take a brain like Alick Romilly's to bring us through with flying colours, wouldn't it? He said he should wait for the third volume, and it is quite time it was written."

Her voice had grown more and more dreamy, as if she were talking to herself; and it was a great relief to her mother when Maxwell came in with candles. The good woman required no hints to tell her what was wrong. She had heard something downstairs, and Miss Hartington had dropped an expression or two that put her affectionate heart on the alert. So she watched her opportunity, and coaxed her darling to her bedroom, where she brought her some tea, and entreated her to rest. Clarice confessed to a racking headache, and half-promised to obey; but when her anxious nurse looked in upon her again, she found her asleep on her bed, where she had laid herself without undressing. Afraid to waken her, Maxwell retired, intending to return in an hour; but the fatigues to which she was daily and nightly exposed overpowered even her good will, and she slept on the sofa where she meant to watch, till roused by the morning light.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE had been an accident on board the steamer the evening before, in which an English stoker had been hurt; and Dr. Godfrey had been sent for to attend to him. The poor man's case detained him through the night, and on his return to the hotel to breakfast he noticed a good deal of eager talking and gesticulation among the attendants, and that some of the travellers were either listening to what was said, or were commenting among themselves on what they had heard. Somebody mentioned his own name, but nobody detained him until he entered the *salle à manger*, when Thorncliff Hartington, his face livid with fury, suddenly stood in his way, Nita by his side, vainly endeavouring to hold him back.

"So, doctor! there you are! and perhaps now you will favour me with an explanation of this morning's mystery; you are the intimate adviser of both parties and can hardly have been left ignorant of their intended plans. You need not be scrupulous, sir; it is no secret now to anybody. The whole place will know the story in the course of the morning; and your share will not be forgotten, you may depend upon that!"

The tone, the manner, were so insolent, that Dr. Godfrey could hardly have passed over the affront, but for the sickening fear that came over him as he recalled the words

and looks of the day before. With professional coolness, however, he moved on to his usual place, and ordered coffee before making any direct answer; only observing, in his driest manner, that when people forget themselves, he always gave them time to refresh their memory. Without asking a question the doctor was soon in possession of the facts, as far as rumour and evidence could make them clear: Miss Sterndale had disappeared mysteriously, her mother was in a pitiable state of nervous distress, her confidential servant knew nothing of her intentions; but she had been seen very early in the morning, with a small bag in her hand, as if going out for a walk. And now it appeared that both Lord Alfred Tresayle and his servant were missing also; and the public imagination had jumped at the obvious conclusion that the whole affair had been arranged between them. No wonder that everybody was in a state of excitement, and that poor Mr. Hartington was half mad. His rage, indeed, had so far mastered his judgment, that words flew from his lips that his sister quaked to hear, and which the doctor at last cut short. A note had been brought to him during the general commotion; and after perusing the contents, and exchanging a few words with the bearer, he turned upon the angry Thorncliff with a severity that at once commanded attention.

"I can overlook disrespect to myself, Mr. Hartington, where a gentleman is in too great grief to measure his words: and I can make allowance for your being taken by surprise. But considering the relation in which you were placed towards this poor young lady, I should have expected you would have been a little more certain of your facts before you used her name as you have been doing. How her friends will regard you in consequence remains to be seen; meanwhile I must caution you to be more careful what you say and do. I am going to take charge of Miss Sterndale, whose brain has been overwrought, and who is now in a state requiring the tenderest care. Her flight this morning was an act of delirium, and my friend, whose name has been a little too freely handled in this matter, having followed her just in time to save her from we know not what, has sent back a carriage for her mother and me. While I go to prepare Lady Honora for the work before her, I leave you to cross-examine his messenger, and judge for yourself."

He turned away before any reply could be made; Thorncliff, indeed, was unable to offer any; and it was the curiosity of his neigh-

hours that led to the doctor's report being substantiated. It was only too true—the state of the poor girl's mind had been such that it could not bear the additional strain, and she had risen from the sleep, from which Maxwell had hoped so much, in a state of partial delirium. Lord Alfred was roused by his servant with the startling news that, being out very early, as he often was, he had met Miss Sterndale dressed for a journey, and inquiring for a carriage to take her to Castellamare. Her manner struck him as being so strange, that after watching her drive away in a carriage that happened to be waiting, he had thought it right to let his master know. Lord Alfred's first thought was of the doctor, but as he was not to be found, he decided to follow Clarice himself, and, if possible, detain her till assistance could arrive. He found her at the railway station, and at once perceived that his servant was right.

"Don't you know," she said to her lover, regardless of the grief he could not conceal, "that no one can help us through this but Mr. Romilly? I have thought it over till my head aches, and now I have quite given up guessing how it will all turn out. He will soon be here with the third volume, and then we shall know."

This was the object on which her mind was fixed, the coming of Alexander Romilly. No argument or entreaty seemed to reach her comprehension, and all Tresayle could do was to remain on guard while he sent his servant for Lady Honora and Dr. Godfrey.

The news was quickly circulated, and commiseration was generally expressed. Thorncliff Hartington might have felt more tenderly towards the sufferer had he not exposed himself by his outbreak of passion. As it was, he vented his rage on his sister for not having watched Clarice better. He was more than half convinced it was a concerted scheme; and he was not going to be trifled with, he could tell them. He should not argue the point with Lady Honora while all this fuss was going on; but if matters were not explained to his satisfaction by-and-by, they would all have reason to repent.

"If you had had an ounce of common sense, you would have prevented that fellow from talking to her all dinner-time. I can tell you this, if they throw me over after all, they may pay their own expenses and live as they can. They will find the difference, and so will you."

"I wish from my heart," said his sister, "I had never had anything to do with it!"

She wished it still more when, at his summons, she accompanied him to Castellamare, where Dr. Godfrey had procured apartments for his charge; and where she was received by Lady Honora with a gravity that was unusually dignified.

For the first time in her life had the widow awakened to the sense of responsibility. In her careless youth she had leaned on her father; in her prosperous married days on her husband; in the hour of trouble on her eldest girls. That scene with Clarice had opened her eyes, and she had lain awake, long after her usual hour, thinking over the past, and regretting most bitterly that she had not sooner perceived that Juliet was right. If she had only been firm and decided all this could never have happened; but she saw now how it was; she had been tempted by the proposed arrangement for comfort and luxury, and had been too ready to agree to all that was proposed. And now her Clarice, the pride of her heart, was in this terrible situation, with no father to act for or to protect her; and the mother, who ought to be her defence, was just of no use at all, and set aside as nobody. What would her dear husband have thought? What would he have done? She felt quite sure that nothing would have induced him to let his daughter's whole life be made wretched for want of speaking out; and if it came to that, she would speak too. On this resolve she slept at last, and woke to the terror of the morning, which at first overwhelmed her completely. Her child's helpless condition, however, took her out of herself, and what she heard of Mr. Hartington's behaviour fired her Irish blood with an indignation that supplied the place of courage, to her own surprise.

Thorncliff, who had assumed the air of an injured but magnanimous superior, found himself stammering out an inquiry after Clarice's health, which Nita supported with a hope of being allowed to see her.

"See her, my dear?" said Lady Honora, "certainly not. The only chance is in keeping her quiet. No one will be allowed to see her without Dr. Godfrey's leave and mine."

"No one?" repeated Mr. Hartington with emphasis.

"No one, sir, but Maxwell, until Alexander comes."

"You expect Mr. Romilly, Lady Honora? This is something quite new. I shall be glad of a little explanation, if convenient to you."

"Is any explanation necessary, Mr. Hartington? I suppose I am at liberty to receive my son-in-law if I please?"

"Quite so. I understand your hint, and that you wish to be independent of my escort and services. That is soon arranged. Nita, you will take care not to intrude on her ladyship, or to interfere with her plans. We may presume that she is already provided, and that our presence might be inconvenient and troublesome to the gentleman who has already been so distinguished by her favour."

"If you allude, as I suppose you do, to Lord Alfred Tresayle, Mr. Hartington," said Lady Honora, "you are not aware that he is gone to England. Who it was that deceived my poor daughter by false reports of his change of feeling, I cannot say; but she was deceived, and this is the result. Whatever she may wish, or do, when she recovers, I am determined she shall have rest and quiet now; and under no circumstances could I trust her to a gentleman who could speak of her before others as you spoke yesterday morning. Oh yes, I know I am making you very angry, and you are thinking of all you have done for us, and how badly off we shall be without you; but there are worse things than want of money, and that you may find out some day."

He was, indeed, angry; but he could make her no reply. To be thus rebuked by one whom he had looked upon as a harmless incumbrance, whose dependent position flattered his pride, was so startling, that he contented himself with a bow, and an imperative sign to his sister to follow him out of the room. In some trepidation she obeyed, and soon found she had cause for fear, as directly they were alone he overwhelmed her with reproaches. So harsh and so bitter were his words, that his sister rebelled at last, and warned him that he should repent what he had said, as she repented what she had done. That evening, Lady Honora received a letter, confessing Nita's share in the deception practised upon Clarice, entreating her mother's forgiveness, and announcing that Thorncliff was departing immediately, having arranged to accompany their American friends to Rome.

What his real feelings were at this time, it would not be easy to analyse. He had learned to look upon Clarice as a costly possession, as entirely his own, and as subject to his will as ever was priceless falcon on a monarch's wrist. He had set his mind on obtaining her, and cared for no outlay that ministered to his own pride as her chosen master; but of real generous love he was too incapable not to be now more furious at his own defeat than grieved at her condition. It seemed as if the whole world had com-



"Mother, kiss me. I have been so happy."

bined to mortify and insult him, when the detested Romilly was sent for as a helper ; and in this mood there was something indescribably soothing in the sympathy and reverence of the fair young American. To her eyes he was already interesting as an author ; and now that he was, by his own account, a wronged and desolate man, blighted in his tenderest hopes, trampled upon by those who had been enjoying his benefits, there seemed to be nothing that a warm, enthusiastic nature could do to comfort him, which the heiress was inclined to refuse. She had had her own way in life long enough to think lightly of all obstacles ; and her encouragement drew him on to be more confidential, and more marked in his courtesies, than he was at first aware. When it dawned on his understanding that others had begun to draw conclusions, he told himself it was rather a

good thing ; such a report would bring the Sterdales to their senses.

Unconscious of all these changes, indifferent to what passed around her, Clarice remained in that waking trance, in which excitement, passion, sorrow, were absorbed in one idea—the problem which waited for Alexander Romilly. She would sit, with her hands on her knees and her eyes on her watch, reckoning when the next train would arrive ; and her mother's ingenuity was kept on the continual stretch to devise reasons for Romilly's non-appearance, and conjectures whereabouts on the road he might be.

He came at last ; the widow met him in the door-way, and wept in his arms for joy. Dr. Godfrey had been at the station to receive, and report matters to him ; and his bright smile of cheering confidence revived the mother's heart at once. She took him to Clarice's

room, and, as the doctor had desired, announced his arrival as a matter of course. She looked up as he advanced, and put her burning hand in his, with a piteous, imploring glance that nearly overcame his self-command. But he was aware how much was at stake, and nodded significantly, as one who was behind the scenes and knew all about it.

"I have been thinking it well over as I came along, my dear Clarice; and I see a way out of the wood. It is all right."

Her face lighted up for the first time. "Are you sure of it? Have you brought the volume with you?"

"Yes, yes, the MS. is here, but not finished, you know. I must work it out carefully, so as to keep up the interest."

"Ah!" she said mysteriously, "and you see where the difficulty is. Promised to both and true to neither, what is left but to die?"

"Oh, a great deal is left, my dear sister, where hearts are noble and loving. And both my heroines are of that stamp, only they differ in one respect. Shall I tell you what that is?"

"Yes, yes," was her tremulous reply; and she fixed her large sunken eyes on his face.

"These two sisters," Romilly went on, "have both to go through heavy trouble, very heavy; and both bear it bravely, but in a different way. One makes it an opportunity for using all the powers of heart and soul for the comfort of others; and no more doubts the loyal truth of her poor lover than she wavers in her own. The other, of a grander type, but less trusting, rebels against her sorrow, and increases it tenfold, both to herself and others; imagines that every hand is against her, and that she is at war with the world; believes she has ceased to love because her pride is wounded; and that she is sacrificing herself, when she is blindly throwing away the happiness that is dearer to her than her life. How I am to work out her story, so that the good in her nature may revive and blossom, and the hardness and wilfulness be taken gently away, is the point on which I am working, and in which you, perhaps, can help me."

She heaved a long, deep sigh, her head drooped, and a few large tears ran down her cheeks. Dr. Godfrey glanced at the mother; it was a sign of hope. Romilly took no notice but went quietly on.

"My plan is, in this volume, to show her purified by suffering, and restored, not to fortune, but to peace of mind and the love of

a faithful heart. Some honourable escape will be found; and the only doubt at the end of the book will be—which of the two sweet sisters has best earned the happiness enjoyed by both!"

"Oh, Juliet, Juliet—it must be Juliet!" she exclaimed, and a burst of weeping followed, which brought her mother to her side; while, at the doctor's signal, Romilly withdrew.

The result was anxiously watched, and, as the doctor predicted, a weary exhaustion followed that ended in sleep. She was put to bed, and the utmost stillness preserved for hours; even when she awoke occasionally she was only sufficiently roused to take nourishment; healing slumber was nursed as long as possible. Her torpor lasted some days; but it was gradually perceived that her brain was relieved, and if only strength could be kept up, Dr. Godfrey was sanguine of a cure.

Whenever her eyes became fixed and moody, as sometimes happened, it was found that Romilly's presence, especially while writing, always produced a salutary effect; and he took the opportunity of getting through a great deal of valuable work, giving her a friendly nod or smile from time to time, when he saw her watching his pen. By degrees he became convinced that her mind was regaining its tone; and a day came when she smiled in return, as she had not done for months, observing that no one would believe in his heroine if he took her for his model.

"I know I must have talked the greatest nonsense; but it is all like a bad, wretched dream, all but one thing—which is only too real—my own miserable conduct. Alexander, it must not be put off any longer; mother will not listen when I speak of it, so you must help me. I cannot rest till I have asked Mr. Hartington's pardon. What is he doing, and where is he?"

"Mr. Hartington?" said Romilly, who was counting the words in the page just filled; "oh, *he* is all right. That difficulty has arranged itself, as I told you it would. I heard from him a few days ago, and he did me the honour to take me into his confidence and to commission me to explain how he is situated. Have you no suspicion?" He saw a gleam in her eyes as if a new hope were dawning upon her. "Could you bear to think of any other lady occupying that noble house that was to have been your home?"

"That house where I was so wretched

that I dreaded seeing it again! Is it so, indeed, Alexander? I feel afraid to hope too much; this would be real deliverance. Who is it?"

Romilly told her what his correspondent had told him—first, of Mr. Hartington's conviction that, under the circumstances, it would be ungenerous to urge his own claim against that of a prior attachment; secondly, that in his distress and anxiety he had been unexpectedly favoured by winning the affections of a person so entirely and irresistibly charming, that it was impossible to withstand such a prospect of happiness; thirdly, that for the convenience of the lady's relations, who were obliged to return to America in May, the marriage would take place at Easter, after which they would go to London for the season.

So far the facts of the case were tolerably correct; but Romilly knew, from other sources, more than he chose to tell his patient. Thorncliff Hartington, with all his thirst for power, was only powerful where he was feared. In solacing his wounded pride with the society of the heiress, he came in contact with a will and a spirit before which his own went down like a reed; and a hesitating attempt on his part to draw back from his onerous position brought on a scene that ended in his complete subjugation.

But Clarice only knew that she was honourably freed; and her thankfulness knew no bounds. Her mother, who had been longing for this moment, came in at Romilly's summons, and he left them to each other; Clarice resting her head on Lady Honora's shoulder.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she said softly, after they had thus remained for some minutes; "how much you have to forgive—how much wrong I have done—how much misery I have caused! And all through my pride and anger, rebelling against God's will, and resenting the teaching He was giving me! I have been saved this time; if ever I fall into the same fault again, remind me of what you have done and suffered for my sake. Now it must be my turn to take the weight off your shoulders. We have lost the old home, but we can be happy without it. We will live as Alick and Juliet do, and the children shall stay at home, and I will be their governess; and we will devote ourselves to them and to each other. I am afraid to think of what all this expensé has come to on my account, but I will do my best to make it good when I am stronger."

"Well, to tell you the honest truth, my

dear," said Lady Honora, "I was rather frightened at it myself, when Maxwell and I began to reckon; but it just so happened that my good Aunt Morton wrote to ask what would be the wedding-present you would best like, furs or jewellery, for about a hundred pounds or so; and I took heart of grace, and told her how badly we wanted the money—not only for these rooms, but for all the journey before. I could not bear to think of that gentleman having paid for us; and, in the kindest way in the world, she sent double the sum she had named, and I paid Nita Hartington every farthing her brother had spent for us. Poor thing, she cried when she took it, and begged me to ask your forgiveness, and to say she bitterly regretted having ever deceived you. He treats her so unkindly, she is glad to think he has no more power over you."

"I can forgive her anything, now that I know it was all untrue," said Clarice; "and if my temper had not got the upper hand I should have known it from the first. I deserved all I suffered, but no one knows what that suffering was. Mother, when are we going to England? I feel as if a new life was opening before me, and I want to begin at once to make you happy."

"And how do you think that is to be done?" asked Lady Honora, in a half-whisper, so full of meaning, that Clarice looked round, with a pink tint on her pale face.

"Yes, my dear, it is coming to that. The old mother is never so happy as when she is left behind; and *sure*" (there was the least touch of a national accent here—a proof of the speaker's heart being deeply in earnest) "I am not going to put myself in comparison with a young man, very agreeable, and used to hold his own in courts and castles. And if his mother has taken the trouble to come all this way on purpose to explain that her son's happiness is bound up in you, and that she desires nothing so much as to claim you for a daughter, what can I say or do, my dear, but just tell them both that when Clarice is well enough, she will see him, and decide for herself?"

How soon that time came, and what was the decision, may be left to the judgment of the reader, for our space will not allow us to carry much farther this episode in a family history. And after all the sorrow with which it began, it is well to leave our friends while that new brightness shines on their path, which they had so nearly missed for ever.

What its radiance was to Alfred and

Clarice, after the gloom of separation, even they could not have described; but though she was long in losing all the effects of her illness, she never failed to own her merciful escape, and the faults that had caused the danger. As for Lady Honora, she was not like the same being; the joy of deliverance from Thorncliff Hartington, and the necessity of exertion on Clarice's account, had cured her of nearly all her ailments; and Juliet could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw her mother surrounded by the young ones,

planning cheerfully for the future, and caring nothing at all for the loss of her luxurious house. The wreck had been a terrible one, but they had all borne the worst; and new hopes and pleasures were springing up in the path of duty. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," but only when rebellion ceases. Should we ever open the family record again, we should no doubt find that each state of life must bring its trials; but at present we may hope that no more would be needed, even to fill

THE THIRD VOLUME.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By BISHOP BROMBY, LATE BISHOP OF TASMANIA.

JUNE 7TH.

Read Psalm ciii. and Matthew vi. 5-13.

THE Master has left to His disciples of every age a model and summary of prayer; model, for He said, "after this manner pray ye;" summary, because no proper subject of prayer has been omitted. It is so simple that a child may understand something of its meaning; it is so deep that we cannot exhaust its treasures. Used twice a day in his retirement, the Christian repeats it seven hundred times in the year. Does the repetition weary us, or does it fit us increasingly to do God's will?

It begins by showing us in what spirit we must pray. We must go to God in the spirit of a child. This is the great lesson that Christ came to teach us. In the olden time, God revealed Himself in the glory of majesty. His name was "The Almighty," "The High and Lofty One," the "I Am." Even when prophets did reveal the Fatherhood, it was as the Father of the nation, and not of the individual. When He appeals so touchingly, it was after all to Israel, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father?" The cry of man's heart is, Does God care for me? does He hear my prayer or feel any interest in my welfare? To answer that inquiry, God takes the tenderest relationship known amongst men, and says, I am the Father, the origin of all fatherhood, "after Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Israel was My servant, for he knew not that he and all men are My children. I have sent My Son into the world to tell you this, for "ye have not received again (as Israel did) the spirit of bondage, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby ye cry, Abba Father (dear Father)." With what touching pathos was this revealed to St.

Philip! In spite of all his past teaching, this disciple still felt the yearning of every human heart, as he cried, "Give us now some unmistakable proof; show us the Father, and it sufficeth us;" and Jesus answers, in words of mild and sad reproof, "Hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

This then is the feeling with which we are bid to approach the Eternal in prayer, one of the most perfect confidence; not the feeling of a servant towards a master, not the feeling of a subject towards a king, but of a simple, trusting child towards the Father of fathers.

And what then should be the moral results of so blessed a realisation of this relationship? Let every parent learn a lesson from his children. A child is in pain or is frightened; he runs and comes at once with his trouble to his father. A child is ill-treated by a bigger and stronger one, "I will go," he cries, "and tell my father."

Secondly, He is "in heaven." The great God who made the thunder is my father. His wisdom, power, everlastingness, are all pledged to protect me. That wisdom can contrive and foresee all that I need; that power can give effect to all His love; that everlastingness is my anchor of an undying hope, "sure and steadfast," for has He not said, "I am the Lord; I change not"?

Thirdly, the thought that He is "in heaven," chastens my freedom and liberty in prayer with "reverence and godly fear." Though He is my father, He is the King of kings. Stormy winds, fire, and hail "fulfil His word;" angels veil their faces in His presence; holiness infinite surrounds His throne, and had He not bid me come with the confidence of a child, I should shrink away in the cowardice of a slave.

But privileges involve duties and responsibilities. If I do not value my relationship; if I never pray; if I pray without thinking of my words; if, while I call God father, I think of Him as a task-master; if I doubt whether He hears me or cares for me; if I approach Him as a servant like the Jew, or with coward fear like a heathen, then I forfeit my dearest rights, and "His ears are not open to my prayers."

Another happy consequence of realising my relationship will be that heaven, where my father is, will be my true home. As an earthly parent's heart is the reflection of that of the "Father's which is in heaven," so will the home on earth be but the shadow of one of the many mansions in the Father's house prepared for His true children hereafter.

There is one more thought which we should carry with us to God's presence. It is suggested by the first word in the prayer, "our." It pledges me to remember that there are in God's family, brothers and sisters as dear to God as myself; and dearer far, if more dutiful and loving than I am. It pledges me to ask for nothing which may injure or deprive them of their share. Even the outcast and the heathen are part of God's great family. They may repent or act up to their light, and I may be so disobedient and selfish as to be disinherited after all. I may be so intent upon my worldly inheritance as to lose the one that is incorruptible. The Father may say at last, "Son, thou hast had thy good things, while Lazarus was lying bleeding at thy gate." When we cry, seven-hundred times a year, "Our Father," do we not confess in that word "Father" the fatherhood of God, and in that word "our," the brotherhood of men?

JUNE 14TH.

Read Exodus xxxiv. 1-9 and Phil. ii. 1-16.

Having been taught by the opening address in what spirit to approach the Throne of Grace, the Master shows us not only "how" to pray, but "what" to pray for. And, first of all, before we ask for any personal blessing whatever, whether temporal or spiritual, we are bid to seek for nothing that would conflict with the Divine honour, the name of our "Father," the universal fatherhood of God; His *name*, His *kingdom*, His *will*. Not our poor name and reputation, not our little kingdom, where, in family, or school, or coterie, we like to lord it over our fellow-men; not our miserable will, so obstinate, so perverse, but "the name that is above every name;" the "kingdom

which is an everlasting kingdom, where God ruleth over all;" the will, which is infinitely pure and good and loving. Is not this, you say, a hard saying, to hallow God's name instead of my own? Not if you are a true child, and have learned to say "our Father." Is not your earthly father's good name dear to you, and your family reputation? Are you not filled with indignation when you hear the insult of some slanderous tongue?

(2) But how can you hallow God's Name? Is it not *always* hallowed, and does it need my help? Yes; God has chosen to place His very honour in the free-will offerings of His children. The sun (as it has been said) is always hot, but not always equally hot to you. There are wintry seasons of the soul, and nights of spiritual darkness. You can—such is the awful power of free-will—dishonour that awful Name. You can do so by various means, viz.—

(a) By daring to think that it is below the dignity of the great God to notice either little sins or little acts of loving-kindness. It is written, "Some men's sins are open beforehand; and some men they follow after" (so unobtrusive they have been). "Likewise also the good works of some are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise" (so unobtrusive they have been) "cannot be hid" (1 Tim. v. 24, 25). The smallest doses of poison, by being repeated, destroy life. The little leak will, if neglected, sink the ship that rides so gallantly upon the quiet waters; the tiniest rift will spoil the music of the lute; the least spark may bury in ruins the noblest mansion. Does God care for oxen? for the sparrow? for the lily? Take up the little blade of grass or flower into your hand, see how beautifully He has painted it with green and all its colours! If He knows the number of the hairs of your head, be sure that He knows the sins of your hearts. God is just, and God is omniscient. You say "He keeps mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin;" but how can you reconcile this with what follows—"by no means clearing the guilty"? The reason is, the guilty are the impenitent ones who say, "although I do dishonour my Father's Name, I trust the Lord will not see it. He will not be so strict."

(b) You can dishonour that sacred "Name" by an exactly contrary course. You may disbelieve His promise to blot out all the past by a free and full forgiveness. Nothing dishonours Him like despair or unbelief. Has He not said on the very first page of the great Evangelical prophet: "Though

your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; and though they be as crimson, they shall be" (*i.e.* if washed away by the atoning sacrifice of Christ) "as snow," pure, spotless as the new-fallen flakes of snow. If God carries in one hand the sceptre of a most perfect righteousness, behold, He carries in the other the sceptre of the tenderest compassion to His most erring children.

Again, we can hallow that "Name" by our *bodies* as well as spirits. Did not our Father create both? Is it to hallow that Name by making the members of the body instruments of impurity, drunkenness, or luxury? You can dishonour it at church, where, though you teach your child at home to kneel with his little hands clasped, you loll in careless posture in God's house. Your lips are sealed when they might show forth His praise; no response of yours warms up the service of the sanctuary, and the thousand interests of the world are crowding the pre-occupied heart.

Once more, how many dishonour that holy "Name" of Father, which bids you not ridicule but pity, not spurn but give a helping hand to, some stumbling brother or sister overtaken by sin. Has he stumbled that he should fall, as he *may* fall, by your behaviour to him? Shall two brothers, or brother and sister, climb the hill together, and one be hurt by a dangerous slip, especially at the beginning, where the ground is most slippery, and the fresh air of heaven less bracing than higher up, and will you leave him there to his misery, perhaps to abandon his journey in despair? Will not you rather do a brother's part, lend him your hand, raise him to his feet again, and help him on his way? There is a worse case still—a brother reeling from the public-house. One cries, "There goes a brute!" Another finds matter for fun. Angels rather see cause for weeping, and Christ says, "No, *not* a brute, but a brother, a friend whom I came to save, a child of God, who may still go and use the Prodigal's plea, '*Father, I have sinned.*'"

These, then, are ways by which God's Name may be hallowed by us all; by reverence in feeling and in gesture; by right views of His justice and mercy, and of His hatred of sin, and readiness to forgive; by lending a helping hand to a stumbling brother; by praise and worship; by reverencing His day, His house, His word, His people.

JUNE 21ST.

Read Isaiah xi, and Rev. v.

The Great Teacher, having taught us to

ask for nothing inconsistent with the Father's Name, proceeds to show us how that Name can be best "hallowed," viz., by "seeking first His kingdom," and by doing His will. The kingdom, which we are exhorted to pray for, and therefore to advance, has within it three distinct *provinces*. There is the kingdom *within* us, which is personal religion, or holiness; then there is the kingdom *around* us, which is the Church on earth, God's family, comprising all the brothers and sisters of "our Father;" and lastly, the kingdom *above* us, and that is heaven. This threefold kingdom we are bound to pray for and to seek: the kingdom within us, which is *holiness of life*; the kingdom around us, which is *usefulness*; the kingdom above us, which is *happiness*. They are not three kingdoms but one. The good, the true, the loving and holy ones, when multiplied, become the Church, and the Church, when perfected, becomes heaven.

The foundation then of this kingdom for which we are taught to pray must be laid by the Holy Spirit within the heart of every true believer. Christ must be his king; Christ's laws must govern his life; Christ's throne must be set up in his heart. The power to consecrate thus the will comes from above, and comes, just as the power to grow comes, gently and noiselessly like the sap that flows in the plant. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." This spiritual kingdom is the Spirit's own work, and the Spirit bloweth, like the wind, "where it listeth," *i.e.* by hidden laws beyond our ken, but which is nevertheless known by the trembling of the leaves and the fanning of the brow. We cannot of ourselves set up this kingdom of law and harmony, peace and love, within our hearts, but we *can* do something to uphold the old throne already there. We can break loose from old habits of the flesh, or of the temper; we can abstain from hurtful practices, give up hurtful companionship, keep away from mischievous associations. The humble cottager, expecting the honour of a visit from the Queen in her quiet Scottish retreat, would at least remove everything likely to offend, and the cottage floor and furniture would be swept and garnished; and so, if we would really offer a welcome to the King of kings in this sinful heart of ours, we should use every effort to cast out everything that would grieve the Holy Spirit through whom and by whom Christ enters our hearts. And when once Christ has begun to influence those hearts, and we pay a willing and loving obedience to His will, we cannot but yearn to extend His kingdom

around us. The spread of His kingdom in extending circles will become the dearest object of our lives. Our hearts will yearn towards our nearest friends. "Come with us," "join yourselves to the Lord," will express our deepest longings. Husband will pray for wife, and sister for brother. Then Queen and country, Church and nation, and the ignorant heathen in neglected alleys at home, or the unenlightened millions of the earth will be borne ever in our minds and prayers, and our constant cry will be—

"Thy kingdom come, O Lord,
Thy reign, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin."

The very poorest might help forward the kingdom of Christ, not by prayers only, but by the accumulation of the smallest offerings. It has been calculated that if but one million of the twenty millions of our population gave one penny a month or a shilling a year, the sum available for mission churches at home or the spread of the gospel abroad would amount to £50,000. Would not He, who watched the poor widow walking up to the treasury with her babe in her arms and little boy at her side, and silently dropping into it her two mites out of her penury, accept and bless such self-denying proofs of their love? We are told that the same sum is spent by the poorer class *every day* in ardent spirits alone!

But we must remember to begin at the beginning; with earnest personal religion. The circles on the pond begin with small circumference, then they widen and widen, till they break silently upon the distant bank. You, too, must begin with private prayer and self-dedication, bringing every thought and feeling to the feet of Him who sits upon the throne. Then gather in the family by household prayer, seek for a blessing upon the Queen, whose person expresses the life of the nation in Britain, in the vast colonies, and in India.

Then will you pray "Thy kingdom come," without hypocrisy. Like him who laid his breast on Jesus's bosom, you may then say, "Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus!" Farewell then the night, welcome the day; farewell sorrow and struggle, welcome the promised rest; farewell bereavement and separations, welcome re-unions and the restoration of whatever on earth has been sanctified from heaven. Alas! how few of us have reached this full assurance! The words of the trembling psalmist better befitted us, "O spare me a little, before I go hence and be no more seen!"

JUNE 28TH.

Read Psalm li. and Romans viii. 1—18, 31—39.

The third petition grows out of the last, "Thy Kingdom come," as both grew out of the first, "Hallowed be Thy name." If we would hallow God's name, we must extend our Father's kingdom; and if we would extend that kingdom, we must do our Heavenly Father's Will. We must each strive to make earth more like heaven, and men more like "the angels in heaven," as, after the Resurrection, we are told we shall be, where obedience is loving and perfect. Till we feel that "God is love," it is hard work to do God's Will. We shall be for ever listening to the devil, who whispers, "If ye will but follow your own wills, ye shall be as gods," and meets our better instincts by the suggestions, "God will not be so strict after all;" "the pleasures of sin are worth the risk;" "at any rate, there will be time for repentance."

Two masters are bidding for our services. One invites to heaven, the other allures to destruction. The material world *must* obey law; irrational creatures *must* follow their instincts. Man alone has the power of choosing. Free-will was given to him that he might choose God.

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

Reason tells you to obey Him and not Satan, but what says your *will*? It is your will, and not your reason, that will settle this all-momentous question. How was it with Felix? How was it with Agrippa? Reason in both cases was overpowered by the will. How was it with that rich young man who ran to our Lord (such was his eagerness), and knelt at his feet (such was his reverence)? But when the Master asked for that bag of gold to feed the poor, his will rebelled, and "he went away sorrowful." Many now are ready enough to do God's will, so far as it accords with their own, but the moment the Master says, "Take up thy cross and deny thyself, for My sake," they follow Him no more. "Will ye also go away?" Shall heaven and earth hear the Father's pathetic cry, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me"? (Isaiah i. 2.) Summer and harvest never fail, because they obey physical law; the sparrow finds its daily meal, because it is true to its instinct; but a bitter cry goes up daily from the cities and hamlets of men, because their Father's Name is profaned, and His all-loving will is not done.

And what should be our motives to obedience? The answer is, our own interests

bound up inseparably with God's honour. His laws were made, like good human laws, not for oppression, but for His children's benefit. But they are imperative and inflexible, nevertheless. Break one of them, whether physical or moral, and punishment must follow. Look at the drunkard with his trembling hands, and the profligate and the pleasure-seeker, who turn night into day! All have to give account in loss of vital power, and the hastening, before its time, the solemn hour of their death. None can repeal the broken law, or ward off the penalty; neither repentance nor amendment, nor prayer—all are powerless. "Thou, O God, makest me to remember the sins of my youth." God's Law remains in all its majesty, but with this difference, that the punishment works for good to His true and penitent children. The punishment remains as a *fact*, but without its guilt, making penitence more sincere and watchfulness more careful. The scars indeed of our old warfare remain, but only to excite our gratitude to the Captain of our salvation.

But modern unbelief asks, "Can our poor wills affect God's almighty Will?" Yes, if He so wills it. "But can our weak prayers influence events predestined from the beginning of time?" Yes; for our very prayers were a factor in those predestined events, and were all taken into account in the Infinite Mind.

The great work which Christ came to do was to do the Father's will, and to enable men to do it. It was to undo the evil which Adam had done to us all. In the Garden of Eden our first parents disobeyed the all-loving Will, and from that disobedience "came all our woe." In that other garden, of Gethsemane, the Second Adam cried, with all the dread prospect of the Cross before His human eye, "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done" (St. Luke xxii. 42).

And He is our *Example* and our *Captain*, leading us on in the path of obedience. In every thought and action of our daily life we are pledged to do, or to try to do, what

Christ would have us do, and would have done Himself. Not in the crises of life only, when men expect us to play the hero, but in all its details; in not in affliction only, when "our heads are bowed down like a bullrush," but amidst the gladness and gaiety of life; in the full tide of health, as well as on the couch of sickness; on the Exchange, in the shop, and in the field, as well as on our knees in prayer; at home, as well as at church; in the bustle of life, as well as at the dread and solemn hour of death. The Queen in her palace and the sempstress in her parlour, the statesman in his cabinet and the sailor on the stormy deep must say and feel, "This is the work my Father has given me to do; I will do it, for it is His will."

All of us are endowed with this free-will; and the time is but short for its exercise. "Choose ye, then, *this day* whom ye will serve." So said the great soldier, Joshua, to Israel of old, and so says our Joshua to us to-day.

What reason there is to pray for the deliverance from the tyranny of our own imperious wills, and for that spirit of adoption which alone can make us understand the true object of all prayer! This petition of the Lord's Prayer teaches us the rationale of all prayer. That object is not to make God's Will our will, but our will God's Will. Then, and then only, shall we use this petition of the Lord's Prayer aright.

God demands of His children the most loving and cheerful obedience. It is possible to keep His commandments in the letter without doing His Will, but we cannot do His Will without keeping His commandments. If we do the Will of God from the heart, His grace will help us in the path of a holy obedience. "We cannot sin wilfully, because we are born of God." None but His children who can say "Our Father" can pray in the touching words of the popular hymn:

"Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done."

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE "WHAT IS SCIENCE?"

[In consequence of various inquiries regarding the accuracy of the calculation which occurs in the Duke of Argyll's article in our April number, in reference to the period when it is supposed our present coal supply will come to an end, we sub-join, at His Grace's request, the following extract from *Nature*, on whose authority the date was given.

"Taking the true output of 163,800,000 of tons in 1883 and the ratio 1.0325 (or rate of increase), we can calculate the output for any future year. Thus for 1901 we obtain 282,000,000 tons instead of 331,000,000 tons as calculated by Prof. Stanley

Jevons. Further, a well-known formula gives the sum of any number of terms of the series, or we can calculate in how many years the amount of coal raised will be equal to any given amount, say to the 144,700,000,000 tons remaining in 1884. Making the calculation we find that if the present rate of increase in the consumption of coal of 3½ per cent. per annum continues, or, in other words, if our output of coal continues to double every 22 years, our total supply will be exhausted in 106 years from 1884, or about A. D. 1990."—"The Coal Question," by Sydney Lupton, in *Nature*, Jan. 15, 1885, p. 244.]

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE ARRIVAL.

WITH every intention to be kind and sympathetic, there is, nevertheless, always a certain reserve in the manner of one who visits a friend who has lately suffered from some domestic loss; the "suit of woe" affects him, and even somewhat repels him in spite of himself. It is something not in common with them, and invests its wearer with unaccustomed awe. The mourner, in short, who has recovered from his blow, or at all events has become inured to his calamity, is generally much the more demonstrative and genial of the two. It was so, at all events, in the present case. Hester held out her hand frankly to her companion, and thanked him for his care of her quite naturally, whereas he seemed to bid adieu to her with some embarrassment; and Maria, after her first greeting, relapsed into silence, or broke it with an effort she strove in vain to conceal. Nothing however could be more affectionate than her manner, as she sat side by side with her guest in the carriage that was bearing them swiftly to their destination. Her hand was locked in Hester's, which she patted ever and anon in sign of loving welcome: but though she had had so much to say to her a while ago, nor had been puzzled as to what she should say first, words now failed her. It was Hester who was the one to speak.

"It was very kind of you, dear Maria," she cried, "to bespeak a convoy for me in Captain Drake. And was it not singular? he turned out to be an old acquaintance."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, not that I ever knew so much of him as his name, but, as it turned out, we had been fellow-travellers before, when I returned from France in the spring. It was most fortunate, for he has put me quite *au courant* with matters at Medbury, and let me into all your secrets."

"Has he?" returned Maria, blushing to her forehead.

"Oh, yes, about the skeleton in your house—don't be alarmed lest he should have been indiscreet—I mean the ghost. Of course it was unnecessary for him to speak of yourself whom I already knew; but he seems very intimate with you all."

"Yes, very; though we have known him for a comparatively little while; he is so

close a neighbour, you see. Sir Reginald, his father, and papa have had business relations together. He told you, no doubt, that he used to live at the Castle."

"Yes; and where does he live now? I saw no house as we came along that seemed to be in your immediate neighbourhood."

"Sir Reginald lives in what used to be the steward's house, a mere cottage in the grounds. It is very sad to my mind, but it was his own stipulation; he could not prevail upon himself completely to quit the old place."

"Poor fellow, how I pity him! Now if I had been in his position——" here the carriage suddenly stopped.

An old gentleman, riding upon a stout grey pony, suddenly made his appearance at the open window. He had a white beard and moustache, and a handsome ruddy face. "So you have brought your guest, Miss Maria," he said, taking his low-crowned hat off with great politeness, and speaking very gently. "I hope she will find Medbury to her liking," he added, turning to Hester with a smile.

"Indeed, I cannot imagine any one finding it otherwise," returned Hester. "It seems to me one of the loveliest spots on the earth's surface, and I am deeply obliged to you, Sir Abraham——"

"It is not papa, it is Sir Reginald," put in Maria quickly.

"Yes, unhappily, it is Sir Reginald," sighed the old man. "There has been a time, Miss Darrell, when Sir Reginald would very gladly have welcomed you to Medbury, but that is no longer in his power. Francis has returned safe and sound, I hope?" here he turned once more to Maria.

"Oh, yes, we have just parted from him," she replied; "he had business in the town, he said, or we would have brought him home."

"In my young days, it would have been very pressing business that would have kept me out of such company," said the old gentleman gallantly. "However, I must not myself be 'so superfluous' as to detain you. *Au revoir*, ladies."

"Dear me, what a shocking mistake I have made!" said Hester; "why did you not introduce us?"

"There was no time for it, my dear," said

Maria, smiling; "but, indeed, you need not distress yourself. I believe it gave the dear old gentleman genuine pleasure to be taken for that which he so long has been, and which he so thoroughly looks, the master of Medbury. For my part, I always feel like an interloper in Sir Reginald's dominions."

"That is because you are a new comer," remarked Hester; "it will not always be so."

"Perhaps not," returned Maria, with an earnestness altogether disproportionate to her words. Then, with a troubled sigh, she added to herself, "I hope not."

Silence reigned as they passed through the great gates already set wide for their reception, and up the grand old avenue. Maria seemed deep in thought, and Hester was fully occupied in admiring the ancient trees on either side, which had seen so many seasons come and go—

"Old summers when the monk was fat,
And issuing shorn and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek."

It was some time before they reached the quaint old bridge, which now spanned the moat in place of the drawbridge, some parts of the machinery of which, half-hidden by ivy, were still visible. They then entered a huge courtyard, where a wizened old man in grey was engaged with a spud in eliminating weeds from the gravel.

"That is so like papa, not even to look up as we go by," observed Maria with a half laugh; "he thinks that we are merely callers, and he hates callers. Did you ever see such a costume, my dear Hester? One might almost mistake him for the gardener!"

As a matter of fact, Hester had not almost, but quite, mistaken him for the gardener, and not the head gardener either. Under no circumstances—unless, perhaps, he had been attired in complete armour—would Sir Abraham Barton have been easily taken for a knight, but in the suit of dittos in which it was his humour to work in his own grounds, such recognition was an impossibility. It was fortunately unnecessary for Hester to combat, at the expense of truth, the view Maria had thus expressed of her father's appearance, for the next moment the carriage stopped under the ample porch.

A footman ran down the steps to open the door, while a butler of great dignity waited on the summit, with a look of benevolent patronage that would not have misbecome a bishop. The contrast between the splendour of these retinues and the modest mien and appearance of their young mistress struck Hester very forcibly. Sir Abraham himself was not less in

accord with them, though the disparity was of another kind. In his case there was doubtless a contempt for display; in his daughter there was an utter indifference to it, and yet not the indifference born of custom; she seemed, as it were, to endure it with a silent protest. There was one member of the family, however, as it struck their guest the next moment, who could thoroughly appreciate all the surroundings and appliances of grandeur, or at all events to whom they seemed admirably appropriate.

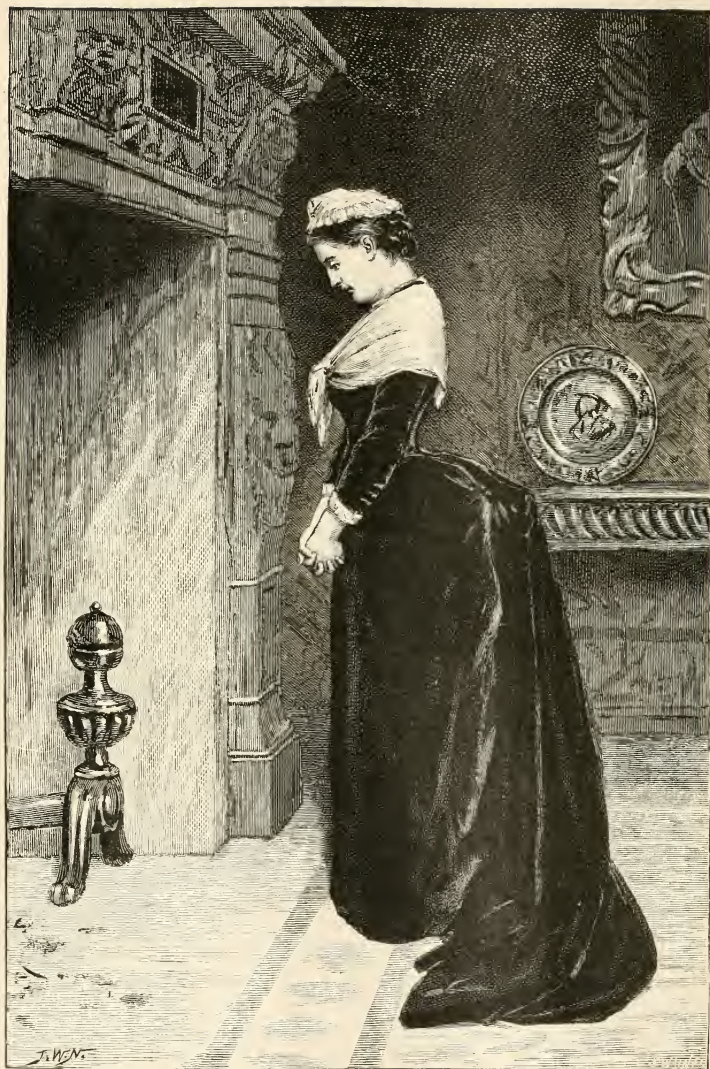
On the threshold of the entrance hall which, as is often the case with Elizabethan houses, was furnished and used as a sitting-room, stood Lady Barton, a tall and very handsome woman of queenly aspect. In complexion she was dark as her daughter, but there all likeness between them ended. Her eyes were large and lustrous, but had little softness; her hair was still plentiful, but only just tinged with grey; her voice was gentle, but to the observant ear too studiously so—it suggested an instrument of compass, and which possessed higher notes.

"Welcome to Medbury, Niece Hester," were her first words to her young guest; a gracious speech enough, though destitute of warmth. She held out one hand as she uttered it, but offered no closer embrace to her sister's child.

Hester murmured her thanks rather than spoke them; this reception had chilled her, and moreover she was embarrassed by the fixed regard of her hostess, who, holding her at arm's length seemed to scan her every feature with particularity. Then presently she muttered to herself "the very image," and quietly dropping the girl's hand, moved without a word of apology to the fire-place, where she stood gazing at the smouldering logs (for, though autumn, it was warm, and the fire was low) with her back towards her visitor and apparently unconscious of her presence.

"Let me show you to your room, my dear Hester," whispered Maria hastily; "you will be glad to change your dress after your long journey, and it is less than an hour to dinner time."

The oak staircase which ran double winged from the hall, of breadth so great that the proverbial coach and four could with ease have been driven up it, was also of great height, yet when they reached its summit, Hester, looking down, beheld the mistress of the house still gazing thoughtfully into the wood fire, as though its ashes held the embers of her youth.



"Still gazing thoughtfully into the fire, as though its ashes held the embers of her youth."

"You must not be troubled at mamma's manner, Hester," said Maria, following the direction of her cousin's eyes; "she means nothing but kindness to you I am sure, but she is often more or less distraist, and I fancy that the sight of you has awakened some long-sleeping memory, some likeness in you perhaps to your poor mother."

Hester moved her head as if in assent; it was not worth while to discuss the matter, and moreover the topic would have been an embarrassing one; but as a matter of fact Hester had inherited her features from her father, and not from her mother.

The apartments allotted to Hester were charming ones—a bedroom overlooking the park, and a little sitting-room adjacent which commanded a reach of the river, with a glimpse, through the trees, of old-fashioned Shingleton and the sea. The furniture was plentiful but very old-fashioned, and included some specimens of tapestry. In one of them a young person with very dishevelled hair and a melancholy expression of countenance was playing upon some stringed instrument, amid the ruins of a palatial building, to an audience of domestic animals.

"Orpheus, I conclude," said Hester, indicating this work of art with her finger.

"Not at all," returned Maria laughing; "that is supposed to be the family ghost; she discourses melancholy music about the house whenever it is about to change proprietors. These fragments represent metaphorically the ruins of Medbury."

"But the animals? They surely do not prefigure its having gone to the dogs?" inquired Hester roguishly.

"Hush! you must not talk like that; it is really quite a sacred subject with some people. It is said that Sir Reginald was greatly encouraged from the circumstance that when he sold the place the ghost made no sign. If it had gone for ever from him he felt certain that she would have raised the coronach of his race, and from her silence he gathered hope that the place will again revert to him."

"The poor old gentleman must be easily comforted," said Hester; "I am not very credulous about such matters myself, but still I hope the ghost will not put my strength of mind to the test by haunting me. I am quite content with its counterfeit presentment."

"You need not be at all afraid, my dear," said Maria cheerfully, "it never appears to anybody, and only makes its presence known by its dirge to the rightful heir of Medbury.

It is said that Sir Reginald, who was travelling in the East when his father died, received notice by this means of the event many days before he heard it through the usual channels."

The sound of the dressing gong cut short further details respecting this family spectre, in which Hester did not, I am afraid, feel all the interest proper to the situation. I have noticed that Art and Ghosts have no great influence over those whose worldly outlook is depressing or uncertain, and Hester was more concerned with the flesh and blood surroundings, upon whose character her future might more or less depend, than with any spiritual manifestations. Maria called for her on her way down to show her the way to the drawing-room, where the master of the house was standing in Britannic fashion with his back to the fire. In evening costume, he no longer of course resembled a gardener, yet no one would have taken him for what he was. Her Majesty had made Sir Abraham Barton a knight, the poor Colonel had been wont to say, but if she had made him a gentleman, such a miracle would have proved the divine right of kings. He certainly did not look like a gentleman. He was a little old man, very thin and wiry, with a scant crop of iron-grey hair, a lined and wizened face, and an expression keen and harsh as that of a ferret. He dropped one coat tail as Hester came up, and held out two thin fingers like a pickle fork. He said nothing, and Hester timidly murmured, "How are you, Sir Abraham?"

"How are you, miss?" he answered simply, and then renewed his former position.

It was not a gracious welcome, but then, on the other hand, it was not a grudging one; his manner had no personal antagonism in it, but was merely the outward and visible sign of the absence of grace of any kind. Maria thinking perhaps that a worse impression might have been produced on her friend than was the case, looked supremely miserable for a moment or two, till Hester, to relieve her embarrassment, fell to praising the view from the windows, the shutters of which were still unclosed. Then, gathering courage and feeling that she ought to address her host, if only to give him an opportunity to say something, she expressed her admiration of the room itself, which indeed was magnificent.

"It's a fine enough room, miss," was the encouraging reply, "and so it ought to be, considering what it cost me."

His wrinkled brow became more corrugated

as he spoke, as though the items of the amount were still before him, and he threw up his eyes with a gesture of discontent. On the carved and gilded ceiling all the gods of Olympus were depicted over their nectar and ambrosia, which fortunately diverted his mind from his own lavish expenditure to the fact that it was past dinner time. He pulled out his great gold watch and exclaimed impatiently, "Why don't the fellow beat that gong?"

"Sir Reginald and his son have not arrived, papa," said Maria gently.

"Then we'll sit down without 'em," answered the knight impatiently. "They should know our hour by this time, for they have dined often enough with us; indeed I don't know why they should keep a cook at all. Ring the bell, Maria."

Before this behest could be obeyed, Lady Barton entered the room, with a Juno-like demeanour; she had also the eyes of Argus, and while appearing to patronise universal nature, took in the particulars of a situation at a glance.

"Our guests are just arrived," she said; "they are generally like clock-work."

"Their mainspring broke for once then," muttered Sir Abraham, but her ladyship took no notice of the remark. She never wasted her strength, as women are so apt to, in any "affair of outposts," but reserved it for pitched battles. For these, however, occasion now seldom offered, victory had sat too often on her banners to encourage her husband to revolt. In her presence he only exhibited his independence to others.

"You did not tell me Sir Reginald and his son were coming," said Hester to her friend reproachfully. The tone in which she spoke was almost a whisper, yet Lady Barton heard it.

"Do not think we have any party," she observed gently; "we do not consider the Drakes company; they live in our own grounds and we are naturally very intimate."

At this moment the guests were announced. Sir Abraham dropped both his coat tails and ambled towards the door, his lips nervously moving as if he were endeavouring to form a sentence, his ferret eyes blinking as though he had only just been let out of his bag. These were storm signals, forerunners of a rudeness, but it was foreseen and averted.

"Sir Reginald, you have nearly lost your character with my husband for punctuality," said Lady Barton smiling.

"And deservedly so," replied the Baronet penitently, "we are nearly ten minutes late.

Sir Abraham must forgive us, however, since the delay arose from our interest in the affairs of his constituency. We waited in Shingleton longer than we should have done to see the old *Javelin* come in with her last cargo of holiday makers for the season. It is high time that she should cease running, for she is getting very old and cranky. In the spring I hope the town will have a new steamer."

"Then I hope the town will buy it," observed Sir Abraham, "and not come to me for a subscription, who never go on the sea by any chance."

"One can't write oneself M.P. for Shingleton without also signing a cheque or two, my dear sir," said Sir Reginald drily.

"Your position, Sir Abraham," observed the Captain, "is like that of the First Lord of the Admiralty in the burlesque: though you may not appreciate life on the ocean wave yourself you are the ruler of the Shingleton Navee, and it cannot be increased without your fiat."

"If they depend on me they must be content with what they have," said the Knight with irritation; "it's all very well for you two gentlemen to suggest a new steamer who have not got to pay for it."

"I am afraid you are getting a little deaf, Sir Abraham," interposed her ladyship with great distinctness. "Dinner has been announced; perhaps you will give your arm to Hester."

CHAPTER XXVI.—A LITTLE DINNER PARTY.

It was a strange dinner-party, composed, as even the latest guest could not fail to observe, of very different if not discordant materials, bound together surely by some bond at which at present she could not guess, or its repetition—for it took place night after night—were impossible. The character of Lady Barton was not easily read. On a first acquaintance, at all events, little could be learnt from it, except that, as Captain Drake had observed, she was a very "masterful" woman. She was not only, however, the prevailing genius of the feast, with power to quell disturbances and to put her foot down, as we have seen, upon the least symptoms of an unpleasantry, but she had the sagacity to perceive them while they were as yet in the air. She had not, indeed, the gift of putting everybody about her at their ease; nor, so far as my experience goes, was there ever (unless the elements they had to deal with were themselves "kindly mixed") either man or woman who had, but she diffused about her a certain

serene if stately atmosphere, very favourable to peace and quietness. There are some women of a similar type who content themselves with exercising a sort of imperial sway over their guests; who sit alone above the thunder (of conversation) like the gods, and take very little notice of tumults or even of catastrophes. Lady Barton, on the contrary, had an eye and an ear for everything, and far from waiting till a knot should occur of sufficient magnitude to justify her intervention, she would stretch forth a majestic hand and smooth matters at the outset before a knot could be formed at all. While making it her business to see that her guests pulled well together, she held, like a skilful charioteer, her reins in separate fingers, so that particular appeal, when appeal seemed necessary, could be made to each; while, when it was necessary to use the whip (which was the case with one only of the team), the long, lithe lash seemed to light, like an angler's fly, exactly on the right spot, or, at all events, on a tender one.

Sir Abraham was very difficult to drive, nor was it an easy task even to lead him. Like most self-made men he was very obstinate and self-opinionated, while he strove to make up for a secret sense of inferiority by self-assertion. He was not, like Lord Buttermere, a miser, but having by great toil and perseverance (as well, of course, as good luck) amassed an immense fortune, he attached an importance to it which roused the contempt of those who took a juster view of its value. He prided himself above everything on being practical, which was so far fortunate for his self-esteem, for of matters that were not practical Sir Abraham knew absolutely nothing. His politics were practical, and consisted in retaining his seat for Shingleton on the cheapest possible terms; his religion was practical, and comprised the payment of sittings that his family used in church, with subscriptions to benevolent institutions on the most modest scale compatible with his social position; his friendships were practical, and limited to a few persons in the City who were useful to his undertakings; and, like a practical man, he had married a fine woman of good family who could hold up her head with the best, and did it.

He enjoyed her triumphs as though they were his own; and even when she put her foot upon his own neck was proud of her for the achievement. Last and greatest proof of approbation, he had left her all his money, confident that she would use it and in her turn leave it to the best advantage to Maria. If

ever he could be said to give way to sentiment or even to entertain it, it was in his daughter's case, but even his love for her was practical. He was not so well content as his wife was to provide for her a husband of good birth, good looks, and a good heart, and would have been very willing to dispense with all three of them could a suitor have been found with fifty thousand pounds to make up the deficiency.

Sir Reginald was the very Antipodes of his host; they had both pride indeed, but of a very different sort. In Sir Abraham's case it was purse pride, whereas the other had much more of hauteur in his mien and manner since he had become the tenant of the steward's house than when he had been master of Medbury. His pride was that of lineage, and now that he had lost the stately and beloved home which had, as it were, witnessed to it, it behoved him to remind himself and others from how long a line of ancestors he was descended. They were looking down upon him even now from the walls of the room where he sat as guest instead of master, a reflection that would have been intolerable to most men in his position, and would have been even to himself but for a certain reason.

Captain Francis Drake, though a son after his father's heart, was far from being one after his pattern. The sense of duty in him was exceedingly strong; it had led him many times up to the cannon's mouth, once under such conditions as to extort admiration from a whole army, the record of which feat had been placed on his breast by the hand of his Queen. It had caused him (still more courageous deed) to side with the alien and the oppressed against those of his own race and creed, and to incur a wide-spread unpopularity upon that account among those whose opinion was dearest to him. And finally, when that judgment had been reversed and reparation was beginning to be made to him, duty had led him to throw up the position which he had so adored and adorned, in order to become the solace of his father's evil and declining days. The Captain had left home at an early age, and even when quite a stripling had begun to think for himself. He shared few of his father's opinions, though, as they formed a part of the old Baronet's very nature, his natural kindness of heart as well as his filial love prevented him from combating them. It would have pained Sir Reginald to the quick had he known the feelings with which his son regarded the loss of the family acres.

Of course he regretted that they had gone, but for many years they had been possessed only in name. Many mortgages had pressed on the estate, which had consequently been ill-managed, and the tenants had suffered from the scanty means and, it must be added, the imprudence of their landlord. "The Castle must be kept up at whatever sacrifice," had always been the old Baronet's reflection; and there had been painting and renewing in all directions to effect this object. If it had not been for the way in which his father took his change of residence to heart, the son would have been better content with the keeper's cottage and its moderate comforts than he had been in the hereditary mansion with its hollow ostentation, paid for, at least in part, out of the pockets of others. The arrival of Sir Abraham with his ready money, though personally he was by no means so popular as his predecessor, had been a great comfort to the community. The gates around Medbury no longer hung upon one hinge, and the roofs of the cottages, if a trifle less picturesque, kept out the weather.

In his dealings with Sir Reginald himself too, as the Captain had freely confessed, Sir Abraham had behaved with liberality, though in truth in this matter he gave him the credit which was due to Sir Abraham's better half. Except by contrast, Lady Barton's disposition was certainly not remarkable for generosity; but she did not grudge spending where an object was to be obtained, and she had the sagacity to foresee that liberality to the late master of Medbury would not be thrown away, either personally or in the general opinion, by his successor. In persuading her husband to stand for Shingleton, she had inflicted no fresh blow upon Sir Reginald, for, though his political opinions differed from Sir Abraham's, Shingleton had always returned a Radical member; though, indeed, there were growing signs of serious opposition from the other side, over which Sir Reginald chuckled with some complacency. It was, however, unmixed with ill-nature. The subject of the election, the state of which was at present very uncertain, formed a frequent topic of conversation at the dinner-table, notwithstanding the risk of little explosions from the present member of the borough, such as has been already chronicled.

As Sir Reginald was placed at the right hand of his hostess, and Hester in the same place of honour at the other end of the table, it followed that she sat next the Captain, with Maria opposite. It was this propinquity, perhaps, that caused Captain Drake to address

her in a voice that was not always audible to the rest of the company, or perhaps the sight of her deep mourning and pale face, coupled with what he knew of her circumstances, touched him, and rendered his tone lower and more tender than usual. Hester explained it to herself upon the latter ground, and was grateful to him for his sympathy; nay, though she did not confess it to herself, his words were sweet to her, certainly more welcome than those of any other man of whom she had hitherto found herself the neighbour at any dinner-table. It was natural that it should be so; that in circumstances in which she stood so much in need of sympathy she should turn to one who, by comparison with the others, was almost an old friend; but, like many pleasant things in which we indulge ourselves, there was a danger in it. If she had been conscious of this she would, for her own sake, have denied herself the least luxury of the kind; but being in such need of friendship, and no deeper feeling having made itself apparent to her, it was no wonder that she gratefully accepted the Captain's attentions. After all, they were little more than common politenesses, and would, in any larger assembly, have escaped notice altogether; and the conversation was, on the whole, pretty general.

"Well, Maria, been in the slums to-day?" inquired Sir Abraham. It was his habit thus slightly to speak of his daughter's philanthropic visits to Shingleton, but in reality he approved of them; they strengthened the claims of the sitting member.

"I have paid a visit or two to people who are not exactly in our society, if that is what you mean, papa," returned Maria, smiling. Nothing could disturb her good temper, not even a reference to her charities, though any mention of them was to the last degree distasteful to her.

"I hope you visited my friends the Fortescues," said Sir Reginald.

"Where do they live?" inquired the host. "Surely not in Shingleton. I never heard of them."

"Yes, in Shingleton," continued the Baronet slyly. "Their habitation is literally as old as the hills; is it not, Miss Maria? Though I won't say it has been long in the family. I think the present head of the house was the first inhabitant."

"Sir Reginald is speaking of some poor souls who live in the sand cliff," explained Maria; "they have literally their homes like the conies, and, apparently, have known no other. In summer they have not so much to

complain of, but we must try and find a dwelling place for them before the winter. Their door is but a few planks nailed together, and they have no windows."

"Then they can't have any vote for the borough," exclaimed Sir Abraham. "Why, my good girl, you are throwing your time away as well as my money."

"Oh, papa! you should not talk like that, even in fun," said Maria gravely. "Think of people being so poor as not even to have a house over their heads."

"But there is a house, and a very large one, built for their express accommodation," returned the Knight with an appreciative chuckle over his grim joke; "there is the poor-house."

"Did you see Mrs. Bertram to-day, Maria?" inquired Lady Barton in that incisive tone of hers, which always cut off her husband's supply of talk for the moment, though not always at the main.

"Yes, mamma," answered the girl in a low tone; "there is no improvement. Dr. Jones says it has now become a question of weeks."

"Poor woman—I hope she liked the grapes."

"Grapes! What grapes?" asked Sir Abraham quickly. "I noticed the great bunch was gone from the hot-house. You don't mean to say——"

"Mrs. Bertram's case is very peculiar," observed Lady Barton, looking across to Hester. "You must get Maria to take you to see her. She is evidently an educated woman and has seen much better days. She has been sent as a last chance, which, however, it seems has failed, to try our Shingleton air. She is a Londoner like yourself; and that is all we know of her, but we fancy she has some sad history."

"Drink," observed Sir Abraham sententially; "that's her history. I've seen the lady, and will bet a guinea drink is what is the matter with her. Under such circumstances grapes are a downright encouragement."

"She doesn't drink *now*, at all events," observed her Ladyship coldly.

"Would if she could—can't get it," murmured her husband.

The Captain had a strong sense of humour, and his host's persistence—indeed, considering the heavy metal that was in readiness to be brought to bear against him, one might almost say heroism—in maintaining his own opinion tickled his very heart-strings. He could not repress a smile of amusement.

"Nay, if you are going to take Sir Abra-

ham's side, Captain Drake," exclaimed his hostess with pretended indignation, for, in truth, she was pleased to see the young man at his ease under her roof, "when such things are said against our sex, we ladies had better withdraw," and she gave the signal to retreat accordingly.

CHAPTER XXVII.—BEFORE BREAKFAST.

OUR first morning in a strange house, especially if we are going to remain in it for some time, is generally full of interest. It certainly was so with Hester Darrell at Medbury, awakened by the unaccustomed song of birds about the open window and the distant murmur of the little river; the latter had been silent hitherto, but there had been rain in the night, which had aroused its complaining notes. The freshness of the country air, in which that of the sea was mingled, was to one "so long in city pent" delightful. The old-fashioned timepiece over the mantel-piece indicated an early hour, a very unfashionable one, indeed, to rise at, but she got up at once and dressed. To even the most conventional of us, I suppose there have been mornings when it has seemed a sin to be lying in bed while all nature is beckoning us to be out of doors—when the reflection has struck us that all that indescribable beauty is daily lost upon the closed eye and the shut ear, and in a manner wasted; the workman sees it, but those who do not labour with their hands never see it, except when returning from some scene of dissipation, when its glow, obnoxious and unwelcome (like a policeman's bull's eye turned upon the habitual offender), arouses a sense of guilt. Never before had Hester understood the full significance of the poet's line—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

as now when the fragrance of the woods and fields seemed to fill her very being, and the air to inspirit her like a trumpet.

Though poor and almost friendless, and in a manner dependent, she felt her life before her, and that she possessed the power of enjoying it. The God who had created that beautiful world must surely have intended it for enjoyment. There had been times, not only when misfortune, as of late, had pressed upon herself, but when she had stood by sick-beds where the poor were lying, and perhaps doomed to lie there till death released them from pain and woe—when she had doubted of this. Selfish and shallow, indeed, must those natures be who have had no such doubts; but to-day the sunshine was in her very heart.

She was well aware that in a house like

Medbury no one, even of the domestics, would be stirring for some time, but something within her rebelled against confinement within doors. She crept quietly down-stairs, and, finding her way to the front-door, noiselessly undid lock and bolt, and gained her liberty. From the courtyard a postern opened upon the terrace, on which she stepped, and then stood motionless, enraptured by the scene.

Below the broad gravel walk, with its low stone parapet and urns of flowers, lay a charming old-fashioned garden, from which the summer air came laden with a hundred scents; it was half lawn, half flower-bed, and sloped down to a broad moat limpid and clear, save where the shining water-lilies hid it with their star-like blossoms and huge leaves.

A flat-bottomed boat lay moored to the bottom of a flight of steps, and at once attracted her attention. Hester had learnt to row at Fromsham, and was passionately fond of being on the water; and there could be no harm she thought—a proof perhaps that the sense of being a dependant at Medbury was not very strong—in indulging herself in that way now. She accordingly embarked, and slowly rowed herself along, now gazing into the moat itself, which mirrored the beauties about it, and now taking note of the more material surroundings. She passed under the low drawbridge with stooping head, and slowly circumnavigated the stately place. The castle was even larger than it had looked from a distance; in parts very old, and even where comparatively modern, additions had been made bearing no trace of newness; the influence of the climate, assisted by the ivy-growth, had harmonized the whole. Though she had plenty of sentiment, Hester's nature could hardly have been called romantic or poetical; and amid the reflections induced by the spirit of the scene she could not shut out the idea of its incongruousness with its present possessor. Sir Reginald she could picture to herself appropriately enough in such a position, but not Sir Abraham. She even doubted whether Lady Barton, with all her imperiousness and sense of power, quite appreciated Medbury. Maria no doubt enjoyed it; the atmosphere breathed of peace and beauty, and could not but be acceptable to her pure and gentle nature; but even in her case something less magnificent would have seemed to suit her better. It was not that her position sat ill upon her; she was so good, and natural, and gracious that even had she been made a queen none but a base mind could have resented it, or found her wanting in queenly

worth; she would not have suited a King Cophetua, for there was nothing of the beggar girl about her, but she would have been a Griselda—a queen-angel, to whom the pomps and gauds of majesty would have seemed superfluous.

Whenever Hester thought of Maria it was with a sense of personal inferiority. "If I were in her position," was her reflection, "I should be puffed up with pride and vanity; if she were in mine she would feel no disappointments nor sense of ill-treatment, but would simply find out for herself the nearest way to the path of duty, and undeviatingly pursue it." In this, though she did herself some wrong, she did not over-estimate her friend. Maria Barton was one of those rare natures, and rarest perhaps in her own sex, which are independent, not only of mere externals, but of circumstance itself.

If the accidents of wealth and position had not happened to her she would have been the same girl; and indeed, save by her surroundings, you would never have discovered that they *had* happened to her. Without being obtrusively religious, she was animated by a spiritual sense of duty in all she thought and did, and was, as it were, a child of heaven without knowing it.

"It's my belief," said Sir Abraham on one occasion when remonstrating with his wife on the extent of his daughter's charities, "that our Maria was cut out for a nun."

To do him justice, though he had no high opinion of nuns, he did not use the expression offensively, and was rather unprepared for her ladyship's retort, delivered with even more than her usual energy.

"Then I do beg, Sir Abraham, that you will keep that belief to yourself, since it may do a great deal of mischief."

Hester had nearly gone round her little world when she came upon a spot where the waters of the moat found a narrow outlet and leapt and bounded down their fern-fringed channel to the river beneath. The pathway by its side, sunk in its little glen, looked very tempting, and as there was, as she judged, still an hour or so to spare for solitary exploration, she moored her boat and left it. She had descended but a very few steps when, at a bend in the little river, there came into view a tumbling weir with some eel-nets on it, on the platform of which stood a man, in a wide-awake and knickerbockers, fishing. She stopped mechanically, and at the same moment the fisherman looked up from his occupation, and, catching sight of her, took off his hat. She bowed, for it was Captain

Drake, and would have retreated at once, but that he had laid down his rod and was evidently coming up to meet her.

Hester's heart beat thick and fast, certainly not from physical exertion, since she had made none. She would much rather that the Captain had gone on with his fishing, but she could hardly turn her back upon him since he had recognised her. He came up the hill with rapid strides, which did not, however, at all interfere with his breathing.

"This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure," he said smiling. "I thought that none but myself and Aurora were up and about so early."

"It was the beauty of Aurora that tempted me," said Hester.

"I have no such poetical excuse," he answered. "It is my Indian habits which got me up so early."

"Have you caught any fish?"

"A few trout. I would offer them to you for breakfast, but that it would seem like a slight upon Sir Abraham's hospitality. His fish arrives from Shingleton every morning; bought on the beach to the great discontent of the local fishmongers. I hope you are pleased with Medbury."

"Pleased is no word for it, Captain Drake; one feels almost inclined to borrow an observation made about another scene of beauty and say, 'I fear I shall never be nearer heaven than now.'"

"I hope that compliment is not confined to the place, but includes the company," said the Captain laughing.

"If paid to one of them at least it could hardly be called extravagant," said Hester earnestly.

"That is very true," returned the other with sudden gravity, "though you have discovered it very quickly. You of course are speaking of your cousin. Those who know her best must needs esteem her most, but every one esteems her. She has been amongst us a very short time, yet there is no one in the neighbourhood so beloved as she. If we had but female suffrage the borough would have a popular candidate indeed."

"That would not be at all in dear Maria's way," observed Hester. "She seems to me the least self-seeking of mortals."

"That is quite true. She reminds me of the poet's description of his wife, with a difference; she seems almost too good for human nature's daily food."

"Yet her humanity is what one loves her for."

"At all events it places her above all the

'so-called divinities' among women that one has ever heard of," said the Captain decisively. "'Talk of an angel,' runs the proverb, 'and one hears the rustle of her wings;' that is surely your cousin upon the terrace yonder."

"Dear me, she has come to look for me in the moat like another Ophelia," said Hester. "I must at once relieve her apprehensions."

With a nod and a smile she ran up the bank and stepping lightly into the boat shot across the moat to join her friend. Maria came quickly down to meet her, and embraced her affectionately.

"I have been to your room and found you flown, dear; why, you are even an earlier bird than I am."

"It is the new broom that sweeps clean, dear cousin; perhaps I shall never commit such an act of virtue again; but your domain looked so exquisitely beautiful from my window that I could not resist the temptation of making its nearer acquaintance. I took the liberty of taking your boat, you see."

"You were quite right; there is no extra charge, as papa says," said Maria smiling.

"I have also been straying out of bounds," continued Hester with the air of a penitent at confession; it was of course necessary to confess whom she had met, and somehow it seemed easier to do so in joking fashion than in sober narrative; "where a little bird—though not such a little one either—has been singing your praises to me. I am sure those pretty ears of yours must have been burning. Can you guess who it was?"

"Somebody praising me? no, I am sure I cannot guess," said Maria simply.

"You mean that in the universal chorus it is difficult to pitch upon the particular voice. I had no idea you were so conceited. What bird is it that dresses in knickerbockers, and fishes from the eel-pots in the early morning?"

Up to this moment Maria's face had been as calm and placid as that of some pictured saint who carried in her hand a palm-branch in place of a sunshade, but now it was over-spread from brow to chin with a flush of carnation.

"You have guessed, I see," said Hester gently. The colour had left the speaker's face. Notwithstanding that the sun was high by this time, a deadly chill had suddenly pervaded her. If she had been only dreaming with respect to a certain matter—if she had known all along that it was out of the region of actual possibility—she had been dreaming deeper

than she imagined, and the suddenness with which she had been awakened had given her a shock. In that instant the future which she had shadowed out for herself took a material form; the river of life, as she had pictured it, became frozen, the Might-be had become the Must-be for good and all. At the same moment, so marvellous are the powers of thought, certain words which her cousin had spoken to her, during their interview in Welham Street, for the first time recurred to her memory.

"It was not a thing that any girl should have told. He knows nothing about it himself."

How could she ever have forgotten them? she now wondered; how could she have yesterday—thank heaven it had been but for one day—have failed to see their application?

"I suppose you mean Captain Drake," said Maria in trembling tones. "I did not think he would have praised me—to you."

"Why not? I do not doubt he would have praised you had he been speaking even to your enemy—if indeed you could have an enemy—how much more then to one who is your friend. Why not to me, to whom you have been so good and kind, and who love you so dearly?"

"I do not know, that is, I feared—oh, I cannot tell you what I feared, Hester!"

"Then it must be something that in your eyes—which means in truth—I ought to be ashamed of. Think better of me, Maria."

"No, it was not being to be ashamed of," returned the other hastily, "it would have been quite natural. I know now by your manner that I was mistaken, but I feared—you see it is not as if you had met him for the first time; though even in that case what should I have had to complain of, if being what you are he should have preferred—no, I don't mean that, for it would have been no matter of choice at all, since he has never said one word of love to me; but it seemed possible, before you came, that he might have got to like me some day; and yesterday when I saw you get out of the carriage together and heard you speak to him as to an old friend, and watched your faces—it was very foolish and very wrong—but I thought my dream of life was over, Hester, and—and that I had lost him for ever."

"No, dear, no, it was not so," returned Hester in low firm tones. "If Captain Drake, which I am sure is not the case, had ever entertained such an idea in his mind I could not share it. There are reasons, un-

necessary for me to enter into, but insurmountable reasons why that could never be. It is ridiculous to speak of such things, and scarcely becoming concerning one whom I have never met but once or twice in my life, a mere stranger; but you have forced me to do so. Once for all, I tell you that whatever happens that can never be. Let not your tender heart be henceforth troubled for one instant about such a foolish matter. You dear, dear girl, to think that I should have ever made you jealous!"

The laughter was on Hester's lip as she said it, and a look of affectionate reproach in her blue eyes. It was a perfect piece of acting. And, however the result fell short of her deserts, in failing to compensate her for what she suffered, she had at least had her reward.

Maria's mild and thoughtful face was positively transformed with joy.

"I was not jealous, darling," she murmured, with the tears in her soft eyes, "I had no right to be jealous, but I was very, very unhappy. And now there is not a cloud on the face of my sky."

There probably was a cloud, thought Hester pitifully to herself, of the size and exact shape of a man's hand which would be far from detracting from the serenity of the other's heaven, but she only kissed her cheek and pressed her hand by way of reply. Her desolate breast, only too conscious now of the full extent of its calamity, was too full for speech; a sound like a knell was in her ears, but she hardly knew whether it came from without or from within.

"There is the breakfast gong," said Maria cheerfully. "I must go in and make papa's tea."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MARIA AT WORK.

It was no slight relief to Hester that her aunt did not make her appearance at the morning meal, but took it, as such great ladies are wont to do, in her own apartment. She looked forward with dread to the inspection of that keen eye, which could hardly have failed to detect some trace of the emotion which agitated her bosom. She had made unconscious self-sacrifices before in her life, for her nature was a singularly unselfish one, but now she was but too well aware of what she had done. She did not regret it; she felt indeed, if Maria's apprehensions were founded on fact, that she would have been doing a most ungrateful and cruel act in permitting herself to become her rival. At a time when such a state of things could

never have been contemplated, this simple girl had made her a confidante of her tender secret, and knowing that Maria's happiness was centred in Francis Drake, it would have been base indeed of her to have made shipwreck of it; she was not indeed certain that it was in her power to do so, but since matters had come to this pass, it was as impossible to deceive herself respecting the tone and manner of Captain Drake towards herself, as to ignore her own feelings with respect to him. The occasions on which she had met him had, it is true, been few, but on each of them, and especially on this last—that very morning—his looks and words had been freighted with a meaning which was difficult to be misunderstood. If he was aware of Maria's affection for him, she felt only too certain that it was not reciprocated in the same tender form. He had praised her, indeed, and unstintingly, but not as a man praises the woman he loves. He had described her as "something too good for human nature's daily food;" he had said that those who knew her best loved her most; but that was the language of respect and not of affection. Such eulogies, if expressed more plainly, would almost have found their paraphrase in "a paragon of a woman, but not, I must confess, to my taste if I were choosing a bride."

If that reflection did not cross Hester's mind at the time, and I am inclined to think it did, for such deductions are obvious to all girls, it occurred to her now with pitiless plainness. It was even possible, she thought, that he had intended to produce that impression upon her, that he had wished her to understand, however matters seemed to point in that direction, that there was no attachment beyond that of friendship and neighbourhood between Maria Barton and himself. And now, too, for the first time it struck her that matters did point in that direction. Her mind, although she had not been conscious of it, had hitherto been too full of her own relations with Francis Drake to admit the reception of what had been going on around her, as regarded his relations with others. It had not occurred to her that propinquity was hardly a sufficient reason for Sir Reginald and his son, so alien from Sir Abraham in their dispositions and opinions, being his constant guests; however satisfactory had been the business arrangements between the past and present masters of Medury, it could scarcely have produced so close a friendship. That it was promoted and nourished of course by the influence of

Lady Barton (without which, indeed, it could hardly have existed at all), Hester had guessed, but up to the present moment had not troubled herself to inquire why. The reason was now plain to her. Her ladyship, no doubt with Sir Reginald's approbation, had planned her daughter's union with his son, and, to borrow a quotation from the matrimonial market, "the young people were being thrown together."

That Maria herself was ignorant of this Hester felt certain; her innocent and simple nature would have shrunk from the employment of any strategy, however harmless, and much more from one planned with such an object. So far from being one of those damsels errant who will marry their knight in spite of himself, rather than lose him, she would consult his happiness before her own, and in her humility of heart feel no surprise at his preferring another. By her own self-sacrifice it was clear to Hester that this best of girls would be made the happiest of women. It was made and would never be repented of, but just now, with her wound so fresh, it was difficult to conceal the pangs it cost her. If her heart could have been laid bare, Lady Barton would have been welcome to read it; but, as that was impossible, it was a great relief to Hester that she was not present to take note of an agitation that would certainly not have escaped her searching eyes. Maria herself saw nothing of it; in her own supreme content, the trouble of her friend escaped her; for the first time in her life, self-satisfaction, the selfishness of love, blinded her to the woes of another. As to Sir Abraham his interest never strayed beyond his own affairs, or his sympathy beyond his daughter. That he was conscious that there was a third person at the breakfast-table, who was his guest, was made evident by his offering her various articles of food, but she might have been a dumb waiter for any further notice that he took of her.

"Why, Maria, my girl," he said, "you look uncommon fresh and smiling this morning. What is it all about?"

This vague inquiry, somewhat indistinctly expressed, from its being made with his mouth full of muffin, embarrassed poor Maria exceedingly. Her regard for truth was staunch, such as can rarely be imagined by the ordinary free-born Briton; yet to answer such a question categorically was out of the question. "I have been in the garden with Hester," she answered with a deep blush.

"Gathering roses, eh?" replied the Knight with gallantry. "Still, that don't account for your lively looks. My belief is that you are intent upon some scheme of benevolence at my expense. I always notice that when you're in high spirits—which, fortunately, don't often happen—that a leaf is missing out of my cheque-book. Now confess, are you not going into Shingleton to spend my money?"

"It is no great credit, papa, to your intelligence to guess that much," returned Maria with unwonted sauciness, "since you heard Hester and me planning a visit there at the dinner table last night; but I don't know that I have any particular eye to your spoliation."

"Glad to hear it," growled the Knight; "times are very bad; let me tell you, money's tight."

Money was always tight with Sir Abraham. When the occasion seemed sufficient he would spend his thousands; but to separate the sixpences from one another without good cause, and some practical and natural reason for their disservice, was pain and grief to him. There were many anecdotes in illustration of this peculiarity of his afloat in Shingleton, for though he had done a good deal for the borough, he could not change his nature to oblige his constituents. A man with a basket full of prawns had once asked his custom. "I like prawns, my man," had been his frank reply; "but they must be fresh prawns."

"These are just out of the sea, Sir Abraham; they have not been biled ten minutes."

"Very well. Let me taste one; if you have told me the truth, I'll buy some; if not, I won't; just as you please, you know."

The man hesitated, then consented.

Sir Abraham took one, ate it, and made a wry face. "I believe they are last year's prawns, you scoundrel!"

"What, taste and not buy! A pretty thing indeed to carry a basket of prawns for folks to taste for nothing!"

"You are trying to get money under false pretences; but you won't succeed with me, my fine fellow."

"Ah"—an interjection more expressive than the "ugh" of Mr. Fennimore Cooper's American Indians—"no wonder they calls you Father Abraham. You ought to 'ave three 'ats on your 'ead."

He had also had a passage of arms with a flower-girl; he had bought a rose of her, which, being somewhat too full blown, had fallen to pieces after it had been a few

moments in his button-hole, and he had insisted on its being made good to him out of her basket. His daughter happened to be with him, and had arranged matters by the secret bestowal of another sixpence; but that had not prevented the incident from being quoted against him.

Maria herself was far from suffering in Shingleton from her father's too practical ways; it is probable that she showed brighter by contrast; but at the same time she unquestionably did him service and lessened the tide of unpopularity that threatened to sweep him from his seat in Parliament. Sir Abraham was not a bad canvasser, where it was not necessary to put his hand into his pocket. The mere laying aside of the curt manner that was natural to him was taken by people as a compliment, and when he did so his somewhat coarse humour was very much appreciated; shallow folks imagined that it was for them, and not their votes, that he cast off his husk and showed the kernel, and pronounced him a rough diamond. With Captain Paul, of the *Jacobin*, dissipated and disreputable as he was, he would have drunk a gallon of whisky and water with the utmost apparent good fellowship, and would even have permitted that gallant commander to pay for it; while with that genteel invalid, Miss Nicobar, he made himself agreeable by discussing her ailments with a freedom that could not have been exceeded by her own medical adviser. This ancient spinster's thoughts were as much monopolised by her own body and its ailments as those of any monk in cell by the short-comings of his soul, and whatever went wrong with other people affected her just as much or little as in his case. Her maid, Hephzibah, was the sole individual in whom she professed the least interest, and that only because her services were indispensable to her. She kept her mistress's spirits up by the most sanguine views on the smallest possible provocation.

"I think I got up those steps on the Parade to-day, Heppy, better than yesterday," Miss Nicobar would doubtfully observe to her afterwards.

"Better, ma'am! You went up 'em, I was going to say, like a bird; but, at all events, quite like another person. By this time next year, I'll bet my life on it, you'll be yourself again."

"Do you really think so? But I shall never be able to walk alone without your arm."

"I did not say that, ma'am," was the pre-

cipitate reply, "for I think you will always require somebody at your elbow, as it were, who thoroughly understands your little ways; but you're on the mend; those were the very words that I used to Sir Abraham the other day, when he was inquiring about you so particularly — 'my mistress is on the mend.'"

"They may say what they like about Sir Abraham, but he has his good points," would be Miss Nicobar's response. "He keeps his sympathies for people of condition, those who really suffer. Common folks are born to a certain amount of discomfort, or, if not, they get inured to it; they have not the delicate organization that we have—that is, I mean, that I have."

"Just so, ma'am," put in Hephzibah humbly. "Poor people are put into the world to minister to the rich; that is my mission as regards you, at all events, I am very sure."

"It will not go unrewarded, Heppy, when I am dead and gone, no doubt." Here Miss Nicobar would stop on purpose; she knew the advantage of leaving such possibilities to the imagination, and the wretched Hephzibah, though consumed with curiosity to know every detail of the document thus hinted at, would be compelled to exclaim, "Don't speak of such dreadful things, dear mistress, I do beg."

Miss Nicobar preferred Sir Abraham to his daughter, who, she thought, neglected her. Since she visited the sick, it surely behoved her especially to visit *her*, who, besides that claim, was socially in a position to be visited. Other things being equal, it seemed quite incredible to her that any one should prefer a poor person to a rich one.

"What makes Miss Barton go among all those dreadful people, when she comes to me so seldom, I can't conceive. I suppose she likes to play the great lady, and patronise them. Nothing is more offensive, to my mind, than patronage; and were I in their case, rather than sacrifice my independence, and submit to the whims and caprices of a fellow-creature, merely for what I could get out of them, I would rather starve."

"So would I, ma'am," responded Hephzibah fervently; "I would far rather starve."

In the moral atmosphere engendered by Miss Nicobar and her toady it is easy to believe that Maria Barton found it difficult to breathe, and as the disinfection of it was altogether beyond her powers, no wonder she avoided it. She regretted the circumstance, because her attention had been drawn

to Miss Nicobar and her ailments by her father himself. "It will be a charity," he had said, "to go and see that poor sick woman, Maria;" but he had not thought it necessary to add that the poor sick woman owned a good deal of house property in the borough, and could command, or at least influence, a round dozen of votes. He had, however, taken his daughter's confession of failure with great good-humour. "Very good, my dear, if you can't get on with her, leave her alone." He had the sense to perceive that her visits in that quarter would do him more harm than good, and flattered himself that he had taken the measure of Miss Nicobar's foot himself.

I am afraid, as regards her father's interest, Maria was not judicious in the selection of her Shingleton sick folk; very few of them had votes at all. On the day on which Hester first accompanied her on her rounds there was certainly no faintest aroma of politics to be discovered anywhere. Their first visit was to Shingleton Keep, an old ruin apart from the town, set in picturesque ground, solitary enough in general, but on holidays a great resort of excursionists and picnic parties. It was tenanted by one Parkes, a gardener, and his wife, whose only daughter, Janet, was, as Maria informed her friend, in a hopeless consumption. She had been a very pretty girl, and was comely still, though terribly wasted and emaciated. Her appearance reminded Hester of Tennyson's Queen of the May, as described in the second part of the poem; but her condition of mind was very different. She was still able to sit in the garden, which they entered at once, without calling at the house, and there they found her, sheltered from the wind, and propped with pillows, looking out to sea.

"You seem better this morning, Janet," said Maria cheerfully enough, but by no means with that ecstatic gratulation which Hephzibah used to her mistress upon occasions of less marked improvement.

"Yes, miss, thank you, I am much better. I feel as if I had now turned the corner and was going to get about again."

"I have brought my friend Miss Darrell," said Maria, without noticing the other's remark, "to see your charming garden and this beautiful view."

Hester expressed her admiration for both, as indeed she might well do. The whole stretch of the coast both north and south was visible for miles. The dying girl pointed out its various features with amazing animation.

"The headland that closes our view to the south," she said, "is Saltby Foreland. There are excursions to Saltby all through the summer, but they are over now. I have only been able to go once, but the doctor promises me I shall make one of the first spring trip."

It was terrible to Hester to hear her, for it seemed to her that the girl was on her death-bed.

"Some say, miss, that the old *Javelin* is to be broken up and a new steamer given to the town by Sir Abraham; is that so?"

"Upon my word, Janet, I don't know," said Maria gravely smiling. "The spring is a long way off, you know, and there is no knowing what may happen in the meantime. My father, or I, or you, may not be in this world by that time."

"Very true, miss; Sir Abraham is getting old, no doubt."

Maria bent down and whispered something in her ear.

"No, not to-day, miss," was the somewhat petulant rejoinder; "thank you, I don't feel quite inclined for being read to; I want to enjoy my life, it hasn't been often of late weeks that I have been able to do it."

"Do you suffer much?" inquired Hester tenderly.

"Why, yes, I have done, especially o' nights. I don't like the night, it's long, and dark, and lonesome; sometimes I think that it will never end." She shuddered, and a sharp hacking cough seized her and checked her utterance.

"We must not make you talk, Janet," said Maria decisively. "I have brought you some grapes; flowers I don't venture to bring, for those at the Keep are at least as sweet and beautiful as any we have at the Castle, are they not, Hester?"

"They are, indeed," said Hester, and in truth they were so numerous that the air would have been too heavy with their perfume had it not been for the breeze from the sea.

"I love the flowers," said the sick girl in musing tones, "and I love the sun; but I have had but little pleasure in them this summer, but, now that I am really better, I am so looking forward to the spring."

They left her, after some more talk, and looked in at the Keep to leave the grapes, where her mother was busied with some household work.

"Janet seems quite peart this morning, Mrs. Parkes."

The woman's eyes, which had looked mournful enough, brightened up at once.

"Yes, the dear child is certainly better; seems more like herself, don't she, miss?"

"It must be, at all events, a great comfort to you not to see her suffer."

"The spring bed you sent her has spared her something in that way, Miss Maria, and, as you say" (Maria had said nothing of the kind) "there is certainly some sort of improvement."

As the two girls descended the hill Hester expressed her wonder at her friend's late reticence; it had seemed to her that she had, by her silence, almost encouraged delusive hopes in both the parent and child.

"It seems so, I dare say," said Maria gently, "but no one is really deceived, Hester. The poor mother knows her daughter's condition, even better than the doctor, and Janet knows it too, except on rare occasions such as these, when a sort of Indian summer of convalescence seizes her. It would be as cruel to shatter such short-lived happiness as to wake a sick man from a pleasant dream. To-morrow she will be amenable enough."

"No doubt you are right, but to hear the poor girl talk of excursion trips in the spring made my heart sick with pity."

"That is as much a part of her disease, my dear Hester, as her cough or her emaciation. Moreover you are as likely to be in the wrong as regards the limit of her earthly pilgrimage as she in the sanguine views of her eventual recovery. It is quite possible that she may live on to the spring, though hardly beyond it."

The confidence with which Maria had enunciated her convictions, and the quiet determination with which she had carried them out, contrasting as they did with her characteristic humility of spirit and thought, astonished Hester not a little; with all her respect, and even admiration for her, she had not hitherto given her credit for good judgment; she had in fact only studied her nature in matters relating to herself, in which respect the more unselfish a woman is, the less wise, and provident, and practical, she commonly shows herself.

Maria in London, out of her element, and dealing only with the surface of things, and Maria at home, and at work, were two very different beings.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

By MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER II.

MY father took his bride to an unpretending, roomy, old-fashioned house. We see the back of this home of my unmarried life reproduced on a subsequent page, not exactly as it was in those days, when, instead of the present greenhouse, a large porch adorned with a sundial screened the garden door. In the quaint pleasant garden grew no modern species of pine, but hollies and arbor-vitæ, with a line of old Scotch firs down one side. This garden, sloping to the south, was separated by a low wall and iron palisades from a meadow, through which ran a cheerful stream, and it was crossed by a small wooden bridge that led into beautiful hilly fields belonging to father. The house, built in the shape of an L, enclosed to the front a court, divided from the street by iron palisades, and paved with white and brown pebbles in a geometric pattern. At one time three poplars grew in the court, but were cut down from their falling leaves giving trouble.

A parlour and a bedroom, reached by a separate staircase, looked to the street, and were appropriated to grandfather. The domestic offices filled the middle space. On the garden side lay the common and best parlours, with comfortable chambers above them. This portion of the dwelling was reserved for my parents.

The arrangement of the home life would have been excellent had the father-in-law been a different character. His peculiar temper, ignorance of life outside his narrow circle, and inability to allow of dissimilarity of habits and opinions, made him undervalue a daughter-in-law from a great distance, who had chiefly lived among people of the world, and who, after joining the Society, had become accustomed to the more polished usages of the Friends in Cornwall and South Wales.

She came as an alien amongst her husband's kindred. Her cast of mind, manners, speech, the tone of her voice, even the style of her plain dress, were different from theirs. She was considered by the half-brothers, who remained irreconcilable, their sons and daughters-in-law, to be "high," and was nicknamed by them "The Duchess." She found, however, a sympathiser in the wife of her husband's cousin, John Shipley, a native of Kendal, whose comeliness substantiated the popular toast of the day, "A Kendal

Woman." Ann Shipley had herself endured sufficient loneliness of heart to enter into the feelings of the new-comer.

The one really unfortunate circumstance in mother's relationship to her father-in-law was her nervous sensibility to strong odours, which brought on intense headaches that affected her eyesight. His occupation of drying and pulverising herbs, by which the house was often filled with pungent smells and impalpable stinging dust, was not only offensive to her, but productive of intense pain. The old herbalist, who could not induce her to try his headache snuff, was obdurate. There was growing discomfort, and the kind-hearted husband, distressed by his wife's sufferings, and reluctant to insist on his father leaving the house, found it expedient to move with wife and infant daughter to the Forest of Dean, for the management of his new ironworks. Then followed the disastrous occurrences alluded to in my opening chapter.

I would now introduce my mother to the reader. She was the grand-daughter of the much-abused patentee of Irish coinage, William Wood, who, as the Rev. David Agnew states in his "Memoirs of Protestant Exiles from France," was fourth in descent from François Dubois, who with wife and son fled from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to Shrewsbury, where he founded a ribbon manufactory. His descendants removed to Wolverhampton, where they purchased coal mines and built iron forges, some of which remain in operation to the present day. By 1652 they had anglicised their name to Wood. In 1671, during the reign of Charles II., my great-grandfather was born, and became a noted iron and copper founder.

In the reign of George I. the deficiency of copper coin in Ireland was so great that for pence small coins called "raps" and bits of cardboard of nominal value were in circulation. The Government determined, therefore, to remove this pressing want by supplying Ireland with a much better copper coinage than it had ever possessed before.

William Wood, yielding to the corrupt usage of the day, gave a bribe to the Duchess of Kendal, the King's mistress, to procure him the contract. It was granted him by the Whig Ministry in 1722-3, and he issued farthings and half-pence to the value of £108,000, superior in beauty and value to

those of England. "They were," says Leake, "undoubtedly the best copper coin ever made for Ireland;" and Ruding confirms the statement in his "Annals of Coinage." Dean Swift, however, desirous of avenging himself on Sir Robert Walpole and the Whigs for the defeat and disgrace of his great patrons, Oxford and Bolingbroke, availed himself of this opportunity to vent his spleen against the new coinage, and inflame the Irish against the Ministers who had made the mistake of ordering it without consulting the Irish Privy Council and the Lord Lieutenant. He audaciously asserted that the English were intending to enrich a stranger at the expense of the whole of Ireland; and amongst other ballads and lampoons, excited the people by the lines—

"The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There is an end of your ploughing and baking and brewing,
In that you must all go to rack and ruin."

He next anonymously issued a series of letters, supposed to be written by a poor but independent-spirited draper, who did not mean to be ruined without a good hearty outcry. He thus worked the nation up to the pitch of rebellion.

It was in vain that the Government published the official report of Sir Isaac Newton, then Master of the Mint, who tested the new coinage in 1724, and pronounced that in weight, goodness, and fineness it rather exceeded than fell short of the conditions of the patent; in vain that it declared no one was compelled to take the money unless he liked. The excitable population, Catholics and Protestants, Whigs and Tories, rich and poor, would not receive it. Wood's effigy was dragged through the streets of Dublin and burned, whilst the portrait of Dean Swift, as the saviour of Ireland, was engraved, placed on signs, woven on handkerchiefs, and struck on medals.

The Dean had branded the patentee in "The Drapier's Letters" as "a hardware man and tinker; his copper was brass, himself was a Wood-louse." He was in reality very wealthy, lived at a fine place at Wolverhampton called the Deanery, a venerable building at present used as the Conservative Club, and surrounded by a small deer park, now built over. He held at the time of the patent, as we learn from "Anderson's Commerce," vol. iii. p. 124, a lease of all the iron mines in England in thirty-nine counties. He was proprietor of seven iron and copper works, and carried on a very considerable manufacture for the preparation of metals.

By his wife, Margaret Molyneux, of Wet-

ton Hall, Staffordshire, he had fifteen children; two died young, but thirteen handsome sons and daughters grew up, and are reported to have made a fine appearance when seen together in church.

After the withdrawal of the patent Wood appealed to Sir Robert Walpole for compensation, stating that he had six sons. The Minister said, "Send your sons to me, Mr. Wood, and I will provide for them." "Do me justice, Sir Robert," he replied, "and I will provide for them myself."

As an indemnification for his losses £3,000 a year was granted him for eight years. If he lived to receive the entire amount is uncertain; the date of his death is unknown to his descendants—he must, however, have seen the accession of George II. in 1727, for he left behind him a work on Free Trade dedicated to that monarch. His extensive mines and forges were inherited by some of his sons. William, the eldest, had the Falcon Iron Foundry, and cast the iron railings round St. Paul's Churchyard.

Charles, the fourth son and my grandfather, was born in 1702. He was appointed, when quite young, Assay-master in Jamaica, a lucrative post, as the gold, which at that period came to England from the Spanish Main, was taken there to be tested. Former assay-masters had returned home rich, but being a man of high principle, he never soiled his hand or conscience by bribe or perquisite, and after thirty years of service in the island he came back in moderate circumstances, having merely amassed great scientific knowledge, especially about metals.

On December 13, 1750, William Brownrigg, M.D., F.R.S. (through William Watson, F.R.S.), presented to the Royal Society in London specimens of platina, a new metal hitherto unknown in Europe, and stated in an accompanying memoir: "This semi-metal was first presented to me about nine years ago by Mr. Charles Wood, a skillful and inquisitive metallurgist, who met with it in Jamaica, whither it had been brought from Carthage, in New Spain."

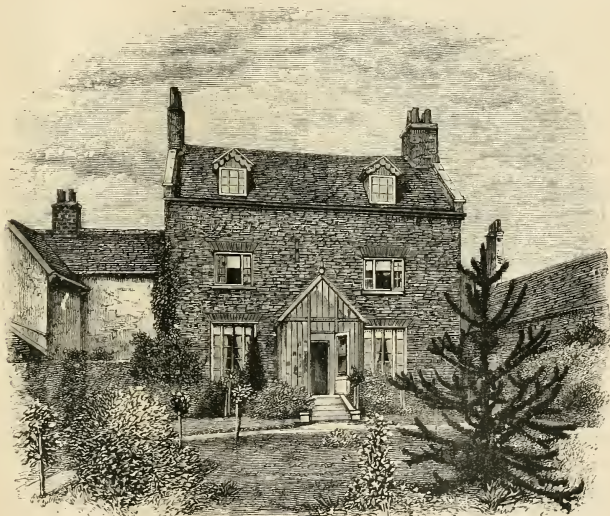
My grandfather, who was thus the introducer of the extremely useful metal, platina, was the brother-in-law of the learned Dr. Brownrigg, residing at the family estate, Ormathwaite Hall, Cumberland. The great-grandfather, Gawain Brownrigg, of Ormathwaite, had married an Irish lady, one of seven sisters, which led to relationship with the Annesley and Esmonde families. Charles Wood returned home a widower, and married Dr. Brownrigg's sister Jemima, a lively,

fascinating lady, who had also been in Jamaica, and was the widow of Captain Lyndon, of the *Dolphin*, a slave ship. She had one son living, named Roger; another son, Charles, had been lost at sea.

My grandfather built and resided at Low-mill ironworks, near Whitehaven. There his six children by his second marriage were born. From Cumberland he removed to South Wales, and became active in establishing the important Cyfarthfa ironworks, near Merthyr Tydvil. A great impetus had been given to the iron trade at this period by the application of a discovery made as early as

1619 by Lord Dudley—that the ore could be smelted by the use of pit coal. In 1740 the system was first introduced at Coalbrookdale, and led to the establishment of extensive ironworks in various parts of the kingdom; amongst others, to those at Merthyr Tydvil, where Mr. Anthony Bacon became the lessee of a considerable tract of land, and began the first smelting furnace at Cyfarthfa in 1755.

My mother, who was Charles Wood's youngest child, and taken almost an infant to Cyfarthfa, often spoke of Mr. Bacon. She well remembered another individual



The House at Uttoxeter.

intimately associated with the undertaking, old Mr. Crawshay, whom she described as a large stout man, deeply pitted with the small-pox. He laid the foundation of his immense wealth by buying up old cannon on the continent, which were recast at the works. And as Mr. Bacon contracted with Government during the American War to supply the several arsenals with cannon, the casting of cannon became an important trade at Cyfarthfa.

Her earliest recollection dated from 1768, when she was about four. Every one at Merthyr was talking about Wilkes and Liberty, more especially as Alderman Wilkes had, equally with Mr. Anthony Bacon, repre-

sented Aylesbury in Parliament. Although threatened with outlawry, he had just been elected for the county of Middlesex; an act followed by riots in London that convulsed the whole land. Little Ann Wood, a bright inquisitive child, anxious to know the meaning of Wilkes and Liberty, turned for explanation to Peggy Jones; a good-tempered, cheerful young woman, the best ironer in the place, and, therefore, employed to get up the cambric frills of Mr. Wood's shirts.

Peggy knew all about Wilkes and Liberty. "He was a very nice gentleman, who had lodged three weeks at her aunt's. He had at parting given her aunt a nice silk gown;

Miss Ann should have a piece of it to make herself a housewife."

Little Ann, delighted to be the bearer of such important news, hastened to impart it to the family. It was received with a peal of laughter that abashed the poor child. She learnt later that Wilkes and Liberty, in this instance, meant a strolling player, who, unable to pay his landlady, had discharged the debt with an old silk gown.

For her father she always retained the deepest love and veneration. He likewise regarded her with intense affection, and chose to have her with him, in his private room, where he spent much time apart from the rest of the family, to whom pleasure was the object of life. Surrounded by his books, he read to her, heard her read, taught her pieces of poetry of which he was extremely fond; and when the sound of laughter, singing, and dancing reached them from a distant part of the house, would clasp her to his breast and even silently shed tears.

Seated on a low stool at his knee, she learnt his opinions on public events. He awakened within her a deep detestation of slavery, the horrors of which he had witnessed in Jamaica, where, possessing sufficient knowledge of medicine, he had compounded healing ointments for the wounded slaves. His wife and elder children could never see the unchristian spirit and atrocity of slavery; nor did they feel any sympathy with his views, when on the breaking out of the American War, he sided with those whom they deemed rebels. He taught Ann, however, who was then eleven, that the citizens of the United States rose to assert their rights as men in the resistance of tyranny; and inspired her with such admiration for Washington, that he ever remained her ideal hero and patriot.

After my grandfather's death the family continued to reside at Cyfarthfa, Roger Lyndon and his half-brother, William Wood, being engaged in the works. The eldest daughter Mary, adopted by her uncle Brownrigg, had remained in Cumberland. She was distinguished for her good looks, and had many admirers, amongst others, young Mr. William Wilberforce. She did not, however, encourage the addresses of the future renowned philanthropist, from the notion that "she could do better for herself," and ended by marrying the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, vicar of Thetford, Norfolk.

The next daughter, Dorothy, who had been educated at Monmouth Castle, a fashionable ladies' school, possessed a vivacity and

love of amusement which endeared her to the mother. The thoughtful Ann, who had lost her best friend and protector, occupied a painful, isolated position at home, and when twenty, was thankful to receive invitations from various members of the Wood family to visit them in London.

She first stayed with her cousin, William Wood, a gentleman of good fortune and fine taste residing at Hammersmith; and who had inherited the money of their Uncle Francis the Nabob. This was the second son of the patentee, a remarkably handsome man, whose marriage with a daughter of Lord Dudley and Ward was prevented either by her death or his being sent to India. He had returned home, an elderly man, with much money and treasure and the rank of major, but was commonly called the Nabob. He lived on his capital, asserting that he should leave the residue to his greatest enemy, as it must bring a curse with it, having been unrighteously gained. The only curse it brought to his heir was a very worrying lawsuit. William Wood was a skilful amateur artist, who occupied himself in copying the works of his favourite Murillo. He was very intimate with the Alsatian landscape-painter, Louthembourg, who likewise lived at Hammersmith. Opie, also a frequent guest at his house, requested the young visitor from South Wales to sit to him for a Magdalene. This to the later regret of her daughters she declined to do; always silencing our lamentations by, "Oh, no! I could not be painted as a Magdalene; anything but that."

Her Aunt Isabella Wood, the wife of Mr. John Cox, of the Horse-Shoe Brewery, Bloomsbury, had been dead some years, and her kind-hearted cousin Margaret kept the opulent brewer's house. Her younger cousin, Isabella, or Bella, a handsome, dashing, self-indulgent girl, who used a bottle of lavender water daily, was the father's favourite. He restricted her in nothing, except marrying a soldier, an Irishman, or a Papist.

On one occasion Ann Wood consented to accompany Bella Cox to a fashionable fortune-teller, then making a great stir in London. They went in a coach sufficiently disguised to prevent recognition; and on reaching the sibyl's dwelling were ushered into a mysterious chamber. The walls were draped with dark hangings; on a centre table, covered with a dark cloth, lay a white wand; and from beneath the table issued, as if it had been the familiar spirit of the place, a large black cat. The door of an inner room slowly

opened, and a tall woman of a grave, almost severe aspect, attired in black velvet, entered, and without a word fixed her eyes steadfastly and penetratingly on them.

According to agreement, my mother first presented her hand. This the sibyl taking in hers, examined carefully; then said in measured accents: "You will not marry your present lover. You will change your religion and marry another."

On Bella Cox next coming forward, the woman took her hand, and immediately raising her eyes from it, demanded sternly, "Where is your wedding ring?" She then added, solemnly, "You have done the worst day's work you ever did. You will repent it as long as you live."

These terrible words, which closed the interview, proved only too true. Bella had privately married an Irish officer, who was a Catholic. After the fact was revealed to her father, he is said never to have smiled again. She lived with her husband for a few years, but finally was obliged to leave him.

The lover to whom mother's fancy turned in those days was probably Robert Wilson, a young lieutenant, who had been sent, as it seemed to her, by Providence, to save her from the danger of some street mob, in which she suddenly found herself involved. He accompanied her back to the Coxes, and was greatly liked by them. He continued his visits and paying her his addresses; they finally parted with the understanding they were to meet again. Some years later, when she had become a Friend, and was staying with the Foxes, of Falmouth, he, then Captain Wilson, called upon her to renew his suit. She refused to see him for conscience' sake, her friend Sarah Fox doing so in her stead.

We must not overlook a little episode belonging to the period of mother's visit to London, and connected with another first cousin, Catherine Martin. She was a daughter of John Wood, the third son of the patentee, who lived in great splendour at Wednesbury, where he had inherited iron-works from his father. Catherine, wife of a purser in the navy, and conspicuous for her beauty and impulsive, violent temper, having quarrelled with her excellent sister, Dorothea Fryer, at whose house in Staffordshire she was staying, suddenly set off to London on a visit to her great-uncle, the Rev. John Plimley, Prebend of the Collegiate Church at Wolverhampton and Chaplain of Morden College, Blackheath. She journeyed by the ordinary mode of conveyance, the Gee-Ho,

a large stage-waggon drawn by a team of six horses, and which, driven merely by day, took a week from Wolverhampton to the Cock and Bell, Smithfield.

Arrived in London, Catherine proceeded on foot to Blackheath; there, night having come on and losing her way, she was suddenly accosted by a horseman with, "Now, my pretty girl, where are you going?" Pleased by his gallant address, she begged him to direct her to Morden College. He assured her that she was fortunate in having met with him, instead of one of his company, and inducing her to mount before him, rode across the heath to the pile of buildings which had been erected by Sir Christopher Wren for decayed merchants, the recipients of Sir John Morden's bounty. Assisting her to alight, he rang the bell, then remounted his steed and galloped away, but not before the alarmed official who had answered the summons had exclaimed, "Heavens! Dick Turpin on Black Bess!" Mother always said "Dick Turpin;" another version in the family runs "Captain Smith."

Catherine Martin died at an advanced age. Her portrait still exists, painted by Edward Bird, R.A., a native of Wolverhampton, at the time he was japanning at Turton's Hall, formerly the residence of the Levesons, who were woolstaplers, and ancestors of the present Duke of Sutherland.

Catherine's sister Dorothea, a pious, sensible and clever woman, was the mother of Richard Fryer, a man of great independence of mind. He held the patentee's principles of free trade, was the first Liberal member for Wolverhampton, and noted before the days of Cobden and Bright for his persistent advocacy of the abolition of the Corn Laws, making him ridiculed and almost persecuted in the House for many years as "the man of one idea." His great ability and force of character are inherited by a surviving daughter.

In the agreeable family of the Coxes, Ann Wood was introduced to Lady Abergavenny and her mother, who showed her much kindness; and became still more intimately acquainted with the wife of Dr. Glasse, Rector of Hanwell and one of the chaplains to George III., who kept a celebrated school for young gentlemen of position. She spent many pleasant months at the Glasses, and whilst the especial protector of the fags, took a deep interest in all the pupils; amongst whom she was wont to mention the Earl of Drogheda. His mother, "the ever-weeping Drogheda," was so styled, I believe, from her

abiding grief at the loss of her husband and stepson, by drowning, when crossing from England to Ireland.

She met at the Glasses, amongst other celebrities, Dr. Samuel Johnson once or twice, and it must have been at the very beginning of her acquaintance with Mrs. Glasse, as, according to my calculation, she went up to London in 1784, and in December of the same year the great lexicographer died; Miss Burney frequently, and used to relate how much people were afraid of her, from the idea that she would put them in a book; Dr. Horne, the noted commentator on the Psalms, then Dean of Canterbury, later Bishop of Norwich, and his wife, with whom she stayed at Canterbury. She always retained a grateful remembrance of the amiability and kindness of the Dean, whose poem on autumn—

"See the leaves around us falling,"

had, from this circumstance, a peculiar interest for my sister and me as children.

We were also much impressed by the following narrative. Dr. Glasse's son George, who became a clergyman, was acquainted at college with a dissolute set of young men, who turned religion into ridicule, and aimed to extract as much so-called pleasure out of life as possible.

On one occasion a member of the group entered the room where the rest were assembled, with an unusually depressed countenance. All rallied him upon his gravity, and demanded the cause. He explained that on the preceding night he dreamed he was breathing stifling, oppressive air in a large, gloomy hall, which was densely thronged with undergraduates, their gowns wrapped round them, and their countenances indicative of suffering and extreme dejection. Inquiring where he was, "This is Hell," replied a melancholy young man, unfolding his gown and revealing in his breast a transparent heart as of crystal, in which burned a fierce flame.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, appalled by the sight, "cannot I escape from this place?"

"You have a chance for nine days," answered the gloomy figure, folding his arms within his gown and concealing his burning heart.

The undergraduate awoke full of horror, and in order to dispel the strong, painful impression, sought the society of his friends. They laughed at his disordered fancy, drank deep, and persuaded him to spend the ensuing nine days with them in especial gaiety.

On the ninth day, however, whether from the natural effects of excessive debauch or in solemn fulfilment of the warning, he suddenly died—an event which produced a strong and salutary effect upon some of his comrades, who began an amended life from that day.

From the Glasses, mother went to stay with Mrs. Barnardiston, a wealthy, lively old lady, who entertained judges, generals, admirals, and their womankind at her town house at Turnham Green; the county families at her seat, Weston, in Northamptonshire. She was especially intimate with Lady Dryden, who constantly drove over in great state to Weston from Canons Ashby, the ancient inheritance of the poet Dryden's family, and where his youngest son, Sir Erasmus, lived and died.

Towards the end of the summer spent with Mrs. Barnardiston, mother was recalled to South Wales, as her sister Dorothy was about to be married and live at Swansea, and she must replace her at home.

Her solitary position in her own family, combined with an ardent craving for spiritual light and rest, had led her in London to inquire into the Catholic faith. She had come in contact with an abbess, and contemplated entering her community, but was deterred from taking the step by a young nun, who told her, "All was not peace in a convent."

In South Wales, still searching for light and assurance, she yielded to an earlier influence. She had, as a child, attended with her father a public meeting held by a ministering Friend in Merthyr, and although she could never afterwards recollect the preacher's words, they had, in a vague but indelible manner, appealed to her inner nature. Her mother, discovering that she possessed a secret drawing to Friends, told her that her father had left it as a dying request, that if any of their children showed an inclination to join that body, she should not oppose it, as he had himself adopted the religious opinions of Friends. Full of gratitude to her mother for this communication, Ann Wood sought and obtained membership.

It is noteworthy that Samuel, the youngest son of the patentee, had also become a Friend. By so doing, he must have removed himself from the family cognisance, as we knew nothing of him until my sister Anna traced out his history from the records of the Society; we thus learnt that he had been a man of good property, residing at Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, where he died in 1800 at the

age of ninety-one. About two years ago, I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from a Catholic lady, the granddaughter of his only daughter Margaret, recognising our kinship; a fact that had become known to her by the mention of my great-uncle, the Nabob, in "Wood Leighton," the first work of imagination that I wrote.

My grandmother deciding to reside near her favourite married daughter, soon found she could dispense with the society of Ann, more especially as she had united herself to a sect with which she had nothing in common. Mother, therefore, was at liberty to associate with her own people, and her life became most consonant to her tastes.

She resided chiefly at Falmouth, on the most agreeable terms of truly *friendly* intercourse with the distinguished family of the Foxes; and with Peter and Anna Price, a handsome couple of a grand patriarchal type but comparatively young. Her dearest

friend was Anna Price's relative, Kitty Tregelles, a sensible, lively young woman, to whom she felt as a sister. Whether she had her own hired apartments, or whether she had a home with some of these Friends, I know not; merely that she lived in the midst of these kind and superior people.

She always reverted with peculiar pleasure to her life in Cornwall. It was a time of repose to her, spiritually and mentally; whilst her natural love of the poetical and picturesque was fostered by the many grand, beautiful legends connected with the wild rocky shores, the seaport towns, the old-fashioned primitive life, and the simple habits of the people.

She likewise treasured most happy memories of Neath, where dwelt her staunch and valued friends, Evan and Elizabeth Rees, under whose roof, in 1795, she met the faithful partner of her future life, as already narrated.

THE WESTERN SOUNDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

BY PROFESSOR H. A. STRONG, LL.D., UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.

THERE are certain spots in the world whose memories haunt one like one's shadow; more, in fact, than one's shadow is in the habit of haunting one in this dingy clime. And of all the places which have the most sovereign power to cast sunshine on the memories of its sunny self, I can think of none more potent than New Zealand. And New Zealand has the very extraordinary property of causing all who have once set foot on her shores to pass beneath the indescribable spell of her witchery. I never met any one who having tasted life in his new island home, would consent to change his abode. It is very hard to analyse this magic power of the beautiful gem of the antipodes; and to say what is the particular point that makes New Zealanders feel that their land affords them a pleasure unfelt before, and even yet scarce realised.* Switzerland has loftier peaks and fairer towns; Tyrol may boast prettier outlines; Scotland has her classic heather and her brown hillsides; Norway, historic memories that linger in her winding fiords: but having gazed at and fancied myself in love with each of these sirens in turn, I am ever drawn back to my ideal beauty, New Zealand. Nature does not often play the prodigal; to New Zealand she has given all her charms,

* Non audita prius nec iam intellecta voluptas.

and keeps them fresh and imperiously beautiful as Cleopatra's. In no other country has she set down towering mountains beside profound fiords, and backed the scene by dense forests sloping down on the other side of the range into fertile pastures. In no other spot does she find so deft a tiring-woman as in the climate of New Zealand, who loves to exhibit her mistress in an atmosphere of blue relieved by a carpet of brownish green. I am quite aware that this collocation of colours ought to sound hideous and repulsive in the last degree, but I am certain that those who, like the author of "Erewhon," have lived in New Zealand till they have learned to catch the spirit of her scenery, will bear me out that the effect is passing beautiful. Blue is the prevailing tint, and painters who have tried to reproduce that wonderful blue haze, through which the mountains are dimly visible, like the stars through the spirits in Ossian, have been taxed as untrue to nature in proportion to their success. Then, was there ever a land of streams so crystal pure, which challenge you to count every pebble that lies beneath their arrowy current? And is there not an unspeakable charm in finding one's self among a sea of snow or of cloud-capped peaks, many unnamed, and most untrodden by man?

There is another pleasure in New Zealand

in the fragrant and exhilarating scent of its native flora. I have often noticed the characteristic scents of different countries as distinguished before touching land. India has a parched dry odour, something like that of perfectly sapless leaves. The legend which says that you can mark the spice-laden breezes of Ceylon many miles out at sea, is not wholly untrue; the whole Australian coasts are perfumed with the peculiar heavy scent of the eucalyptus; the coast-line of New Zealand is sweetened by the refreshing

odour of the ti-tree. Moreover, New Zealand has the secret of making every tree planted on the island blossom with unwonted luxuriance. The eucalyptus, transplanted from Australia, no longer assumes the scraggy weird form which so often gives the Australian forests such a grim and fantastic appearance, but grows into a graceful and buxom-looking tree. The common gorse or whin becomes a regular large shrub, and has, to the disgust of the farmer, but to the delight of the lover of nature, covered miles of



Milford Sound from the west.

ground which, economically speaking, might be occupied by sheep or cattle; and all English trees grow with more than the beauty and with all the vigour given them by English soil. English birds have multiplied till they have become a regular pest; the lark especially, to my great delight, I found in flocks of thousands, and the starlings in not less numbers. Fortunately, powder and shot are too valuable, and cooks are too scarce, to make it worth the while of any colonist to shoot the sweet songsters, and so they prey upon the choice morsels beneath the settler's

turnips and potatoes. This is, of course, very sad to the colonists, but to me it was especially delightful to flush a lark from a patch of grass in the centre of Dunedin!

A good guide-book has yet to be written for New Zealand; the best is probably "Bracken's Tourist," but his information is not up to date, though I have thankfully availed myself of his aid. Clayden's "Popular Handbook" to New Zealand may be also recommended as giving much information to intending emigrants.

I am going to ask my readers to accom-

pany me for one brief half-hour round the Western Sounds of the island, which the advertisements truthfully call "the wonderland of the Pacific." The whole of the western coast of the middle island of New Zealand, for a distance of five hundred miles, is iron-bound, and offers no shelter for shipping (as "The New Zealand Pilot" truly remarks), excepting in the singular fiords or sounds which penetrate its south-west shore between the parallels of 44° and 46° S. latitude. These are thirteen in all, and are all included within a space of little more than one hundred miles. Captain Cook explored and described, as early as 1773, Dusky Bay. Since then it lay unheard of and unknown until it was examined by H.M.S. *Acheron*, in 1851. There was no temptation for colonists to settle there, nor indeed can those inhospitable coasts ever serve a more useful purpose than to be the playground of tourists and the lovers of nature. But what a playground! Approaching the west coast coming from Australia, one is confronted by a huge line of precipitous cliffs, disclosing in many places a range of snow-capped hills behind, and clothed with luxuriant vegetation down to the water's edge. "The New Zealand Pilot," to whom I must acknowledge my indebtedness for many facts, states that in approaching from seaward it is difficult to distinguish the entrance of one sound from another. It is, in fact, difficult to mark the entrance of any of the sounds, so narrow are they and difficult to distinguish from mere recesses in the rock line. The entrances are commonly at a distance of eight miles or so from each other, and all run in an easterly direction. They penetrate into the interior for a distance of from six to twenty miles, their breadth rarely exceeds a mile, and they are studded with islets, all of which are clothed with a dense and almost impenetrable vegetation. "The Pilot," whose views are accurate, but professional, states that "their most remarkable feature is their great depth of water." I should have thought it was rather the marvellous combination of lofty mountains above with luxuriant vegetation below. But their great depth must be "remarkable" from a seaman's point of view, for it is impossible to cast anchor in them, as soundings can rarely be obtained under eighty fathoms, and vessels anchoring there generally need to secure themselves to the trees growing on their side, to prevent being drifted off the deep bank by a "flaw" of wind. So high are the mountains which environ the Sounds that the sun cannot penetrate there for more than four hours of the

day, though it is fair to say that in summer he makes his presence felt quite unmistakably. The rainfall is very great, and this, coupled with the sandflies, which are found in millions, are the great drawbacks to the visitor's comfort in the sounds generally. The latter pests seem to possess the tact of an inquisitor, or of the gout, in finding out one's weak points and applying tortures to them. I have seen a healthy man's hand bitten by them swell up to twice its usual size in a very short time. There is a remedy sold by the chemists in Dunedin as a prophylactic, but it has the effect of making those who use it smell so disgustingly that they frighten their friends more than the sandflies. The fish in all the Sounds are numerous and easily caught; the blue cod and the trumpeter are the most common, but my friend, Doctor Hector, told me that there were, I think, ninety-two species in Dusky Sound alone, and these are mostly good for food. So unsophisticated are they that you only have to let down your hook, baited with a piece of fish, and you catch something. In some places the bottom of the fiord is actually moving with large crayfish, which are easily caught, and resemble in flavour our lobster.

No description of the wild animals is necessary, for the same reason that none is necessary of the owls in Iceland: none exist in the islands excepting those which have been turned loose by European settlers, or the descendants of such, of which the wild pigs whose ancestors were liberated by Captain Cook, and the rabbits, are the most numerous. The former of these have curiously changed their type from that of the domestic pig, and have come to resemble in shape rather the boar of India, though they are much larger than even he is, and are covered with long coarse hair. The rabbits, as is well known, are so numerous that in some parts of Otago they threaten to extirpate the settlers, and indeed whole stations have been ruined by these pests. Some settlers offered a reward of twopence per tail, thinking thus to extirpate their enemies, but it was found that trappers caught them, cut off their tails, and liberated them to "do again." These swarm on the other side of the mountain wall which divides the fiord country from the other side of the range, but none have as yet made themselves visible in the forests which fringe the fiords. Here, however, you may see the weka, or wood-hen, in numbers. It is an impudent, amusing bird, about the size of a French partridge; it shows no fear, and if you are camping out, it has no hesitation in making

its way into your tent and making off with a toothbrush, or any other trifle whose worth is enhanced in proportion to its distance from civilisation. The kiwi, or apteryx, is frequently heard, but unfrequently caught. It is getting rarer and rarer, and will apparently die out as certainly as the native race of the Maories. The kakapo also, or owl-parrot, is sometimes to be seen; the singular bird which has developed the habit, since sheep were introduced into the island, of perching upon them and regaling itself on their kidneys.

Professor Brown, of Christ Church, informs me that it has lately gone farther, and applied this cheerful habit to horses as well. Besides these, ducks and pigeons of several varieties are to be seen; the latter are stupid enough to allow sportsmen to approach them quite closely, when they of course fall an easy prey. Dr. Hector amused us all by imitating the cries of several native birds with such precision that he attracted several flocks in succession from their haunts in the wood. The Maories entice them in this way



Wet Jacket Arm and Dusky Sound.

and catch them in springes, or knock them down with sticks. No inhabitants are known to live in these sounds, with the exception of one or two Europeans, who settle, now in one sound, now in another, to shoot birds for the sake of their skins, which fetch a good price in the market. Those whom I met lived alone, and it seemed to me that they must live a dreadfully solitary life in those pathless forests, absolutely cut off from civilisation. A Government ship is sent round at certain intervals to take them pro-

visions and mails, and they spoke quite contentedly of their healthy out-door life.

These Sounds are very near to civilisation, and are yet wholly removed from it. They belong to the sea. The mountain barrier is rendered impassable, not merely by the precipitous nature of its sides, but also by the dense nature of the scrub which clothes it. Prominent among the plants in this scrub is that known to colonists by the soubriquet of "lawyer," from the fact that it is easier to get into its clutches than to get out again.



Auckland from the summit of Mount Eden.

It is a straggling creeper, which climbs from plant to plant, and renders any passage it has once barred perfectly hopeless. There is, indeed, a track made across from Martin's Bay, by which Dr. Hector crossed to the other side when the *Dido* was wrecked; but even by this the passage is exceedingly difficult.

The chief Sounds which are visited by the excursion steamer, which generally makes the round annually, are the following:—Preservation Inlet, whose distance is eighty miles from Port William, the nearest port of Stewart Island, and the same from Bluff Harbour. This sound put me much in mind of Loch Lomond. It is studded with small islands, behind which rise a low range of hills, covered with verdure, and broken by waterfalls. The anchoring-ground is called Cuttle Cove; and it is a strange and weird spectacle to see the moon breaking through the fleecy clouds, and shedding its fitful radiance on island and headland, and on the snow-capped ranges in the far distance. Proceeding north, the vessel passes through

Chalky or Dark Cloud Inlet, which lies immediately to the north-west of Preservation Inlet, being separated from it only by a high peninsula ending in Gulch's Head. After a few hours we pass into Dusky Sound, as it was named by Captain Cook. The peculiarity of this sound is the vast height of the mountains, which seem to rise sheer out of the sea. The sides of many of these are covered with a deep green vegetation, here and there relieved by the fiery blossoms of the rata, or iron-wood; and their base is fringed with a tangled tapestry of ferns. The variety and beauty of these it is impossible to describe; you seem to have before you the productions of tropical heat and moisture under the sky of France. In some places the verdure is relieved by numerous waterfalls, which now disappear beneath a screen of foliage, and then far below flash forth again as they bound into the fiord beneath. I could not help thinking what a glorious time one might have here in a yacht or a steam-launch! How numerous are the anchorages, each opening up a new point of view! And in the far

future, when picturesque Dunedin shall have become one of the chief marts of the southern hemisphere, what magnificent building-sites for her wealthy and over-wrought citizens will these Sounds afford!

We have the great advantage of passing into Breaksea Sound in still water, through Acheron Passage, formed by the barrier of Resolution Island, and we come to anchor in Wet Jacket Sound, which runs from Acheron Passage for a distance of six miles into the eastern shore of the arm. On either side rise towering mountains to the height of about four thousand feet. Breaksea Sound, which is reached shortly after Wet Jacket Sound, was so called, by Captain Cook himself, from an island at its entrance. The same combination meets us here again of picturesque islets and magnificent mountains; and about two-thirds of the way up from the junction of Acheron Passage the sound divides into two arms—the towering cone of Chatham Point, three thousand feet high, forming the bluff at the bifurcation. The steamer generally proceeds up Vancouver's Arm, which is *par excellence* the fiord of streams, and retracing its course passes into Doubtful Sound, or Inlet. On the northern side the prominent objects are All Round Peak and Mount Groznoz, from four thousand to five thousand feet high; to the south are passed two remarkable peaked rocks, called the Hare's Ears. Almost the most striking spot amid so much beauty is Hall's Arm, a branch of Doubtful Sound. We steam along the bushy Rolla Island, and find ourselves in a nook with lofty mountains on three sides of us, and the dark blue fiord behind. Hundreds of small penguins dived before our ship, and we could clearly trace their course through the clear water of the fiord.

Very curious too are the nests of these same penguins; they abound all along the bush-clad banks of Hall's Arm; they were full of soft feathers and of fishes' bones; but I could not find any young birds. Seals are tolerably numerous throughout all the Sounds; the terror expressed by their great soft human eyes is very manifest at the approach of the steamer with its unknown noise and strange appearance. In Hall's Arm we were nearly having a nasty accident: a mysterious jar ran through the steamer, the passengers looked at each other and said that it was all right, and we proceeded on our way. As it happened we had scraped a projecting rock with our keel, and it was afterwards discovered that many of the nails had been knocked out. The fact is that this sound is

only imperfectly surveyed, and steamers visiting it need to proceed with the very greatest caution. The next fiord, Thompson Sound, is not much visited. The western shore of Secretary Island forms the coast-line between it and Doubtful Sound. It is remarkable for its depth of water; just above Deer Cove, an inlet in the sound, soundings were not obtained till a depth of 250 fathoms. Again passing out to sea, we steam for a distance of thirteen miles, and enter George Sound. On the way we pass, at a distance of three miles north of Caswell Sound, Two Thumb Bay, Looking-glass Bay, and a fantastic-shaped rock called the Houserroof. The entrance to George Sound is one of the most beautiful spots in all the fiords. On the north shore there is a good anchorage in "Anchorage Cove." It will be seen that in the matter of name-making our pioneers were rather graphic than original. Anchor is generally cast at the head of the south-east arm, where there is a small cove with a river running into it, which, when I saw it, was in flood, and presented a magnificent appearance as it came bounding through the scrub, impenetrable to anything less vigorous than a mosquito or a cataract. Above the river is a fine lake, from which the stream flows: in fact it is the outflow of the snow-fed mountain arm. Tourists can find their way up to the lake by the side of the stream, though the path is rather rocky. There is another river which finds its way into this fiord, a river which looks as if it had simply been created to harbour trout. Unfortunately, it has not yet been stocked, but no doubt it will be before long, and the rapidity with which trout multiply in the New Zealand rivers is one of the most remarkable features in the island. Even now as good sport may be had in some of the eastern rivers as in any part of the world.

In the case of the beauties of the Western Sounds, nature has acted the part of a good hostess, and kept her greatest treat till last. The coast-line between George and Milford Sounds is a magnificent spectacle. Six miles to the north-east of George Sound is passed the entrance to Bligh Sound, the entrance of which is rendered conspicuous by two remarkable mountains called respectively Mount Longsight and Table Mountain; both mountains attaining an elevation of over four thousand feet. I believe that this sound again has been very imperfectly surveyed, and needs great care in navigation. I have never entered it myself, but the captain told me that he did not at all like taking a

vessel into it. It may be noticed that the exploring party of the *Acheron* alleged that in this sound, in what is known as the "Third Arm," or "Bounty Haven," into which flows a considerable river, they came upon the tracks of some natives whom they heard scuttling away among the brushwood. They added that these people belong to a small isolated and almost unknown tribe, rarely seen even by their own countrymen, by whom they are called "wild men of the moun-

tains." Personally I am very sceptical as to the existence of any such tribe; if such did exist, it must surely have been seen by one or other of the isolated settlers who, as I have mentioned, haunt some portions of the Western Sounds. From Bligh Sound to Milford Sound is a distance of sixteen miles. The "Rugged Mountains" and "Lawrenny Peaks" rise there above the shore to a height of nearly seven thousand feet. It has been my fortune to visit Milford Sound three times in



Milford Sound from Harrison's Cove.

all: and each time have its beauties struck me as more baffling to put into words. The first time we came over from parched and seething Australia in the midst of her summer heat. We had to lie off shore for an hour or two before dawn, in order to make the entrance without any difficulty. As the dawn broke, the dim wall of cliffs loomed upon us, weird and mysterious, rising above a range of hills immediately springing from the sea, and covered with wood; the mountains are

so steep and precipitous that nothing can grow upon them; but snow lies on their sides wherever these are not too steep. Here and there a cataract is seen leaping from the bottom of an ice-field down the craggy sides of the mountain to the sea.

The entrance is so narrow that one wonders where the ship is going to find room to pass into the land-locked bay within. When fairly abreast of the entrance we descry Pembroke Peak, about three miles inland,

rising on the north side to a distance of nearly seven thousand feet, while the Llawrenny Peaks on the south side rise to nearly an equal height. Immediately abutting on the fiord, and overshadowing it on its south side, is the fantastic Mitre Rock, so called from its form; it attains a height of five thousand five hundred and sixty feet. As the eye wanders from the deck of the steamer up these stupendous heights one appreciates the marvellous effects that nature can produce by simple abruptness. As we pass into the centre of the sound a fine gorge opens on our view to the north, and a pretty glacier on Mount Pembroke catches the eye in the background. To the back of this lie mountain ridges covered with eternal snow. The cascades which fall into the sound on either side are far more striking than those in the Lauterbrunnen Valley; their size and number depend upon the amount of the rainfall. On one of the three occasions of my visiting Milford Sound the cascades were all in flood, and as the wind was blowing in great gusty "flaws" down the sound, its sides seemed enveloped in a drapery of moving spray. On another occasion we had a bright Italian sky, and little rain seemed to have fallen for some time, so that the cascades, instead of rushing down in broad tumultuous torrents, presented the appearance of thin blue or white threads, now losing themselves in the tangled drapery of the ferns, now breaking forth to plunge into the torrent below. About half-way up the sound the steamer stops and fires a gun to wake the echoes, which seem, indeed, not to need much rousing, and after booming round each neighbouring rock, produce the effect of a salvo of artillery fired from crags apparently half-way between earth and heaven. One of the most conspicuous objects is the Stirling Falls, where a large body of water falls sheer into the fiord from a height of four hundred feet, scattering afar the foam and the spray. We pass close beneath Mount Kimberley, whose frowning brow looks menacingly down on our deck from a height of two thousand five hundred feet. Here and there, where a ledge is broad enough to admit of it, the native bush struggles to find a hold, and some of the trees seem to be throwing out their branches in despair before taking a leap for life into the waters below. But the most striking object in all the sound is, to my mind, the Bowen Falls, which is the outlet of the waters running from the Benton and Barren Peaks respectively. It first runs down a steep rocky channel for some fifty or a hun-

dred feet, and falling into the hollow of a rock, leaps up again and forms a huge bow; then its waters plunge, as Mr. Green says, with a deafening roar, some three or four hundred feet sheer down into the fiord. There are some objects in nature and in art which are so wonderful in their beauty or in their magnificence that the senses seem to need an apprenticeship before they can appreciate them. Such is the picture of the Sixtine Madonna, such is the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, and such is the Bowen Falls. The scenery around is on a scale so stupendous that the falls hardly stand out in due prominence. The eye needs careful training to take in the size of the surrounding hills, and to realise the vastness of the volume of water which leaps so vigorously into the sound. Mr. Green, in his "High Alps of New Zealand," has given a very good account of the whole sound, and so has Mr. Bracken in his excellent "New Zealand Tourist." But there is plenty of room for a description more exhaustive than either of these, which should give the names and heights of each peak one passes, and not omit some account of the wonderful geological formation of the sound. At the head of the sound lies Freshwater Basin, the easternmost of two coves, between which a low tongue of scrub-covered land runs into the sound. Here the passengers are landed, and time is given to make a two or three hours' excursion into the scrub. On the land abutting on this cove stand two small shanties, lately erected, where one or two settlers are trying to make a living by shooting birds for their skins. They receive a packet of papers and some fresh provisions with intense delight. The solitude of the spot would oppress most men, but these did not seem to find it irksome; and, indeed, some compensation for the loss of society may be fairly claimed in the purity of the air and the water, while nature has abundantly provided them with any quantity of fish for the trouble of catching them. When I see in the large and wealthy town of Liverpool, from which I write, the numbers of men and women, squalid, poor, and hopeless, that meet my eye each time I go out, I cannot but think that I would prefer a hundred times to be monarch of all I survey, beneath an Italian sky, and fronting an azure fiord, with store of food at my door, rather than remain an inmate of a city for the sake of exchanging notes on the prevailing state of poverty and hopelessness with my neighbours.

NOTE.—The woodcuts are taken from photographs kindly lent by Mr. Walter Kennaway, and were taken by Burton Bros., of Dunedin.

THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., M.P., F.R.S.

A JOURNAL like GOOD WORDS must naturally lean to the burial of dead bodies, for that mode of disposing of the dead has become universal in all Christian countries, and has unconsciously connected itself with our hopes of resurrection. Burial existed as a practice in many heathen as well as Christian countries, and was viewed by the former as a mere means of concealing the dead. The word "burial" is derived from an old Anglo-Saxon word which means concealment. This was touchingly expressed by Abraham, on the death of Sarah, when he begged for a piece of land "that I may bury the dead out of my sight." The same result was obtained by burning bodies, and this process of cremation prevailed at one time very extensively. Indeed it was more prevalent than burial, for with the important exceptions of Egypt, India, and China, burning was the common method of disposing of the dead in the old history of the world. From the earliest times burning was practised in the interior regions of Asia, and was followed in the Western World by the Thracians, the Celtae, Sarmatiae, and other nations. The Jews generally buried their dead, although occasionally they burned them, as when Saul and his sons were burned and their ashes buried under a tree. In great plagues, as in the Vale of Tophet, the bodies were burned for sanitary reasons. In Rome the burning of bodies was practised from the close of the Republic to the middle of the fourth Christian century. In Greece both burial and burning were recognised as legitimate funeral rites, though the latter was perhaps more common, as legislative exceptions were made to it in the cases of suicide, persons struck by lightning, and mere infants.

The variations in the methods of disposal were intimately connected with the philosophies and religions of the old world. In the old philosophies matter was supposed to be derived from earth, or air, or fire, or water; and living bodies derived from these were after death supposed to be resolved into them. So the earth philosophers selected burial, while air and fire philosophers preferred burning. Religions had, however, a far more powerful influence in determining the selection of the last solemn rite. Egypt had a firm belief in immortality, and embalmed bodies so that they might remain fit for a future state. Indeed in that country

the most terrible punishment for malefactors was to burn their bodies, so that they should not rise into a more glorious life. In all Christian countries burial has become universal, and the recent movement in favour of cremation comes to us as a startling surprise. In the earlier stages of Christianity there was a simple and primitive belief, which still lurks among the uneducated, that the actual bodies of the dead are to be changed into glorified bodies for immortality. The burning of heretics and infidels produced a horror of this mode of disposing of the dead, and gave to burial a visible sign of faith in the future.

It is useless to inquire whether the universal practice of burial in Christian countries may have given a materiality to our views of resurrection, and may have lessened the spiritual view of immortality. To those who have studied the beautiful words of St. Paul in Cor. xv. the non-identity of the natural with the spiritual body is manifest; but the loving memories which cling to the dead incline us to forget the teachings both of religion and science. No Christian would deny that the blessed martyrs who were burned at the stake, or devoured by wild beasts in the arena, were as certain of immortality as the believers who are buried. Socrates, who had faith in the future, was asked by his friends, while the poison was numbing his body, whether he would like to be burned or buried, and he replied in very wise words that he cared not which, provided that his friends did not think that they were burning or burying Socrates. Lucan, who wrote in the first century of the Christian era, expressed himself in like terms—" *Tabesce cadavera solvat an rogos haud refert*"—Whether decay or fire destroys corpses matters not. It does not matter to the dead, but it matters exceedingly to the living. We are bound so to dispose of the dead that they shall not injure the living during the process of resolution of the body. Burial, when properly performed, is as innocuous a mode of disposing of the dead as burning. If the coffin be of a perishable nature, if the soil be dry and porous, if the graves be not too crowded, the dead are resolved into air and into ashes as certainly in three years as they are in a furnace in the course of an hour, and in both cases without injury to the living. But how rarely are these conditions satisfied in our modes of sepulture! We often find in cemeteries that

twenty years are not sufficient to effect the change. The modern Macedonian Greeks have a curious custom. They bury the bodies temporarily, and at the end of three years open the grave. If nothing but bones remain, to these they give permanent and respectful burial, because that proves the goodness of the deceased. But if flesh still adheres to the bones then the dead have become wicked vampires, who are going through the world to do harm to the living. I am afraid that in most of our churchyards the dead are harming the living by destroying the soil, fouling the air, contaminating water springs, and spreading the seeds of disease. It is in the hope of improving our methods of burial that I write this article. I do not belong to the Cremation Society, though I know that cremation and burial produce absolutely the same results, varying only in time. But the fact that a feeling for cremation has arisen compels those who advocate burial to conduct it with hygienic precautions. Science has reached positive knowledge in regard to the changes of dead matter, and it is right that this should be understood by the public.

It is now known with certainty that dead matter of all organized beings passes into air for the most part, and a small remnant into ashes which remain in the soil. The changed products of the dead—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—are the food of plants, which, under the action of the sun, mould them into new forms of organic life. Death thus becomes the source of life, and the dissolution of one generation is actually necessary for the support of a succeeding one. The air, the all-abounding air, into which pass all the waste of the living and all the products of the dead, thus becomes the grave of organic death and the cradle of organic life. You may retard the operation of this law of nature, but you cannot defeat it. The bodies of the Pharaohs have existed, through embalment, for thousands of years, but they are now gradually being converted into aerial constituents by slow decay in our museums. Every modern burial contributes slowly or speedily to the aerial reservoir of plant-food, and takes its part in the great cycle of life and death. The materials of our living bodies have mainly come from the air, and to the air must they return. Euripides saw this, though he could not explain it with the lights of modern science.

“Then that which springs from earth to earth returns,
And that which draws its being from the sky
Rises again up to the skyey height.”

The main fact that death and life are

necessary consecutives in the continued existence of the organic kingdom will be most readily understood if we follow out the process in specific cases. It is very obvious in the case of the carnivora. An herbivorous animal lives upon plants which extract their substance from the air. The flesh-eater kills the vegetable-feeder, and the body of the former becomes the tomb of the latter, and death here clearly becomes the source of life. Victor Hugo calls the carnivora “the sextons of nature.” The bodies of the consumed herbivora pass into aerial products through the respiration of the carnivora and by the speedy decay of their excreta, in a quick cycle of life and death, for only a small part remains in the body of the devouring animal. Thus while plants feed animals, they quickly return to the air the aerial food on which plants depend, and here death and life rapidly alternate. Animals which feed on carrion convert the dead bodies into aerial ingredients in about twenty-four hours, just as the crematory produces the same gases in one hour. There is one method of disposing of dead bodies in India that illustrates this change, though it is repulsive to our feelings. The Parsees bury their dead in the “Towers of Silence.” In the interior of these towers there are sloping shelves, upon which the naked dead bodies are placed. The mourners withdraw and shut the door; then immediately the expectant vultures swoop down, and in half an hour only the skeleton remains. The bodies of the vultures have become the tombs, and in twenty-four hours the dead body has passed through living tombs into air, to fulfil its destined purpose of feeding plants. That is a very speedy mode of burial, though a repulsive one. At all times in history there has been a strong objection to allow the bodies of men to be devoured by beasts or fowl birds. Tobit got into all his troubles by burying the king's enemies who were exposed to the beasts of the field. So also did Antigone dare the wrath of the Theban rulers, when she buried the body of Poly-nices, her brother, who was exposed to the birds of prey. While we admire this sacred care for burial in the case of a human body, we must not forget that we are daily performing the living entombment of the animals which we consume as food. The carcasses of the ox and the sheep are entombed in our bodies, and quickly pass by respiration and excretion into the aerial food of plants. The disposal of the dead is a question of sentiment, subject to a great law of nature, that

the dead must ultimately be resolved into the living.

If we follow the process of decay which takes place in the grave, it will be found that living organisms take part in the decay of the buried body, just as they do when beef or mutton is consumed by a man. In absolutely pure air flesh does not decay, and is in fact preserved for an indefinite time. But air is very seldom absolutely pure, for in it are an infinite number of floating micro-organisms, either as spores or fully developed. On the tops of mountains these organisms, which are named baccilli, bacteria, or micrococci, are sparsely found; in the air of the country they are common; in that of towns they abound; over sewers or above churchyards they positively swarm. What are they? Are they plants or animals? This is a question that science has not yet decided. Chemists are inclined to consider them animals of a very low type, because animals are chiefly engaged in performing analytical functions, that is, pulling organic matter to pieces; while plants perform synthetical functions, that is, building up complex organic matter out of simple materials, for example, moulding organisms out of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Now the great function of these micro-organisms which play such an important part in the economy of the world is to convert potential energy into actual energy, or to put it more simply, to convert passive affinities into active affinities. In organized matter there is for a time the repose of the chemical attractions of those four elements—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, which constitute the great bulk of the body. The micro-organisms are engaged in the resolution of the dead body into those active forms of chemical energy—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. When these innumerable little beings have free play, they are the greatest benefactors to the human race, for they are the most powerful of all scavengers, and they purify air, water, and soil so as to render them fit for the living. But if you oppose their free action, by restricting their access, by shutting out the free circulation of air necessary to their life-functions, they become intensely malignant in their character, the true vampires of the dead, for they fly about planting themselves in the blood of the living, and producing our well-known epidemic diseases—zymotic, or “filth” diseases. In the fluids of patients suffering from such diseases these micro-organisms swarm. Mankind has only recently recognised how much we owe to the micro-

organisms. Wine and beer are produced by their agency; by them vinegar is formed; by them we get those vast beds of saltpetre or nitre which is one of the forms into which they convert decaying matter. Our ancestors used to live with rushes on the floors. When the rushes became filthy, new ones were put on the top, and frequently accumulated to considerable thickness. Then the dreaded “petremen” of the king came, and insisted on digging up the clay floor, which had become saturated with saltpetre formed by these busy micrococci, in order to save the inhabitants from pestilence produced by their filthy habits. These little organisms, whether they be plants or animals, are infinite benefactors to the human race or terrible scourges, according as man is obedient or disobedient to the wise laws of the Creator.

Now, by our common practices of burial we do everything to defeat these laws. We enclose dead bodies in close coffins, in impermeable soils, often saturated with water, so that the air is excluded, and these busy micro-organisms are unable to exercise their beneficial functions. And so instead of the simple resolution of the body into the food of plants, which is the end of decay, a vast number of dangerous vapours and fluids are produced as intermediate forms, which may occasion disasters to the living before the little active beings are able to bring them to their simple and destined end of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Is it surprising that men who see this with the eye of knowledge should desire to recur to burning as a means of disposing of the dead? The earth is a slow crematory, the furnace is a quick one, but the final results are the same in both cases. The beautiful service of the church appears to recognise this fact in the alternative words, “Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.” As a chemist, I know that both processes—burial and cremation—are identical, except in point of time. As a legislator, I see no reason why survivors should not be allowed to select one or other method according to their desires. As a Christian, I wish both to be regulated in their performance and hallowed by those services of religion which are so necessary on such solemn occasions.

The time has come, in my opinion, when those who prefer burial for the dead should be obliged so to conduct it that it will do no harm to the living. I have officially inspected many churchyards and made reports on their state, which even to re-read makes me shudder. I do not intend to inflict any of these on my readers. The newspapers within the

last few weeks have given horrible instances, especially in Ireland. My friend, Mr. Seymour Haden, in his beautiful letters "Earth to Earth," has shown how burial may be conducted with safety to the community. The essence of his system is that the coffin should be of perishable material, such as papier-mâché, or wicker-work, so that the air may obtain free access to the body, and speedily effect that resolution which is not only inevitable, but is necessary in the great cycle of life, that the dead shall yield their material to the living. But that is not enough. The earth must be selected on account of its porosity, and to keep it porous it must be adequately drained. Bodies must have space and earth enough for resolution. The modes of burying paupers in a common hole or ditch into which many bodies are shovelled cannot be spoken of as graves: they are pits of putridity. If land be too dear to give them decent burial, respectful to the dead and innocuous to the living, a thousand times better it would be that their bodies should be burnt and their ashes buried. Reforms in our modes of burial

would vastly increase those tender associations of the past which we desire to preserve in connection with those that are dead. As at present practised, the grave cannot be looked upon with the eye of knowledge except as an evil to the living and a dishonour to the dead. Over a dead body the survivors have no power, for then chemical and physical forces reign supreme. The great law of nature prevails that death must supply the materials for life. It is this close alternation and mutual dependence of death and life that made old Bishop Hall remark, "Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave." Surely no religious feeling can be offended because I have used the pages of GOOD WORDS to state the well-established truths of science in regard to the wonderful cycle of organic life and death, one of the most exquisite proofs of creative wisdom known to science. Let us take part in the fulfilment of this great law, and not by ignorance or prejudice try to retard it, for we cannot frustrate provisions which were established by the Creator to keep mankind in purity and sanity.

A SONG OF GOOD COUNSEL.

GERMAN AIR.—*Geniesst den Reitz des Lebens.*

(TO YOUNG MEN.)

BRAVE boys, would you live wisely,
To God and Nature true,
Hear me, and I precisely
Will tell you what to do.

This world's no place for weaving
Light webs of fancies grand,
But for firm will achieving
High purpose with strong hand.

If weaklings deem it cruel
That life so hard should be,
Deem thou all hard things fuel
For victories meant for thee!

March on, and never weary,
With firm and steady pace;
But like the lark be cheery,
And skyward turn thy face.

Who frets prolongs his sorrow,
Who fears makes strong his foe,
And double woe to-morrow
From golden dreams will flow.

Nor dream nor doubt, but stoutly
The task that nearest lies
Perform, and wait devoutly
On God, who helps the wise.

He helps no fools, and rightly
Lays vauntful sinners low,
Who hold the helm not tightly
When windy passions blow.

And evermore in danger,
With gleesome faith be strong;
The devil remains a stranger
To breasts that teem with song.

And never in thy daring
Dare for thyself alone,
But with thy brother sharing
The good that's most thine own.

And own the God who sent thee
On life's wide sea to swim,
And this glad being lent thee
To live and work with Him.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



The Castle of Varzin.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

By JOHN RAE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM."

FEW statesmen have ever received so remarkable a recognition of their work as was given to Prince Bismarck on his seventieth birthday a few months ago. The Chancellor's palace thronged with distinguished visitors and deputations offering congratulations and gifts. The Emperor kissed him three times with visible emotion. Representatives of the German people brought him, along with a large money donation, the more touching present of the old ancestral estate of the Bismarck-Schönhausens, which his father had been obliged to sell. The students of the universities and the trades-unions—the guides of the future nation and the rank and file of the present—marched together in one long torchlight procession to his honour. Most of the emperors and kings of Europe sent him greetings; and thousands of letters and thousands more of telegrams poured in all day from admirers of most varied ranks and parties in every quarter of the globe. The world seemed to rise up and call him blessed.

Yet Prince Bismarck himself, it appears, is unable to accept the world's verdict. His secretary, Dr. Busch, relates that one autumn twilight in 1877, he was with his master in the drawing-room of Varzin, when, "after having sat silent for a while gazing straight before him, and feeding the fire now and anon with fir-cones, he suddenly began to complain that his political activity had brought him but little satisfaction and few friends. Nobody loved him for what he had done. He had never made anybody happy

thereby, he said; not himself, not his family, nor any one else. Some of those present would not admit this, and suggested 'that he had made a great nation happy.' 'But,' he continued, 'how many have I made unhappy? But for me three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not have been bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . That matter, however, I have settled with God. But I have had little or no joy from all my achievements, and nothing but vexation, care, and trouble.'" Busch adds that this is no solitary outburst, but "that of late years he has repeatedly expressed himself in words almost identical with those above quoted, and that upon such occasions no arguments have availed to soothe him."

We need not make too much of these visitations of remorse, though there is clearly more in them than the mere judgment of "few and evil" which any serious nature is prone to pass on the years of his life, when reviewing them from the station of the three-score-and-ten. But the question which thus troubles Bismarck's mind is the very question by which history will try his work and worth. He has lived almost wholly for the aggrandisement of Prussia, that is, for national ambition. Not, let it be remembered, for personal ambition, for with all his faults there never has been a statesman freer from motives of private interest, or more purely devoted to the service of his king and country. Busch quotes concerning him the German

proverb, "Your master first, God next;" but he might have added that if he sometimes put his king before his God, which is easy, he always put him also before himself, which is hard. From the beginning of his career his one thought, his "sole guiding star," as he calls it himself, has been how to make, first Prussia and now Germany, "breathe freely in the world as a great nation." Now the aggrandisement of Prussia—the creation of a strong, industrial, Protestant, progressive Power in Central Europe—has certainly been a benefit, not only to that country itself, but to the general cause of order and

civilisation. In one of the last letters of Lord Palmerston—written to Lord Russell in 1865, about the destination of the Elbe Duchies—the veteran Minister said:—"Prussia is too weak, as she now is, ever to be honest and independent in her action; and with a view to the future it is desirable that Germany in the aggregate should be strong, in order to control those two ambitious and aggressive Powers, France and Russia, that press upon her, west and east." For these and other reasons, history may discover sufficient justification for the great work of national reconstruction which, in an age that disparages



The Castle of Varzin, from the Park.

the influence of individual men, was accomplished in six short years by the inflexible determination, the unscrupulous daring, the infinite labour and resource of Otto von Bismarck.

But whatever may be thought of the work itself, when judged by its results, there can be nothing but unsparing condemnation for the absolute disregard, not only of human life, but of the greater considerations of truth and justice, by means of which it was effected. It will have been observed, in the passage quoted above from Busch's indiscreet but authoritative book, that Bismarck has no

thought of disowning full responsibility for the three successive wars which issued in the consolidation of the German Empire. In each case it was he who forced the quarrel, though he contrived, with exquisite cleverness, to make his adversary seem to be in the wrong; and once the quarrel was stirred it was he, and he alone, who fought down the scruples of the king and the opposition of the Prussian people, by his bold and resolute energy. War was his deliberate policy, from the moment when he came to power; his very first task as Minister was to reorganize the army, on the express ground,

openly declared in the Chamber, that "Prussia must collect her forces for a favourable opportunity, such as has been already let slip more than once. The frontiers, as settled by the Vienna treaties, are not suitable to a healthy State; and the great questions of

the age are not solved by speeches and the votes of majorities, but by iron and blood." This last phrase, "iron and blood," at once became famous as indicating the new departure taken in the counsels of Berlin. To obtain a healthy frontier, Prussia was to



The Lake at Varszin.

throw Europe into conflagration, and to stake her own existence on the cast. Success may now veil the audacity of this design, but at the time no one was more sensible of the immense risk it involved than the Minister who conceived it. Bismarck went to the war of 1866 resolved to die on the field if the event proved adverse, because, he said, if he were to return to Berlin "the old women would beat him to death with their wet dusters;" but when Prussia gained the day, his adventurous spirit only increased in boldness, and he declared, "We have not won yet, we have merely doubled the stakes."

But if he was audacious he had at least some right to be so, for his preparations were always most complete. His play was no blind plunging, but was invariably based on a profound calculation of chances, and a far-seeing provision against all possible emergencies. This is shown not only in the sedulous care with which he perfected the army, and "put Prussia in the saddle," but still more in the most successful diplomatic negotiations by which he contrived to secure the support or neutrality of the other powers who might be likely to intervene in the struggle. War and negotiation are his elements. His statesmanship is the statesmanship of one who might have been a great general, and who is certainly a great diplomatist. A very unconventional diplomatist indeed, for, as he himself has said, he got his ideas "not from the green table, but from the green fields," and

often turned what the maxims of embassies would pronounce to be fatal indiscretions into effective instruments of his purposes. For the "pompous peddling," the "quackery and humbug" of ordinary diplomacy he expresses unmeasured contempt. At Frankfurt he found intercourse with his colleagues to "consist in nothing but mutual distrust and *espionnage*. If we had only had anything to find out or to conceal! . . . Each one of us behaves as if he believed that his neighbour was stuffed full of ideas and projects, if he only chose to let some of them out; and in reality all of us put together know no more what is going to become of Germany than a grocer's paper bag knows about next summer." There was no object under all their mystery, nothing worth either lying or telling the truth for, and Bismarck took the business no more seriously than it deserved, and seemed to his colleagues to be so much of a big irresponsible boy that he was known among them as the *bursche*. But when it came to the real game he soon showed the unsuspected stuff of which he was made: a decision and tenacity of purpose, a sure insight into character, a skill in manipulating men, a fertility of resource, and an unprincipled audacity that carried him over all obstacles. Some of his diplomatic triumphs are marvels of supreme but unscrupulous adroitness, which, however, we almost forgive when we consider that they were won over schemers as unprincipled as



Varzin, from the hill.



The Railway Station.

himself, and mainly by making a tool of their own cupidity. He

was ready to intrigue with any power against any other if only Prussia's unhappy geographical configuration could be mended. He would even carry on contradictory intrigues at the same moment, beckoning Austria to a raid on France with the one hand, while he was encouraging France to attack Austria with the other. It is well known how just before entering on office in Berlin he went to Thiers and said, "I will make it up for you with the Emperor, and we two will re-make the map of Europe," and how up till 1866 he kept indulging Napoleon's dreams of aggrandisement by promising him Belgium, "that nest of demagogues," or any part of other people's possessions he might choose to covet; and yet at the same time, just on the eve of the war of 1866, he made to Austria the remarkable proposal—which Busch relates as he heard it from Bismarck's own lips—that, instead of fighting with one another, the two German powers should make a joint attack on France for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. The diplomatic feat of which he is proudest is his acquisition of the Elbe Duchies, Schleswig and Holstein. Other feats may have been more important, but this is especially dear, because he made his enemy his cat's paw throughout towards that enemy's own eventual discomfiture. The German Confederation having sent only Saxon and Hanoverian troops to occupy the Duchies, Bismarck first sent a Prussian force to join in the occupation, and thus provoked Austria to do likewise; and then, having found Austria so far prepared to act independently of the Diet, proposed to her that the two great

powers should take the settlement of the matter into their own hands, but first of all that the Diet be asked to order the

Duke of Augustenburg to quit the Duchies, and, failing that, to sanction the joint occupation by Austria and Prussia. Austria agreed, and, as the greater state,

was put up to make these proposals, and when they were successively refused, the two powers marched in together without further ceremony. Having thus got Austria made unpopular in the Confederation, having got her to infringe the principle of legitimacy in the Augustenburg proposal, and to disown federal authority by her independent occupation of the country, Bismarck turned round and claimed both Duchies for Prussia, and eventually obtained them. Looked at from the standpoint of intrigue considered as one of the fine arts, it must be owned there is a certain satisfactory dramatic completeness in the development of this remarkable plot, and its not altogether unwholesome issue; just as from the same standpoint we are often compelled to admire the Chancellor's common trick of deceiving by merely telling the truth. Not that he dislikes a lie, but the truth is often the more successful blind.

Of all modern statesmen Bismarck is the most openly and cynically Machiavellian. He lives for the greater good of the Prussian state, as the Jesuit does for the greater good of the Church. That is the one thing in life that is an end, all other things are only means, and of means he asks no question but whether they are effective; if they are effective they are good, if they are ineffective nothing can justify them. Principles, alliances, human lives, party ties, things of any sort which other men may count sacred, are all, according to the habit of Bismarck's mind, regarded in the light of mere political instrumentalities that exist to be utilised, and may with perfect indifference be fostered to-day and sacrificed to-morrow just as Imperial

interests may seem to dictate. One of his chief horrors is the *doctrinaire*. "All my life long," he says, "I have never been a *doctrinaire*. All systems by which political parties feel themselves separated or bound together are for me secondary considerations; the first thing of all is the nation, its independence, its standing abroad, its organization, so contrived that we may be enabled to breathe freely in the world as a great people. Everything after that—Liberal, Reactionary, Conservative, Constitutions—gentlemen, I confess quite openly that all these matters are to me of secondary importance; they constitute a luxury in the furnishing line which may be indulged in after the building of the house shall have been solidly completed. In these questions of party I may tend towards one or another, as the case may require in the interest of the country; the doctrines themselves I hold amazingly cheap." Since he was minister he has never identified himself with any party, but has used all in turn, as they suited his policy at the time, making them certain concessions and securing their support on the simple *dout des* principle, which he so constantly invokes and declares to be "essential to all political negotiations, though kept in the background, and not alluded to by well-bred negotiators." Under these circumstances his career naturally exhibits many inconsistencies, but consistency in his opinion is not a merit in politics. As he told Jules Favre, at Versailles, it often leads to per-

nicious obstinacy. "I have been taught by experience," he said, "and I never hesitate to sacrifice personal feeling to the requirements of the hour. Our country must be served and not dominated."

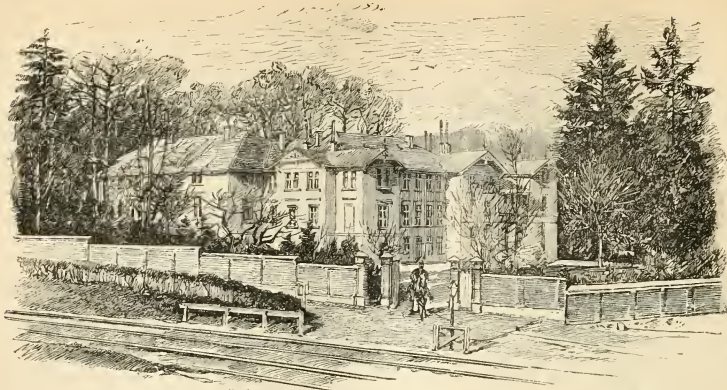
In fact, in all things his mind and whole ways of thinking are, first to last, political. For sentiment and principle he finds no place in politics except where they happen to show themselves useful. He repudiates with scorn the idea that he took Alsace and Lorraine because they had once been German. "That," he says, "is a professor's reason." He took them from policy, because they penetrated into the heart of German territory, and to leave enemy's fortresses there was a fatal peril. Political necessity is his supreme motive. He is a little superstitious, in a harmless way, but in face of political necessity superstition counts for nought, and he will even sit down thirteen to dinner, or begin business on a Friday, if there is a good State reason for doing so. He is a man of genuine religious convictions too, and has even such a habit of professing religious motives for political work that he is often compared with Cromwell; but religious dogmas, like the plainer distinctions of *mewn* and *tuum*, must yield before the higher law—the deeper religion—of State requirements. If there is a doctrine by which at one time he seemed to be mastered, it was that of the divine right of kings, and yet he has dethroned more kings than the



Scene near Varzin.

Revolution; because, when it comes to questions of realities, he recognises something which he considers a more divine right than legitimacy, a right written, as he believes, by the finger of God on the very nature of things, and ratified by his living fiat in the

fire and blood of battles, the right of the strongest. It was, he declared, "a divine ordinance that the German nation should become great," the argument being, we presume, Why else was Prussia made strong? Why has the tiger got tooth and claw?



The Castle of Friedrichsruh.

And his garrulous appeals to religious sanctions, that seem so misplaced to many persons, probably arise from some confused sense of being a providential instrument in working out such ordinances.

Though always, and from the first, marked as a peculiarly energetic and independent personality, Bismarck gave little evidence in his early life of the great ability he has subsequently displayed. Born on the 1st of April, in the year of Waterloo, of a race of soldiers and diplomatists, he was educated for the law at Göttingen and Berlin, where, by the way, he occupied rooms with Motley, the historian, then also a student, but where he was chiefly distinguished for the number of duels he fought. After trying the law for a year or two, he turned his attention to agriculture, and settled down as a farmer on part of his father's estate, which, on the death of the latter shortly afterwards, became his own property. Here he led the rough, rollicking, careless life then characteristic of the German *junker* (younger, young squire), drinking deep of the singular mixture of champagne and porter, riding and hunting hard, shocking all decent people by his mad freaks and rude practical jokes, going to parties in clothes covered with mud, letting loose foxes on ladies in drawing-rooms, and positively delighting in all the loathing he excited among patrons of the proprieties. He was known as "mad Bismarck," and his reputation was so bad that his father-in-law, Herr von Puttkammer, a neighbouring squire, says that when he first heard his daughter avow her attachment for so wild a youth, he felt as if

he had been felled with an axe. The end of all this kind of life was not unnaturally shattered health and finances, and Bismarck was actually contemplating emigration to the Indies, when he was returned to the Landstag at Berlin, where he succeeded in making a certain mark, and eventually in securing a career. Not even yet, however, did he give any augury of political eminence, or, what is more curious, of possessing the specific political mind which seems to us now to be his essence. He was a Tory irreconcilable, a foe of all compromise, a violent reactionary who seemed to take a positive delight in stating extreme and unpopular opinions in their most extreme and unpopular form—a kind of "mad Bismarck" still, playing the *junker* in politics in fearless defiance of opinion, and scorn of all moderation. His very maiden speech created such an uproar by its violence that Bismarck had to sit down; but with the cool self-possession that has always characterized him, pulled a newspaper from his pocket, and read till quiet was restored; and he once went so far, in his hatred of democracy, as to declare that great cities must be swept from the face of the earth as hotbeds of revolution. At this time the Revolution (with the big R) was his *bête noire*, and Austrian preponderance was to his thinking the only protection against it. So convinced was he of this that he stood up single-handed in defence of the Manteuffel Ministry for that submission of Prussia to Austria, which is known as the humiliation of Olmutz. The consequence of his pronounced Austrian sympathies was unexpected, and in its re-

moter issues strange. As a person likely to be agreeable to Austria, the "mad Bismarck" was appointed, at the early age of thirty-five, Prussian Envoy to the German Diet at Frankfort, and launched on the career which was eventually to expel Austria from Germany altogether.

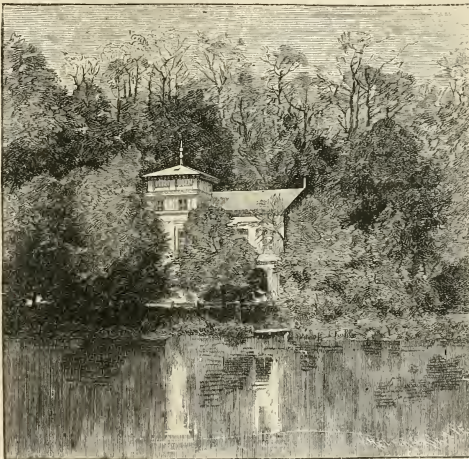
He remained at Frankfort from 1851 to 1859, and while there his ideas on the political situation completely changed. It was not in his nature to bear the petty slights which the Prussian, as well as other German envoys, was expected at that time to endure at the hands of their Austrian brother; and the well-known cigar story belongs to this period, the light being asked from the

Austrian envoy, who used to smoke in presence of his colleagues but expected them to refrain out of respect for his dignity. But the independence which Bismarck asserted in small things, he soon saw to be a necessity in great, and his mind was fast made up that a war between the two countries for ascendancy in Germany was sooner or later inevitable and necessary for the solution of the German problem. While his colleagues were playing their solemn game of hide and seek with nothing to hide and nothing to seek, and thinking him a mere *bursche*, as we have seen, with no serious interests, Bismarck was writing able dispatches in favour of a resolute policy of blood; and in 1859 he was already known as so decided an adversary of Austria, that it was judged prudent, in case of complications in the Italian war, to transfer him to St. Petersburg, to "lay him in ice," as he himself called it, till his time should come, for he had already made a great impression on the king by the decision and vigour of his views. Both at Frankfort and St. Petersburg his sociable

qualities won for him personally general popularity, and at the latter place he was able, through the favour which he enjoyed at Court and the warm friendship which he had made with Gortschakoff at Frankfort and improved at St. Petersburg, to establish relations with Russia which proved of momentous service to his country in 1870.

In 1862, he was sent for a few months as ambassador to Paris, where he sought to feel his way for support to the policy of war and aggrandisement which he was bent on seeing Prussia embark upon. It was then he proposed to Thiers to remake the map of Europe, and surprised both him and Napoleon so much with his singular manner and seeming

indiscretions, that the one declared he was mad and the other that he was not a serious man. Both lived to find method enough in his madness, and seriousness more than enough in his character and purposes. In 1863, he was appointed Minister President of Prussia amid intense unpopularity, and set his hand without delay to the stern work



In the Park at Friedrichsruh.

he believed essential for his country's greatness. From this time he belongs to the world's history, and there is no need to describe here the three wars, the Danish, Austrian, French, in which he successively plunged Europe; or the two subsequent wars of a more spiritual sort he has waged against ultramontanism and socialism—"the black international and the red." In the latter conflict the demon he sought to expel has taken temporary refuge in his own breast, and Bismarck seems now likely to end a career that began in violent antipathy to Democracy, by rash experimental attempts to realise a Socialist State. His great aim, however, in all his present labours, is to preserve the empire he has created, and his general policy is con-

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sequently so decidedly one of peace, that he has become a sort of general European arbitrator—"not a peace mediator," as he once said, speaking of Russia and England, "intervening with the might of Germany at his back, but an honest broker who sounds first one party and then another, and transacts the reconciliation."

In the more private relations of life Bismarck appears in pleasing lights. His family life is especially amiable and wholesome, as is manifest from his letters to his wife and his sister. His chief solace has always been in his affections. While ambassador at St. Petersburg he used to delight in superintending his children's education, and examining them regularly once a week, having a strong belief in personal attention to everything. His wife he always declares to have been the making of him; a lady of Quaker family and principles, yet with sufficient sternness in her to write her husband during the war that she prayed the "godless" French might be exterminated.

He is an excellent landlord, considerate to his tenants, and showing them an example of enterprise. At Varzin he is not only farmer, but brewer, distiller, paper-maker, and saw-miller, most of these undertakings being originated by himself to develop the resources of the district. Varzin is his favourite residence. Situated in a romantic district in the east of Pomerania, a few miles from the Baltic, it gives him that complete escape from social and ceremonious cares which he likes to enjoy. "What I like best," he says, "is to be in well-greased boots, far away from civilisation." Up till he was sixty he was a great hunter, but now he prefers to wander quietly about the vales and fields of Varzin, or up to one of the neighbouring heights to get a sight of the sea, which he says he loves like a mistress. For nature and natural objects he has an unwearied and catholic love. He

has made pets of animals of all kinds, even bears, and it was just after his appointment as Premier that he wrote his wife, "But for R—— and the sorrel mare I should sometimes feel very lonely here, though I am never alone." It may be mentioned that it was in looking upwards at a passing flight of birds that Bismarck's face was caught with that almost prophetic expression, containing apparently all the finer soul of the man, which is preserved in the portrait by Lenbach, accompanying this sketch. Lenbach happened to be walking with him at the time at Friedrichsruh, and seeing the intent and noble expression, exclaimed, "Hold on! That will do. Keep quite still!" and forthwith made the sketch for what is acknowledged to be the best portrait of the Chancellor ever painted.

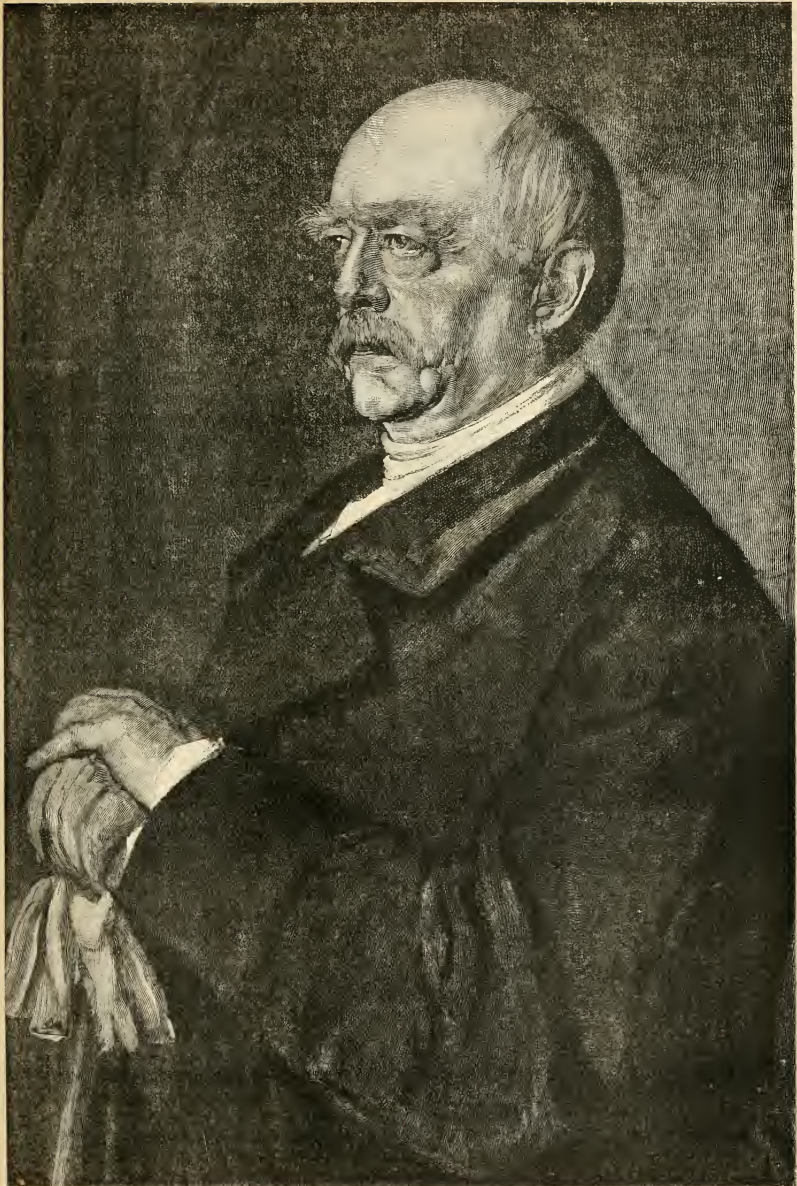
Friedrichsruh is a gift from the Emperor, just as Varzin is virtually a gift from the Prussian Diet, and at one or other of these places Bismarck now spends most of his time, far from the maddening crowd and its troublesome inanities, but equally far from the repose of a mere country gen-



Bismarck's Study at Friedrichsruh.

(On the table to the left the treaty of Versailles was signed, 23 Feb., 1871.)

tleman's existence in which he has always desired to spend the closing years of his life and which no man has by labour better earned. He has toiled terribly, as Cecil said of Raleigh; but he toils terribly still—sleeplessly vigilant over the great empire which his hands have made, and his massive shoulders now support. He is often fain to resign, yet when difficulties thicken his spirit always rises to the work with its old unquenchable verve. "I am like a weary hunter," he said in 1878, "who has been following the chase all day long without result, and who, worn out and faint with fatigue, sinks to the ground, and resolves to give up sport altogether. All of a sudden the beaters light on a couple of splendid boars; forthwith his old passion revives in his breast; he springs to his feet as fresh as ever, and hurries off to the chase anew."



[From a picture, by Lenbach, in the possession of Dr. George Hirth, Munich.]

TRANSATLANTIC CONTRASTS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

THE following rather desultory pages are intended to illustrate some of the most striking divergences of language and phases of life between this country and the United States of America, as noted during a residence of six months in various parts of New York and New England.

As to Locomotion, England and America have much to learn from each other. I think, however, that, on the whole, we have more to learn from America than she from us.

In many respects the railway system is superior to ours; as indeed it ought to be, seeing that our transatlantic friends have been able to take warning by our mistakes.

Tickets can be procured in all kinds of places, so that there is no necessity for the delay and worry of taking tickets just before the train starts. These tickets are not dated, so that you can procure them whenever you like, and use them as most convenient. Moreover, they are transferable, and are good for the journey in either direction. I have by me an unused ticket from Boston to Salem, and, when I return to the States, I shall be able to use it either to or from Salem.

Another good plan is, that if you buy four tickets for the same place, you can take five journeys. A single "Commutation" ticket is given, numbered and dated on the day on which it was issued. At each journey the conductor punches the ticket. Mine has been punched four times, and on the next journey it will be given up.

As the conductor inspects the tickets before reaching the station, there is none of the exasperating delay which so often occurs with us, when a fraudulent or a muddle-headed passenger gets into an altercation with the collector, and blocks the doorway round which an impatient crowd is thronging.

When new to this mode of ticket-inspecting, the traveller is apt to be rather irritated by the frequency with which the ticket has to be produced. Experienced travellers, however, put the ticket in some conspicuous place, such as the band of the hat, and the conductor takes it out, punches and replaces it without disturbing the owner, even if he should be asleep. The conductors, by the way, are all sworn in as police, and wear the little silver shield of office under their coats.

The seats deserve a passing mention. They

all are arranged in a double row along the sides, a passage being left in the middle. Each seat holds two persons, and of course that which is next the window is most in favour. It is always expected that if a gentleman has secured the window, and a lady comes to the same seat, he vacates the window in her favour. When the train starts from the terminus, the seats are all arranged so that the passengers have their faces towards the engine. But the back of the seat turns over on a pivot, so that passengers can sit in either direction. If a party of four be travelling together, they mostly arrange two seats so as to face each other. Here, then, the American carriages are superior to ours.

Another point of superiority is that in winter time the carriages are all warmed, erring rather in excess of warmth. The stove, however, is not without its element of danger, as in case of collision or similar accident, the stove almost invariably sets the carriage on fire. Axes, crowbars, and saws are attached to each carriage, so as to be useful in case of an accident.

Two of the chief demerits are the windows and the lights. As a rule, the windows are too low, so that it is impossible to see the landscape without stooping. Then, if you want to open a window for air you must push it up, not let it down, so that the draught comes just upon the shoulders, and gives you every chance of rheumatism.

When perusing American books in which railway travelling is mentioned, the reader must bear in mind that when the windows are said to be down, the author means that they are closed, this being precisely the reverse of our plan. There are a few ventilators in the roof; but, when the car is crowded and the stove overheated, they are miserably insufficient, even if the conductor can be induced to open them.

When closed, the windows are fastened with self-acting catches, and each line seems to have its own peculiar system of catch, so that when you are on a strange line and want to open a window, you may puzzle yourself for half an hour before finding out the secret.

The blinds, too, are, as a rule, very inferior to ours, so that there is no medium between shutting out the whole of the view, and allowing yourself to be dazzled and baked by

the rays of the sun. I am now speaking of the ordinary passenger cars, and not of the parlour-cars which are attached to all the long-distance trains, and are equivalent to our first-class carriages.

Railway travelling after dark is seldom an exhilarating process; but when semi-darkness prevails within the carriages, travel is almost intolerable. Our own second and third class carriages are not remarkable for the quality of their light, but they are superior in this respect to the American parlour-car.

There are, of course, lights. But, in the first place, the lamps are placed too high to be of much use, and, in the next, the American lamp and gas burners are mostly fitted beneath the burners with heavy ornamentation which throws a shadow below, and effectually puts a stop to reading. Americans are so accustomed to this style of lamp that they could hardly believe me when I told them of the gas and electric lights which are used on some of our lines.

The sleeping-cars have been so often described that little mention of them is necessary. The lack of adequate ventilation is their chief defect, as in America, no less than with ourselves, the majority of travellers seem to think that fresh air and inflammation of the lungs are convertible terms. In cold weather there is always the chance of being semi-frozen on one side and semi-baked on the other, but semi-asphyxiation is still worse, and is without remedy.

The reader is probably aware that the carriages are so constructed that the passenger can traverse the entire length of the train. This plan has its advantages, but it is not without its discomforts. If you are placed near the front door on a cold day, and your fellow-travellers take to walking about, the rush of cold air upon the skin, which is mostly overheated by the stove, is very likely to give a severe cold.

Then the central passage gives access to those irrepressible nuisances, the boys who traverse the cars and importune you to buy paper, books, "candy," pop-corn, fruit, &c., &c. They will leave samples with you, and then worry you a second time when they come back and are obliged to resume their property.

The worst of these pedlars is the candy boy. You need not look at the books or paper or fruit or pop-corn, but you cannot help smelling the candy, two varieties of which, one flavoured with peppermint and the other with aniseed, fill the whole car with their perfumes. The peppermint is

tolerably harmless until some one eats it; but the odour of aniseed is quite independent of secondary means. The boy goes through the train, laying packages of aniseed candy on each of the seats. At first, I used to think that every one in the car had been drinking absinthe, and it only dawned on me by degrees that the candy boy was responsible for it.

On arriving at any large station, the English traveller is struck with three peculiarities.

In the first place, the stations are so dark that the passenger is half-blinded when he enters them from the bright daylight outside.

In the next place, there are no railway porters, so that if you have any luggage in the car you must carry it yourself throughout the length of the platform.

Lastly, there are no cabs. There are, it is true, two-horse broughams, called "hacks." But their roofs being rounded, they can carry but little luggage, except what can be strapped on a shelf at the back. As to our swift Hansom, or much enduring four-wheeler, with its luggage-carrying powers, they are unknown. Then the charge for a hack is most exorbitant. I have known an American to be forced to pay sixteen shillings for a journey barely exceeding two miles, and I have been obliged to pay a dollar for less than that distance. Why the Americans should go to the expense of having two horses when one is amply sufficient, I cannot imagine.

At home, we are apt—not knowing our blessings—to vituperate the "crawler," whether it be Hansom or four-wheel. But, on a stormy day in America, the value of the crawler becomes manifest. Even if you disregard the cost of the hack, you must go to it, for it will not come to you; and in such a winter as that of 1883-4, a distance of a hundred yards requires as much preparation as if it were a mile.

I feel certain that any one possessing spirit and energy, and having the command of a moderate capital, would make his fortune in any of the great cities by introducing a service of English cabs and charging English prices.

In Boston a semi-cab called a "Herdick" has been lately introduced. But it is very inconvenient, the traveller entering at the back and sitting sideways, and its luggage-carrying powers are almost nil.

Street traffic is mostly carried on by tram-cars, or horse-cars, as they are called in America. They are much the same as ours, ex-

cept that they have no outside seats. Neither is there any law against overcrowding, so that in bad weather they are mostly filled inside with as many as can find standing or sitting room, while both the platforms and their steps are crowded with as many persons as can secure a foothold.

By a Draconian though unwritten law, ladies are always entitled to seats, so that on wet days all male travellers by horse-car must make up their minds to stand during the whole journey. This over-crowding is especially prevalent in the horse-cars which connect large cities with the suburbs. I need not say that, as all sorts and conditions of men travel in these cars, the atmosphere is apt to be unendurably offensive. Indeed I so much dreaded the fetid atmosphere of a crowded horse-car, that in the worst weather I could seldom venture to enter one.

A ticket system prevails in these cars. You can buy six tickets for the price of five, so that practically one journey in every six costs nothing. Then there are correspondence tickets, which for a very small additional sum transfer the passenger from one line of cars to another.

As to the free-and-easy way in which railroads run along the main streets of populous towns, I certainly should not think it to be worthy of adoption here. It looks horribly dangerous, but I believe that street accidents are not more numerous than with the ordinary traffic.

Every now and then the newspapers allude to "wild-cat" trains.

When I first saw this word, I naturally imagined that a train with so formidable a title must be an express train running at more than ordinary speed. It is just the reverse. Railway travelling in America is much slower than with us, though not quite so slow as on the Continent. The "wild-cat" is the slowest of all trains. It is only used for freight, and reaches its destination as it can, running whenever the line is clear, and shunting when a passenger train is due on the same track.

I may mention that the word "wild-cat" is used indiscriminately in America to signify either the puma or the lynx, the true wild-cat belonging exclusively to the old world.

As for conveyance of luggage, we might advantageously engraft the "check" system upon our present custom.

Owing to the luggage-carrying power of the cab, and the presence of railway porters, an ordinary traveller finds little difficulty with his luggage. Still, those who do not choose

to take the trouble of looking after their luggage themselves, and those who have to undertake a journey which needs several changes of line, would find the check system extremely useful. Moreover, when this system is employed it is next to impossible for swindlers to claim luggage which does not belong to them.

On arriving at a station the luggage master asks for the station where the luggage is to be delivered. A metal label or "check" is then strapped on the luggage, and a corresponding check given to the passenger, who thenceforth need not trouble himself about his luggage. Just before the train is due at a station the luggage-porter walks through it, carrying a book and a number of checks. He calls out the name of the station, and asks whether any of the passengers wish to have their checks changed.

Each hotel has its own checks, so that all that is needed is to give up the station check and exchange it for a hotel check. If the luggage should be wanted at a private house the address is entered in the luggage-porter's book, a voucher ticket is given to the passenger, and in due time the luggage will be left at the house. Should the boxes, &c., not be wanted immediately they will be taken to the luggage-room, and will be given up to any one who can produce the checks. It is, therefore, possible to send luggage ahead to any place at which the traveller may wish to stay, and he will be perfectly sure of finding it when he wants it.

Travelling naturally brings us to hotels. As a rule, the first-class hotels in large cities are far better than ours, and the charges scarcely half as much. This, I believe, is partly in consequence of the American habit of living in hotels instead of undertaking the trouble of housekeeping.

The hotel guest need take no trouble as to the details of daily expenses. He pays a fixed charge per diem, and, if he chooses, may go on eating incessantly from six in the morning to eleven at night. No charge is made for tea or coffee, but any fermented or aerated liquids must be paid for. Americans, however, seldom take anything with their dinner except iced water, which they consume in vast quantities.

The *menu* is of the most liberal character, and the cookery equal to that of the best hotels in London or Paris. The daily charge depends partly on the more or less fashionable character of the hotel, and partly upon the room or rooms which one engages. A single man who only wants one comfortable

bedroom, can live at a wonderfully cheap rate. I only paid for board and lodging seventeen and a half dollars per week, or, roughly speaking, about three pounds ten shillings. This sum is inclusive of everything except boot-cleaning, and there are none of those exasperating additional charges which swell the English hotel bills. Even in the winter time there is no need for fire, the hotels being if anything rather too warm than too cold.

There is a drawing-room for ladies, where no man may enter unless invited by a lady. There is for the gentlemen a writing and reading-room furnished with all the daily and several of the weekly newspapers.

I do not think that the hotels make very much out of their native guests, for such appetites I never could have imagined. Here are the details of a breakfast as ordered by a guest who sat at the same table as myself.

When he sat down, he drank a glass of iced water and ate a couple of oranges: when the waiter came for his order, it was given without the least hesitation: "Porridge, Blue-fish, Tender-loin steak, Eggs, Baked potatoes, Corneakes, Rolls, Griddle cake, Coffee." In order to fill up the intervals, he consumed several sticks of celery, and had disposed of the whole before I had nearly finished a steak.

It is no wonder that dyspepsia is rampant, and that the newspapers swarm with advertisements of remedies. The consumption of iced water and hot bread alone must be very injurious, and so must be the quantity of "candy"—a generic name for sweetmeats—which is consumed by Americans, especially by the ladies. The teeth are seriously injured by this practice, dentists flourish exceedingly, and at least every other person to whom you speak discloses gleams of gold that betray the artificial character of the teeth.

Lastly, but by no means least, there is that characteristic American institution, the office, the presiding genius of which is the "Hotel Clerk."

The office is the mainspring of the hotel. At the office you can procure your railway ticket, and by means of the telephone can secure a reserved seat in the train. The office sends you to the station in the hotel carriage, and puts the charge in the weekly bill. If you take a hack to the hotel, the office pays the driver, so that you run no risk of overcharge. If you make a purchase, and have no ready money, you give the shopkeeper your card, with a note in your

own handwriting upon it, and go your way, knowing that the office will pay the amount, and charge it in the bill. If you want ready money to take with you, the office lends it, and recoups itself in the next Monday's account. If you wish to write letters, the office furnishes you with pen, paper, and envelopes. The office possesses the minutest acquaintance with all the railway time-tables, horse-car tracks, and every kind of local information.

As to the Hotel Clerk, he is popularly represented as a haughty and unapproachable being, resplendent with flashing diamonds, and graciously condescending a word now and then to those who abase themselves before him. I have had much experience with hotel clerks, and have always found them considerate, obliging, and willing to give any information within their power. I looked out carefully for the conventional hotel clerk, but never saw him.

Quite a new vocabulary has to be learned. Until I visited the States, I was rather bewildered as to certain articles of diet, as mentioned in American books. For example, in tales of domestic life, the consumption of cream seems really amazing. We read how a girl, before starting for a walk, prepares herself by drinking a tumbler of delicious cream; and the profuse manner in which cream is used, even by those who are struggling against the direst poverty, seems to imply that either cream must be very cheap or Americans very reckless. But I found that the word cream indicates unskimmed milk. No one ever hears of milk at the breakfast table, and the word milk-jug is unknown, "creamer" being used in its place. I certainly should not have known what "clapper-creamers" were, had I not seen them. They are simply milk-jugs furnished with swinging covers for the purpose of excluding flies.

By the way, the word jug is never heard, "pitcher" being invariably used in its stead.

Another example of domestic life: A young girl who is going to school expects always to have hot biscuits for breakfast. I never could understand why biscuits should be improved by being heated, until I heard hot biscuits ordered at a hotel table. It seems that in America the word biscuit is used to designate a small square roll, while the term "cracker" is employed as a generic title for any kind of biscuit, just as "candy" expresses any kind of sweetmeat.

Articles of dress are rather oddly named, the words vest, pants, and suspenders being employed to designate waistcoat, trousers

and braces. Linen, &c., goes by the generic name of "underwear;" while collars, ties, &c., are called "neckwear." Why boots with elastic sides should be called "Congress gaiters" passes my comprehension. Into the mysteries of feminine apparel I dare not intrude. But I did casually learn that the "body" of a lady's dress is called the waist, so that an evening dress is said to be low waisted.

An outside flight of steps leading to the door is called a stoop. If you let your house you are said to rent it, and if you lend money you are said to loan it. If you drive a horse, you hold the "lines," *i.e.* the reins, in your hands; and if you are ignorant or thoughtless, you employ a "check" rein, *i.e.* a bearing rein. Blinkers are called blinders. A railway rug is termed a "lap-robe."

By the way, there is a very ingenious mode of "hitching" horses at doors. In the carriage is taken a heavy circular weight with a long rein attached to it. When you wish to leave your carriage, you swing the weight to the ground, fasten the rein to the bit, and the horse then understands that he is not to move until the weight is removed. Medical men greatly favour these horse anchors.

The robin of which we read in American books has nothing in common with our robin redbreast, except that its breast is pink. Its right name is the Migratory Thrush. Then the "hemlock," which is properly a biennial herb, is in America a large evergreen forest tree.

One extraordinary perversion of language is to employ the word "drummer" to designate a commercial traveller.

I was really afraid to make purchases lest I should be misunderstood, and invariably asked a waiter or the hotel clerk the word which I ought to employ.

It was in this way that I learned the meaning of the words "clapper-reamer" and "syrup-pitcher." They are such ingenious articles that I wished to purchase some of each for the use of my own household, and took the precaution of ascertaining their names from the waiter, very much to his amusement.

When a professional man puts up a brass plate he is said in newspaper parlance to "hang out his shingle." Why a chimney should be called a "smoke-stack," I really cannot imagine.

Americans, by the way, are equally puzzled when they come to England. Only lately, an American lady wanted to buy a pair of

braces for her husband, and very naturally asked for suspenders. The hosier said that he did not keep such articles, and referred the lady to a milliner's shop. There she was told that suspenders were never used now, the people of the shop naturally thinking that she referred to those spring clasps which were employed some years ago to hold ladies' trains off the ground. However, some dress suspenders were still unsold, and were produced. Oddly enough, the lady had never seen the article before, and asked how her husband was to use it!

On arriving for the first time at an American hotel, a stranger is at once struck with the extraordinary profusion of spittoons, "cuspadors" as they are termed. They are set round the entrance hall, they are placed on every landing of the staircase, and every room in the house is furnished with them, sometimes openly, and sometimes disguised as footstools or china vases.

I found mine very useful as an umbrella stand and waste-paper receptacle.

I wonder that by this time the necessity for cuspadors should exist. The original cause, *i.e.* tobacco-chewing, has almost entirely been abandoned among the better classes. But the habit of using them still survives, and a singularly offensive habit it is, both to the eye and ear. It is really nothing but a habit, and one frequently sees (and hears) small boys trying to acquire it, thinking it to be manly.

The primary object of my visit was to deliver the opening course of the "Lowell" lectures at Boston, Massachusetts. Requests, however, were made for lectures in different parts of the country, so that I had a good opportunity of comparing the lecture system with that of England. I unhesitatingly say the American system is superior to ours.

In the first place, the Americans take more care of the lecturer than is always the case in England. Personally I have little to complain of in that respect, but I have known men of world-wide reputation so utterly ignored that they have resolved never to visit that town again. In America the comfort of the lecturer is studiously promoted, and he is carefully guarded from exhausting himself by doing any work which can be done for him.

I lectured nightly in various parts of the States. There was always some one to meet me at the station. I was conveyed to the lecture-hall for the purpose of making necessary arrangements. Then I was conveyed to the house where I was to pass the night.

Almost invariably hospitality was offered to me at a private house, and if that could not be done, I was taken, with apologies, to a hotel, the account to be sent to the secretary. During the whole time that I was in America, I was never allowed to walk to the lecture-hall if it were more than a couple of hundred yards from the house.

At several places, especially at the Lowell Institute, Boston, there is a practice which I should like to see adopted in England. Five minutes before the lecture-hour the doors are locked, and no one is admitted under any pretext. The advantage to the lecturer is priceless. Scarcely anything is more annoying to a lecturer, especially where he uses no manuscript, than to see and hear a number of people dropping in after he has opened his subject. Speaking through the shuffling of feet, clatter of voices, and passing in and out of seats, throws a physical and mental strain on the lecturer which seriously impairs his efficiency.

Another excellent plan is adopted at this Institute. Immediately after the doors are locked, the janitor goes on the platform and holds up his hand. It is a signal that every seat is full. Consequently, if any of the reserved seats are unoccupied, they are at once filled up. Thus the lecturer has his audience brought into a compact mass in front of him, instead of seeing them scattered on either side.

One point struck me greatly. No matter what might be the population of the place, the lecture-hall was sure to be a good and often a splendid one. A mere village will possess a lecture-hall which would be a credit to a large city. This is mostly owing to the generosity of individuals, who build these splendid edifices and present them to the place. The building often contains, besides the lecture-hall, class-rooms, reading-rooms, gymnasium, &c., and at North Easton the upper portion of the building is specially constructed for a Freemasons' lodge-room.

Taking them all round, the American hall-keeper ("janitor" he or she is always termed) is far preferable to our own—at least to the survivors of the old-fashioned hall-keeper. The latter considers the hall as his own private property, and scouts the insertion of a nail or screw into the platform as a personal injury. He thinks that a lecturer ought to stand on the platform and read something out of a book, and that anything beyond that programme must be prohibited.

Now, the apparatus with which I illustrate

my lectures is large, rather complex, and requires four screws to uphold it. In England I have often been obliged to resort to extraordinary devices to overcome or elude the obstructive janitor, but I never found anything of the kind in America, the janitor being always not only willing but eager to assist, and taking the greatest interest in anything that is new to him.

Why cannot we introduce into England the American plan of lifting houses when more rooms are wanted?

During my residence I saw an enormous general store subjected to this process. It was a square building, six storeys high, and has a frontage of nine large windows. Another floor being wanted, the whole of the upper part was lifted some twelve or thirteen feet, and the required rooms inserted, so that the original first floor became the second. Business went on as usual, both above and below, and not even the sleepers were disturbed at night.

Knowing that teetotalism prevails in Massachusetts and other Northern States, and that the blue-ribbon movement came from America, I expected to see the streets full of blue ribbons. Not one was to be seen. But I do not remember seeing more than one or two drunken men on week-days. More were to be seen on a single Sunday than on all the other days of the week put together. Yet "Sunday closing" is the law in Massachusetts, and not a bar—saloons, as they are called—can be seen open! I find that the same curious fact has been noticed in Wales since the Sunday Closing Act has been brought into operation. It was just the same in New York.

The incessant electioneering seems to be the curse of the country. Based originally on the grand principle of governing the nation by the best men, chosen by universal suffrage, it has mostly sunk into a system of self-aggrandisement; and politics are consequently as much shunned by men of culture and refinement as are the municipal boards of our small towns.

The term of office is too short. It is impossible for the Governor of a State to make himself master of his business—to "learn the ropes," as a sailor would say—much under a year's incessant labour. And yet, at the expiration of the year, just as he has learned his work, he is obliged to vacate his post, and, in all probability, will be succeeded by another man who is just as ignorant as he was on taking office. He ought to have a term of at least three years,

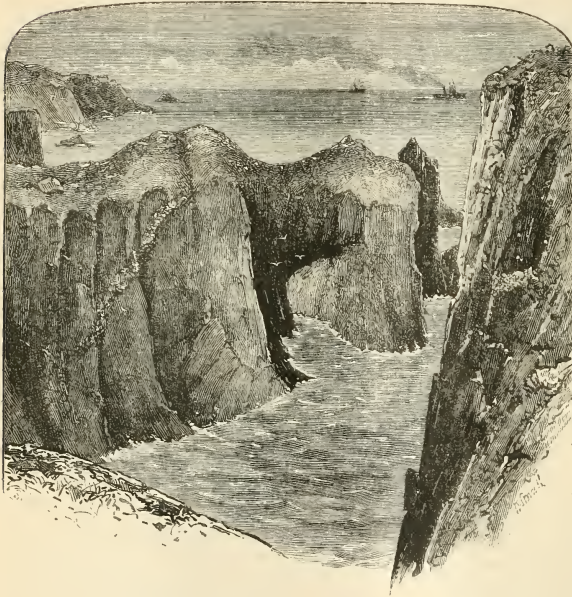
while the President ought to have at least six.

What with the canvassing, and the processioning, and the speech-making that occur twice a year, once for the Governor, &c., and the other for the Mayor, the waste of time is enormous. And then once in

every four years comes the Presidential election, when all trade and enterprise seems to be in abeyance. At least, such was the impression on my perfectly unprejudiced mind, partly from my own experience, partly from American writers, and partly from conversations with persons of every shade of opinion.

HIGHLAND RESTING-PLACES.

By "SHIRLEY."



IV.—THE LAND OF "THE CROOKIT MEG."

"A FINE mixed bag, sir."

That was the kind of shooting we used to have in the Land of *The Crookit Meg*; and I think most sportsmen will agree with me that for true enjoyment "a fine mixed bag, sir," is about the best of any.

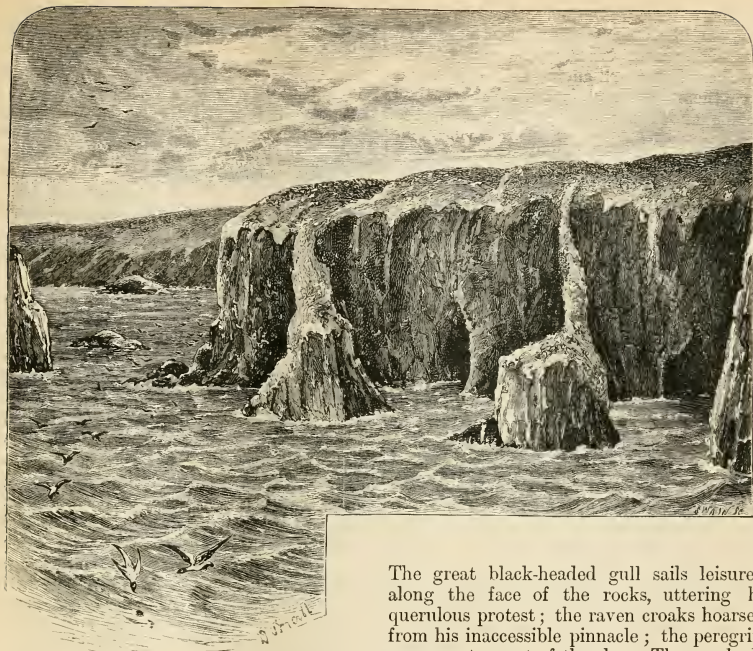
I call the country to which I refer "The Land of *The Crookit Meg*" partly because I connect it thereby with certain pleasant reminiscences of long standing, and partly because in these days of running to and fro upon the earth I don't wish to be responsible for the "ugly rush" upon a district, still compara-

tively unspoiled by the tourist, which would no doubt take place if I were more specific. A curious dumpy little packet was handed to me by the postman the other morning. It contained a splinter of weather-beaten timber taken, so the writer assured me, from a plank of *The Crookit Meg*, which had been built into a bridge on the farm which heor his father occupied soon after that game little craft had made her last trip. I cannot, of course, remember the good old smuggling days when *The Crookit Meg* was in her prime; but even in my time the district was singularly

primitive and secluded, and the shooting, which in

these days we had very much to ourselves, was something wonderful. It is not an island, but the ocean touches it on nearly every side; and, lying far into the North Sea, it is the first land which the woodcock and the wild goose strike on their return from Ultima Thule.

The table-land where the farmer reaps his scanty oats in the late autumn, though almost as level as the Dutch flats on the other side of the water, yet rises on an average two or three hundred feet above the sea. The descent from the table-land to the sea is in most



cases sheer—the granite cliffs, eaten away by wind, and rain, and surf, being extremely precipitous. The arch at the Bloody Hole, the Rock of Dunbuy, the Longhaven cliffs, are bits of wonderful rockwork. I have studied them day and night, sunrise and moonrise, in storm and calm; and the sublime seclusion of their life is as impressive as the fantastic daring of their architecture. Patches of heather, tufts of benty grass, pools of brackish water, miserable little fields of oats or turnips are scattered along the summit—the sort of broken ground which seems to have a peculiar attraction for grouse, partridges, plovers, curlews, and other wild creatures. On that bleak plain no tree grows; but the deep chasms that cut into the land are fringed with birch and alder.

Looking over the precipice into the giddy gulf below, any day about the middle of June, we see that vast multitudes of sea-fowl have established themselves upon the ledges of the cliff. There are rows upon rows of guillemots and puffins, battalions of cormorants, crowds of kittiwakes. The clamour is deafening.

The great black-headed gull sails leisurely along the face of the rocks, uttering his querulous protest; the raven croaks hoarsely from his inaccessible pinnacle; the peregrine screams at us out of the sky. The sea-ducks have gone north to the breeding grounds, but a stray “dooker,” or “dusky,” or eider drake lags behind, too lazy or tired perhaps to follow his fellows in their swift flight to the Polar Sea.

Beyond the crofters’ meagre patches of oats and turnips, the bare black moss stretches away to the horizon. There are gravelly hillocks where the red grouse loves to bask of an autumn afternoon; perilous hags where the teal and the mallard bring up their broods unmolested. Before summer is over, the bog having become in the meantime sufficiently solid and consistent, a light weight can cross it without danger, and the duck shooting among the deeper pools is often first-rate. The birds don’t see the enemy till he is close upon them, and then they rise right into the wind, giving him splendid chances. After a long drought, too, the grouse gather round these perennial springs, and after you have bagged your brace or two of wild duck (teal or mallard) you are almost certain to come upon a covey of moorfowl, who lie like stones among the rank heather.

But the partridge-shooting along the sea-cliffs is, perhaps, the most unique and excit-

ing sport that we enjoy. The birds are strong and hardy, and I have seen more than once eighteen or twenty in a covey. We find them first of all among the turnips, and drive them back and forward between the turnips and the rough ground along the cliffs. At last a covey sweeps off to sea, and ducks clean over the rocks. So it seems. But we have learnt by experience that there are patches of lush grass and ferns half way down the rocks, where the cover is close, and to which with due discretion it is possible to descend. No sooner are you fairly settled on your legs than the birds begin to rise—one, two, three, at a time. Sometimes they rise above you, sometimes below you; you knock one over in the air which falls at your feet, another right in front which strikes the rock, and bounds into the sea a hundred and fifty feet below; altogether anything more unlike the orthodox partridge-shooting of the Midland Counties it is difficult to imagine. In the late autumn, too, there are pools of fresh water among the cliffs where the wild geese alight, and where by careful stalking a shot may sometimes be got at them, especially of a drowsy afternoon after a black frost, when they seem, in common with other wild creatures, such as grouse, to keep a less vigilant watch. I remember one deep "gully" which lies among rocks long thought to be inaccessible. We found a way at last, and looking over the edge saw a flock of bean and barnacle geese sitting within a dozen yards of us. It was sometime before they could realise that their retreat had been at last invaded; and we and they sat and gazed at each other for well-nigh a minute. Then they drew together, and spreading their long wings followed a venerable gander who dropped over the rock. We had left our guns behind us on the mainland; in fact we could not well have taken them with us—the narrow ledge along which we scrambled being altogether too ticklish.

I see in an old game-book many records of such days on cliff and moorland. The partridge-shooting must have been really first-rate in its way—constantly to one gun I find ten to fifteen brace. Then (to select a given day, say the 20th of October, 1853), besides rabbits and hares, there are three old cock grouse (splendid fellows at that season), a couple of snipe, a woodcock, a brace of mallard, a teal, a cornerake, and a quail. (That year a good many quail were shot in the North of Scotland; I have not heard of them of late years.) "A fine mixed bag, sir," as

poor Charles remarked, when we had laid them out on the roadside, while we smoked a farewell pipe. The scattered partridges were calling anxiously from the stubbles, and a pack of grouse bound for the stooks shot past like a rocket. I remember that pipe to this day; the tobacco was given us by a jolly sea captain who smoked his last ounce of Cavendish twenty years ago. *Venit ineluctabile tempus.*

The sea-shooting, too, in that remote age was memorable. We shot beautiful outlandish birds during the short winter day, and skinned them at night.

"Driven from northern wilds that would have starved 'em, Chantrey first shot and then he carved 'em."

These are the lines under Chantrey's woodcocks, and Chantrey was a sculptor; but Taxidermy, the art of bringing dead creatures back to life, is also a fine art. Some of our trophies, you see, yet remain, after all these years, in fair preservation. The bay below the Lodge, I recollect, was a favourite haunt of the wild fowl. The sea during winter is often strangely still; to me the silence of earth and heaven during a black frost is singularly impressive. Yet the frosty morning air is wonderfully stimulating, and such days among the ducks and divers, with a willing crew on board the tight little craft, one does not readily forget. There were black scoters at the river mouth, golden eyes and long-tailed ducks about the middle of the bay, a great northern diver or two between the Skerries. The Northern Hareld is the most graceful of all the wild fowl, and the Northern Diver the most brilliant and daring. The magnificent vitality of the "leam" (as they call him in these parts) is, indeed, beyond all praise. I have seen him chased for hours, four stalwart fishermen at the oars, and we never got within a hundred yards.

But all this is changed. They are blasting the granite cliffs with dynamite, and the gulls and guillemots with been scared away. The marsh where the teal and the mallard nested has been drained. The moor is reclaimed, and the moorfowl banished. I suppose it is all right, and that we are bound to welcome the march of civilisation here as elsewhere. But the mischief is that no one seems better off, or considers himself better off, than he was before. The charm of cliff and moorland has been destroyed; yet the farmers declare, and so far as I know with perfect justice, that it is now clean impossible to live on the land.

SOME WORDS ON SOCIAL INEQUALITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT has often been asked, "Were St. Paul or St. John now to visit the earth, would they recognise in our Churches the kind of religious life for the production of which they laboured?" Whatever answer may be given to this question, few will deny that the Church—in the widest sense of the term—has, in a large measure, failed to give effect to the conception of the Brotherhood of Man, or to rebuke the sins which separate class from class, which we find so emphatically set forth in the gospel of Christ as a part of Christian duty.

And while we contemplate these failures on the part of the Church, other voices are heard shouting watchwords which sound like an echo of the neglected truths. If we have not been taught Liberty, Equality, Fraternity in their Christian sense from the pulpits of Europe, we have heard them proclaimed in a voice of thunder by the revolutionary press, and that, too, as frequently in the name of Atheism as in the name of God. And what a charm these words have for millions, even when so proclaimed! No experience, however bitter, of their false use, can destroy the fascination they exercise. Although, under the name of Liberty, the world has seen the horrors of a Reign of Terror; under that of Equality, class-prescription and class-banishment; and with the cry of Fraternity, wars have been witnessed that have deluged continents in blood; yet, in spite of this knowledge, these names represent at this hour the most powerful of all political factors among millions in every country. These aspirations after a new social order, may or may not have elements in them of selfishness, class jealousy and a desire for spoliation, as well as the nobler hope of seeing a renovated civilisation, in which rich and poor may meet in a Utopia of universal love and prosperity. I do not discuss that here, but would ask whether the intensity of these aspirations and the wide influence exercised by the cry for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity does not indicate the sin of the Church in failing to give adequate expression to the true conception of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

The cause of this longing after a greater Social Equality is easily found. In every city of Europe there are classes whose inalienable lot seems to be grinding toil, poverty, and suffering, and they live side by side with other classes whose heritage appears to be

power, wealth, luxury. The inhabitants of Belleville and Mont Rouge live in a different world from the glittering throng which fills the gay Boulevards, feasts in the brilliant restaurants, and sweeps past in the splendid equipages. Over the one quarter hangs penury, sometimes famine; over the other, the ceaseless opportunity for boundless gratification. Misery and luxury are thus made near neighbours, and the frontier line between the two is drawn along a social chasm across which there are few, if any, bridges. And what exists in Paris is found in a greater or less degree in every other city of Europe. Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, London, Glasgow, Liverpool present similar features. Have we not then, under the pressure of such contrasts, a sufficient cause for the readiness with which the wildest doctrines of Nihilist and Red Republican are received abroad, and the more sober teaching of the English Socialists is received at home? The outburst of the Commune ought to have taught society a healthy lesson. The rush to the Barricades of those ragged enthusiasts, pouring out of their forgotten dens; the heroism of those poor women who, intoxicated with the dream of a new social order, perpetrated great crimes, and yet almost atoned for their excesses when they faced the fusillades with the calm of Martyrs dying for a holy cause; such scenes as these ought to have made the world think. "Blood and Iron" put down the outbreak; but no "Blood or Iron" can heal the sores which produced the outbreak. It is true that if we ask what is the Equality which large sections of the Party of Revolution seek, we have a terrible answer given in the rhapsodies that are devoured by millions as a very gospel of Social Salvation. We do not find these disseminated in our own country as they are abroad—where the accepted panacea of the Anarchists is the brief creed, "No God, no law, no property, no marriage." Shocking as such doctrines may seem to us, yet for millions of unhappy people they suggest nothing but freedom, with the hope that humanity, when delivered from all restraint, will respect the individual and, when trusted, prove peaceful, fraternal, and generous. Poor enthusiasts! we cannot but feel for them, while we condemn their errors.

While we have little of this wild teaching in Britain, we must remember that society

on the Continent is so honeycombed with secret associations pledged for its advance, that there is scarcely a Government which is not forced to arm itself against the growing power of these doctrines. The existence of such a condition of feeling ought to arrest the attention of every wise man, and especially of every wise Christian.

When we turn to the consideration of Social Inequality, we may perceive that there is an Equality and an Inequality ordained of God. All men are equal in His sight—equally sinful, equally redeemed, and equally responsible. This Equality is of God, with Whom there is nothing arbitrary.

There is also an Inequality which is of God, Who giveth to one man talents different from those of another. The attempt to produce absolute Equality could be accomplished only when men are equally clever, industrious, healthy, strong, and good. It could be attained only by a uniformity which always becomes rarer and the more impossible as we advance in civilisation.

And Inequality of a certain type instead of being an evil, is really beneficial to Society; for it produces that mutual dependence which promotes usefulness and stimulates what is noblest. Society, in the widest sense, has been often and truly compared to a family in which, through the inequalities of age and the various necessities and gifts of the members, all that is beautiful in affection and in mutual care comes into play. It is thus that the very infant exercises an influence in the household and, because of its helplessness, becomes a valuable educator. When all recognise their various duties to one another, Inequality proves the greatest blessing. Jealousy and hatred never occur when the true ministry of each to each is in active operation. So is it in the wider family of man. It is good for the strong to minister to the weak; and for him who possesses to acknowledge the claims of him who lacks. It is in like manner good for those who need, to recognise in others more prosperous, the unity of friendship and brotherhood. The innumerable gifts which God bestows, when thus used, become, like the distribution of capital, the sources from which a social commerce of influence, help, brotherhood may go on to the increase of the moral wealth and happiness of the Body Politic.

But there are many forms of Inequality which are not necessarily inherent in society, nor in harmony with its ideal, and which it ought to be the work of the Christian spirit

to remove. I do not allude to differences of rank, or to the separations produced by the pride of birth or of wealth. The social demarcations which permeate every grade of life in this country often present features as cruel, groundless, and even absurd as the petty tyrannies of caste in India. But it is not of these inequalities I now speak. There are others of an infinitely more serious character.

For what a picture is that which is presented by the statistics recently published in reference to the housing of the poor! When we read of the enormous percentage of the population doomed to live in houses of one apartment, it requires few words to emphasise the facts which such a statement suggests. These statistics speak to us of millions—men, women, and children—huddled, night after night, in the stifling atmosphere of small tenements, where it is next to impossible to observe the common decencies of life. In health, in sickness, in childhood, in the full strength of youth, and in the feebleness of decrepit years—all ages, all sexes, all conditions of humanity, are crammed together in these one-roomed houses, wherein every function and economy of life goes on—cooking, washing, dressing, conversation—with scarce a chance of privacy. Such is the picture. I know how marvellously many a family is able to manage, and what decent, pure, and godly generations have come forth from conditions of existence that are a disgrace to our civilisation. But I also know that no one dare describe evils that are well known to persons intimately acquainted with certain sections of the population, and which are plainly traceable to the manner in which they are lodged. Here is an inequality which meets masses of our people at their very birth, and which gives them small chance of attaining the refinements of Christian culture. It is also a terrible inequality which handicaps children, to whose sad lot of poverty we have to add the curse of drunken parents. Think of them! brought up in kennels, ill-clad, ill-fed, and exposed from infancy to sights and language which any father or mother who reads this paper would rather suffer any sacrifice than have their children exposed to for a single day. It is no excuse for us to quote the law of supply and demand as our warrant for permitting the degradation produced by crowding in cheap cellars and attics. We limit, in many directions, the law of supply and demand to favour the helpless. Nor is it enough to appeal to other laws, whose vengeance may

be traced in the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon their children. Undoubtedly, drunkenness, sloth, and thriftlessness must bring their due punishment; and we are justified in ascribing the sufferings of many of these shivering infants and rickety-limbed children, and, still worse, inherited tendencies towards drink, impurity, and dishonesty, to the evil doings of ancestors. But does not this only make the picture darker? Are we not forced to go a step farther back, and inquire whether there were no preventible causes for much of the sin of these bygone generations? If their habits now doom so many to those wretched hovels, I ask whether dreary physical surroundings, overtaxed bodily strength, and sunless, unbrightened lives, have not had much to do with the production of the drunkenness, and with the sinking into the unthrift and slatternliness which now seem almost hopeless?

Certainly there are fixed laws at work in producing these consequences. The law of supply and demand is at work in giving the cheap houses which penury requires, and the unfailling punishment of sin is a law fulfilled in the terrible harvest reaped by the dissolute, and by their children. But there are other laws which ought to be at work as well as those, and which are intended by God to be the means of counteracting the evils we deplore. There is the law of Christian Brotherhood, and of that Enthusiasm for Humanity which is of the essence of the spirit of Christ. That society can scarcely be called Christian which can stand on one side of the gulf, busy with the salvation of its own soul, while it leaves to the law of supply and demand the miserable thousands who, on the other side of the gulf, are crowded away in dens, where salvation of any kind is the hardest of problems. Ought not the Church, in the largest sense, be the first to recognise the responsibility lying upon society, and inspired by divine love, to overleap the barriers of class separation, as they have not yet been overleaped, in order to grapple wisely with this terrible heritage of physical and moral wrong? If the results we see now of past neglect fill us with dismay, let it be ours to remove the causes, as far as they can be removed, which would perpetuate these evils to future generations. We cannot, indeed, avert the consequences of breach of law, whether physical or moral. The law of heredity cannot be altered by any legislative or philanthropic appliance. But the sources out of which have sprung the inducing causes of heredity may, and ought to be, dealt with.

Legislation, for example, can do much to secure the best possible precautions against the evils which the present system of house accommodation entails, and it is the duty of the community to take care that such legislation is adequate. The physical and social surroundings which in other respects lead to temptation, ought also to be remedied. For it is possible to make life brighter; and by supplying healthy amusements to counteract in various directions the influences which lead to dissipation. Education and the training of girls in domestic economy, are obviously most hopeful agents for creating a better future. But there are other evils to be removed besides those which may be effected by legislation and education. There are social barriers which separate brother from brother, and class from class, which require the higher remedy of a fuller recognition of the gospel of Jesus Christ, by the proclamation of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, through brotherly deeds and a loving ministry of kindly interest, more than by the preaching of truths about them, however valuable that may also be. Society requires to be sweetened by closer and kindlier interest between class and class, and the Christian Church ought to be the most powerful instrument for bringing them into this loving contact. The failure of the Church to fulfil adequately this great mission is one of the most serious facts of our age. For it is a terrible though true confession, that there is in every city and town in this country whole sections of the community, embracing a large proportion of the labouring classes as well as the very poor, to whom it would make little practical difference were we to close to-morrow every church in our land. It would also be no exaggeration were the words "Social Inequality" written over the doors of the vast majority of our Protestant churches, so exclusively do they seem to be reserved for people who are "better off," or those at least, who can appear there in "Sunday clothes." The arrangements which usually prevail in our churches, as well as the customs of society, make Equality, even in the house of God, almost impossible. That place, which should be a witness for the common brotherhood of rich and poor, and a visible testimony to the loving relationship in which all mutually stand who are in the communion of Christ, has in too many instances become only too true an exponent of the separateness and the pride and selfishness which are the curse and peril of the community at large.

And there is another method open to every individual who has to deal with others more or less dependent on him. Let such remember that "man does not live by bread alone," and that he requires sympathy and loving interest as well as his mere "due" in the shape of wages. Landlords and tenants, employers and employed, mistress and servant, those also whom neighbourhood alone may have thrown together, can do much to change the aspect of society by living out in practical life the Christian spirit of Brotherhood. I would counsel employers of labour to become personally acquainted with those who work for them, to know their wants and difficulties and anxieties, and to be truly interested in their welfare, sincerely caring for them as Christ would have them care. They may be met at first in some instances by suspicion, if not by rebuffs. But if they are sincere, and have the wisdom to take the people into their confidence, so that they understand them, and can go with them in what they do, they

will soon discover how such trust will become reciprocated. Human nature is much the same in every rank. Honest, loving care will never be misunderstood. It is just this law of love that is required to take the place of the law of selfishness, which forms to so large an extent the basis of all commercial relationships. It is the living exemplification of Christian Brotherhood, in the spirit of that Equality in which we all stand before God our Father and Christ our Redeemer, which can alone meet the cry for the Equality and Fraternity of Revolution, which would gain its ends by hurling into ruin the whole social fabric.

"O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother !
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
Follow with reverent steps the great Example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good,
So shall this wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the world shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baneful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace."

THE LAST OF THE OLD HIGHLAND CHIEFS.

AT Cluny Castle, in Badenoch, on the second Sunday of the year, there "fell asleep," full of years and full of honours, the venerable Cluny Macpherson, "the living embodiment," as he had been justly termed, "of all the virtues of the old patriarchal Highland chief." His unexpected death has not only awakened feelings of the deepest sorrow among his clansmen and natives of Badenoch all over the world, but has left a blank in the public and social life of the Highlands which will probably never be filled up.

His removal is indeed that of an ancient landmark. In days when so much is said and done tending to set class against class, and leading certain sections of the public to regard the interests of landlord and tenant as hostile, a state of society in which their interests were recognised as identical deserves to be studied. In their best form the mutual relations existing between a chief and his clansmen produced this unity in a manner to which, in the present day, we shall vainly seek a parallel. "I would rather," said MacLeod of MacLeod of the time to Johnson, on the occasion of the great lexicographer's "Tour in the Hebrides" in 1781, "I would rather drink punch in the houses of my people than be enabled by their hardships to have claret in my own." A more striking example

of this patriarchal feeling could not be found than in the affection which bound Cluny Macpherson to his clan and his clan to him. In their relations with their people the old race of Highland chiefs, of whom Cluny Macpherson was such a noteworthy representative, really held, in effect, the words of the well-known and patriotic Highlander, Sheriff Nicolson, as part, so to speak, of their creed:—

"See that thou kindly use them, O man !
To whom God giveth
Stewardship over them, in thy short span,
Not for thy pleasure.
Woe be to them who choose for a clan
Four-footed people."

Born on the 24th of April, 1804, Cluny, as he was popularly known all over the Highlands, had at the time of his death entered his eighty-first year. He was the representative of the ancient chiefs of Clan Chattan, embracing, in that general appellation, the Macphersons, Mackintoshes, Macgillivrays, Shaws, Farquharsons, Macbeans, Macphails, Clan Terril, Gows (said to be descended from Henry the Smith of North Inch fame), Clarks, Macqueens, Davidsons, Cattanaachs, Clan Ay, Nobles, Gillespies; and was the twentieth chief in direct succession from Gillicattan Mór, the head or chief of the clan who lived in the reign of Malcolm Canmore. He succeeded to the chiefship of the clan, and to

the Cluny estates, on the death of his father, in 1817, and thus possessed the estates for the long period of nearly seventy years. A very interesting fact in connection with his boyhood, carrying us back for a period of nearly seventy years, is that Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, describes him as "a fine spirited boy, fond of his people and kind to them, and the best dancer of a Highland reel now living." In 1832 Cluny married Sarah Justina, a daughter of the late well-known Henry Davidson, Esq., of Tulloch, who now survives him with an unbroken family circle of four sons and three daughters.

The son of a gallant officer who fought in the American War of Independence; grandson of the devoted "Ewen of Cluny," who died in exile after the '45; great-grandson of Simon Lord Lovat, who suffered in the same cause, and great-great-grandson of the heroic Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, Cluny always maintained with true dignity the fame of his ancestry and inherited all their military ardour. In his early manhood he served his country as an officer in the 42nd Regiment of the Black Watch. From the institution of the Volunteer Force in 1859 down to within two or three years of his death he acted as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Invernesshire Highland Rifle Volunteers. In that capacity he attended the royal review in Edinburgh in 1881, and, although then in his seventy-seventh year, he kept the head of his regiment in spite of the fearful weather, discarding even the use of a plaid as a protection. Riding along Princes Street with the Inverness Volunteers the brave old chief, with his courtly and soldierly bearing, was a conspicuous figure in the procession, and was singled out for repeated rounds of enthusiastic cheering. On his retirement his regiment presented him with a sword of honour with an appropriate inscription.

As indicating the interest taken by Cluny in everything affecting the prosperity of the wide district over which his influence extended, and the recognition of his character and position, it may be sufficient to mention that he was president or was otherwise closely associated with almost every public and local association or institution in the Central Highlands. In his delightful book, "Altavona," Professor Blackie makes his *Alter Ego* say of Cluny, "He is the genuine type of the old Scottish chief, the chief who loves his people, and speaks the language of the people, and lives on his property, and delights in old traditions, in old servants, in old services, and old kindly usages of all kinds." It has been justly

said by a writer in the *Inverness Courier*, that into all his duties Cluny carried with him a flavour of the olden times, a mingled homeliness, courtesy, and simple dignity that conveyed a remarkable impression impossible to describe, but characteristic and memorable. In the Highland dress, surmounted by the bonnet and eagle's feather of the chief, with his firm, erect, athletic figure, no more graceful specimen of Highland physique could be anywhere seen.

While a conspicuous figure at all public gatherings in the Highlands, nowhere was Cluny seen to more advantage than at his own castle, surrounded by his genial and happy family, dispensing, with a genuine kindness and courtesy that never failed, true Highland hospitality to the many friends and clansmen who flocked to it from all parts of the kingdom. It was worth going a long day's journey to hear him with his simple grace and dignity narrating incidents of the Jacobite days of other years, the hairbreadth escapes of his grandfather, and describing the many interesting and historical relics the castle contains. Among these relics, carefully treasured, is the Black Chanter or *Feadan Dubh* of the clan, on the possession of which the prosperity of the House of Cluny is supposed to depend. Of the many singular traditions regarding it one is that its original fell from heaven during the memorable clan-battle fought between the Macphersons and the Davidsons in presence of King Robert III., his Queen and nobles, on the North Inch of Perth in 1396, and that being made of crystal it was broken by the fall, and the existing one made in facsimile. Another tradition is to the effect that this is the genuine original, and that the cracks were occasioned by its violent contact with the ground. Be the origin of the *Feadan Dubh* what it may, it is a notable fact that whether in consequence of its possession or of their own bravery, no battle at which the Macphersons were present with the "green banner" and the chief at their head was ever lost. It is related that before the battle of Culloden, an old witch or second seer told the Duke of Cumberland that if he waited until the *Bratach Uaine* or green banner came up he would be defeated. The Macphersons were out in great force in the Rising of 1715, and took a distinguished part in the gallant but ill-fated attempt of Prince Charlie—whom they regarded as their rightful king—to regain the crown of his ancestors. Ewen of Cluny was present at the battle of Prestonpans with six hundred of his clan,

and accompanied the Prince during his march into England. On the Prince's retreat into Scotland, Cluny with his men put two regiments of Cumberland's dragoons to flight at Clifton, fought afterwards at the battle of Falkirk, and was on his way to Inverness with his clan to join the Prince, when flying fugitives from Culloden met him with the intelligence of that sad day's disaster. The subsequent fate of this gallant chief and the loyalty of his clan, "which no gold could buy, nor time could wither," are thus narrated by Mr. Skene, the distinguished Scottish historian :—

"There is perhaps no instance in which the attachment of the clan to their chief was so strongly manifested as in the case of the Macphersons of Cluny, after the disaster of the 'forty-five.' The chief having been deeply engaged in that insurrection, his life became of course forfeited to the laws; but neither the hope of reward nor the fear of danger could induce any one of his people to betray him. For nine years he lived concealed in a cave at a short distance from his own house; it was situated in the front of a woody precipice, of which the trees and shelving rocks completely concealed the entrance. The cave had been dug by his own people, who worked at night, and conveyed the stones and rubbish into a neighbouring lake, in order that no vestige of their labour might appear and lead to the discovery of the retreat. In this asylum he continued to live secure, receiving by night the occasional visits of his friends, and sometimes by day when they had begun to slacken the rigour of pursuit.

"Upwards of one hundred persons were privy to his concealment, and a reward of one thousand pounds sterling was offered to any one who should give information against him; and besides, as it was known that he was somewhere concealed upon his own estate, a detachment of eighty men was constantly stationed there, independent of the occasional parties that traversed the country throughout with a view to intimidate his tenantry, and induce them by force or persuasion to disclose the place of concealment; but although the soldiers were animated by the hope of reward, and their officers by promise of promotion for the apprehension of this proscribed individual, yet so true were his people, so inflexibly strict to their promise of secrecy, and so dexterous in conveying to him the necessaries he required in his long confinement, not a trace of him could be discovered, nor an individual base enough to give a hint to his detriment. Many anecdotes are still related in the country of the narrow escapes he made in eluding the vigilance of the soldiery, and of the fidelity and diligence displayed by his clan in concealing him, until, after ten years of this dreary existence, he escaped to France, and there died in the following year. After his death the estate was restored to the present family, in whose possession it remains, and who are the lineal representatives of the ancient chiefs of the Clan Chattan."

Another relic at Cluny Castle no less carefully treasured is the following *autograph* letter of date 18th September, 1746, addressed by Prince Charlie to Cluny of the "forty-five."

"Macpherson of Cluny,—As we are sensible of your and clan's fidelity and integrity to us during our adventures in Scotland and England in the year 1745, in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses, both in your interest and person, I therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a grateful return suitable to your sufferings.

"CHARLES P. R."

In view of the very prominent part the clan took in the Risings of the '15 and the '45, and the sufferings of his grandfather and great-grandfather in the cause, it is not surprising that Jacobite leanings should have developed themselves in Cluny at an early period of his life. The bloodthirsty vindictiveness displayed towards a defenceless people, after the battle of Culloden, by the Duke of Cumberland and the Government of the day, is almost unexampled in history. It is instructive to contrast that vindictiveness with the spirit in which the descendants of Highlanders, so cruelly and mercilessly persecuted, have since so nobly fought and died for their country on many a battlefield. At the advanced age of nearly eighty years Cluny's great-grandfather was beheaded in the Tower of London. After being hunted in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch for the long period of nine years, his grandfather escaped from his relentless pursuers only to die in exile. It was very natural, therefore, that Cluny's Jacobite sympathies should have remained with him to the end. An instance of his leanings in this direction may be appropriately told. At a school inspection, in Kingussie, a few years ago, in the course of one of his usually happy and encouraging little speeches to the children, he mentioned that, in listening to the examination in History, some of the words used had jarred upon his ear. "In Badenoch," he said, "it is not common to call Prince Charlie 'the Pretender.' I should advise you henceforth to call him by his name, Prince Charles Edward, the King over the water!"

With all his hereditary Jacobite sympathies, the Queen had no more loyal and devoted subject than Cluny in her wide domains; of his four sons he devoted three to her service. On the occasion of the first Royal visit to the Highlands in August, 1847, her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, occupied for a time Cluny's beautiful residence of Ardverikie, overlooking Loch Laggan, on an island in the middle of which Fergus, "the first of our kings," had his hunting lodge. Accompanied by Prince Albert and



From a photograph by]

[J. Lamb (late Devine), Princes St., Edinburgh.

the Royal children, her Majesty paid a visit to Cluny Castle and examined the shield and other relics of Prince Charlie, with the greatest interest. Meeting Cluny frequently at the time, the Queen was most favourably impressed with his polished manners and chivalrous courtesy, and he subsequently received many gracious and flattering marks of her regard. After the lapse of nearly forty years since her first meeting with him, her Majesty showed her long-continued regard for the venerable Chief by conferring upon him the distinction of the Order of the Bath, which, as coming from her own gracious hands, he very highly prized. It was a source of special gratification to him that he lived to see two of his sons commanding two of the most distinguished regiments in her

Majesty's
service—

the eldest, Colonel Duncan, commanding the famous Black Watch; and the second, Colonel Ewen, commanding the Ninety-third Highlanders. They have both seen a great deal of active service; and worthily and honourably have they maintained the ancient fame and prowess of their forefathers. Colonel Duncan, who now succeeds to the Chiefship and to the Cluny estates, has had an eminent military career, and has had a pension for "distinguished service" conferred upon him, besides the

*From truly
Cluny*

distinction of the Order of the Bath. Leading the Black Watch, he was wounded at Coomassie, in the Ashantee War; and at the head of that famous regiment in the Egyptian War, two or three years ago, was "the only man who rode over Arabi's entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir."

On their "golden wedding-day," in December, 1882, on the fiftieth anniversary of Cluny's marriage to the lady who had, for the long period of half a century, shared with him the affection and loyalty of his clan and tenantry, the venerable and happy pair received an ovation such as seldom, if ever previously, was witnessed in the Highlands. Congratulatory addresses, couched in the warmest terms, were presented by all the public bodies in the county with which Cluny was connected. In addition to deputations from these bodies, a large and distinguished party of clansmen and friends, headed by Sir George Macpherson-Grant and the veteran soldier, General Sir Herbert Macpherson, waited upon Cluny and his lady and presented them with a beautifully illuminated address, along with a magnificent work of art in the form of a massive silver candelabrum or centrepiece, costing in all between six and seven hundred pounds. A sturdy oak springing from the heather forms the stem of the centrepiece, from which radiate, at the top, nine branches. At its foot is placed a group representing one of the most striking and characteristic incidents in the history of the famous Cluny of the "forty-five." Sir Hector Munro—the officer in command of the party in search of the fugitive chief—mounted on his steed, is questioning Cluny, who, disguised as a servant, had been holding the bridle of Sir Hector's horse during the search, as to the whereabouts of his supposed master. Sir Hector asks if he knows where Cluny is. The reply given is, "I do not know, and if I did I should not tell you." Sir Hector rewards the supposed servant for his fidelity.

The address expressed on the part of the general body of subscribers their warm appreciation of the admirable way in which Cluny had for upwards of half a century, "with a grace and dignity peculiarly your own, discharged every public and private duty devolving on you as a constant resident in your native county, which has won for you the universal popularity you happily enjoy." On the part of his own "faithful and attached clan" allied to him "by closer ties and sympathies," the address specially recorded "their love and veneration for their

dear old patriarchal chief, and their pride in him as representative of all that they and their forefathers have ever held most precious as children of one race."

The subscribers to the presentation numbered between three and four hundred, and embraced all the historic names in the Highlands. The existing Chiefs of Clans are nearly all represented in the list: Cameron of Lochiel, the Chisholm of Chisholm, Lord Lovat (Chief of the Clan Fraser), the Earl of Seafield (Chief of the Clan Grant), Lord Macdonald of the Isles, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, MacLeod of MacLeod, and Sir Robert Menzies, all old friends or neighbours linked with many memories of the days of other years. The Macphersons are represented by one hundred names. Had time permitted communication with clansmen in the Australian colonies, the names would have been still more numerous. The letters received by Cluny at the time from clansmen in all parts of the world, breathing the warmest spirit of devotion, were intensely gratifying to him. As evidencing the deep regard entertained for him, not only in this country, but beyond the limits of the United Kingdom—extending even to our American cousins—not the least interesting circumstance in connection with the presentation was the fact that spontaneous contributions were cabled by the Speaker of the Senate of Canada (Sir D. L. Macpherson) from Canadian clansmen, and that similar contributions were cabled by a barrister of high standing in Washington (Mr. John D. Macpherson) from clansmen in the United States.

A consistent Conservative all his life, Cluny was ever courteous and tolerant to all who differed from him, whether in Church or in State—disarming contention, as he frequently, quietly, and happily did, with the remark, "We must agree to differ." A loyal and devoted Presbyterian, he was no sectarian. Men of all Churches and of all ranks honoured him. In the management of his estates the maxim "Live and let live," which he often quoted, was his ruling principle. During his long possession, evictions or summonses of removal were never heard of, and practically there were no arrears of rent. Unlike modern or present-day specimens of his kind he, winter and summer, ever loved to dwell "among his own people." It is no exaggeration to say that every tenant and crofter on his estates were familiarly known to him by name. In him were the scriptural precepts, "Be pitiful, be courteous," beautifully exemplified. He

never passed the humblest labourer on his estates without, when opportunity offered, some happy salutation in the old mother tongue, so dear to Highlanders. Less than a week before his death he expressed to the writer feelings of the warmest kind towards his clan and tenantry. Among other matters he spoke about the meeting of Highland proprietors which had been arranged by his kinsman, Lochiel, to take place at Inverness the following week, in connection with the crofter question, observing that he was too old to attend. "You know," he said, "that I am on the best of terms with my tenants and crofters, and I do not consider my presence necessary in any case." Encouraging, as he ever did within reasonable and well-regulated bounds, all the innocent and manly pastimes of our forefathers, Cluny was in the habit of annually giving a "ball play" to his people. Last Christmas Day (old style), the 6th of January, the "ball play" took place as in previous years. The day happened to be very stormy, with blinding showers of snow. The aged chief would not be dissuaded by loving counsels from attending as usual, remarking that while strength was spared to him he considered it simply his "duty" to be present at all such happy gatherings of his people. Accompanied by the loving partner of his long and happy wedded life, he accordingly drove to the field, and they were both received with the genuine Highland enthusiasm ever evoked by the presence of the venerable pair at such gatherings. In response, Cluny made a happy little speech in Gaelic, expressive of the pleasure it always afforded him to be present with his people, participating as he had always endeavoured to do in their joys as well as in their sorrows. Although Cluny's exposure to the piercing blasts on that occasion—dictated as such exposure was by a life-long regard and consideration for his people—did not, it is believed, hasten the end, yet that end was very near. Within four days an attack of bronchitis had developed itself to such an extent, that on Sunday, the 11th of January, the venerable chief passed calmly and peacefully to his rest.

Attended by a large gathering, representative of all classes, embracing many of the greatest historical names in the Highlands, the funeral took place on Saturday, the 17th of January, amid manifestations of the deepest sorrow. The scene was altogether peculiarly touching and impressive. In the

spacious hall of the castle lay the coffin, bearing on a brass plate the following inscription:—

"EWEN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY MACPHERSON,
CHIEF OF CLAN CHATTAN C.B.
DIED 11TH JANUARY, 1885,
IN HIS EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR."

On the top of the coffin were placed the sword and well-known bonnet of the chief, embowered with wreaths, loving tributes of affection from relatives, friends, and clansmen. Prominent among such tributes was one from his old regiment, the Black Watch. Around the hall were the numberless historical relics of the past, in which the dead chief took such an interest. Suspended above the coffin was the famous *Bratach Uaine*, or green banner of the clan, torn and dimmed with the stains of many a battlefield, but with no stain of dishonour. While descending the steps leading from the hall the eyes of not a few present filled with tears as they recalled many a happy greeting or parting word, warm from the heart, uttered by the lips now closed for ever. As the funeral procession moved slowly along the avenue to the quiet and secluded burial-place of the family—the snow muffling the measured tread of the mourners—the solemn and impressive stillness was broken by the plaintive notes of the bagpipe, the pealing lament of the pibrochs, awakening, as if in responsive sympathy, the wailing echoes of *Craig Dhu*—the *Craig Dhu* so closely identified with the Macphersons as their war-cry in days happily long gone by. Thus appropriately was the venerable chief "gathered to his fathers" under the shadow of the "everlasting hills" he loved so well. Conscious that beneath the whitened sod that wintry day there had been laid one of the truest and noblest heart that ever beat in the Highlands of Scotland, his friends and clansmen left all that was mortal of their dear old chief in his last resting-place, the words of the old Gaelic *Coronach*—so inexpressibly touching to all Highlanders—as they sorrowfully wended their way homeward, still sounding in their ears—

"Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuilleadh
An cogadh n'an sith, cha till mi tuilleadh
Le h-airgid no ni cha till mi tuilleadh
Cha till gu bràth gu la na cruinne."

"I'll return, I'll return, I'll return no more,
In war or in peace, I'll return, no never;
Neither love nor aught shall bring me back never
Till dawns the glad day that shall join us for ever."

A. MACPHERSON.

ANDREW GORDON.

A Glasgow Story.

By R. D. NORTON, AUTHOR OF "REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—ANGLING AND HUMANITY.

ANDREW was fishing the Glengarra water one morning early in October, 1849, at the point where the river, after spreading itself into a calm lake, begins to fall gently over a shallow shelf of rock on its way to the sea, a mile distant. Andrew had been for three years a student at Glasgow, and was now completing the twenty-first year of his age. Another session would begin at the end of the month, and that prospect had chiefly to do with the farmer's son's returning this morning, as he had rarely done of late, to the favourite sport of his boyhood. His father had died more than a year ago, and the farm—not worth much at the best—was now held for the remainder of the lease by his elder brother John on behalf of their mother. Andrew was perplexed and wanted solitude to think. John was honest enough and strong, but dull, and rather too willing to drive his own sheep or cattle to the market at Dungalra for sake of the drams that might be picked up on the way; and Andrew reflected that these faults were not likely to mend after four-and-twenty. He saw his mother brave and hardworking and good as ever, but strangely quiet since her widowhood, and subject to sudden attacks of mortal pain across the breast, for which the doctor could do little and about which he said less. It had been always understood that Andrew's studies were to issue in his entering the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and if he returned to the university that career must be decisively fixed by his taking the divinity classes; but could he commit himself to that career? That question had been pressing him for weeks, and this morning he wanted to see his way to an answer. Things had been fairly prosperous at home at the time when he went first to Glasgow, and he had not been called on to do anything for his own support in the way of teaching, as many of his fellow-students were: he knew also that whatever it might cost, nothing would be said now by his mother about the difficulty of furnishing him with the modest sum required for the coming session. None the less, Andrew saw plainly that twenty pounds could be very ill spared from the home, and that the burden would fall not on his sturdy brother, but on his sad-faced

mother and on Cousin Nancy. Nancy was not sad-faced by any means. But we must stay with Andrew in his solitude a little longer.

His fishing gear would have severely shocked a gentleman amateur. The rod was a thing for hard work, made with his own hands five winters ago, beside the kitchen fire of Glengarra farmhouse, from three pieces of ash of equal length and varying thicknesses sawn for him by the wheelwright. The joints were spliced, and that with regard for strength rather than neatness; varnish and ornamental brass were conspicuously absent; yet when you took it in your hands the balance and spring of the rod were found to be all that heart could wish. The line, copiously bestowed on a huge reel, was of a rich brown colour corresponding with the water, and ended in four yards of double gut and in an apparatus of three small hooks set in such a manner that the worm, used as bait, might be attached without undergoing the dreadful process of impalement, so commonly practised by fishers old and young. The parish doctor, a man of genius and humanity, who had been Andrew's instructor in the gentle craft, used to say to the lads, with indignant vigour, "Always deal honestly and kindly by the pair beasts. If ye must fish though there's been nae rain for weeks and though in a calm pool it may be necessary to use thae deceitful flees, yet when ever ye can, deal fairly and kindly by the innocent things and give them a decent meal o' meat, though it be their last." Young Gordon had profited by this and other counsels. Stealthily sheltering himself at the side of a boulder, he suspended the bait over a smooth current, dropped it in as gently as he would have stroked Nancy's cheek, and let it slip through two or three feet of rushing white water into a black pool below. Then began the work of long patience, and the reward was in proportion to its length. He had reached the well-known spot soon after six, and now, between nine and ten o'clock, there lay beside him on the grass four sea-trouts, the smallest of which was over three pounds weight, and one, he was sure, could not be less than seven. Besides smaller fish, many large ones, after serious secret contemplation, and being satisfied of the genuineness and wholesomeness of the meal that was presented,

had sucked it in; the reel had whirled, in the fashion that makes a fisher's heart leap; and Andrew had enjoyed fifteen or twenty minutes of splendid excitement, often wet to the hips and on ticklish ground, before landing each fish at a shallow creek on the other side of his sheltering boulder. Toward each, instantly on removing the hooks, he had carefully performed another singular act of humanity inculcated by the doctor: grasping the poor thing on the lower side near the head firmly with the left hand, he pressed the thumb of the right hand down on the spot at the top of the head between the gills, corresponding to the nape of the neck in the human organism, and then with a sudden upward jerk of the left hand broke its neck. "If the fish must be caught," the doctor had said, "do it mercifully, no cruelly. Put them out o' pain at ance, and dinna leave them wriggling and leaping amang the stanes on the bank—and may be gettin' back into the water again after all;" and Andrew still religiously observed his master's benevolent instruction.

The thinking process had gone on rather fitfully these three hours, but now the student was content to leave his sport. It had brought him back to thorough tone, and he was sitting on a stone absorbed in a discussion with his own mind and heart and conscience as to whether he could support himself during another session in Glasgow, or should throw up all hopes of a parish-living, hopes remote and uncertain at the best, and betake himself at once to some work that would yield money. The strongest reason against the latter course was the distress which it would cause to his mother, for he knew that her good heart was set on seeing her Benjamin a minister, and that not chiefly on account of the social position. The spirit of Hannah is strong in many a quiet mother in Scotland; and, although very few words had ever been spoken by Mrs. Gordon on the matter, her son perfectly understood the devotion of his mother's heart, and in the stillness and opening brightness of this autumn morning he felt it more definitely than ever before. On the other hand, Andrew saw more clearly that he had no special disposition for a clerical life, and that it might very possibly prove to be his duty rather to turn now to some way of making money. What his mother wished for him was that he should do his duty, and something higher than that, that her son should serve God by serving others. After a confused but none the less earnest fashion,

Andrew began to see that the ministry was not the only career in which he could do that, and, indeed, might in his circumstances not be the best way of doing it. What if he could relieve her of her cares and provide for her future and Cousin Nancy's better than John seemed likely to provide? However, he had only reached one definite conclusion when his thinking was interrupted, to wit, that if he did return to the university he would support himself.

CHAPTER II. — JOHN MARMADUKE CLERK,
ESQUIRE, OF GREYSTONES.

"A good morning's work, Andrew," said the minister of Ardgartan, the parish in which lay Glengarra farm. "You have been early out." Andrew was taken by surprise. The public road passed about two hundred and fifty yards from the spot where he sat, but the noise of the falling water and the depth of his meditations had prevented his hearing the jog-trot of Dr. Baillie's mare or the worthy man's footsteps as he crossed the green meadow. "I was going past your way to make a visit at Colessen, and my nephew has come with me, intending to stay at Glengarra and see you till I pass again on my way back. I was sure it was you, but your friend would not give you credit for being so soon afoot. Jack has the reins, so I came to make sure."

Had the minister been alone, Andrew would have regarded the meeting as singularly opportune, for he had proposed to take counsel with Dr. Baillie as to the likelihood of obtaining a few hours' private teaching in the West End of Glasgow; but the presence of Mr. John Marmaduke Clerk was disconcerting. They had been class-fellows these two years, and a considerable chumminess had sprung up between them, yet they were not on terms of social equality. Clerk was no dandy, but he was a very fine gentleman. Though Gordon had sometimes been in Clerk's spacious rooms in Monteith Row (at the corner of Morris Place, in full view of the Green and Nelson's monument and Dixon's ironworks and the Cathcart hills), Clerk had never been in Gordon's one humble apartment in Burrell's Lane, Duke Street, up three dark stairs. As Andrew put a string through the gills of his fish he forgot everything he had wished to say to the minister, and was concerned only to discover how he might reach Glengarra in advance of his unlooked-for visitor. His mother might at that early hour be in the kitchen, and Cousin Nancy was probably

churning butter or feeding calves out of an old tea-pot, her white arms bare and her dress even coarser than his own home-spun. He knew they would wish to receive the friend of whom he had often spoken to them with some little preparation, and he heartily wished it himself.

"Oh, is Mr. Clerk here?" said Andrew, with unfeigned surprise. "I remember now he did say something of perhaps seeing me in summer when he came to visit you, but I had quite forgotten about it."

"Yes; he came the other day, and talks of shooting with the laird; but when he heard that my road this morning lay past your door he was eager to come with me. You are great friends in Glasgow, I understand; aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the young man with some embarrassment as he shouldered his rod and began to walk with Dr. Baillie towards the gig; "we're a good deal together between classes and on Saturdays in Glasgow; but it's another thing here. Mr. Clerk will think Glengarra a poor place after his grand house in Staffordshire."

"No fear of that, Andrew," said the minister. "Jack has seen little of the Argyllshire Highlands, living the summer through in a flat country like Staffordshire; but he'll be delighted with the view from the hill behind your house. How are your mother and all at home?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," said Andrew; "that's to say I could wish to see my mother brighter and free of these turns of pain; but she never complains."

The young men saluted one another heartily, and Andrew had for the moment forgotten his embarrassment, when Dr. Baillie said—

"I tell you what it is, lads, I must get on to Colesen to see the good woman there, who, I'm told, is worse last week. That's five miles, and all up-hill; but as my old gig will hold only two, you can walk the mile and a half to Glengarra. Put your fish in the gig, Andrew; I'll leave them at the gate, and tell your mother you're following. What say you, Jack?"

His nephew's answer was that nothing could be better; but the cheery old man had trotted off briskly, scarcely hearing it. Andrew understood that the minister had seen through his little difficulty, and solved it in a very pleasant way. Half an hour's warning was more than enough for his mother; and the lesson in delicate courtesy, unperceived by the young laird of Greystones, was not

lost on the widow's son, rough though he seemed.

Books, professors, *jeux d'esprit* in prose and verse with which they had amused the leisure of past winters, companions, the prospects of the coming session, kept the young men in flowing talk till they reached the farm. These, rather than any deeper things, were what they had in common. Gordon would never have dreamed of consulting Clerk about the perplexities that had been pressing on him that morning; their friendship, hearty so far as it went, was not of that sort. The contrast between the two was striking even in the outer man—Clerk, fully six feet high, slimly built, with very light hair and not much of it, small grey eyes, a thin, hooked nose, and forehead high but narrow, and a mouth so pleasant that you did not readily observe weakness in it; Gordon, with not a weak bit in his body, big-boned, broad-shouldered, with large hands and feet, a rough head covered with thick brown hair, large, calm, black eyes that twinkled now and then with humour, a brow rather low but wide, and a mouth that betokened common sense and firm purpose. Clearly he was the stronger man physically, though wanting four inches of his companion's stature, and a year of his age; and in intellectual matters Clerk had tacitly recognised Gordon's superiority all along. He was the only son of an indulgent mother, brought up to regard the inheritance of Greystones, worth rather less than a thousand a year, as something very great, and was glad to have the help—very readily given—of a better scholar than himself in college work; while the farmer's son was pleased to have the companionship offered him of a frank, pleasant fellow, fond of wit, from whom he borrowed books he would never think of buying, and gathered hints about a sphere of life into which he never wished to enter. It was in winter these two were together; their summer lives, that is, their home lives, had not till now been brought into contact; but Andrew had lost all his diffidence about a visit from the squire of Greystones before they turned in among the few old ash and fir-trees that screened Glengarra farmhouse from the sea-breeze.

He had no reason certainly to be ashamed of his mother. The sad-eyed, thoughtful widow received her son's friend in her simple, gentle way, taking the first word and leading him into the parlour.

"I'm glad to see ye, Mr. Clerk. The minister said ye were on the road. It's very

kind of yo coming so far to see us. Andra has often spoken about you."

Jack made some pleasant answer, and had begun to talk about scenery and his uncle and his late aunt (Dr. Baillie's wife), when Cousin Nancy appeared, bearing milk and oat-cakes and scones, and—early though the day was—the inevitable Highland whisky.

"My cousin, Mr. Clerk," said Andrew in some haste, before Nancy had time to deposit her tray on the table.

"Ay, this is oor Nancy," said Mrs. Gordon, feeling that the duty of introduction lay on her as head of the house.

But there was no danger of Nancy being mistaken for a domestic, even by one less used to the world than the young squire. A plump, strong lass she was, ruddy with health, smiling and blushing with all the soft, full curves and dimples of seventeen; yet there was something in her eye and manner which seemed to belong to a rank above that of the Gordons. She shook hands with Clerk with all possible ease and grace, said he must be tired after his walk, and asked whether he would have milk or whisky, before he had time to draw breath. Andrew had either never mentioned this cousin to him or he had entirely forgotten the fact, and his surprise was evident, although quickly concealed.

"I suppose whisky does no harm among these hills? Thank you. I'll venture, at any rate, to taste the wine of the country," he said, remaining on his feet and proceeding to help himself. Andrew emptied a glass of milk and poured out another, and the talk got back into a fairly easy flow; but not as before. For Andrew, too, was a little surprised. He observed that Nancy had taken more than usual pains about her bright yellow hair and was dressed as for kirk or harvest-home; and he saw her willingly allowing Clerk to engage her in all manner of small talk. A visit she had made to her aunts in Glasgow in the previous spring, the scenery on the way, the first of May at the old college when she had seen Andrew getting his prizes, furnished abundant matter; and her obvious pleasure was to Andrew a sudden revelation. He had loved her all his days, as a matter of course, and of late had begun to realise to himself—in a far-off, hazy way—that some day, when she had become a woman and he a full-grown man, their relations might become closer; but lo! here was Nancy suddenly burst into something very like womanhood since she had given him

his early breakfast that morning; and, if he himself was not a full-grown, independent man, she had obviously found one who was. To Mrs. Gordon the surprise was, perhaps, less; but the concern was greater, and she was relieved when Andrew said—

"Well, Clerk, do you feel rested enough to try the hill now? There will not be much more than time before Dr. Baillie returns."

"By all means; that fine view my uncle was telling me of. But—but—may we not have the pleasure of your company, Miss Gordon?"

Both mother and son would have liked to say No, had it been possible, and there was just a moment's pause before Nancy spoke.

"Riddell is my name, Mr. Clerk. I sometimes take a run up Dunveg to see the sunset, but we're busy this morning. Andrew, be sure you show him the four lochs, and I think it is clear enough to-day to see the top of Goatfell."

So they went off, Andrew relieved, but wondering. He would have wondered less had he known that it is not an uncommon thing for damsels whose lives are spent rather out of the world to create heroes in their own fancy, and suddenly to transfer all the noble qualities of these heroes to the first likely young fellow they encounter. But that was a part of knowledge the youth could scarcely have yet acquired.

CHAPTER III.—COUSIN NANCY.

DUNVEG was no great height for Scotland, only some twelve hundred feet, an easy half-hour's climb for Andrew or Nancy; but its position commanded peeps into a world of higher mountains and valleys. The four lochs lay in different directions far up, gleaming like burnished silver at noon, and through one opening in favourable weather a glimpse could be got of the jagged ridge that crowns Arran. Andrew, excited and impatient, walked fast, unwittingly punishing his friend's wind; and, when the top was reached, made the most of the points of view. Clerk, helped at first by the whisky, kept pace, but at an outlay of energy larger than he cared for, and tried to be enthusiastic about the scenery.

"Yonder's Dr. Baillie's gig," said Andrew, after they had rested awhile, pointing up the glen. "Do you see a bit of the road sweeping round a rock near the stream? Keep your eye on it a moment and the old mare will appear."

"Then it is time for us to be getting

down," said Clerk. "The old gentleman won't care to wait."

"I dare say not," said Andrew, springing to his feet and leading the way down at a pace that shook Clerk's loose joints and strained his soft sinews. But he was willing enough to hasten in hope of another interview with Nancy before his uncle's arrival, while Andrew's purpose was to bring him on to the highway without returning to the house. He succeeded, and the minister's

gig was in sight when Andrew turned towards it and away from Glengarra.

"No such dreadful hurry, old fellow," said Clerk. "I've to get my gun and bid the ladies good-bye," and Gordon felt he was baffled. It was but a couple of minutes, yet long enough for mother and son to mark two things: the one, that the young squire of Greystones expressed a hope of seeing them again soon while shaking hands warmly with Nancy; the other, that he repaired the



On the top of Dunveg.

fatigue of his climbing by a rather free draught of the wine of the country.

Andrew and the minister had a word or two together at the gate, and the sudden vision disappeared, leaving the farm-house to return as it best might to its normal quietness.

Outwardly it did so at once, Mrs. Gordon putting the whisky out of sight before John should come in from the fields, and Nancy setting the humble dinner—one of Andrew's

trouts—on the table in another parlour more plainly furnished than that in which the visitor had been received: but full quietness never returned to the three inmates. Weeks and months passed before they understood that it was so, but that visit had permanently affected the life and destiny of each.

"He's a pleasant young man, yer freend, Andra," said Mrs. Gordon, at dinner.

"What is he to be?"

"Nothing, I fancy. He has a small

property, and I suppose his mother thinks him above needing to learn a profession," said Andrew.

"But what is he at college for," asked Nancy, "if he is not learning a profession? I thought ye all prepared for some business there?"

"So we do, most of us, but a few independent gentlemen come just for the education; most of them pass for the bar, or try to, but that's rather for the name of the thing than serious work."

"Where is't he lives?"

"Away in England somewhere, but I don't know anything of his home life except that he has only his mother living and a big house and about eight or nine hundred a year. I once saw his mother when she came to visit him in Glasgow, and I didn't think he was sorry when she went away."

"Pity me!" said Mrs. Gordon. "I mind her being here lang syne when her sister, the minister's wife, was living: she was a grand-lookin' woman then, and unco prood o' her wee boy. I didna tell him that the day, but I minded it weel."

"She's proud of him yet, but I thought she hung about rather much, perhaps, and wanted him to be with her every minute he was not in classes, and he tired of that."

"Isn't he very clever?" Nancy ventured to ask.

"Well enough, if he would work. But he doesna need to work hard, and goes to parties in the West End pretty often and sometimes misses a class the morning after. There's some young lady in Glasgow his mother wants him to marry, I think; but he never said much about that to me."

Perhaps Andrew did not observe how his cousin changed colour at this piece of information, but he was glad enough that it brought the discussion about his friend to an end.

"Hope you enjoyed yourself, Jack," said Dr. Baillie as they trotted towards the manse.

"Capitally, though Gordon climbs at rather an unmerciful pace. But who is Miss Riddell?"

"Oh! Nancy, you mean. It's many a day since I heard her surname, and you would hardly be understood if you asked for Miss Riddell in this parish. A very fine lass she is, and a great help to her aunt. And she's learning, too, more than most girls in farm-houses. Andrew teaches her in the summer and she picks up things quickly. He brings

her books, Waverley and the Lady of the Lake, and Chambers's books and Blackwood. But it hasn't spoiled her at all so far as I see."

"Spoiled her! why should it? She seems a very superior girl, and good-looking, too!"

"Tuts, tuts! a mere child," said the minister. "I hope nobody will tell her that for some time to come. But I mean she is as hearty about the farm work and as simple and good to her aunt as ever, not giving herself airs on account of the better education she has got. You wouldn't hear her sing, of course?"

"No; does she sing?"

"Yes, very sweetly indeed, though with no training."

Clerk had a good voice himself, and music was, fortunately for him, his chief pleasure. Other pleasures less safe he had tasted, but the love of music had kept him from indulging in them as yet to any great extent.

In front of Glengarra farm-house there was a garden of some size, better cared for than most gardens of farm-houses, thanks to Nancy's taste, and having at the foot of it a rustic seat, facing the west and shadowed by a weeping ash, whither Mrs. Gordon would sometimes carry her knitting on a fine afternoon and spend a quiet hour alone before tea-time. Her husband, coming home, would look for her there; but since her widowhood it was understood that she preferred not to be disturbed. On the day following Mr. Clerk's visit she asked Andrew, who was reading in the parlour and not making much of his book, to come with her, and the summons was very willingly obeyed. He wished such an opportunity to talk with his mother about his plans for the winter. Her first words opened his way.

"Ye'll be gaun back to Glesga soon, Andrew."

"Yes, mother, in three weeks now. But I've been thinking that it's high time I was doing something for myself."

"Ye're no givin' up the ministry and gaun tae an office like Rab Johnstone? Dinna tell me that."

"No, mother. But many students get money for teaching boys at the High School, boys that live in the West End, helping them with their lessons in the evening; and I was saying to the minister yesterday that I would like to talk to him about that, and perhaps he could help me to find some teaching."

Mrs. Gordon breathed freely. "That's very good in ye, Andra. I canna say a word against yer plan, an' if ye can keep yerself at College it may be all the better."

It was Andrew's turn to feel relieved. The matter was settled out of hand, and he was meditating whether he might venture to hint the possibility of his becoming a school-master some day instead of a minister, when Mrs. Gordon said—

"I was wantin' to speak about Nancy. I think, maybe, she should go to Glesga wi' ye."

Andrew was startled. Nancy had been there in spring, only a few months ago: her help was of the greatest importance to his mother, and there was no reason that he could see to set against her continuing to render that help. He said so.

"Nae doot I wad miss her, Andra, but I could get a lass to do the work she does, an' it's her future I'm thinkin' o'. She canna be aye here; an' noo yer father's awa', what wad become o' her if onything happened to me?"

Just that question had presented itself to the young student yesterday morning, and he had found as yet no answer. His only answer, however, was, "You're not feeling worse, are ye, mother?"

"No, I am not feelin' worse. I'm thankful to hev kept strong this harvest, and no to hev had a turn o' pain since June; but it's oor duty to be ready. The youngest o' yer aunties in Glesga is aulder than me by eight years, and I'm turned fifty, an' ye ken how frail Auntie Bell is. They want somebody in the shop that they could leave the bizness wi'; an' it would be a guid livin' for Nancy by-and-by, and keep her free of wantin' a man tae merry her."

It was obvious the old lady had pondered the same problems as her son, and had come to more practical conclusions. He could only say—

"Does Cousin Nancy wish this herself?"

"I dar' say she would be willin' enough: it's a nice shop in the Arcade, an' clean wark, an' she likes yer aunties, as baith of ye weel may; but I wanted to speak to you first." Mrs. Gordon paused for a minute or two. When she resumed, her son received a thorough surprise. "Ye ca' her Cousin Nancy; but she's no yer cousin."

"Not our cousin, mother! How can that be? Is she not the child of a brother of yours?" asked Andrew, almost leaping off the seat with wonder. He had taken that theory of her parentage for granted, seeing she bore his mother's maiden name.

"Na, Andra, I never had a brother," the old lady went on, having evidently made up her mind for plain speaking. "There was

just the three lasses o' us, and me the youngest, the only yin that married. It's a strange story, an' there was nae need for telling 't till noo. I'm trustin' you wi't rather than John, as ye're mair likely to be in the way of makin' a guid use o't some day if need be. Yer aunties had their baby-linen shop before I was married, but it was in George Street then, just past Balmano Brae, and no' far, as ye ken, frae the hoose in Burrell's Lane: it was aye the same hoose. One day, mair than seventeen years ago, a leddy came that was stayin' in a fine inn in the Square and bought a lot o' things o' the best, and paid for them. An' after a while she came back wi' a fine wee wean, dressed in a' the grand things, and said her husband was gane off to America, an' askin' if yer aunties could tell her of decent lodgings for her for six months. It was yer Auntie Mirren was in the shop, and she sent her alang to yer Auntie Bell, to see if oor hoose would do. Bell was greatly pleased wi' the wean; an' when the leddy offered to pay what she asked for the parlour and bedroom she took her in. Before a week was gane baith Mirren and Bell were as fond o' the bairn as its mither, but Bell specially, for she was mair in the hoose. But before the second week was oot, the leddy said she was gaun to the post-office wi' a letter to her husband, an' she never cam' back."

"Never came back!" said Andrew. "What was her name? Did you never hear of her?"

"Wait. Ye hav'na heard all. When they were puttin' the baby to bed that night they had to take off a fine linen band round its waist, an' they fand sewed inside it a bit paper wi' a fifty-pound note in 't."

"Was there no writing?" said Andrew eagerly.

"I'll gie ye the paper, but ye'll find there's no much to be made o't. They went to the inn, and were telled the story was all true; that is, the leddy's name, an' all about her husband, an' the time o' Nancy's birth; but nae mair than they kenned before, except that she had taken everything o' hers away from the inn the day she came to Burrell's Lane. Bell sent word to us and yer father and me went to see them. We agreed that naething was to be said about it in public, but I was to take the bairn hame to Glen-garra and bring her up, though Bell was to be reckoned as havin' adopted her for a daughter. Ye had a bonnie wee sister, Andra, that died when she was six months the summer before; an' Nancy came in her place."

Mrs. Gordon shed some tears—not bitter,

but like April rain—when her story was finished; and Andrew was for a little time too much astonished to speak. At length he said—

“It’s an extraordinary story. It will be cleared up some day. What was the lady like?”

“Ask yer aunties that. I never saw her. But the Almighty leaves many a thing darker than this no cleared up in the present life. If the woman had been livin’ an’ cared for her wean she would hae sought her out again by this time.”

“It may be so, mother. But ye havena told Nancy—have ye?”

“No, no. There’s nae need yet that she should ken. I’m but tellin’ ye in case there ever should be need.”

“And ye’ll no speak about her going with me to Glasgow for a week or two?”

“I wasna intendin’ till we had a letter frae Aunt Bell. But what for no?” said his mother, looking at him for the first time.

“Better let Mr. Clerk be out of the way first,” said Andrew, looking down.

“Ay, ye may be richt there. I wadna hae spoken to ye if I hadna thocht ye were a weiss lad, Andra.”

And with that remark, rather suggestive than communicative, the interview closed. Andrew, feeling that his mother had paid a high compliment to his heart as well as his head, rose and walked slowly up the side of Dunveg, to digest the startling information and adjust to his shoulders this new burden of responsibility.

(To be continued.)

THE BEST WINE LAST.

SO Cana said: but still the first was good,
For skilful Nature wrought her very best;
Turning the sunshine into hues of blood,
Bringing the ripened clusters to be pressed.

But this the Master brings: His silent eye
Flushes the sunshine of a loitering year;
Be still, O guests, for heaven is passing by!
Bow down, O Nature, for your God is here!

And it is always so. Earth’s joys grow dim,
Like waning moons they slowly disappear;
Our heavenly joys fill up the widening brim,
Ever more deep and full, more sweet and clear.

Sweet were His words, when o’er the mountain slope
He breathed His benedictions on the air;
Waking the sleeping angels, Faith and Hope,
Bidding them sing away the grief and care.

And yet, methinks, He speaks in sweeter tones,
Out of the shadow of the nearing cross;
Telling of mansions and the heavenly throng,
Which soon shall recompense for earthly loss.

The good, the better, and the last the best,
This is the order of the Master’s wine;
More than the yesterdays to-days are blest,
And life’s to-morrows may be more divine.

And what beyond? Ah! eye hath never seen,
Ear hath not heard the wonders that await;
Earth’s lights are paling shadows to the sheen
Of untold glories just within the gate!

We “bid” Thee, Master, come and be our Guest!
Life’s common things Thou turnest into wine;
Our cares, our woes, our bitter tears are blest,
If only Thou dost “cause Thy face to shine!”

HENRY BURTON.

THE TEMPTATION.

Sunday Readings.

BY DONALD FRASER, D.D.

JULY 5TH.

Read Genesis iii. 1—13, and Matthew iv. 1—11.

THE first man was tempted in a paradise where he might “freely eat;” the Second Man in a wilderness when He was an hungered. Each was tempted of the devil to distrust God, and assert his own independent will and pleasure. But the first man fell; the Second stood, and compelled the tempter to depart.

Another parallel may be drawn, between Israel and Christ. The chosen nation is described as a son of God, called by Him out of Egypt. Now, so soon as Israel had been “baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea,” he was led of the Spirit into the wilderness, and there remained under probation for forty years. Jesus Christ, who was “called out of Egypt,” and was indeed the Son of God, was no sooner baptized by John than He was led of the Spirit into a wilder-

ness, where He was proved and tested for forty days.

The scene of our Lord's temptation is placed by tradition in the sterile district to the west of the Jordan, where a steep and lonely mountain has received from this tradition the name of Quarantania. St. Mark says that "He was with the wild beasts." It is an allowable supposition of Milton that in the presence of the last Adam those wild beasts were submissive.

"They at His sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping, Him, nor waking, harmed."

It is questioned whether the temptation was continuous throughout the forty days, or occurred only at the close of that period. Two of the Evangelists seem to favour the former view, and one the latter. Probably the actual state of the case was this: As the days passed, Jesus, meditating on the great work which the Father had given Him to do, was aware of an evil power or influence near, watching Him with malicious intent, but He kept it at bay. At the end of the long fast, however, when He felt the pangs of hunger, and His mental and spiritual force was affected by the exhaustion of His body, the enemy came to close quarters, and made those three assaults which are commonly reckoned as the entire temptation.

It is also questioned whether the temptation was objective, or only subjective. Enough that it was real. The devil was there, though it by no means follows that he was in visible bodily shape, and his suggestions were put actually and vividly before our Saviour's mind. The more important question is, "What could temptation mean to the Man Christ Jesus?" What seductive power could it have for a moral constitution like His?

In His Divine nature our Lord was not "tempted of evil." As St. James has taught, God is *apeirastos*, inexperienced of evil. He knows it as a thing to be hated, condemned, and punished; but it has never put its foul mark on His being, or shaken the firmness of His good and holy will. It was as man that Jesus Christ was tempted; yet how could this be? His humanity was without taint of original sin or any inclination to evil. Are we then to say that the devil had permission and power to set certain subtle suggestions before Christ, but lost his pains, because the Man whom he tempted was incapable of sin? Such an explanation would take all meaning out of the narrative. If the suggestions put forward had no power of enticement whatever, and put no strain on

the will and conscience of Jesus Christ, there was no temptation.

At this point it is well to remember that the man and the woman in paradise, when innocent and upright, were tempted of the devil. The Man Christ Jesus was as unspotted as they, but, being human as they were, He was liable to be tempted. Nay, He was human as we are. "The Son of God took upon Him man's nature with all the essential properties and common infirmities thereof, yet without sin." Now, it is one thing to say that He was sinless and did no iniquity; another thing to affirm that He was incapable of sinning. Everything depends on the meaning attached to the term incapacity. It may be accepted if it is meant that it was morally impossible that Jesus Christ should yield to temptation. In other words, He was too good to do so, too firm in His love of purity and His purpose of obedience to give place for a moment to suggestions or enticements of evil. So the proposals set before Him constituted temptations, because He might have consented to them if He had chosen so to do; but they were unsuccessful because it was a thing absolutely repugnant to Him, to choose the evil and forsake the good. He loved His Father too well to distrust or disobey Him.

Thus, when we describe our Saviour as unable to sin, we mean that He was able not to sin, *i.e.* morally able, in virtue of His holy disposition and His righteous will. The tempter was allowed to suggest to Him ways of self-sparing and self-aggrandising, but there was nothing in the mind or heart of the Man Christ Jesus to give welcome or favour to such solicitation. Nay, there was the repugnance of a heart both brave and patient, full of sublime faith in God and filial loyalty.

It is no discredit to a Christian that he is tempted from without so long as his mind does not dwell on evil suggestions, or his will consent. If he yields he sins, and is defiled. If he refuses the bait and repels the tempter he is, though tempted, yet without sin. Not only so, he gains by such endurance. By the grace of God he emerges from the ordeal a wiser, humbler, and stronger man.

Christ was tempted in regard to that which He suffered. His followers, too, are tempted to evade difficult duty, and to give play to self-seeking and self-will. So from His own experience on earth He is able to succour them that are tempted by the impressive lesson of His example, by the timely suggestion of the Word which He hid in His

heart, and by the all-powerful help and consolation of His Holy Spirit.

JULY 12TH.

Read Deuteronomy viii. 1-18, and Matthew vi. 19-34.

At the baptism of Jesus an audible voice from the sky proclaimed Him the beloved Son of God. It was therefore with this assurance full and fresh upon His soul that He retired into the wilderness to meditate on the career assigned to Him by His Father in heaven. He foresaw that it would involve sharp contest with the rulers of the people, and end in rejection and death. So the suggestion rose: Might it not be well to meet the popular ideal of a Messiah so far as to put forth some wonder-working power, and fix on Himself popular observation? Nay, if He was the Son of God, why should He not act in that character at once, and compel the admiration and submission, not of the Jewish nation merely, but of all mankind?

The first and second suggestions presented to Him by the tempter hinged on this—"If thou art the Son of God." It was a subtle "if." It might have impelled the Saviour to demonstrate His Sonship prematurely, and to set at nought the conditions of lowly humanity. So the temptation resembled that which men afterwards addressed to Him on Calvary—"If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross."

The first effort of the tempter was based on the cravings of the human body; and this was shrewdly done, because the physical frame has very imperative demands, and its condition powerfully affects the higher faculties of man. Nor was it at all a proposal to pamper the flesh. It was a question of satisfying pangs of hunger which are innocent. Why should the Son of God not relieve a craving for necessary food? There lay around in the wilderness stones which in size, form, and colour singularly resembled the cakes of bread in common use. They may be seen to this day; a kind of siliceous accretion. Why not transform this into actual bread? Israel in the wilderness had been fed with manna strewn upon the ground. The prophet Elijah in the wilderness had found a cake of bread and cruse of water on the ground where he slept. Why should not the Son of God, and the greatest of prophets, find His bread also on the ground?

Our Lord repelled the plausible suggestion by reference to that book of the Old Testament which reviews the forty years of Israel in Arabia. God taught to the Twelve Tribes

their dependence on Him for daily bread in order that they might "know that man doth live not by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of Jehovah." Recalling this lesson, Jesus preferred dependence on God to independence. If He suffered hunger it was in the path of obedience, and the God who fed all Israel was able to feed Him. There was something higher to be thought of than even daily bread.

At the same time, there is nothing here to encourage fanatical austerity and emaciation of the body. There is no hint of a special holiness to be attained by voluntary starvation. But the lesson is that not even the urgent exactions of the physical frame have the first claim. To regard man as living by bread alone is an animal view of existence, making bodily comfort and satisfaction a supreme object, and despising or ignoring that deeper hunger of the moral nature which craves the bread of everlasting life. Blessed is the man who knows that this mortal life which common bread supports is not the only one, or the highest, and makes it his chief aim to serve and please God. So doing, he may trust the Heavenly Father for the things which are needful to the body, and thus live all his life upon God's faithful word.

While the Lord Jesus was occupied in active ministry, He once and again multiplied a supply of bread in order to feed the thousands who waited on Him in a desert place. He would not work any such miracle to relieve or feed Himself, but He did it for the people because it was among the works appointed to Him by the Father; and yet He would not repeat the miracle when the multitude followed Him across the lake, "because they had eaten of the loaves." Perceiving their motive, He turned away their thoughts from food that perishes to that which endures unto eternal life. He taught them to live, not by bread alone, but by the word of God.

Now Jesus was tempted as we are. We are tempted as He was, and primarily through our bodies, to gratify the wants and desires that lie in our physical structure. The primary question of the human being in every country and state of civilisation is "How shall I get bread to eat?" And this may become a temptation. One may be seduced or provoked to break the law of God and of duty in order to eat bread. The poor and the hungry are tempted. All persons who are in a strait about their livelihood are tempted, nor will faith or prayer much avail them so long as they think of bread only

and ask what they shall eat and drink, and wherewith they may be clothed. The order which Christ enjoined is the opposite of this. The first place is to be assigned to heavenly things, and the supreme value set upon them, in order even to the obtaining of temporal things from the Father in heaven. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

The calling of a Christian is to abide in the path of duty, as our Master did, whatever pinch of want or suffering it may entail. It cannot be denied that some of God's saints have even died of hunger. They have been involved with others in blockaded cities, in Arctic expeditions, on rafts, or in open boats after shipwreck on the sea, positions from which they could not be extricated but by some exceptional interference with the course of nature. So they have died as other men, just as saints catch the same diseases as sinners and die of them. Any special interposal of Divine power to preserve their lives would probably do more harm than good in rendering the natural consequences of actions uncertain, making pious men careless and presumptuous as regards self-preservation, and inducing others to profess religion for temporal rather than spiritual advantage. It is one of the privileges and joys of Christians that their Father gives them daily bread, and sweetens it with His love. But, even if the bread should fail, they are not to fail in faith or obedience. The Father will not withhold that better bread which pertains to and supports an everlasting life.

JULY 19TH.

Read Psalm xci. and 1 Cor. x. 1-14.

It is extremely improbable that the Lord Jesus was in actual bodily fact poised on a pinnacle of the Temple by the power of the devil. St. Luke says that, "He was led in the spirit in the wilderness during forty days;" and this expression throws back our thoughts to the history of ancient prophets and seers. Take, for instance, the case of Ezekiel, who was in the spirit by the river of Chebar. He took a roll of a book and swallowed it. He took a tile and an iron pan, the one with a city sketched upon it, the other set up to signify a wall of iron; and then, to represent a siege, he lay first on his left side and then on his right for many weeks. Does any one take these things literally? While he was sitting in his house in Babylonia, a hand took him up by the hair and carried

him "in the vision of God" to Jerusalem. Again the spirit took him up and replaced him among the captives. The same prophet tells how he was carried in the spirit into a valley full of dry bones and saw them transformed into an "exceeding great army." And yet again the hand of the Lord brought him to the land of Israel, and set him "on a very high mountain." In those cases, no one supposes that there was a bodily removal of the seer from one place to another. All was done in the region of thought and spiritual realisation. So it was with St. Paul, when caught up to the third heaven. Reflecting on the vision afterwards, the apostle could give no physical account or explanation of it. Whether he had been in the body or out of the body he could not tell. And in the same way we must try to think of St. John in the spirit, who, like Ezekiel, swallowed a roll of a book and was also carried away into the wilderness.

In view of all these parallel incidents, we are very safe in assuming that the elevation of Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple was in thought, in imagination, not in but out of the body. This does not in the least weaken the interest of the narration or the reality of the temptation.

The tempter had first sought to make Jesus distrustful. Foiled in this, he next suggested a rash over-trust. If He was the Son of God, and therefore perfectly assured of the Divine love and protection, why should He not give some conspicuous proof of His dignity, and so compel the homage of the rulers and the people? What did it avail to trust in God in this solitary place, where there was no one to admire the submission of Jesus or to be influenced by His faith and patience? But let the crowd in the courts of the Temple at Jerusalem see a sign from above. It would silence all gainsayers, and convince the whole nation that the Messiah had come and that He was the Son of God.

The proposal was supported by a quotation from Psalm xci., with the omission, however, of a significant clause. It has often been remarked on this, that the devil can quote Scripture for a purpose. In other words, passages of Scripture detached from the context may occur to the mind, or may be suggested from some external quarter, to justify a course of action that is wrong. This is no discredit to the Bible. No book whatever can protect itself from misconstruction and misuse.

Our Lord answered the tempter, or repelled the temptation, on the second occa-

sion as on the first, by a quotation from the book of Deuteronomy. "Thou shalt not tempt Jehovah thy God." From this we learn—1. That Scripture must be taken with Scripture. If a temptation finds itself on "It is written," the best answer to it will be found in "It is written again." There is always risk of partial and inaccurate inferences when one reasons from a detached passage of Holy Writ. Indeed this is so obvious that it has almost become an adage that "one may prove anything from the Bible." We deny the assertion. One may prove anything from an isolated sentence of the Bible, chosen for the purpose, broken away from its context, and not compared with other passages of Scripture which bear on the same topic; but this is not to prove from the Bible. He who would honestly learn truth and duty from the Book must collate Scripture with Scripture, and the partial revelation of one period with the more ample revelation of another period, and not pounce on a text here, and half a sentence there, as the manner of some is.

2. That to assume that we may break laws of God with impunity is not faith, but presumption. Our Lord considered that to fling Himself from a high projection into the court of the Temple, calling on God to let Him escape unhurt, would have been to tempt God, not to trust Him. It would have been to repeat the sin of the children of Israel at Massah, who "tempted" Jehovah by demanding water in the desert, declaring that they could not tell whether He was among them or no, unless He would work some wonder. Just because Jesus was the Son of God, perfectly trustful and obedient, He would not dictate a sign or demand a miracle. It was God's law that a human being falling from a great height should be dashed to pieces on the ground. For any one to throw himself down, expecting God to interpose and save him from the natural penalty, would be not to honour God, but to tempt or provoke Him.

We have seen Christians confounding great demands and expectations with great faith. They raised the question, Is the Lord among us or no? And, to solve it, craved a sign or wonder, something to astonish the community, and be a phenomenon for the religious world. This, however, indicates not faith, but a lack of faith. True reliance on God shows itself in patience and piety on the level of the ground, not in trying to float through the air as a special favourite of heaven.

Nay: the lesson is wider still. It condemns all assumption of impunity in breaking any laws which God has instituted for the universal good. It is folly, and worse than folly, to fly in the face of all prudence, and expect providence to secure against harm. This is, as the common phrase runs, to "tempt Providence." Especially is the admonition needed with regard to those moral laws which, to say the least, are as firm and regular in their action as those which we call natural or physical. One breaks the rule of righteousness or the law of personal purity, and is not exposed, seems to be no worse. Exulting in this impunity, he offends again, and trusts that God will not punish him, and that his reputation will not suffer. But in this he is only tempting God, and soliciting Him to connive at the violation of a moral order which He has instituted under the gravest sanctions. It is a vain and wicked confidence. Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God!

JULY 26TH.

Read Deuteronomy vi. 1—17, and Matthew xxvi. 26—54.

What has been said of the idealism of the elevation of Jesus Christ to a pinnacle of the Temple, applies with at least equal force to the statement that the devil took Him "to an exceeding high mountain." It would have required some amazing diabolical glamour to make all the kingdoms of the world visible from any one mountain top; and there is neither reason nor piety in ascribing such power to Satan. Insistence on literalism in such a case has no other effect on thinking men than to cast an air of improbability and unreality over the whole narrative.

We dispense with literalism in order to preserve reality. The temptation was entirely in the region of thought and desire. The high mountain was in spirit-land, and the survey of kingdoms and their glory was with the eye of the mind or imagination. Thereon ensued a plausible but most dangerous temptation.

The question of Divine Sonship was not raised. Indeed, the suggestion which was made by the tempter proceeded on the admission that Jesus was on a divine embassy to the world, and was therefore entitled to a supreme position among men. The only question was how to break forth from obscurity and assume universal sovereignty. On this problem, no doubt, He had reflected much during the forty days in the wilderness; and two modes of solving it presented them-

selves to the Nazarene. On the alternative between them the temptation turned.

It was plain that absolute obscurity was no longer possible. Publicity had come to Jesus at His baptism, and henceforth He was to be an object of popular observation and surmise. Now in the excited condition of the national mind regarding the expected "Messiah, the Prince," the question was sure to rise whether He was the Son of David and the King of Israel. In such circumstances how should He bear Himself?

It was the Father's will that Jesus should reveal His Messiahship to such as could recognise His spiritual character and power, but should not set a value on popular acclamations, or attempt any immediate restoration of the kingdom to Israel. On the contrary, He was to incur rejection by His own nation, and even suffer death at the instance of the rulers of the Jews. He was appointed to a course most trying to human feeling—to know Himself a King and yet suffer as though He were an impostor; to disappoint not the multitude only, but His own disciples also; to be judged by such rulers as Herod and Pontius Pilate, and have His own kingly dignity openly and cruelly mocked. Could this be the way, and the only way, to the throne? Why might He not follow an easier and more direct course? Such was the devil's suggestion. In other words, such was the thought which pride would dictate. Why not elude suffering and become King at once, restoring the glory of Israel, and receiving the homage of an admiring world?

The condition made that our Lord should "fall down and worship" the Satanic tempter is not to be taken prosaically. It means that Jesus should reach worldly greatness by pursuing a worldly policy. He should consult His own aggrandisement, and instead of the painful and circuitous way of reaching the Kingdom by the Cross, He should at once proclaim Himself a King. We know that the plan would only have led to defeat; the devil's confident statement that he would give dominion and power to Jesus would have proved a lie, as all devil's promises invariably do; but the suggestion had plausibility enough to act as a temptation, and to require a firm exertion of our Lord's will to drive it from His thoughts.

To choose the worldly way of reaching the kingdom in preference to the Divine way would indeed have been to bow down to the devil, and to worship him as "God of the world." It would have deprived mankind

of the consummate lesson of patience and obedience, and would have amounted to nothing more than an instance of the success (if it had proved success) of self-exalting ambition. But of such instances the human race has had enough and to spare.

A third time our Saviour repelled the tempter by a quotation from the book of Deuteronomy (chap. vi. 13), prefacing it with the decisive command, "Get thee hence, Satan." The passage which He cited was the injunction to Israel to worship and serve Jehovah only, and not to go after other gods. 'The tribes might be tempted to bow down to the gods of the heathen in order to cope with the heathen armies, and extend the dominion of Israel. In point of fact, whenever they took this course, they fell under the power of the heathen. And if Jesus had yielded to the parallel temptation, He would not have been ruler of the world, but its servant.

Alas! world-worship and virtual devil-worship are every-day sins in Christendom. To turn from the way of life which duty to God indicates in order to consult what seems our interest, or to gratify our pride, is to serve another god. To do evil that good may come, to use wrong means even to gain a good end, is to bow down to another than the righteous Jehovah; it is to worship Belial.

Though the devil left the man Christ Jesus, it was only for a season. The Holy One never yielded a point, but He was liable to haunting and malicious temptation to the very end of His career. It is therefore no discredit to any Christian that He is tempted all his life long.

But God watches over His children who are tempted. Angels came and ministered to Jesus. He had refused to make bread for His hunger, and angels came to serve Him. He had refused to cast Himself from a pinnacle so as to give angels an opportunity to hold him up, and angels came to sustain Him. He had refused to bow before an evil spirit even to gain a kingdom, and the good angelic spirits came and bowed before Him. So afterwards, in the garden, He would not ask the Father for twelve legions of angels to fight for Him, but would simply drink the cup which the Father had appointed; and then an angel came from heaven and strengthened Him.

When we have withstood evil in the strength of God, angels come to us in various forms. After self-denial and self-control there is some solace near, some heavenly support, some inward compensation.

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A CONFESSION.

THE unexpectedness of her hostess' appeal did not affect Hester as the other had probably anticipated; when the soul is troubled to its depths we are proof against all surprises; but its tenderness and consideration moved her very much.

"I can never think you unkind, Lady Barton," she replied; "how is it possible for me to do so when you have opened your doors to me and treated me as your own daughter?"

This was true, but then her behaviour to her own daughter was by no means demonstrative of affection; moreover, what spoke volumes, her niece, even when acknowledging her indebtedness to her, had addressed her not as "aunt" but as Lady Barton.

"Still there is a difference," observed her ladyship gravely. "That must be my excuse for what I am about to say; I am your aunt it is true, and your hostess, but I am Maria's mother."

"And you have the best of girls for your daughter," said Hester gently, "the kindest, the truest, the purest."

"She is a good girl, no doubt," said Lady Barton. "I am sure you are fond of her."

"There is nothing that I would not do for her," replied Hester earnestly; "and when I had done it the obligation would still remain on my side."

She could say this quite truthfully now, for her sacrifice had been already made; an hour ago or so she could not have said it.

"The friendship of women, however," returned Lady Barton, "has always one reservation. When another passion intervenes for a common object, respect, affection, gratitude, even the ties of blood are all forgotten. Friendship is then scattered to the winds, and only too often envy and hatred take its place."

"It would never be so with your daughter and me," replied Hester firmly.

"No; because you will carry off the prize, and Maria, being as you say little short of a saint, will forgive you your victory."

Lady Barton's tone had altered, its gentleness had vanished; she spoke with scorn, though not with heat. "Do you suppose that I am blind, Hester," she went on with restrained vehemence, "because poor Maria

is blind? Can you say to me without telling a falsehood that Francis Drake is not your lover? You need not speak, for your face speaks for you. Now let me tell you what you are about to do. Maria has loved him from the first, and has never loved another. Her happiness, so far as matters of this world are concerned, is bound up in him. I have done all I could to insure it. I have invited him here day after day—I confess it—with that intention. His father is as desirous he should marry Maria as I am myself. The Castle would by that means return in time to the old hands, and the fortunes of his family be re-established. You will say, perhaps, that Captain Drake does not reciprocate Maria's attachment to him. That is true; but how few men ever do love as they are beloved! he has a great respect and regard for her which was ripening slowly into love, until you came. Nay, hear me out, I don't say you are to blame for it, Hester; it seems that you were old acquaintances (of which of course I knew nothing, or I would never have had you here); but however it comes about, you have estranged this young man's love from the object with which it was heretofore content. In doing this you have done us a grievous wrong. It is a breach of hospitality, it is a wrong to friendship, it is a poor return, I must even add, for the kindness you have received at our hands. That is not a pleasant thing to have to say; you must forgive me. I am a mother pleading for her daughter's sake. I believe you have the power of doing us this irreparable mischief, but I appeal to your better nature. Again I say I do not reproach you. Up to this day I had flattered myself that you were studiously withholding from this gentleman any encouragement. I had even hopes that your affections were fixed elsewhere."

"What has altered your opinion of me to-day, Lady Barton?" inquired Hester gently.

The quietness and self-possession of her tone staggered her companion. She had been prepared for defence and even defiance, but not for being cross-questioned in her turn; it struck her that the girl was attempting to throw dust in her eyes.

"It is useless, Hester," she said contemptuously, "to affect innocence in this matter. You had a private meeting with Captain Drake this very afternoon."

"It was accidental," put in Hester quietly.

"I do not know as to that; at all events it took place. Do you mean to tell me that not a word passed between you that others might not have heard? I see that something happened. Has the mischief been done; have you accepted him?"

"No, Lady Barton, I have rejected him."

"Rejected him!" replied the other incredulously; "have my suspicions then been unfounded? Is it possible that his attentions were unwelcome to you?"

"They were unwelcome to me."

"Then you were not in love with him after all?"

Hester's face grew deadly pale.

"For mercy's sake," she murmured, "spare me!"

Lady Barton regarded her for a moment with searching, almost suspicious looks, then with a strange agitated cry dropped on her knees beside her.

"Hester, Hester!" she exclaimed, "you love him. You have sacrificed yourself for Maria's sake!"

There was the sound of a girl's voice singing in the corridor; its notes were as blythe and joyous as a bird's.

Hester smiled significantly. "Your daughter will be happy, Lady Barton, as she deserves to be."

"But you—oh, my poor girl! my heart bleeds for you, while it thanks you; what can I say, what can I do, to prove its gratitude?"

"I only ask for silence; it is absolutely necessary as regards Maria; while for me——"

"Oh, I understand," interrupted Lady Barton with intense emotion, "every word of his will be a blow, every look will be a pang. Life under this roof will be a slow torture to you. We have no right to inflict it."

"It is not your doing, Lady Barton. You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"Have I not?" was the vehement rejoinder. "I have, I have indeed. If I can make no reparation for it I can at least make confession; I can do penance. You have entrusted the secret of your heart to me; I will do the like to you, Hester. You have shown me of what a generous nature is capable; I will show you how a base one can behave itself under the same circumstances. The result in the one case has been an unhappy life; the result in the other—if there is justice in heaven—will be also in accord-

ance with desert. Listen to me, for it is to your ears above all others that my story should be told; look at me, for it is your eyes above all eyes that should be the witnesses of my humiliation, and pity me while you condemn me."

Hester obeyed mechanically, though she could hardly believe the senses that were thus appealed to; to see this proud and masterful woman on her knees before her, to hear her reproaching herself with such bitter vehemence and appealing to her for pity, nay, as it almost seemed, for pardon, seemed to be some delusion of her brain rather than an actual experience.

"Your mother and I, Hester, were sisters, loving ones till love came between us; I was the elder and the wiser in all matters of this world, and believed myself (but there I was wrong) to have the firmest hold of the faith in things to come. She bowed to me in all things, both temporal and spiritual; and looked up to me as a superior being. At a watering-place frequented by many serious persons, but also the resort of people of fashion, we became acquainted with a gentleman whose habits of life were altogether different from our own, but who had great attractions for both of us. His attentions were pretty equally divided between us, but I now know that he paid court to me only to gain better opportunities of recommending himself to my sister. I do not say he deceived me, but his behaviour certainly led me to deceive myself. If I had not been blinded by my love for him, I should perhaps have seen with what object he cultivated our society; but as it was, I set it down to my own attractions. When my sister came to me one day and in all simplicity and without the least conception of my feelings towards him, informed me that she had accepted him as her lover, I was almost out of my mind with rage and jealousy. I concealed the cause, however, while at the same time I indulged my hate, for from that moment my love for her had changed to hate. I pointed out the unfitness of such a union. I reminded her of the worldliness and wickedness of the man, and bade her choose, not only between him and me, but between a few months of delusive happiness in this world and the eternity of misery, which would be its penalty, in the next. I did not hesitate to use the most solemn and sacred arguments against the man whose hand I would myself have accepted with rapture; but they were used in vain. She was no longer subservient to my will; she had transferred her allegiance

to another master. Then my heart became as the nether millstone against them both. 'If you marry that abandoned man,' I said, 'I will never see you more nor hold any sort of communication with either of you to your lives' end.' She did marry him, and I kept my oath. After some time I married myself, but not for love; it was for money, but not for money's sake. I had heard tales of my brother-in-law that led me to believe that he would one day be reduced to poverty, and I pleased myself with the reflection that while he and his were suffering from the consequences of his recklessness I should be rich and prosperous. You are saying to yourself, 'What baseness!' You cannot picture the depths to which a woman can stoop whose pride has been wounded to the quick; you have cause to be grateful for the gift of an unegotistic nature. My sister died, and yet I could not forgive her. The overtures of reconciliation her husband made to me in the name of her child, I rejected with scorn. It may seem incredible to you, but I even resented the patience and simplicity that displayed themselves year by year in my own daughter, because she thereby reminded me of what my sister had been. The milk of human kindness within me was not only changed to gall, but my very blood, the same that had flowed in my sister's veins, was poisoned. Then—then my dear one died."

The speaker covered her face with her hands, and was silent; her frame was shaken with emotion. She was weeping, or perhaps praying, without a sound. Hester neither moved nor spoke. The self-revelation of this nature, at once so powerful and so weak, had overwhelmed her.

Presently Lady Barton rose, and taking one of Hester's hands in both her own, addressed her with the utmost gentleness. The storm had passed away and left, if no sunshine, peace and softest airs.

"When you came here, my dear, my whole heart would fain have gone forth to meet you; in your father's daughter I recognised one only less dear to me than my own, but pride still restrained its workings. If I had found you hard, self-willed, and disdainful, like myself, it would almost have been a relief to me; but day by day the wall of reserve that I had built around myself, and which is insurmountable to others, crumbled away before you. Your nature, Hester (here she smiled), is hard to quarrel with, even for one who seeks a quarrel. Presently, however, you became an object of

suspicion. I perceived that Captain Drake was paying you attentions; I foresaw that danger threatened my scheme for Maria's future; that the happiness of her life was menaced. Even then—let me do myself so much of justice—I did not blame you. I even fancied that you were doing your best to discourage him. I thought that your affections were placed elsewhere. If I had guessed how matters stood—" Hester held up her hand in piteous entreaty. "True, I had forgotten my promise. Your heart is suffering what mine has suffered; but how differently have we borne our cross!" She moved to the desk and threw it open. "There is his picture, the dearest of my possessions still; how like, how like it is to your dear self! Take it, keep it."

She placed it in Hester's hands, who gazed upon it with tearful eyes. It was a portrait of her father in his youth, but the lineaments and even the expression were the same that she had known and loved so well; it was her "dear young papa" a little younger, that was all. She made as if she would give it back, but the other rejected it.

"No; it is a wrong to my husband to retain it. For the future to look at you, his living image, and to love you, will be sufficient, my noble girl!"

She held out her arms, and Hester fell into them, in a passion of tears. For the first time since that interview with her lover she felt a ray of comfort. She had at least made this woman happy, whom her father, even if through no fault of his own, had made so unhappy; if otherwise, if he were in any respect to blame, she was making reparation for him. At all events, if, as she believed, he was cognisant of what she was doing he must needs approve of it. It was the first reward of her self-sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MR. MOSES JEPHSON.

PYLUS HOUSE is perhaps the handsomest of all the handsome houses on Clapham Common. It has a very large garden, and, as if the flowers of England were not sufficient to flatter the pride of its possessor, it has in addition a huge conservatory filled with tropical plants. It is furnished from the third story to the basement (for there are no attics) with great completeness, and as regards its spacious reception-rooms, even with splendour; but despite its magnificence, comfort is its leading feature. A great legal functionary, widely known to the past generation, lived in a mighty mansion so badly furnished that a certain noble novelist said

of it, "It is the sort of house one would take from which to see a man hung." Pylus House was the very last place any one would have thought of taking for such a purpose. Every chair was comfortable, and had never borne the yoke of an antimacassar; the carpets were of the thickest pile; there were even some very fine pictures by some very old masters. But there were no knickknacks, and there were no books. In the houses of rich men, however illiterate, there is almost always a "library," where history in calf and poetry in morocco await, behind glass doors—the paper-knife; and this omission impressed the visitor. Of what calling could be the proprietor of this stately pleasure-house, for whom the art of printing books (for of newspapers there was an ample supply) had been discovered in vain? If he were one of the Clapham set, however averse to light reading, he would have had an assortment of choice collection of sermons; but to confess the honest truth there was not even a Bible in Pylus House. There was, indeed, what has been called the British Bible—the "Peerage," but even that was not kept for ordinary reasons, but solely for business purposes. The master of the house had not a little to do with the aristocracy of his native land, but he had not the slightest respect for them. This circumstance (if indignation permits) may well arouse the curiosity of the reader, of what profession, trade, or calling could such a creature be? The personal appearance of Mr. Moses Jephson gave little clue to this. He was a short, stout man of about fifty years of age; his cheeks were flabby; his head was bald; his eyes had a cunning expression, which, nevertheless, was not destitute of good-nature. He fancied that he knew the world better than any man alive—a circumstance that would have speedily brought him to grief had he had to deal with it. His relations, however, were restricted to one portion of the world, which, fortunately for himself, he understood thoroughly. Every "nobleman and gentleman of independent property, and officers on full pay" who wanted cash, and a great deal of it and at once, came to Mr. Moses Jephson for assistance as naturally as a sick man to his physician or a penitent to his priest. It is needless to say, therefore, that the proprietor of Pylus House was a money-lender, but he was something more. Every "person of position" who had got into serious trouble and wished to take the nearest way out of it at any cost, came to Mr. Jephson for counsel. He was not a lawyer, but he did lawyer's work with equal secrecy and

more celerity, and if he exacted for his services higher than even lawyer's pay, his clients rarely grudged it. He was greedy and even grasping, but he was not unconscientious (after his dim lights); and it was rumoured that now and then he had even performed a generous action. It is not indeed to be supposed that he had ever "returned his fees;" it would have been an outrage on his moral sense to have given back what he had lawfully earned (or perhaps even had earned not quite lawfully, and with some little risk); but occasionally for an old client he had worked for nothing. It was said at the West-End that "Mr. Jephson was not a bad sort considering," an elliptical expression of much significance.

On the day after Hester Darrell had dispatched her explanation to her guardian, that gentleman presented himself at Pylus House. Mr. Jephson received him with great courtesy, but with a surprise that he took no pains to conceal.

"Proud to see you, I'm sure, Mr. Langton," were his first words, "but it's an unexpected pleasure. You're not come to tell me that our little arrangement has broken down, I hope?"

"No, there has been no more trouble about that matter, I am thankful to say."

"That's good," said Mr. Jephson, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid that somebody was getting to be unreasonable again. Man we can bind, but woman never."

"It is about a man that I am come to-day. You know Mr. Digby Mason, of course?"

"Do I know my own ledger?"

"I want you to answer me a question frankly concerning him, and then to give me a word of advice."

Mr. Jephson nodded assentingly. He was a man of few words, but of infinite patience in listening to what others had to say to him.

"Of course I am speaking to you in confidence," continued his visitor. "You must not be offended if I impute things to one whom I gather from what you say is a client of yours."

"You can say anything. There is no witness, and therefore it cannot be actionable. As to Mr. Mason, it is true that I have had dealings with him; but he has washed his hands of me, as he will tell you. They are not, however, clean hands."

"In a word, then, you think him a scoundrel?"

"I don't think it; I am perfectly convinced of the fact."

"Still, there are degrees. Do you believe

it possible, for example, that he cheats at cards?"

"I should say it was highly probable. It is a difficult thing to do without discovery, but then Mr. Digby Mason is a very clever fellow."

"You remember Colonel Darrell, of course?"

"Well; a thorough good fellow, reckless, and a little too confident in himself at play, but a perfect gentleman."

Philip Langton gave a little wince. This compliment to his dead friend from such a quarter was very unpalatable.

"I have reason to believe that Mason cheated him out of a large sum with marked cards. I ought to say, perhaps, I have suspicions rather than reasons, for, though that impression is strong in my mind, I have no actual proofs. Indeed, though I have obtained some cards with which he played, and won with in a very surprising fashion, I can find nothing amiss with them, though I have examined them even under the microscope for days."

"For days? Do you mean by daylight?"

"Well, of course, one can examine them best by daylight."

"Not when they are things meant to cheat with by candlelight. It was at some club, I suppose, that the thing took place? Just so. Well, even if you had discovered that they were marked, how could you prove that Mason did it—that is, that it was he who introduced the cards into the club? It took Philippe all he knew, remember, to prove that very thing to Napoleon III. in the case of the Paris Cercle."

"To be sure," said Langton; "I have been wasting my time for nothing." He spoke with chagrin, but his discontent was not without mitigation. This man, who had thus laid his finger with such ease upon the weak spot in his own proceedings, would probably detect what was wrong in another case.

"Whether the Colonel's money was won by fraud or not," he continued, "is not of much consequence, since, it seems, it can't be proved. The question now is—with respect, at least, to a large portion of it—whether it was won at all. Do you recognise this signature as genuine?"

Here he placed in the other's hand the I O U for two thousand pounds, signed by Colonel Darrell, a *pièce justificatif* which Hester had naturally enclosed in her letter.

The money-lender scrutinised it with great attention. "It looks to me all right," he

said. "One cannot tell for certain about these things, as your experts pretend to do; I prefer, when it is possible, to go by my knowledge of mankind, and my experience of Mr. Digby Mason tells me that he would stop short of forgery. Social disgrace is one thing, and penal servitude is another. No; he may have won this money by foul play, but it is my belief that he did win it."

Philip Langton shook his head. "I have great confidence in your judgment, Mr. Jephson, but I feel sure there is something wrong here."

"Well, it is just as well to be fair and above-board while we can," observed the money-lender, with a significant smile; "and though I never speak of my client's affairs to others, the Colonel was, I know, a friend of yours, and, besides, he's dead and it can't matter. Now the fact is that I raised the money to pay for this very I O U myself."

"You raised the money!" echoed Langton, in amazement. "Raised it for the Colonel to pay Mr. Digby Mason!"

"I have no doubt I did. He told me, at all events, that he wanted two thousand pounds in a hurry to pay a card debt. You know his way. He could sell out his securities at leisure to pay me; but in the meantime the debt of honour must be settled immediately."

"But it was not settled immediately, for though it is true he did realise, only a few days before his death, securities for that very amount, Mr. Digby Mason has since put in his claim for the I O U."

"He has, has he?" returned Mr. Jephson, with an applauding chuckle. "That's a bold stroke, that is. It is almost a pity that such audacity should be thrown away. He didn't take into account that, since it only records a gambling debt, the document is mere waste paper, otherwise the conception would have been magnificent."

"I don't understand you, my dear sir."

"Why, look at the dates. I carry this sort of memoranda in my head, but you shall see for yourself."

The room in which this interview took place was Mr. Jephson's study, and, indeed, it was devoted to the study (and utilisation) of his fellow-creatures. The walls were hung with pictures of great value, but which he had purchased at comparatively low figures from clients in haste to realise their ancestral assets; there were cabinets of price, and a statuette or two which would have raised the bidding at Christie's; it was not, in short, at all like a business room. There

was a cupboard in it, however—carved with fruit and flowers antequely, but with a lock of the latest invention—the door of which was sheathed with iron. In this receptacle Mr. Jephson kept the few books he said he cared for (an egotistic confession enough, since they were all written by himself), and from it he now produced a diary.

“I gave the Colonel his two thousand pounds upon the Tuesday, you see (pointing to the entry with his finger), and in three days he repays me principal and interest, and three days after that he’s drowned. I’ve put a query here, I see, in a parenthesis,” interposed Mr. Jephson, with a swift, subtle glance at his companion; “he was drowned, was he not? Just so. Well, he could scarcely have lost the same sum at the same game to the same man within the week; it’s evidently, therefore, the same IOU. The thoughtless Colonel never thought of asking for it, and Mr. Digby Mason has tried to make the document do duty a second time. It was, as I say, audacious, but well-timed. Just after a man’s death one may almost venture upon anything in the way of claim. On the other hand, how characteristic that he should have forgotten that in law it was null and void! Your scoundrels almost always forget something.”

The whole plan was plain enough, and if poor Hester had been less reticent could never have succeeded.

“He’s gone abroad,” said Langton, after a long pause.

“Very likely, and if he had got the money he would have stayed there. Perhaps he will stay there even as it is, for I happen to know that Master Digby Mason is very near the end of his tether. When a man is so very lucky London sooner or later gets too hot for him. Moreover, though of course no one in his senses would have paid the IOU, he has made his claim, and thereby got himself into trouble. He has endeavoured to extort money under false pretences.”

“No doubt he ought to be in Newgate,” said the other emphatically. “Well, I am greatly obliged to you for your kind attention, Mr. Jephson. Your time, I know, is valuable. Will you let me know—”

“Put that cheque-book away; I shall let you know nothing,” interrupted the money-lender, smiling. “Colonel Darrell was an old client of mine, and always behaved to me like a gentleman. There are not so many of that sort that I should forget it. I have got more people out of holes than any man in England, and have been more abused for it;

but the Colonel was always reasonable. To have been able to be of any service to you on his behalf is reward sufficient for me.”

“You are very kind, I’m sure. I don’t think there is anything else to be said. Good morning, and many thanks.”

“Good morning, Mr. Langton.”

Mr. Jephson accompanied his visitor to the front door, where he stood watching the hansom that carried him away to town.

“How true it is that the world is divided into knaves and fools,” he murmured to himself. “That gentleman belongs to the lower—I mean the latter class. I am quite sure that he paid that money. What he is thinking about now is how he shall excuse himself as her guardian for wasting two thousand pounds of Miss Darrell’s money. If she is half sharp he will have to refund it. He did not come here about Colonel Darrell’s affairs but his own—my penetration never deceives me. It is not a bad half-hour’s work, however, if I have persuaded Mr. Philip Langton to say a good word wherever he goes for Mr. Jephson. As for Master Digby Mason he must be desperate indeed to have tried such a game. He has bidden his native land good-bye for ever.”

CHAPTER XXXV.—ANOTHER’S JOY.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS DRAKE was as fine a fellow as ever faced a battery, and what is not so constant a companion of courage as is generally supposed, he had a very tender heart. Still he was neither a nincompoop nor a ninny; and though he had been rejected by the woman he loved best in all the world, he was not one to die of a broken heart. Some men who are crossed in love hang themselves; others still more unreasonable as well as wicked, wreak their vengeance upon her whom they profess to adore; but the majority of our sex (and one may even say as much for the other) get over it. If a man

“Cannot find a black eye to his mind,
Why, then, he must take to a blue one,”

sings one who hath a pretty wide experience of love-making; and sooner or later it generally does happen so.

If Hester Darrell had given any other answer to the Captain than that which he understood her to give, he would certainly not have desisted from his suit. But since she had said, “I cannot,” and when he had inquired, “Has any other person then been beforehand with me in asking for your hand?” she had answered “Yes,” he had naturally put two and two (or rather one and one)

together and supposed her to be bespoke elsewhere. In his opinion it henceforth behoved him as a gentleman to say no more to her; and even to think of her in the old way as little as possible. Being human, however, he did think of her very sadly, though without bitterness. The fact was that though the impression she had made upon him at their first meeting had never been obliterated, it had undergone a fading process to which the pictures in the mind are as much subject as those on canvas. For many months he had been thrown into the intimate society of another young woman, comely and pure and tender, and who without the faintest trace of forwardness had caused him to suspect that she was not indifferent to him.

Maria Barton had not indeed given him the sort of encouragement which young ladies are wont to give in such cases. She had neither flirted with nor flouted him; had not "led him on," nor affected, on his following her lead, to rebuff him; but she had showed an admiration for his character, if not for himself, which it was impossible for him to ignore. The other circumstances of the case which would have been pronounced by most people to be favourable—the wealth she would inherit, and the fallen fortunes which such an union would repair—were rather against her than otherwise; for the Captain had a proud spirit, and had no more fancy for disposing of himself in the matrimonial market to the highest bidder than for selling his sword. Still he admired Maria Barton as well as respected her, and on the quiet tide of opportunity was insensibly drifting into love when Hester Darrell suddenly reappeared and swept away the "low beginnings of content." He had in no way compromised himself with her cousin; neither by word or deed had he reciprocated the affection of which he had nevertheless perhaps begun to entertain some suspicion; and being free he had returned to the allegiance which had through the absence of its object become weakened and attenuated, but had never been discarded.

It was most fortunate for the Captain's future prospects that the advantages of a union with the heiress of the house of Barton had never been urged upon him from without; that Lady Barton had been prudent and reticent, and that Sir Reginald had never hinted at the hopes he had entertained of the recovery of the family fortunes through his son's marriage. For if pique is one of the most common motives that induce to matrimony, pride is as common a cause for its

avoidance. He had no suspicion of course that Hester had been compelled to mention the fact of her rejection of him to Lady Barton; so that his relations with the family at the Castle remained unchanged. There were no winks and nods of approbation to be endured; and above all there was no embarrassment (save what he might feel upon his own account) with Hester. She had chosen, doubtless, some better man.

Still for his own sake and for the regard he had for her good opinion matters continued for some time much as they had been between himself and Maria. He was by no means eager to make advances in that quarter, and, under Hester's eye, though it was designedly averted from his proceedings, he could hardly make any immediate transfer of his affections to her cousin. But sooner or later, as he secretly acknowledged to himself, they would be so transferred. They were not quite the same affections; but they were genuine and honest enough of their kind. A widower may love his second wife as truly as the first; though when it comes to the third, or at all events to the fourth, I am inclined to think—though I speak only from observation and without experience—that the gilt begins to be a little rubbed off the gingerbread.

In the meantime, the news that Hester received from Philip Langton concerning the misdoings of Mr. Digby Mason was of distinct advantage to her. Her money—for she had no idea that it was her guardian's—had gone before, so that there was no new sense of loss to trouble her; while her previous view of Mr. Mason's character had not been so favourable that the revelation of another phase of it had any power to wound her. On the other hand it was a revelation. It helped her to understand that there were more worlds than one, even on this earthly ball; a knowledge which tends more than any other knowledge to lead us from the contemplation of our particular share in it. While she lived among her fashionable friends in London, her horizon had been extremely limited; fashionable people, as a rule, are the most narrow-minded of created beings, and the most unconscious, not only of the mysteries, but of the facts of existence. Since she had come down to Shingleton it seemed to her that she had for the first time found touch of her fellow-creatures. She visited it almost every day and was getting almost as well known there, though not to the loungers on its Parade, as Maria herself. It was not so much in the contemplation and assuagement

of the troubles of others she forgot her own, as that she here found an occupation which took her out of herself. It is the absence of work to do—other than fancy work—that lies at the root of the unhappiness of most young women. Even if their woes are real and not imaginary, they loom much larger than they should do from their ignorance that woe is the common lot, and consequently from their inability to draw comparisons between their own case and that of others. It does not benefit a fit of the gout to visit a hospital for incurables, but it unquestionably makes us think less of our gout. Though Hester never forgot the loss of her lover, she presently—or rather eventually: for at first the sensation was well-nigh intolerable—learnt to bear it.

It was something that in the reply which Philip Langton wrote to her letter he apologized for the tone of his previous communication, and had nothing but praise to bestow on her conduct. "It was a great price to pay," he said, "for the purpose of shielding your dear father's name from the tongue of detraction, but I do not blame you for it. In the world in which he moved—in *my* world—such recklessness is common enough; but I can easily understand that it shocked you. If you had confided in me you would have saved yourself a heavy pecuniary loss; but I do not blame you. You imagined perhaps that the knowledge of his weakness would have lessened my respect for his memory; you were wrong, for he was a man to love in spite of his weaknesses; but it was an apprehension that does you credit. If it were possible, in short, that I could entertain a greater regard for you, dear Hester, I should do so now."

This praise was certainly very comforting to her. Nor less consolatory was the gratitude and affection which Lady Barton in private lavished upon her. It seemed that she could never do enough in acknowledgment of the sacrifice that had insured the success of her long-cherished plan and the happiness of her daughter. Like most reticent and cautious persons, where once her trust was placed it was placed implicitly, and if she closely watched her niece's relations with Captain Drake it was upon Hester's account solely and not her own. Her nature, though so different in other respects, was one that could thoroughly sympathise with the girl in the painfulness of her present position; she even acknowledged to herself that had the case been her own she would have been unable to endure it and would

have fled the scene of her misery, no matter at what risk of arousing suspicion, and thereby endangering what she had already gone through so much to secure. To save Hester the embarrassment of the Captain's presence was impossible, for he was (as usual) a daily visitor to the Castle, but it was Lady Barton's constant, though secret care, to keep them asunder, and above all to preserve her from the torture of a tête-à-tête with her quondam lover; and about this, to do her ladyship justice, she was quite as solicitous as to "throw her daughter and the Captain together."

At first indeed it was difficult to say whether her satisfaction at the progress of affairs between the young couple, or her distress at the cost it entailed upon Hester was the greater; but as time went on—not, as it seemed, without its healing influences upon the sufferer—Lady Barton permitted herself (as generally happens in the case of other people's calamities) to take a more cheerful view of affairs; her gratitude was as strong as ever but her compunction was less acute. The radiance that began to appear in her aunt's stately but somewhat tristful face was Hester's best reward. It was pleasant, too, to see old Sir Reginald becoming young again as the prospect brightened to him; since even to his eyes, though far less keen than those of his hostess, it was clear his son's heart was tending more and more towards the wished-for direction. It was only now, in fact, when all doubt was removed, that the old gentleman ventured to acknowledge to himself that he had ever entertained a doubt. His manner had been always kind to Hester—he was too much of a gentleman to behave otherwise to one in her position—but there had been a certain impassable barrier between them. In his heart of hearts he had acknowledged that she was more to his liking, had other things been equal, as a wife for his son; and he had felt that there was a danger of Francis taking a similar view without due consideration of those "other things."

This source of anxiety was now removed, as also a certain vague misgiving that Francis, who, though the very apple of his eye, had a very pronounced will and way of his own, might not perceive the value of the gift the gods had vouchsafed to him in Maria; and the fact betrayed itself in not only the increased warmth and unconstraint of his manner to Hester, but even in his own general health and spirits. He could now once more look upon his beloved Medbury with the old eyes; if the pride of possession had de-

parted from them, it was a satisfaction to him to reflect that the home of his fathers and all the broad lands which it commanded would one day revert to his son, and no longer hampered by debt and mortgage. The contemplation of the happiness she had thus diffused, though it could not heal Hester's wound—for it was deep and grave—went some way to mitigate it; her position was in some respects like that of one who has become the "bride of heaven," but without the self-consciousness that makes the nun; she loved good works and pursued them for their own sake, but they had an attraction for her unknown to the *religieuse*; they helped her to forget that she would never be the bride of man.

One afternoon in the late autumn, as she was sitting in her own little room writing that fortnightly letter to nurse Askell which she never omitted, and which formed the greatest enjoyment of that faithful retainer's life, there came a light tap at her door, and Maria entered radiant.

"My darling Hester," she said, her low sweet voice trembling with joy, "I have got something to tell you which I am sure will give you pleasure; not even mamma knows it yet; I hope it is not wrong to make you my first confidante, but you have always sympathised so with me in everything, that my secret does not seem to be half a secret till it is shared with you. I am not sure, by-the-bye, whether that is an epigram or an Irish bull, but I hardly know what I am saying."

Anything more different from the Maria Barton of yesterday, or of an hour ago, yet with the same face and features, it was difficult to imagine. The expression of her face was wholly changed; where had been gravity there was gladness, where had been serene content was transport. One look at her had told her cousin the secret of which the revelation, as she flattered herself, was yet to come. Yet who would have robbed her of the pride and pleasure of revealing it? As half the delight of a child in her birthday present consists in cutting the string and opening the parcel in which it is enclosed, in the presence of those she loves, so it is with a young girl's tale of her first love; half the joy lies in the telling of it to sympathetic ears. Hester rose with a sinking heart and a smiling face. It is a trial for the best of us when in trouble and poverty to learn the sudden prosperity of our friends; we are glad for their sakes, let the cynic say what he will—unless indeed we are of the same (diseased) kidney as him-

self—but the sense of contrast jars upon us. What have we done, and what have they done, that the fates should award us such different lots? But in Hester's case there was far more than mere sad comparison. Her cousin's gain was her own loss; the very cause of her happiness was the failure and extinction of her own hopes; her wealth arose from her own bankruptcy; she was unconsciously glorying in having deprived her of her all.

"What is it, love?"

Only four words; but there have been occasions when one has wrecked a human life for ever; only a question that needed no reply; yet what a pang it cost her!

"Hester, darling, he has proposed to me; the wish of my heart has been accomplished. I confided it to you, you remember, months ago, in London, or rather you guessed it for yourself, but it then seemed too much good fortune for me that it should come to pass. There are so many other girls better than I."

"No." There she could be honest at least. If goodness were desert, Maria Barton's claim was paramount and indisputable.

"But I say yes; much better, cleverer, fairer. He might have made a better and a wiser choice. I was almost jealous of yourself, for instance, till you put my foolish heart at rest. Indeed, now that it is settled, Hester dear, and I am blessed beyond my dreams of happiness, I may tell you that I have been tortured with groundless apprehensions. I suppose men are different from us women in these matters, and I know that Frank has always loved me, for he tells me so.—You are shivering, darling; why do you not have a fire this wet day?"

"No, no; I am not cold. Go on, dearest, I am listening."

"Well, of course I believe him; but I have had my days of doubt. At one time indeed all seemed to go so smoothly, just as it has done of late; he was never very demonstrative, that is not Frank's way, you know—I call him Frank 'for love and euphony,' as Clough puts it, and I think it pleases him—but I did think in time that his liking for me would grow to love. And then—and then—I don't know why or when—but it was about the time that you came, his manner seemed to change and become distant. That made me wretched, Hester, and full of dreadful fancies, as you know."

"I remember; yes." Hester's words were dragged out as if by some mechanical force within her which she half unconsciously put in motion. She knew that she was saying something, but she knew not what it was.

Yet Maria, so sympathetic and solicitous about the feelings of others, noticed nothing of this; she was in the seventh heaven, too far off to see it.

"How long it lasted I cannot tell; it seemed an age, and then by slow degrees his old manner came back again; and then his liking, and to-day, within this very hour, Hester, he has declared his love." She opened her arms in expectation of her cousin's caress, and not in vain. Hester clasped her to her bosom with closed eyes lest they should tell her pitiful story, nay, fearful lest the very beating of her wounded heart should reveal it.

"You ought to be a happy girl," she murmured.

"I am, I am, Hester, oh, so happy! I know dear mamma will be pleased, though we have not many confidences between us. Indeed she seems more confidential with you than with me; but I am not jealous of that, dear; on the contrary, I am delighted to see it. What a happy family we shall all be, shall we not? Frank looks upon you, I am sure, as quite one of ourselves; and now you will be a sort of sister to him."

"Yes."

There was an old punishment called "the question" in which heavy weights were placed upon the victim, who, if he remained obstinately dumb, was pressed to death. It seemed to Hester that her words were wrung from her by some similar torture.

"One more kiss, dear, and then I must go to mamma. After that, Frank says I must accompany him to the cottage and see Sir Reginald, who, he assures me, will be delighted to welcome me as his daughter that is to be. How kind and good it is of him to be so easily satisfied! if love can make a good wife, as I shall tell him—but I hear mamma calling for me. It is not right that I should keep this good news from her any longer. Good-bye, darling, good-bye."

She tripped off as though, like Mercury, her neat ankles were furnished with wings.

Hester sank into a chair and gazed out at the window. It was a wet autumnal day; the rain and the leaves were falling; the sky was dark and lowering; the wind from the firs behind the Castle made monotonous moan: it seemed like the dirge of her hopes.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MRS. BERTRAM.

THOUGH Maria's engagement to Captain Drake took place early in November it was arranged that their marriage should be deferred till the spring. The delay was principally owing to Sir Abraham; he had

never encouraged the Captain's addresses to his daughter, though he had not opposed them; it was his private opinion that Maria might have done a great deal better for herself, and also for him. It was true that he would thus attach to himself so much of the Drake interest as was independent of strong party feeling. No voter who had a respect for the family would go against the Captain's father-in-law, unless he was a vehement Tory; and in Shingleton, as in all small constituencies, personal considerations were more powerful than political views. But the young man was penniless, and would at best be but a baronet, whereas Maria, if she had played her cards well, might with the trumps she held have won a much higher stake in the game of matrimony. In this matter, however, he had been overborne by his wife from the first, and having tacitly submitted to her views, could hardly refuse his consent to a proposition which had been so long a foregone conclusion. It was less by way of protest therefore, than to exhibit his independence, and also to keep his daughter with him as long as possible, that Sir Abraham stieklod for "time." To this plan Lady Barton vehemently opposed herself, but for once in vain. The usual arguments against a long engagement could hardly apply to one of six months, while that very forcible one founded upon the proverb about the slip between the cup and the lip was denied her. It could not in decency be urged, nor indeed had she any apprehension in that direction; her chief solicitude—which it was still more impossible to speak—was to spare Hester so prolonged an ordeal. She judged that if once the Captain were married and settled, her niece would succumb to the inevitable, and think no more about him even in the way of regret; whereas to see him paying his addresses to her cousin, under her very eyes, must needs be a distressing spectacle.

Unhappily her plea for a speedy union was not seconded by the young people themselves, or Sir Abraham might have given way. The Captain showed himself by no means an impatient lover, while the assurance of his affection would have contented Maria even though a still later date had been fixed upon for her becoming his bride. There was very little of that demonstrativeness between them which in engaged young persons is so aggravating to (unengaged) beholders. The only difference that could be perceived in Maria's behaviour was that she stayed at home, or in its neighbourhood, more than had been her wont, and that some of her charities (none of

which we may be sure were intermitted) were done by deputy. That deputy was Hester, and a very willing one she was. In a few months her face was as well known in Shingleton, and almost as welcome, as that of her cousin. Even Captain Paul of the *Javelin*, who prided himself, when in liquor, upon his independence of character, and had been known to pass by Lady Barton herself with his sou'-wester held ostentatiously tight to his head, veiled his crest (to the extent of touching it) when he met Hester Darrell. The little Fortescues hailed her visit to their new and palatial residence with joyous shouts; and Janet Parkes pronounced her as a reader superior even to "the minister" of the new congregation to which she belonged. It was not much of a compliment, for his voice was nasal, but Hester was unaware of the fact, and in any case would have been pleased with the commendation. To find one's self useful and beloved is a source of consolation to those who have heavier woes even than she had.

The only two of her cousin's clients, in short, with whom she found a difficulty in getting on were Miss Nicobar and Mrs. Bertram. The former lady was always putting questions which, in any case, would have been impertinent, but which under the circumstances were very embarrassing to her, respecting the family at Medbury. "How was that love affair between the Captain and Miss Maria getting on? It was thought by some people that there was some hitch about it, since the wedding did not come off. And was it true that the young couple were to live at the Castle to save the Captain house rent?"

It was as much a charity to spend an hour with Miss Nicobar, who, if she had begun with being a hypochondriac, was by this time a confirmed invalid, as to distribute alms among the poor, but it cost the visitor a great deal more. Lady Bountiful, with her blankets, has an easy task, but it is one of the great stumbling-blocks to a life of good works, that the people we seek to benefit, though within reach of our help, are often beyond the range of our sympathies. Gratitude may be dispensed with (indeed, however acceptable, it ought never to be looked for, for that is to expect payment for what we profess to give), ungraciousness may be excused or ignored, but persistent moroseness and misconstruction are difficult to deal with, and demand a patience and forbearance with which only a few of us are endowed. Miss Nicobar was certainly a great trial to Hester; neverthe-

less, since she saw that her visits gave pleasure to the old lady, she continued them. It is only very few of us that can make people better than we find them, but it is almost always possible to make them happier.

Hester's experiences with Mrs. Bertram were of even a more objectionable kind because they were of a personal nature. Sometimes that lady would receive her with enthusiasm, if such a term can be applied to one in whom the light of life burnt so low, for this always happened on what she called her "bad days," when it almost seemed to the girl that every visit would be her last. But on occasions when the invalid had had a good night, or felt herself a little stronger, her manner was often strange, antagonistic, resentful, and altogether inexplicable.

"You think I am a dying woman, Miss Darrell," she would say, "but I am not dead yet. It is often the creaking door that hangs the longest."

"Indeed, Mrs. Bertram, I think nothing of the kind," Hester would reply; "no one except a doctor is in a position to judge of such matters. I most sincerely hope that you may get better, and that life may be less of a burthen to you."

"You do, do you?" would be the doubting rejoinder; "well, perhaps that may be so, but it is not so with some persons I could mention. If wishing could kill me, I should have died twenty years ago."

"I cannot imagine," Hester would answer gently, "that anybody could be so wicked as to wish that, nor any reason for their doing so."

Then Mrs. Bertram would say, "Ah! but it is so," and shake her head significantly, and stare at Hester in a way that disconcerted her exceedingly, and made her almost doubt the sanity of the sick woman. It was impossible to put down such remarks to the mere irritability of disease.

One day Hester found the invalid in a curiously excited state. She seemed stronger and better than she had yet seen her, and was sitting propped up with pillows on the sofa instead of supine as usual. The rain and wind beat heavily upon the window, against which, too, the spray was carried from the stormy sea, but her voice, which, though strangely harsh for a woman of her delicate appearance, was generally low and broken, could now be heard distinct and clear above the din of the elements.

"So you are come to see me, are you, notwithstanding the bad weather!" observed Mrs. Bertram. The greeting was civil enough,

but the tone in which it was conveyed was sarcastic and almost snarling; the look too with which she regarded her visitor was anything but friendly, and full of suspicion.

"I do not mind the weather, Mrs. Bertram," answered Hester quietly, "nor, indeed, does my cousin Maria, who would, she bade me say, have accompanied me but that an engagement had been made for her by Lady Barton."

"Oh, we all know that," interrupted the other with an ill-natured chuckle, "we all know that it was made for her by her mother, but at the same time she was very willing, whatever the poor man might have been. It is my belief that you young women think of nothing in the world but marriage, yet there's plenty of other things in it; there's death for one."

"Ah! there is; you need not tell me that," returned Hester with a sigh.

"I need not tell you! You mean, I suppose, that to look at me is enough. I seem to be half in the grave already, do I? But don't you make too sure. There's many a healthy woman and man too that'll die before I do. Look at that sea yonder: how many vessels will founder, how many strong men be swallowed up, think you, while we shall be sitting here just as usual? Don't you be too sure, young lady; don't you be too sure."

Hester stood amazed; her experience of life had greatly expanded during the last six months, and had given her, amongst other things, presence of mind; as to feeling angry with the sick and unhappy, she would have been as likely to fly in a passion (as, indeed, many persons of condition do) because the sun was not shining, or it was wet under foot; but, nevertheless, she was shocked and astounded.

"The issues of life and death are in stronger hands than ours, Mrs. Bertram," she answered gravely, "and I, for one, have never presumed to anticipate them."

"Anticipate? No, I don't suppose you would murder me, but you have made your calculations beforehand. 'She has but a little time to live,' you have said to yourself, 'nobody shall say I did not do my duty by her, and I shall get praise for it from the lips where praise is sweetest.' You don't come here to see the end of a miserable woman like me for nothing, it isn't likely."

"I have no other object, Mrs. Bertram, in coming here, save to do you what little service lies in my power," said Hester soothingly. "What other object can I have?"

"Do you want me to tell you? Do you

dare to ask me to put it into words?" returned the other with scornful vehemence. "Now answer me this; I shall tell by your face whether you are telling me a lie or not. Are you not in love with a man who cannot marry you? You *are*, you *are*."

Hester had turned scarlet, which her interlocutor had probably set down to the consciousness of guilt.

"I knew I was right," she cried triumphantly.

"You are not right, and it is not true," returned the girl with indignant emphasis; "and, if it were true, you have no right to taunt me with it."

"Not true?" continued the other, without taking notice of the latter part of the reply. "It is true, at all events, that a man who cannot marry you is in love with *you*. Come, do you dare to tell me, upon your Bible oath, that it is not so? Has he not told you as much, yes, within the last six months, and would he not have married you but for the existence of another woman? Answer me that."

"I will not answer you," replied Hester, greatly agitated. "I deny your right to put any such question, Mrs. Bertram."

"My right? What? Am I dead and gone already then? You shameless girl!"

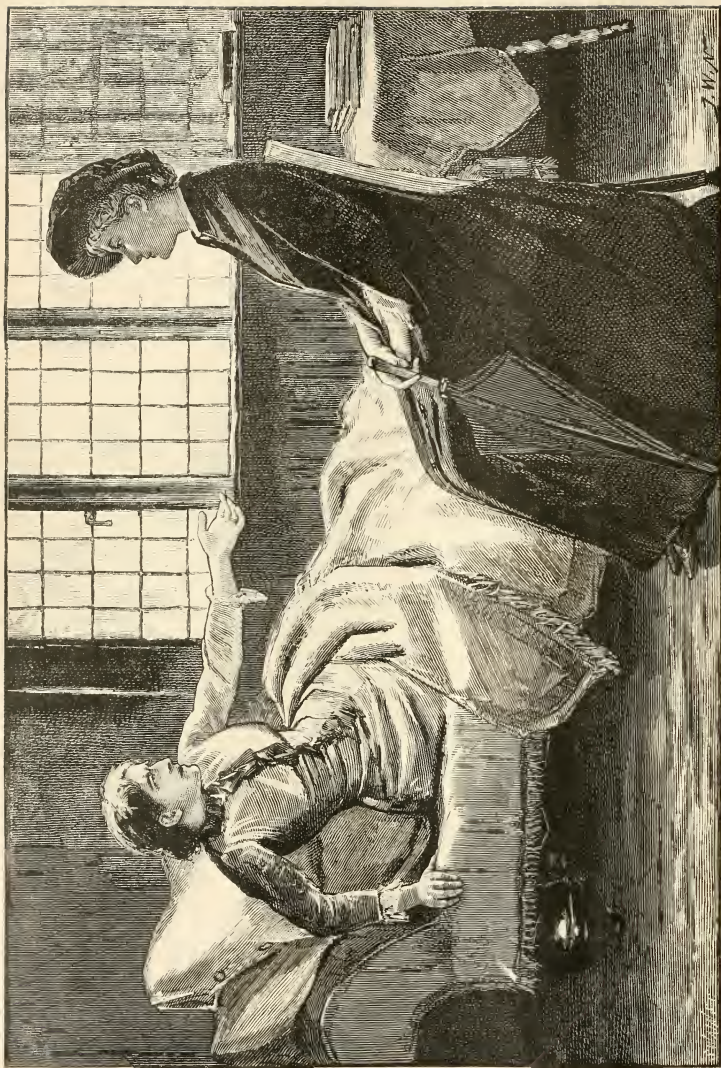
"Hush, hush," interposed a masculine voice, firm and decisive, but at the same time pitched in the key that befits a sick room. "Be so good as to go down-stairs, Miss Darrell; I will be with you in five minutes."

It was Mr. Jones, the doctor, at whose appearance the patient muttered some inarticulate words of dissatisfaction, and with flushed face sank back upon her pillow, while Hester, nothing loath, betook herself to the parlour down-stairs. There she waited in great distress and perplexity; it was not for the first time, as has been said, that Mrs. Bertram had annoyed her by something like personal reflections, but on this occasion it was impossible to disguise the fact that a deliberate insult had been intended. It would seem that her relations with Captain Drake had been somehow the cause of this outburst on the part of the sick woman, but how they could possibly have come to her knowledge, or why they should have affected her if they had, was inexplicable.

Presently Mr. Jones came down with a grave face.

"I am afraid you have been very much put about by my unfortunate patient, Miss Darrell."

"Her behaviour was certainly very extra-



"Now answer me this ; I shall tell by your face whether you are telling me a lie or not !"

ordinary," said Hester, flushing with the remembrance that the doctor must needs have heard the last words ("You shameless girl") that had been applied to her. "Is it possible that the poor woman's brain is affected?"

"Very much," was the unexpected reply; "I am glad that you did not recognise her true condition, since it would only have added to your distress of mind. You know what I told you some months ago, that if she should ever again give way to her constitutional temptation—for that's what it comes to after all—it would probably be the death of her."

"Do you mean to say that she is intoxicated?" inquired Hester with a shudder.

"Intoxicated is not the word, my dear young lady," returned the doctor drily, "she is very drunk; I knew it the instant I caught sight of her. I have just found this bottle of brandy under her pillow; you must not take any more notice of anything she may have said to you than if it had been the ravings of a lunatic."

"Poor woman!" sighed Hester pitifully.

"That's right," exclaimed the doctor approvingly; "most people, even good people like Mrs. Purcell, would have said 'poor wretch.' She's one of Eve's family after all, and, as I have said, it's constitutional. That's what I can't make the Rector understand when some of his parishioners use bad language: use is second nature, and it has become their mother tongue; of course it was very wrong to acquire the habit (though there's something to be said even for that upon the ground of a limited vocabulary), but when it is acquired it becomes mechanical. Now, my dear Miss Darrell, it is clear to me that you are a good deal shaken, and before you go home I would recommend you, professionally, to take just the least drop of brandy. She has left some in the bottle."

Hester's gesture of disinclination, and even of disgust, was so significant that the doctor did not insist upon his recipe, but he did lay stress upon the necessity of her going home at once, and, since it was still raining heavily, he called a fly and put her into it with his own hands.

By the time Hester reached Medbury she had, as she fancied, "got over" the unpleasantness to which she had been exposed, and had no intention of saying anything about it. Her relations, indeed, with her Shingleton friends were always a private matter between Maria and herself, while there was a reason in the present case why she should keep silence upon it even to her cousin. When young ladies are engaged to be married, and

the beloved object is at hand, they are wont to be blind to most things that are going on around them, whatever interest they would otherwise have been inclined to take in them. Fortunately for the world at large this is with most of them but a transition stage, and indeed there have been instances after marriage where the average, as it were, of general interest, is restored by their putting their husbands in the background of their consideration, and every one else before them. Maria, however, though devoted to her swain, had eyes as keen as ever for the trouble of those she loved.

"I am sure something has distressed you to-day, dear," were the first words she uttered on finding herself alone with her cousin. "Is the poor girl worse at the Castle?"

"On the contrary, she seems quite marvellously better. It is nothing of that kind at all," said Hester, forcing a smile.

"Then it is the Nicobar fever. I used to suffer from it myself at one time. The poor lady is certainly a trial, and Heppy—one really gets quite hopeless about Heppy."

"No, it is not Miss Nicobar; it was Mrs. Bertram."

Maria's face suddenly grew very grave. "You don't mean to say that that unfortunate woman has again given way to her temptation? I must go and see her at once."

"It would be useless, Maria, I am sure; and even worse than useless to do so just now," said Hester earnestly.

The assertion was but the simple truth, for Dr. Jones had prescribed to his patient perfect rest and quiet; but what made Hester so urgent on the point was that Mrs. Bertram might, in her still excited state, address her cousin as she had addressed herself, and upon the same topic. It would be terrible indeed if from the ravings of this poor creature Maria should suspect a secret, the knowledge of which might affect the happiness of her whole future life.

"But I must go, Hester," said Maria resolutely; she was already moving towards the door. "I am used to these sad scenes, and they won't distress me as they do you. Don't you remember that the doctor warned us that if she relapsed again—why even now I may be too late!" She was gone in a moment, and Hester knew that any attempt to stop her would be in vain, for duty called her. Even if she had known beforehand that her future happiness depended on her avoiding that death-bed beyond all death-beds, she would still have gone all the same. Had any thought of self occurred to her she

would have trodden it underfoot at once, as though it were a thought of evil. She had said that such scenes did not distress her. They did, indeed, wring her heart with pity, but they did not, in homely phrase, "upset" her, and, what to Hester seemed still more enviable, they left her faith as firm, her hope as bright as ever. It is very easy for what are called orthodox people, who have often little solicitude for others, to contemplate the sorrows of their fellow-creatures, and even, with tolerable equanimity, to see them pass away in their sins. The riddle of the earth never troubles them in the present, and they regard the future with faith, as they call it, but which is, in fact, a mere confidence in their own security. Even to good people the knowledge of the wrongs and woes and weaknesses of their fellow-creatures has, with respect to their spiritual views, much the same effect as though they were their own.

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass," as the most poetic of poets puts it, "stains the white radiance of eternity for them."

The medical profession, for example, which sees the most of human life, though the kindest and noblest of all callings, is, spiritually speaking, the most cynical. The traveller in distant lands, who has given his attention less to antiquities than to humanity is almost always a pessimist. It is indeed difficult for a generous spirit to contemplate the miseries of poor humanity without a certain impatient indignation, which questions the decrees and aims of Providence itself. There are only, in fact, very few spiritual natures which can bear familiarity with sin and suffering without losing something of heart and hope; but that of Maria Barton was one of them. She had not only the gift of Faith, which is common enough, but that of Charity, which is much rarer.

SUNSHINE AND ITS MEASUREMENT

IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS.

By R. H. SCOTT, F.R.S., METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE.

WHEN the British Association first met at Birmingham, in 1839, the famous French astronomer, Arago, was present. The weather was cloudy, and when at the end of the meeting it cleared, he formally took off his hat to the sun, as he declared he had begun to fear that he had come to a land where that luminary would never show his face again. This was, of course, only a joke of Arago's, but in the course of this last spring two Russian officers were visiting Kew Observatory, and on being shown the apparatus for sunshine registration and for solar photography these gentlemen expressed their honest surprise that we should attempt such researches, as it was a well-known fact that the sun never shone in England.

It is, however, in this country that the subject of sunshine registration has received most notice and been most successfully studied. It is now nearly half a century ago that a plan for recording sunlight photographically and continuously throughout the day was submitted to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, by Mr. T. Jordan, while the proposal of the late Mr. J. F. Campbell, of Islay, for registering sun heat, dates from the year 1853, and was described in the Report of the British Meteorological Society for 1857. It is this latter process which has met with general acceptance, as it entails

so little trouble. The record consists in the amount of charring an organic substance, such as wood or paper, undergoes from solar action, and which is, of course, perceptible to the eye. The photographic process, on the other hand, always entails a certain amount of development of chemical treatment, even though of a very simple nature, to render the solar trace visible.

The least reflection will show the reader that in order to obtain a continuous record of sunshine throughout a cloudless day some contrivance is necessary to follow, so to speak, the sun in his course. This was formerly done by means of an instrument termed a heliostat, by which the sun's rays, whatever be his altitude, were always reflected along the same direction throughout the day. This entailed the employment of clockwork to drive the reflecting mirror, and a similar power was also required to move the paper past the slit through which the sun's rays were admitted.

Mr. Campbell (whose interesting description of his instrument appeared in *GOOD WORDS* for April, 1879,) hit on the very ingenious notion of employing a glass sphere as a lens, so that as the sun travelled round the ball its image should travel round on the opposite side. The first instrument consisted of a ball placed inside a mahogany bowl, turned

to the exact focal length of the ball. Such a bowl was capable of receiving a record for six months, from one solstice to the next. It was, however, impossible to distinguish the records of consecutive days from each other, and accordingly a plan had to be devised by which the record could be obtained on a slip of cardboard or other material, which could be replaced daily.

A very ingenious frame was finally devised by Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, provided with grooves, into which the cards are slipped. The grooves are in three pairs—for the summer, the winter, and the equinoxes respectively, and the cards have hour lines printed on them. The instrument can thus be used as a sun-dial, for the spot where the solar image appears—where the burning is taking place—of course, corresponds to the spot where the shadow of the gnomon would cut the scale of the dial. These instruments were first brought out at the end of 1879, and by this time there are nearly fifty of them in various parts of the United Kingdom.

One thing has to be remembered in dealing with these records, and that is, that not nearly all the apparent sunshine is registered by them. The slightest film of cloud, I might almost say of haze, is sufficient to check the burning action. Accordingly the records are always described as of "bright sunshine."

The instruments which record sunlight, as distinguished from sun-heat, and register photographically, are more sensitive, and yield a more complete solar record than those we have just been describing, but as has been said above, their indications require photographic development, and therefore entail a certain amount of trouble, so that they are not so popular as the instrument devised by Mr. Campbell.

At the meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society in March last a series of monthly maps were exhibited, showing for the last five years the relative proportions of sunshine recorded over the United Kingdom. The period of five years is extremely short, but still the results which it yields are interesting, and it will be a matter of some curiosity to see if they are confirmed by subsequent and longer experience. The figures which I shall quote are not the actual number of hours per month for which the sun has shone brightly enough to scorch the cards, but the percentage proportion of that number of hours to the total number of hours that the sun was above the horizon of the station during the month. It is of course obvious that the sun in the Orkneys remains above

the horizon for a longer period in summer and for a shorter period in winter than it does in the Channel Islands in either case. On summing up the total possible duration of direct sunlight the northern stations have a slight advantage, but this is more than counterbalanced by the excessive prevalence of fog and cloud in the higher latitudes, and as a matter of fact the station in Jersey has, on the average of the year, more than half as much again of bright sunshine as the Orkneys.

Of the stations there are very few which exhibit an unbroken daily record for the whole five years. In several cases it was found that in some months, especially in winter, when the sun was low, the shadow of some object fell on the instrument and obliterated the record for a definite period each day. Thus at one station the shadow of a chimney was clearly recognisable for three weeks on either side of the winter solstice. It would seem that such a source of error as this ought to have been easily detected at once, but this is not the case. The sunshine card is put in the frame in the evening, and being usually up on a roof, is rarely visited during the day, so that the shadow of an object might easily pass over it without being detected until a series of consecutive cards were compared with each other. On the whole there are only twenty-three stations in the United Kingdom presenting such an unbroken record as I have described, and the following is their order of merit on the average of the whole year. The figures are percentages of total duration of sunshine.

Jersey, 39; Pembroke and Geldeston (Norfolk), 35; Douglas (Isle of Man), 34; Southbourne (Bournemouth), 33; Cambridge, Dublin, Parsonstown, and Valencia, 32; Oxford, 31; Aberdeen and Cirencester, 30; Sillith, Churchstoke (Montgomeryshire), Hillington (Norfolk), and Kew Observatory, 29; Armagh and Markree, 28; Stonyhurst, 27; Greenwich and Stornoway, 26; Sandwick (Orkneys), 24; Glasgow, 22.

These figures show that the Channel Islands head the list, while the Orkneys come almost at the tail, being only two per cent. better than smoky Glasgow. The Orkneys have companions in sunlessness in the Hebrides, for Stornoway comes close to Sandwick, and is associated with Greenwich, which, lying to the south-east of London, gets more than its fair share of London smoke.

It will also be noticed how the three southern Irish stations come together, with 32 per cent.,

while the two northern ones have both 28 per cent. These facts show that the records are fairly comparable *inter se*. The figure for Southbourne is high, and it is confirmed by two other stations, Southampton and Falmouth, on the south coast, each of which, however, is defective in the winter months of the first year and is therefore not quoted above. For the period, however, that they afford a perfect record, they prove that the amount of sunshine increases as you go westwards. Southampton and Southbourne agree nearly exactly, and they lie near each other, while Falmouth, farther down the Channel, is 3 per cent. higher.

A further examination of the charts showing the distribution of the sunshine month by month, brought out the unexpected result that in the late autumn and winter Ireland is sunnier than Great Britain, Dublin having absolutely the highest percentage in November and December, and being equalled in January by Jersey alone. The Dublin station is, however, not in the city, but in the Phoenix Park, which lies to the westward of it, and is comparatively free from smoke. The north-east of Scotland is also comparatively sunny, as the station (Aberdeen) lies to the eastward of the Grampians.

In April the line of 40 per cent. of duration takes in the Channel Islands, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, and all Ireland except Ulster. In May we find the absolute maximum of the year, and the amount rises to 50 per cent. (nearly to 60 in Jersey) over the districts just named as exceptionally favoured in April. In June the figures begin to show a diminution in the amount of clear weather, which is continued into July, and even into August in the West Highlands. Over the rest of the kingdom,

however, we have in August a second maximum, which is in some measure due to the exceptionally bright weather in August, 1884. In September and October we have a decided falling off, and the midland counties of England are apparently the most sunless. In November, the darkest month of all, 30 per cent. only appears in two districts, Dublin and a narrow strip in the eastern counties of England (Cambridge and Geldeston, near Beccles).

The absolutely highest monthly percentages in the period under consideration fell in May, 1882, in which month St. Ann's Head (Milford Haven) had 62 per cent., while three stations showed 61, Geldeston, just mentioned, Douglas (Isle of Man), and Southbourne (near Bournemouth).

This brief notice is sufficient to show that there are appreciable variations between the different districts of the United Kingdom as regards the amount of sunshine which they enjoy. This feature of climate is one which certainly merits more attention on the part of medical men than it has hitherto received. The instruments are not very costly, and their management is excessively simple, so that there is apparently little reason why the local paper of each health resort should not contain a weekly note of the amount of bright sunshine with which its residents have been favoured.

One caution has to be given, and that is to take special care in localities frequented by jackdaws. These birds appear to take a malicious delight in pecking at the cards, and sometimes even pulling them out of the frames. In fact at one station, Parsonstown, it has been found necessary to place a wire netting over the recorder to protect it against inquisitive feathered meteorologists!

ST. PETER AND THE BASKETS.

ST. PETER, from the door of heaven, one day
Sped two young angels on their happy way,
For the first time to see the world in May—
Both bearing baskets.

They were to bring back flowers more fragrant far
Than budding rose and blooming hawthorn are;
They were to bring the praise of all the star
Back in their baskets.

The Angel of Thanksgivings, full of glee,
Donned a huge hamper half as big as he;
But the Collector of Petitions see,
With a small basket.

When they returned St. Peter, as before,
Sat with his golden keys beside the door ;
But each appeared to be in trouble sore
About his basket.

The Angel of Petitions bore a sack
Cram full, and bound unconthly on his back ;
Yet even then it seemed that he had lack
Of bag and basket.

The Angel of Thanksgivings blushed to feel
The empty lightness of his mighty creel ;
"But three !" he muttered, turning on his heel,
To hide his basket.

Then spoke St. Peter : "When again you go
On a prayer-gathering, you will better know
That men's petitions in the world below
Fill a big basket.

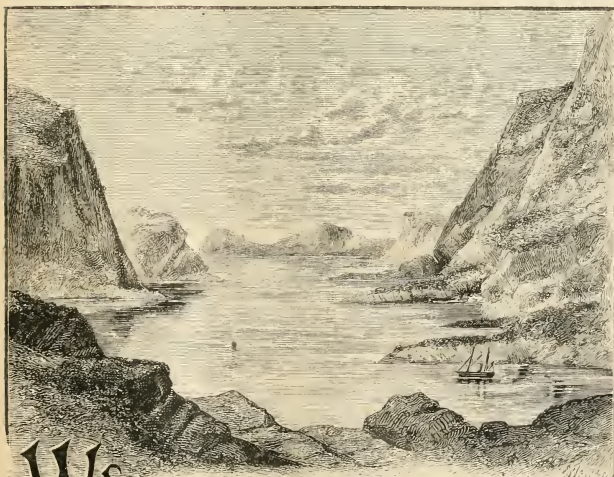
"But when you go to gather up their thanks
For prayers well answered and forgiven pranks,
For health restored and disentangled hanks,
Your smallest basket !"

REID TRANMAR.

HIGHLAND RESTING-PLACES.

By "SHIRLEY."

VI.—ACROSS TO CONNEMARA.



WE

were all together at our
trysting-place among the
hills—all except Mowbray, who had been
fishing in Connemara. The air was clear,

Catacol, and I came right across the hills by
the Archer's pass. Keer-Vhor, steeped in
thunder and racked with storm, stood up
black as ink against the sky. Yet, even in

and crisp, and
bracing, spark-
ling with autumn
sunshine.

Presently a
grey figure was
seen crossing the
water-shed ; and
before May and
Mabel had spread
our rustic tea-
table, Mowbray
had joined us.

"What a
scramble I have
had, to be sure!"
he exclaimed,
after the usual
greetings—more
or less tempestu-
ous—from May
and the others.
"The steamer
landed me at

the centre of the thunder-cloud the darkness was not absolute. Glints of sunshine painted the green on the bracken and the purple on the heather; and, from the top of Tarsuin, I saw a streak of silver beyond Jura, which accounts, perhaps, for this extraordinary afternoon."

"You came by the *Gael*?"

"I did—a good boat. A worthy man was on board," he continued, to Mr. Maxwell, "a Scotch professor, I think—(Mac—mac—mac—something or other)—who did nothing but rail at Froude and Carlyle, and laud George Eliot. My patience gave way at last. 'Look here, sir,' I said, 'I have read both books, and I'll tell you exactly what I think. The one is bright, vivid, incisive, vital; the other, dull and ponderous beyond belief. You say that Froude has been indiscreet; but, after all, what harm has he done? He has hurt Carlyle, you believe; pray don't believe anything of the kind. The Titanic force of the man was never more unquestionable than at the end of the last volume. In the fierce light that has been brought to bear upon him the mud and clay drop off, and only the pure gold remains. His head rises clean out of the vapours and touches the stars. I tell you honestly that I had no conception of the massive and elemental greatness of Carlyle—his incomparable superiority to every contemporary—till I had read these familiar letters and journals—letters and journals brimful of humour, of pathos, of intense insight, of immense tenderness. Out of harsh and jarring accompaniments what subtlest, softest music is evolved! A sardonic humour, you hold, that ought not to be tolerated in polite society? Be it so; yet, observe, my friend, there is nothing sardonic in the heart, and every word is illuminating—a revelation.—*Verily this whole world grows magical and hyper-magical to me; death written on all, yet everlasting life also written on all.—Death! the unknown sea of rest! Who knows what harmonies lie there to wrap us in softness, in eternal peace?—The half-moon, clear as silver, looked out as from eternity, and the great dawn came streaming up.*—Compare with these grains of diamond dust, the hard, pompous, didactic platitudes of George Eliot! From the one you have letters written in fire, and instinct in every line with *life*; from the other letters that might have been addressed to her pupils' guardians by the principal of a proprietary school. A more uninteresting, uninteresting, uninteresting life is not indeed to be met with in our literature. So much so that one is always asking—Is it credible

that the writer of these letters wrote 'Amos Barton' and 'Silas Marner?' To be sure everything has been removed (as Mr. Cross assures us with the gratified glow of conscious rectitude), everything has been removed that might hurt the feelings of anybody—her own included. Yet, in spite of all this prudery, the 'unseemly disclosures' of Carlyle's domestic and other difficulties strike me as far more wholesome. And though the reticence may partly account for the dulness, it cannot account for it altogether. In short, to compare Cross's 'George Eliot' with Froude's 'Carlyle' is sheer fatuity. 'A contemplative cuddy giving utterance to the obscure feelings he has about the universe' is entitled to some respect; for his *bray* is genuine; but what are we to say of critics who are morally obtuse as well as mentally dense?"

"Do be quiet, Ralph!" says May, pouring out the tea, "and learn to accept the verdict of the majority. What is the use of kicking against the pricks? I am beginning to get ashamed of you, sir; I didn't think that anything could make you indignant; nothing did when I knew you first."

"It's all your blame, May," he answers penitently, as he sips his tea. "Evil communications—etcetera, etcetera. But what about the prize competition for the very best quotation? I suppose you are all entered?"

"Papa is to read them directly after tea. That's why we are here to-day. Yes, we are all in it, except Puffy, who has retired. Poor boy! The unusual mental strain—he hasn't read a line of poetry since he left Eton—has proved too much for him. We had to scratch him, as Tom says."

"Did Euphame lend a hand? Biting and scarting, you know—"

"Ralph!" holding up a warning finger.

"What about old Ireland?" Mr. Maxwell judiciously interposes.

Mowbray. Never saw her looking better, and the people are as charming as ever. They are the sweetest-tempered, the mildest, the most hospitable creatures in the world; and yet, if you touch their lightest prejudice—take a farm over their heads, or cut your oats with a reaping machine—they will shoot you down like a dog. What can you do with such a charmingly wrong-headed race, except ship them across the pond?

Mr. Maxwell. Even the rogues used to be delightful. Any of the Costigans still to be met with?

Mowbray. Poor old Costigan is gathered to his fathers; but the "Irish Sketch Book" is

perennial. The captain, to be sure, was a work of finished art; but the hasty notes and rough sketches made on the spot are charmingly fresh and facile. There is nothing in "Pendennis" better than, or so good as, the picture of Uncle James (who sleeps somewhere about the pianoforte) in the Cork lodging-house, calling in an awful voice on "Peggy" for the "materials," or of Peggy herself bringing up the coals on—a china plate.

Mr. Maxwell. But the papers say that the people are losing their old gaiety—have grown gloomy and morose.

Mowbray. I don't know—I saw nothing of the gloom. Of course they are badly off. The farming is simply detestable. Fields the size of "kail-yards," divided by slovenly turf-dykes, and covered with a species of coarse yellow tansy, a donkey, a pig or two grubbing intelligently by the roadside, and a young man with a chimney-pot hat without a brim, and a long-tailed coat buttoned over nothing in particular, looking on—this is what I witnessed from Bundoran to Kerry. I drove for hours along the shores of the Bay of Donegal—an estuary nobler than the Clyde at Bute or the Forth at Granton—and did not see a single sail. It was a vast ocean solitude—a silent sea. One could not help feeling at such times that some mighty malign magician had cast the spell of paralysis over the land. The people would not work, the wheat would not grow, the fish (with which the bays team) would not be caught.

Mr. Maxwell. Yet you say they are as gay and jaunty as of old?

Mowbray. Of course, sir, according to English notions, such a people should be profoundly unhappy. They have no trade, no agriculture, no fisheries. A thriftless race has no right to be happy. Yet these simple Irish don't seem to know that they are bound to be miserable. They don't seem to know that high-farming and some acquaintance with the truths of political economy are essential to rational enjoyment. The whole country-side was streaming out of Sligo on cars, and peat-carts, and donkeys, and Mayo ponies as I drove in. Tremendous showers were coming down at brief intervals; they rose up black and frowning, one by one, from the Atlantic, drifting across a gorgeous sunset, and when they did not break directly upon us we could look through them, as through a dark veil of gauze, at the golden world of cloudland beyond. But, though wet to the skin, the people were all in high good-humour; old men with battered hats and swallow-tailed coats (where

do all the old hats and swallow-tailed coats in Ireland come from?), finely-featured, sad-eyed, soft-voiced, coquettishly-plaided Irish girls, swaggering young farmers, haggard old cronies who jeered at us in the wet, panniered donkeys, geese, and all. It had been market-day—besides it was Saturday night—and they were as gay as poor naughty Paris used to be on a Sunday.

Mr. Maxwell. But what about the anarchy and lawlessness—didn't they take a shot at you from behind a dyke?

Mowbray. Nothing to speak of. My experience was entirely pacific. The monthly market was being held at Ballina (through which luckily the Moy runs, for the town is incredibly dirty) when I arrived, and I found the pigs and the geese and the ponies and the donkeys and the girls and the "boys" congregated in the market-place. There was plenty of noise, but no fighting; and, in fact, during my whole stay in Ireland I did not see a single fight. I don't believe, indeed, that the Irishman is by nature a quarrelsome animal; he fights simply because he likes it; growing, in his own language, "blue-moulded for want of a bating," he rides down to the fair, and trails his coat across the road in the simplest and purest spirit of enjoyment. No, I did not see a faction fight; but the most charming Irishwoman I met told me what it was like. A hundred sticks are raised simultaneously; for an instant (for an instant only, to enable the women to escape) they quiver in the air, as fir-trees shake in the wind before a storm, and then down they come with a noise like the patter of hail-stones upon water on those old hats and heads. Meantime the fiddler plays on cheerfully and the dancers continue their jig without concerning themselves about the fight—such is the force of habit.

Mr. Maxwell. The people must have bewitched you;—like the English settlers—more Irish than the Irish? And you will be telling us next that the country is not one vast peat moss?

Mowbray. A vast peat moss? Why, it is the most beautiful country in the world. The interior, to be frank, is rather level and boggy no doubt; but the narrow rim which incloses the midland flats is bold, grand, and entirely original. The whole of the western coast is indented by bays and estuaries where the Atlantic sparkles beneath precipices covered with heath, or breaks upon the whitest of sands.

Mr. Maxwell. And Connemara is the crown?

Mowbray. Connemara is the crown, though Clare and Kerry lose only by a head. Just as the sun was sinking I reached the summit of the height which overlooks Westport. The singular cone of Croagh Patrick, flushed by the sunset, rose into the evening sky. Clew Bay lay at its feet—a shining ocean-lake, studded with a hundred emerald islands—green on gold. Then the drive from Westport to Clifden is simply unrivalled—in a car, mind you, any other conveyance might break the spell. It grows in beauty at every turn; it is beautiful along the rocky, wooded banks of the Errive; it is more beautiful at Leenane; the first view of the Twelve Pins on rounding the Killarney unites the positive, the comparative, and the superlative of loveliness. The descent on Killary Bay—a narrow inlet of the Atlantic, which cuts, like a Norwegian fiord, deep into the mountains—can never be forgotten. The Atlantic winds for nine miles among hills, two thousand to three thousand feet in height, which rise in most places sheer from the water. There is not a more retired and secluded tarn in the heart of Scotland; yet the white sea-birds are picking the herring spawn from its surface, the rocks are brown with tangle, and the sea-tide ebbs and flows, bringing with it that joyful sense of breadth and freedom which is unknown to the inland lake. It is true that I saw it under the most favourable conditions. Connemara, that day, disclosed every mood of mountain passion, passing from grave to gay, from lively to severe with swift versatility; tears, smiles, laughter, the tenderest light and shadow, the blaze of sunshine, the blackness of darkness blent in exquisite union, or even more exquisite discord! In some countries we travel for hours without changing the point of view—the same great mountain mass lying along the sky-line all day long; but in Connemara we cannot move a hundred yards without bringing a new mountain-peak or valley into view.

At this point, May interposed. She and Mabel had cleared the tea-table, and the packet of sealed envelopes containing the quotations was handed to Mr. Maxwell, who was “moved” to seat himself on the stone at which the chief Druid had formerly officiated. This, let me say in passing, was not our first experience of competitive examinations. We had been previously requested to select the twelve biggest impostors, the twelve biggest idiots, and the twelve biggest bores in Britain. We had experienced no difficulty in making a selection on these

occasions; but when a little later we had to find the twelve British Solons we were, one and all, discomfited. The most nimble competitor could not overtake half a dozen. Our “twelve greatest living poets” was also a complete fiasco. But each of us was presumed to have at least one favourite quotation—in prose and poetry—and these accordingly were to be written out in a legible hand, and addressed in a sealed envelope to Mr. Maxwell, the umpire, whose award was final. I am not quite sure what he had to decide; but at any rate we had a great deal of fun; and though the meeting broke up in disorder, as the reporters say, the prize—a bunch of Muscatel grapes from Mr. Oldbuck’s vineyard—somehow fell to May.

Most of the quotations, however, were very pretty and characteristic. Here are some of them.

This was May’s choice:—

“Those have most power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.”

“And if the stranger would yet learn in what spirit it was that the dominion of Venice was begun, let him ascend the highest tier of the stern ledges that sweep round the altar of Torcello, and strive to feel in himself the strength of heart that was kindled within them when first within the shelter of its knitted walls, amidst the murmur of the waste of waves, and the beating of the wings of the sea-birds round the rock that was strange to them, rose that ancient hymn in the power of their gathered voices:

“The sea is his and he made it,
And his hands prepared the dry land.”

MABEL’S:—

“Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home!”

“When a noble act is done—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylae; when Arnold Winkelreid, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his breast the sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades;—are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed?”

EUPHAME’S:—

“The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

“While the winds of departing summer scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer-dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spot rests, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak, reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.”

MR. OLDBUCK'S:—

"The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds;
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

"Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who when they die make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah."

MY OWN:—

"'Twas the last watch of night
Except what brings the morning quite,
When the armed angel, conscience clear,
His task nigh done, leans o'er his spear
And gazes on the earth he guards,—
Safe one night more through all its wards,—
Till God relieve him at his post."

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."

Mowbray's paper was not forthcoming. "But I'll tell you what," he said, "my host at Derreen gave me a copy of verses, and as a particular favour, and on condition that May hands over the prize, I'll read them to you before we go."

"Your host at Derreen? You don't mean to say that Mr. Froude——"

"Hush! hush! No names, if you please. From this inviolate Temple among the everlasting hills 'the fading politics of mortal

Rome' are severely excluded. But Hobbes' text—'Words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools'—belongs to no party in particular; and in a garrulous age Tory and Radical alike may lay it advantageously to heart. That text is the *motive* of the poem, with which our Tobacco Parliament (for the ladies don't mind a cigarette) fitly closes the session of 1885."

ROMSDAL FIORD.

So this, then, was the Rover's nest,
And here the chiefs were bred
Who broke the drowsing Saxon's rest,
And scared him in his bed.

The north wind blew, the ship sped fast,
Loud cheered the Corsair crew,
And wild and free above the mast
Aslauga's raven flew.

The raven still o'er Romsdal's peak
Is soaring as of yore,
But Rolf the Ganger's battle-shriek
Calm Romsdal hears no more.

Long ages now beneath the soil
The ganger has been lying—
In Romsdal's bay his quiet toil
The fisherman is plying.

With time and tide we change and change,
Yet still the world is young;
Still free the proudest spirits range,
The prize is for the strong.

And though it be a glorious thing
In parliaments to shine,—
Though orators be modern kings
And only not divine;

Yet men will still be ruled by men,
And talk will have its day,
And other Rolfs will come again
To sweep the rogues away.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

By MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

I WILL now speak of our education and girlhood. After we had been for two and a half years under the care of Mrs. Parker, a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, who, intellectual, accomplished, amiable, and pious, was admirably fitted entirely to train us, our conscientious parents felt it incumbent to place us in a first-rate Friends' school; and accordingly selected the private establishment of Sarah Bevan and Anna Woolley at Croydon.

On the 24th of eighth month, 1809, I being ten years of age, my sister a year and a half older, we left home for school, under mother's escort. Perhaps our parents in their unworldliness had forgotten that on the morrow, the 25th of October, all England was to celebrate the fiftieth year of King George the Third's reign. Be it as it may, we children

knew of the approaching festivity, and were thereby reconciled to the pain of leave-taking. We were glad we should be travelling, for in Uttoxeter we should have seen none or little of the rejoicings. The greatness of our curiosity made us eager to start; and as we drove through the outskirts of our town, by Tutbury and its castle, to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where we had a fresh postchaise, to Grooby Lodge, where we spent the night, we had the delight of watching the busy preparations. Even our Quaker relatives, the Burgesses, we found in a mild state of excitement in anticipation of the morrow.

Leicester, as we drove through it next morning, was quite agog—bells ringing, flags flying, huge bonfires kindling. The jubilee had set the British population in motion, and the king's highway swarmed with peasants on foot and in waggons, farmers in gigs and

spring-carts, gentlefolks on horseback and in carriages; all dressed in their best and sporting blue and red ribbons. In this town bands of music headed processions of school-children, militiamen and clubs marching to church or chapel; in that, oxen and sheep were roasting in the streets, and big barrels of ale were tapped or ready to tap. Here, divine service being over, the congregations streamed out to feast. There, a smell of roast beef and mutton pervaded the inn where we halted, with a hurrying to and fro, a clatter, laughter, singing, and hurraing that were deafening. On we drove, through villages and towns where the lower class, including the paupers, were being entertained at long tables in the open air, the families of the squire and clergyman looking on all smiles and good-humour. As the day advanced the madder grew the revel. We felt as if we were out to see the fun. Horses and chaises were not always ready at the towns where we expected relays, and as we waited people in their turn eyed us—the pleasant-looking Quaker mother and her two quaintly dressed little daughters overflowing with ill-suppressed wonder and merriment.

During the evening the sight of drunkenness and sound of quarrelling, although accompanied by strains of the incessant music, somewhat damped our mirth, but it rose again as we entered Dunstable, our night quarters. The effect was magical: one vast blaze of light, great G. R.s shining forth everywhere, a dazzled and enchanted sea of spectators. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood had dined at our inn, a grand ball was about to begin. The obliging landlady led us to an upper gallery, whence we could look down on the arrivals. Mother, who accompanied us, even permitted us to watch the opening dance; perhaps she herself enjoyed this glimpse of the gay moving scene, for she did not reprove me when, overcome by the day's excitement, by the music and flutter, I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

The next day we were in London—London! How the very thought transported us with joy and astonishment. But London was not half as brilliant as Dunstable—was, in fact, quite gloomy. Extinct crowns, stars, and G. R.s blankly met our gaze, and, whilst bearing evidence to what had been, suggested the ashes of a fire that had gone out or the wrong side of a piece of tapestry. We dined in London, and were rather sad, for we must soon part from our mother. We were not to return home at Christmas—we as Friends never kept Christmas, with the exception of

having mince-pies—but mother would come to Yearly Meeting in the spring, and then have us with her.

How much could I relate of our Croydon experiences, which nevertheless lasted only seven months! The many mortifications caused us as the children of rigidly plain Friends out of a remote midland county brought into the midst of London girls, all belonging to the same denomination, it is true, but whose Quakerly attire and life-experience were less precise, were even different from ours. We were the youngest in the school, peculiar, provincial, but I do not think in general knowledge we were behind the others. We seemed to them, however, to have come from the uttermost ends of the earth; even the word Uttoxeter seemed to them uncouth, and caused laughter. Although we felt this behaviour keenly, our love of each other, of nature, the beautiful and poetical, came to our aid and consoled us. If my sister had a passionate love of flowers, I was equally endowed with a deep appreciation of trees: the Scotch firs in our garden at home, the spruce firs, arbor vitæ, and Weymouth pine of a neighbour, the group of tall poplars, which I never failed to see, sitting in our silent meeting, and which seemed pointing to heaven, had been dear familiar friends from infancy. What a happiness, then, to be allowed at school our own little garden with a fine holly-tree belonging exclusively to ourselves!

Another great pleasure and advantage was the habit of making, during the fine weather, long excursions of almost weekly recurrence. At about eleven the pupils, attended by one of the mistresses, set out, the train being ended by a stout serving-woman, who drew after her a light tilted waggon containing abundant provisions for our mid-day meal. So through Croydon we went to the open country, to the Addington Hills, or as far as Norwood, all no doubt now covered or scattered over with houses; up and down pleasant lanes where the clematis, which we only knew as a garden plant, wreathed the hedges. Now and then we rested on some breezy common with views opening far and wide. Sometimes we passed through extensive lavender-fields in which women were working, or came upon an encampment of gipsies with their tents and tethered horses, looking to us more oriental than any similar encampment in our more northern lanes.

Brought south and into proximity with the capital, we were met at every point by objects new to our small experience, whose beauty, grandeur, or perfect novelty stirred

the very depths of my child-soul. Much that was attractive at the same time troubled me, filling my heart with indescribable sadness, awakening within me an unappeasable longing for I knew not what. It was my first perception of the dignity and charm of culture. My impressionable mind had already yielded to the power of nature; it was now to feel and accept the control of art. Yet I was at the time in my ugly, unusually plain Quaker garb, no better to look at than a little brown chrysalis, in the narrow cell of whose being, however, the first early sunbeam was awakening the germ of a higher existence.

The stately mansions with all their latest appliances of luxury and ease—their sunshades, their balconies filled with flowers, the graceful creepers wreathing colonnades, heavy-branched cedar-trees, temple-like summerhouses half concealed in bowery garden solitudes, distant waters, winding walks, belonged to a new, vast, more beautiful world. No less interesting and impressive were the daily features of human life around us. A hatchment over a lofty doorway, a splendid equipage with its attendant liveried servants bowling in or out of heavy, ornamental park gates, would marvellously allure my imagination. There was a breadth, fulness, perfectedness around us that strikingly contrasted with the restricted, common, prosaic surroundings of the Friends in Staffordshire.

Surrey breathed to us beauty and poetry, London the majesty of history and civilisation. From the highest point of the Addington Hills we were shown St. Paul's in the distance. It sent a thrill through us. Even the visits sanctioned by our teachers to the confectioner's for the purchase of Chelsea buns and Parliament gingerbread enhanced our innocent enjoyment.

Our stay at Croydon was abruptly ended by the serious illness of our mother. After leaving us she had caught a severe cold during a dense fog in London, which brought on an illness that had lasted long ere danger was apprehended. Then we were sent for, but a favourable change had occurred before our arrival.

In the August of 1810 my sister was sent to a Friends' school held in high repute at Sheffield, but owing to an alarm of fever in the town was recalled in the depth of the winter. She then remained at home whilst mother took me to the same school the following spring. It was conducted by Hannah Kilham, the widow of Alexander Kilham, the founder of the New Methodist or Kilhamite Connection, her step-daughter Sarah, and a

niece named Corbett, all Friends by conviction.

Hannah Kilham, an ever-helpful benefactor to the poor, devoted herself to a life of active Christian charity. She treated me as one of the older girls—I was tall for twelve—and often took me with her in her rounds. Once she sent me alone to a woman whose destitute condition so awoke my compassion as to induce me to bestow on her my last sixpence, with the uttered hope, "May the Lord bless it!" This was followed by self-questionings whether by my speech I had meant that the Lord should bless the gift to the sufferer or to me—then penitence. Another time, at nightfall, Hannah Kilham made me wait in a desolate region of broken-up ground and half-built ruinous houses while she visited some haunt of squalor. It seems strange that a highly conscientious woman should leave a young girl alone, even for a few minutes, in a low, disreputable suburb of a large town. But she was on what she believed her Master's errand, and I doubt not had committed me to His keeping, for whilst I was appalled by the darkness and desolation around me, I saw the great comet of the autumn of 1811 majestically careering through the heavens, and received an impression of divine omnipotence which no school teaching could have given me.

Sheffield never affected me as Croydon had done. The only point of extraneous interest was the fact that the way to Meeting led through the Hart's Head and over the doorstep almost of the office of the *Iris* newspaper, making me hope, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of the editor, James Montgomery, whose poetry I greatly admired.

In 1812 I left this school, which was afterwards discontinued. The general peace came. The benevolent Alexander of Russia visited England, and, admiring the principles and usages of Friends, determined to employ members of the Society in his schemes for improving the internal condition of his empire. This led to Sarah Kilham accompanying the family of Daniel Wheeler, when in 1818 he emigrated, by invitation of the Czar, for the purpose of draining and cultivating land on the Neva. Her stepmother went a few years later as a missionary to the African state, Liberia, in the company of an austere Friend, Richard Smith, a man of substance, whose connections lived near Alton Towers, and who occasionally attended Uttoxeter meeting. He came over to our house to take leave before proceeding to Africa; but silence being the rule of his life,

he walked into the parlour, sat in stillness for twenty minutes, rose up, shook hands with each of us, and so departed without uttering a word. I do not know his ultimate fate. Hannah Kilham succumbed to the climate, returning home to die.

Father, dissatisfied with our attainments, arranged that we should complete our education at home, engaging the master of the only boys' school in the town to teach us Latin, the globes, and whatever else he could impart. He was a man of some learning, who in early life, when residing in London, had been brutally attacked in some lonely street or passage by a lawless band of ruffians, the Mohocks. His face still bore the marks of their violence, being scarred with deep wounds, as if made by daggers and knives.

Death having deprived us of this teacher, a young man Friend of good birth and education was next employed to lead us into the higher branches of mathematics. He made himself, however, so objectionable to us by his personal attentions that we very soon refused his instructions. Although we never revealed the reason, father, perhaps surmising it, allowed us to have our own way, and, earnest students, we henceforth became our own educators.

We retained and perfected our rudimentary knowledge by instructing others. Father fitted up a schoolroom for us in the stable loft, where twice a week we were allowed to teach poor children. Our young sister and brother were entirely committed to our care. Emma, who, fragile as a snowdrop, nevertheless lived to grow up a remarkably bright, intelligent woman, a blessing to all who knew her; Charles, a handsome, high-spirited boy, whose good-humour, generosity, and irrepressible buoyancy made him a general favourite. In training these beloved charges we trained ourselves.

We had also the excellent discipline of daily domestic occupation. Our mother required us to be expert in all household matters, and we ourselves took a pride in the internal management being nicely ordered. Our home possessed a charm—a sense of repose which we felt but could not at the time define. It was caused by father's correct, purified taste that led him to select oak for the furniture, quiet colours and small patterns for the low rooms. The houses of our neighbours displayed painted woods, flaming colours, and large designs on the floors and walls.

I must here briefly mention a circumstance which produced on Anna and me an effect

similar to a first term at college on the mind of an ardent student. It was her visit with mother to relatives and friends in Wales; an effect which was as vivid and lasting on me as if I had accompanied them. It happened in the late summer of 1813. From Birmingham the journey to Bristol was made in a stage-coach, where, after being closely packed in the inside with mother's old friend, Evan Rees, two other Quakers, Thomas and Sarah Robinson, bound like themselves for Swansea, and a sixth passenger, they arrived, after a long day, at midnight. The intention had been to proceed immediately by packet, but owing to contrary winds, they were detained for three days in Bristol, mother, Anna, and Evan Rees being entertained the while under the hospitable roof of the Gilpins. Charles Gilpin, afterwards the well-known M.P., was then a little boy, just running alone in a white frock. Joseph Ford, an old Friend, who considered it his duty to act as cicerone to all strangers, members of the Society, visiting the ancient city, kindly conducted them to St. Mary's Redcliff, in memory of poor Chatterton, to the exchange, Clifton, very unlike the Clifton of to-day—down to St. Vincent's rocks and the banks of the Avon, where they picked up Bristol diamonds, which Anna brought home with her.

At length they went on board, but the wind remaining due west, instead of reaching their destination in twenty-four hours, they were tossed about for three whole days and nights. Notwithstanding the attendant fatigue and discomfort, Anna saw and enjoyed the rising and setting of the sun at sea, the gulls and other marine birds, the moonlit nights, the phosphoric light on the vessel's track—all new and wonderful sights to a girl from the midland counties.

At Swansea they parted from their three Quaker companions, and a life of liberty began for Anna. At our relatives', the Sylvesters, there was no longer any restraint in talk and laughter. Uncle was jovial, witty, clever in general conversation. Aunt, always well dressed, was affable, and set every one at ease. Charles, our frank, manly cousin of eighteen, and his young sister Mercy, were most cordial.

The first week was spent in receiving calls from mother's former acquaintance, and from those of Aunt, come out of compliment or curiosity to see the Quakeress. Then followed the return calls. It was a bright, free, gay existence, and my sister enjoyed it. The visit to mother's intimate friend, Anna Price, then a widow, living no longer



Mary Howitt at home (1885).

at Falmouth but at Neath Abbey, with her six grown-up sons and daughters, left still more golden memories. There was in the polished circle a freedom of intercourse which was cheerful, even mirthful; tempered by the refinement of a high, intellectual culture. Quakerism had never worn a fairer aspect.

Christiana, the second daughter, took the young inexperienced guest into her especial charge, and when walking with her in the beautiful grounds, most tastefully laid out amongst the fine monastic ruins by the

eldest son, Joseph Tregelles Price (who was, I believe, several years later, the first to introduce steam-navigation between Swansea and Bristol), answered all her timid questions, and even anticipated her desire for knowledge. Edwin Price, who died at the early age of twenty-three, often joined them in these walks, spoke on literature, and recommended for perusal Rollin's "Manner of Studying and Teaching the Belles Lettres," which was just then engaging the attention of himself and his brothers and sisters—all lovers of literature. The young Prices were

admirers of Dante, Petrarch, and Spenser, of whose works Anna and I were ignorant. They later fell into our hands, and we devoured them eagerly. Deborah, the eldest daughter, edited *The Cambrian*, a periodical that dealt with all subjects connected with the ancient history, legends, and poetry of Wales—the subjects, in fact, which later gave such value to Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion." She was engaged to Elijah Waring, a Friend of great erudition and fine taste, then visiting at Neath Abbey. Their daughter Anna Letitia is the authoress of many beautiful and favourite hymns.

A visit of a week or ten days to Uncle William Wood, at Cardiff, when Uncle Roger Lyndon came over from Merthyr to see his half-sister and niece, gave a bias to Anna's mind which she never lost. She acquired from Uncle William's genealogical conversations—for he was well versed in the family descent and traditions, spoke much of the Woods, Brownriggs, and other ancestors, and gave mother some of the ill-fated Irish half-pence—a permanent interest in parentage, inherited qualities, and characteristics, and the teachings to be derived therefrom. His copy of "Lavater's Physiognomic Fragments" introduced her to a new, somewhat cognate, field of study. She imparted the taste to me; we hunted out Lavater's work in the possession of an Uttoxeter acquaintance, and, adopting the system, afterward judged rightly or wrongly of every one's mind and temper by their external form.

Whilst at Cardiff an excursion was made one beautiful September day to the village-like city of Llandaff. Divine service was being performed in the chancel of the ruined cathedral. The cloisters and grave-yard were fragrant with the scent of thyme, sweet marjoram, southernwood, and stocks; here and there bloomed monthly roses, the first Anna had ever seen growing in the open air.

The Quaker mother and daughter travelled home by coach through Newport by Tintern, catching a delightful glimpse of the beautiful scenery of the Wye. From Monmouth to Gloucester they had for fellow-passenger a Church-of-England clergyman, who spoke with mother of the country, the war with Napoleon, and finally of religion. She, full of intelligence and earlier acquainted with much good society and fine scenery, surprised him by her replies. He asked how she knew so much. She answered, in a slightly aggrieved tone, "By conviction and observation." After a pause he said, apologetically: "I thought the Society of Friends was too secluded and

taciturn a people to interest themselves in worldly matters."

The episode resembled the stage-coach journey of the Widow Placid and her daughter Rachel, in "The Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life," a religious novelette of that day.

As regards the members of our Society, we had no associates at Uttoxeter until after the death of Uncle John Summerland, when his widow took a niece or cousin to live with her, named Susanna Frith, who had independent means, much general knowledge, and refined manners. She sympathised in our insatiable love of books and lent us "Elizabeth Smith's Life and Letters," with a few similar works. She was a distant relative of the Howitts of Heanor, and told us much of the sons, especially of William, who possessed remarkable talent and great learning.

Our father having been induced again to speculate had done so, fortunately for us, in partnership with Mr. Bell, the banker, with whose two charming daughters, considerably older than ourselves, we were permitted to be intimate; we loved Mary for her brightness and amiability, we admired Dorothy more particularly for the delicate beauty of her features. Intercourse with these superior and intelligent young women and their parents was doubly an advantage and comfort to us, from our peculiarities as Friends never making any difference with them, whilst they treated our craving for knowledge, our love of flowers and all that was beautiful as a matter of course. They resided in a fine old house, where the Duke of Cumberland had been lodged and entertained on his way to Culloden. The bed he had slept in remained in the tapestried chamber he had occupied. From the shelves of the handsome well-furnished library Mary lent us the first novel we ever read, "Agatha, or the Nun," written by her cousin, Miss Rolleston. Possessing the current literature of the day, the Miss Bells supplied us with Scott's Metrical Romances and Byron's Poems.

It was from their maternal uncle, Mr. Humphrey Pipe, if I mistake not, that we borrowed Dugdale's "Monasticon" and Camden's "Britannia," heavy volumes which could not be hidden away like many borrowed books in our pockets, and thus being seen by mother afforded her the same intense pleasure as ourselves, she spending many hours, I believe, in conning their pages and in studying the grand illustrations of the "Monasticon."

Although our parents had usually next to no acquaintance with the Vicar, yet an exception was made in the case of the Rev. Jonathan Stubbs, from his joining father in the attempt to suppress bull-baiting, one of the most popular amusements of the wakes. He was a good and learned man, who met with his death about 1811 in consequence of being thrown out of his gig. The grief of his parishioners was great, that of our parents no less sincere. Mother felt drawn in tender sympathy to call on his afflicted widow, and took me with her. When we were ushered into the room where Mrs. Stubbs and her only child little Jonathan sat sorrowfully side by side, and I found myself for the first time in the company of a widow in weeds, it was to me a most solemn occasion. What mother said I know not, but she and the widow wept together and were ever after friends. And when our eager persistent system of self-education had begun, when we borrowed books wherever we could and spent many hours every day and late into the night reading, Anna and I found Mrs. Stubbs of the greatest assistance. She lived near us and retained her husband's library of the classics, the best English and foreign divines, and standard works on history and topography, all beautifully arranged, "ready," as she said, "for Jonathan, who was to be educated to walk in his father's footsteps. In the meantime the books were at our service with one proviso, every volume taken out must be restored to its place."

I can never sufficiently return thanks for the unrestricted range of that scholar's library, which not only provided us with the best books to read but made us aware of the beauty of choice editions, Tonson's "Faerie Queen," and other important works handsomely bound in quarto and embellished with fine plates, at which we were never tired of gazing, some of the landscapes remaining in my memory still. Nor have I ever forgotten Piranesi's magnificent engravings of Rome brought from that city by the Evanses of Derby, and lent by them to their friend, Mrs. Stubbs.

In the winter of 1815-16 our cousin, Martha Shipley, was married to our cousin, John Ellis, of Beaumont Leys, near Leicester; they likewise were related, but not so closely as to make the union objectionable to our Society. Before the wedding an unusual event occurred, inasmuch as Anna and I spent a couple of days with the bride elect. During the visit, launching forth into our favourite topic, poetry, she in response took

us into her bedroom and, producing out of a drawer from between her shawls a small volume, read to us the "Hermit of Warkworth." Fascinated, we likewise procured the same delightful ballad, but not without difficulty and what appeared to us great outlay.

The Ellises, like the Shipleys, had never been on very intimate terms with our family, from the elder members having imbibed the old prejudice against mother. A better understanding was now to be brought about. In the early autumn of 1817, Anna and I paid a delightful visit to our warm-hearted cousin, Rebecca Burgess, at Grooby Lodge. Going on First-day to meeting in Leicester, we thus saw and were seen by the family at Beaumont Leys. They invited us to their house, and the visit extended for weeks. Cousin Martha had died the preceding January in giving birth to a little son. The widower's mother, a quiet, consistent Friend, kept his house; his sister Anne, a very agreeable young woman, devoted herself to the motherless baby, Edward Shipley Ellis, who, like his father, became in after years so prominently connected with railways.

Cousin John Ellis and his intimate companion, a handsome young man from the North named Daniel Harrison, who was to him as a brother, were to our agreeable surprise truly intellectual. We became in consequence extremely communicative, and many times since have I hoped that we girls did not make ourselves absurd by our display of knowledge. If we did, we were not permitted to feel it. We were deep in history at the time and soon perceived that in many branches of the great subject we were better read than they. Cousin John delighted in the acquisition of every kind of knowledge. Daniel Harrison was especially fond of eloquence, and carried in his pocket a little book, "The Constellation," out of which he enjoyed reading aloud fine passages. He was somewhat troubled with religious doubts, warred desperately against the eternity of punishment, and induced us to study *Scarlett's* translation of the New Testament, in which age-lasting is put for everlasting, a work that met with our father's disapproval.

Amongst the many subjects on which Anna and I expressed ourselves very fully at Beaumont Leys, was our low estimation of the endowments and culture of ordinary young men Friends; amongst whom we had would-be-suitors. Anne Ellis pleaded in their behalf: "There was the young Irish-

man, Thomas Knott, whose speech at a Bible meeting at Southampton had been printed and greatly admired; there was David Drape, but they neither of them equalled William Howitt. She had made his acquaintance at an excursion of young Friends to Kenilworth after Warwick Quarterly Meeting. He was more than a scholar—a born genius, and most agreeable!”

Her brother and his friend made merry at her eulogy of William Howitt. We had, however, received a similar testimony from Susanna Frith and took her part.

The news of the death of the Princess Charlotte at Claremont, on November 6, wrung the heart of all England. It was like a thunder-clap at Beaumont Leys, where the young wife had met with the same death ten months earlier. Cousin John, who for the last few weeks had astonished every one by his cheerfulness, bowed under the public sorrow as if it had been his private grief. A gloom fell over the household. Cousin Anne, Daniel Harrison, Anna, and I heard the funeral sermon delivered on the occasion by the celebrated preacher and writer, the Rev. Robert Hall, then pastor of the Baptist congregation at Leicester. It was the first time I had attended other public worship than that of Friends.

Again it was autumn, twelve months after our Leicester visits, when William Howitt, having been to Lichfield Cathedral to see the monument, finished the previous year by Chantrey, of the sleeping children, the daughters of the Rev. W. Robinson, came round by Uttoxeter ostensibly to visit his cousin, Susanna Frith. We were delighted to accept her invitation to meet him.

He addressed us with great cordiality and spoke in gratifying terms of his desire to make our acquaintance, having heard much of our tastes and pursuits from his cousin. He described with feeling the exquisitely tender group in marble, which he had just seen at Lichfield. Our father's religious scruples had debarred us from ever entering the Cathedral, and of this new monument by Chantrey, then creating a well-deserved sensation, we were equally ignorant. He spoke of the nature and importance of sculpture; it again was an entirely new subject to us. We had already sought to understand pictorial, we were henceforth to learn the value of plastic art.

Botany was the first intellectual topic on which Anna and I ventured to open the treasures of our knowledge to our new acquaintance. It was in a walk which he took

with his cousin and us that same afternoon. Crossing pleasant pastures, where we had gathered in the spring the meadow fritillary, a peculiar and beautiful flower, which this accomplished botanist told us he himself had never found, we went by the banks of the sweet placid Dove to the old mill, where all around was peaceful and picturesque. It is nearly sixty-seven years since that walk, which comes back to me with such fresh, fragrant memories as I write. Thanks be to the blessed Lord, the great Botanist, for the simple, natural tastes, which He had given me! It was the first link in the golden chain of His providence which united my life with that of one of the best and purest of men.

Before the close of the year, I became the affianced bride of William Howitt. He was six-and-twenty and I nineteen. Father, although he never allowed his emotions or even his affections to evince themselves, to our surprise almost laughed, when the important matter was settled; hiding his pleasure by the remark, “It was all in the usual order! The young women of Uttoxeter Meeting were always sought in marriage; those of Leek but seldom.”

The tastes of my future husband and my own were strongly similar, so also our mental culture; but he was in every direction so far in advance of me as to become my teacher and guide. Knowledge in the broadest sense was the aim of our intellectual efforts; poetry and nature were the paths that led to it. Of ballad poetry I was already enamoured. William made us acquainted with the realistic life pictures of Crabbe; the bits of nature, life, and poetry in the vignettes of Bewick; with the earliest works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley; the first marvellous prose productions of the author of “Waverley;” *The Edinburgh Review*, and other works of power and influence. I say us, because Anna was as it were the very double of myself, and shared in every advantage that came to me.

We had always been great walkers, but girls alone cannot tramp the country as boys and men can. With William as a most delightful and efficient companion, we could enjoy to the full the Arcadian scenery that surrounded us. We took him to our favourite Alton Towers, that wonderful region of beauty and romance, which was growing up year after year under the Earl of Shrewsbury's taste and religious ardour; to the secluded ruins of Croxden Abbey; to the airy heights of the Weaver Hills; to the ancient lordly oaks and birches of Bagot

Woods; to the still more hoary fragment of nature's antiquity, Chartley Moss; to Tutbury and Sudbury.

It was a happy time, yet accompanied by some little clouds and rufflings of the smooth current of daily life, which must always be the case when strong characters are brought into juxtaposition.

Opposition to father was never thought of by his family, which consisted entirely of submissive women, with the exception of his young son, who, strange as it may seem, had his will in all things, and would, seated on the hearth-rug, laugh and talk all sorts of boyish nonsense unreprieved.

William's family, on the contrary, consisted of but one female, the mother; whilst the father and his six sons, who were not of a rigid type of Friends, talked freely, laughed loud, and maintained their own opinions, each differing more or less from the rest. His character was fortunately amiable, unselfish, but full of strong individuality, originality, and dislike to all coercion. This caused him to examine and discuss every subject, with a freedom of thought and expression that surprised Anna and me.

I recall one First-day evening in the early days of our courtship—one of those long, silent First-day evenings, when we sat with our books round the table, mother looking weary as if she wanted her knitting, an occupation which beguiled many silent hours on

week-days. Father, seated apart in his arm-chair, with a candle on the mantel-piece, shedding its light on the pages that he was perusing in John Woolman or Madame Guion.

It was in such a scene that I was shocked and startled by William suddenly bursting out with, "Mary, what is thy opinion of the God-head of Christ?"

I knew not what to say—I had, in fact, never thought of it. Mother looked up with a kind of quiet astonishment. Father closed his book, and remarked, with solemn gravity of tone, "We have nothing to do with such subjects, William."

Had the latter attempted to argue the point, it would have been felt a profanation—a touching of holy things with unclean hands. Religious discussion was never heard in our family, where the aim, as I have said, was to preserve the soul in passivity for the divine inward revelation, which was not to be subjected to the natural reason of man.

On the 16th of fourth month, 1821, we were married, I wearing my first silk gown—a very pretty dove colour—with bonnet of the same material, and a soft white silk shawl. Shawls were greatly in vogue, especially amongst Friends, and my attire was thought very appropriate and becoming. For a wedding tour my husband took me to every spot of beauty or old tradition in his native county—romantic, picturesque Derbyshire.

ST. WENEFRIDE'S WELL.

By WILLIAM TRANT.

"Saint Wenefride in beauty bloom'd
The rose of ancient Wales."—CASWELL.

A TRITE anecdote tells us that a nobleman, travelling abroad in search of the picturesque, saw in a guide-book that one of the most beautiful spots on earth was his own estate in his own county. He returned home and found that such was the case, a fact that he had never before noticed. It is strange that familiarity with even the beautiful breeds, if not contempt, at any rate apathy; but what is stranger still is that process of the mind which causes us to overlook our immediate surroundings and to exaggerate what is inaccessible or afar off. Thus readers of English periodical literature are often regaled with elaborate accounts of pilgrimages to the shrine at Paray-le-Monial, to the grotto at Lourdes, to the mountain of La Salette and to other places; and column

after column—nay, even book after book—is written to describe the miracles said to be performed in foreign countries by images of the Virgin, by winking pictures, or at the shrine of some saints whose ashes, one would have us believe, can perform far greater wonders than the holy persons themselves were able to achieve when they walked and talked and had their being. How few persons are aware, however, that in this island the same kind of thing takes place? And yet there is one shrine, and, I believe, one alone, to which pilgrims resort, where offerings are made, and where it is believed that astounding miracles are performed. This one is St. Wenefride's Well, the holy well, that gives the name to Holywell, the capital of Flintshire.

One bright summer's morning, not long ago, I went by water from the Mersey to the Dec. On board the steamer was a party of Roman Catholic priests and ladies who were on a pilgrimage to St. Wenefride's Well, one of the seven wonders of Wales. I accompanied these chance-started acquaintances. On landing in Wales, a pleasant walk of about two miles brought us from the banks of the river to the town of Holywell, which stands on a hill and commands an extensive view of the country sloping down to the river. On arrival at the main street of the town we found it thronged with people. It was evident from their dress and demeanour that they were not assembled for purposes of business; it was equally clear that gaiety, fun, or holiday-making had not caused them to gather together. They were dressed in their church-going clothes, they carried prayer-books in their hands, their faces were full of seriousness. Like my companions, they had come from far and wide—from England, Scotland, and Ireland—to worship at the shrine of St. Wenefride, to ask forgiveness for sins committed, to purify and strengthen the heart against future temptations, and, also, many of them to dip in the holy well to cleanse their bodies of diseases, to cure themselves of their ailments. One man, in the garb of a workman, was coming down the centre of the sloping street dancing, singing, gesticulating, and otherwise showing an exceedingly great joy. He thanked God, he praised the Virgin, he blessed St. Wenefride. He told me that he had that morning hobbled up to the well, a cripple on crutches, that he had dipped, was restored, and was on his way home rejoicing.

A short walk up the steep street brought us to the well, where pilgrims, foot-sore and weary, were counting their beads. The priests and the ladies entered the chapel that is built over the spot, and I, not wishing to overlook them at devotion, proceeded to the well itself, delaying my visit into the chapel until later in the day. In a small court-yard, sunk several feet below the level of the street, I observed a heap of crutches, sticks, and stretchers, and was informed by the matron in attendance that, of her own knowledge, these had been left as silent witnesses by the lame and the halt who had been miraculously cured by the intervention of the saint of the well. The well proper is situated underneath the chapel I have mentioned, whence the water is allowed to flow into a basin. This was being freely used as a plunge or swimming bath by rollicking youths, but

there were several batches of persons dipping, while priests stood at the side muttering prayers and benedictions. The well proper, however, was most affected for "dipping," and there I saw many persons, some of whom were drinking the water, and others immersing themselves therein. Particularly I noticed many women dipping their infants born blind or suffering from bodily ailments. I observed that the water had strong refractive powers, doubtless from the lime it brings in solution from the spring whence it originates.

The story of St. Wenefride is as wild and romantic as the lover of the marvellous can possibly wish or conceive. It takes us back to the din and war-cries of ancient times. Cadvan was King of Wales from A.D. 603 to 630, and it was in his reign, according to the legend, that the virgin and martyr who became the patroness of Wales was born. Her name was Brena. She was of noble birth, was beautiful and devout. She was placed under the protection of her relative, Beuno (St. Beuno), a descendant from the kings of Powys. One Sunday—the 22nd June, year not known—Beuno was preaching in a church he had founded. All his household, except Brena, had gone to hear him. She remained behind to look after household affairs, or, as devout Catholics love to think, "to prepare fire and water with salt for the Mass, probably for some parts of the rites then in use." While so engaged a young prince, Cradocus by name, the son of King Allen, suddenly entered the dwelling, saying that he was fatigued with hunting, Sunday though it was, and was oppressed with thirst. The maiden ministered to his wants. Cradocus then told her that he had long admired the elegance of her person, and indeed declared that he passionately loved her. At first she seemed to favour his advances, promising to give him her decision on the morrow. This she did to disarm suspicion on his part until she could reach the door. She then replied that, as a bride of Christ, she could not receive the addresses of any lover whatsoever. At this the prince was much annoyed, and his demeanour so alarmed the girl that she rushed from the house and fled across the meadows towards the church. Before she could reach the sanctuary, Cradocus overtook her, sword in hand, and, in an ecstasy of rage and disappointment, struck off her head. The head, bounding like a ball, rolled rapidly down the hill, entered the church door, and did not stop until it reached the altar where Beuno and

his friends were at prayer. The holy man recognised the features of his fair relative, and he and his companions left the church to ascertain the cause of the sad occurrence. They found Cradocus standing beside the headless corpse. Beuno at once saw the state of affairs, and called down upon the young prince the "swift judgment of God." Cradocus fell dead upon the spot, and the legend informs us that it was not known whether the earth opened to receive his body, or whether the devil took it away, but it was never seen afterwards.

The remains of the slaughtered maiden were borne into the church and placed near the head. Beuno offered up a prayer for her restoration, and at its close "the maiden rose" whole and well. Round her neck, where her head had rejoined her body, was a circle of pure white (*uen* in Welsh), and her name was changed to Wenefride, or Winifrede. Where her head had rested the earth cracked, and there sprang forth a fountain of clear water. The stream poured down the valley and descended the slope until it mingled, as it does to-day, with the waters of the Dee. The sides of the well were covered with a sweet-scented moss, and the stones at the bottom became tintured with her blood, both of which features are pointed out at the present day, about which more anon. The old poet, Michael Drayton, thus refers to the legend:—

"The lifeless tears she shed into a fountain turne,
And, that for her alone the water should not mourne,
The pure vermilion blood that issued from her veines
Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains,
As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheek;
And that one part of her might be the other like,
Her haire was turned to mosse, whose sweetness doth
declare
In livliness of youth the natural sweets she bare."

From this time forth it was acknowledged that St. Wenefride was specially favoured by heaven. Beuno, instructed by visions, handed over to her the charge of his district, and proceeded to Caermarthen to proselytise in a new neighbourhood. Before leaving, however, he took Wenefride by the hand, and leading her to the well he seated himself on a stone (still shown) and gave her an exhortation. This begins, "See the monument here of your sufferings; behold, also, the stones as tintured with your blood." He then prophesied "three special favours:" first, "That these bloody spots shall never be washed from the said stones;" secondly, "That any person who shall devoutly ask temporal blessings, or freedom from spiritual or corporal distresses, to be obtained by Wenefride's merit and intercession, the same

shall compass his request, if it be to the honour and glory of God, by paying his devotions three times at the well;" and thirdly, "That whenever Wenefride sent him any letters or tokens, she need only cast them into the stream that flowed from the well, and they would go safely to him." It is believed by devout Catholics of the present time that these prophesies of St. Beuno have been fulfilled. According to the legend, the first thing Wenefride did after the departure of her spiritual adviser, was to embroider him a vestment, which, in accordance with his instructions, she cast into the stream, and the robe was in time duly deposited at the entrance to his cell. The spot is to this day called the "Port of Vestment."

St. Wenefride is said to have lived fifteen years after her resuscitation, as the Abbess of Gwytherin, near the well, and, of course, she performed many miracles. "Disease and suffering fled away from her," says the most recent historian of her life. Any one who dipped into the water was not only healed of bodily infirmities, but was cleansed from all sins, as in the case of the sacred Eastern river.

"For the Ganges' wave is strong to save
And wash our sins away."

Those who could not visit the spot were, it is recorded, made whole by drinking of the water. Ulcers were cured by applying the scented moss to the sores, or kissing pebbles brought from the stream, or even by proxy, that is, by some one "dipping" on their behalf. Far and wide the virgin, saint, and martyr was worshipped, particularly by women, as is natural not only on account of Wenefride's sex and career, but because at a Synod, that bears her name, it was decided that the religious women in Wales should no longer live as recluses, but in community.

After St. Wenefride's death (which happened on 3rd November, now St. Wenefride's Feast), and to the present day, the miracles reported as being performed at the shrine and the well transcend in marvellousness those that are recorded as having taken place during her lifetime. Multitudes are said to have been made whole by kissing the earth where her remains repose: this, too, although only a part of her body is at Holywell. In 1137 the monks of Shrewsbury, either from cupidity or reverence, related that St. Wenefride had appeared in a vision and asked them to translate her remains to that city. It is said, that at the same time, an angel appeared to the nuns at Gwytherin, and preferred a similar request. The result was that

her body was removed to Shrewsbury. On the way thither, miracles were performed. Some earth from her skull mixed with water is said to have cured an invalid on the way-side who was induced to drink the mixture, while on entering Shrewsbury, although it was raining all around, no rain fell in the streets through which the procession passed.

Some years afterwards, the nuns at Gwytherin asked that the body might be returned, and after much entreaty, a third of the body was restored to its original resting place. A portion of the box in which, on very doubtful evidence, it is supposed to have been so conveyed, is one of the relics at present exhibited at Holywell. The third part of St. Wenefride's body, however, proved quite as efficacious as a wonder-worker as the entire corpse. Just as before, we read the lame walked, the blind went away seeing, and the sorrowful rejoiced. Some of the miracles were very peculiar. The second Earl of Chester, after the Conquest, was once returning from Holywell, when his party was attacked by some Welsh chieftains. The former sought refuge with the monks of Basingwerk, and the nuns of Gwytherin despatched a force under the Constable of Chester to protect them. In the night, by the intervention of Wenefride, some impassable sands arose between Flintshire and Wirral, and cut off pursuit by the chieftains. These sands to this day are called "Constable's Sands." On another occasion a man pursued by thieves sought refuge in the chapel, leaving his horse at the postern. One of the thieves took away the animal, but had not proceeded far ere his arm withered, and was not restored until he had taken back the horse and asked forgiveness for his sin. Even the ground near the chapel is reputed sacred, and it is said that some cattle-stealers were driving a cow from an adjoining meadow when the feet of the animal and the thieves sank into the rocks they passed over, thus enabling them to be traced, and the marks so miraculously made did not disappear until the men had performed penance at the shrine of the saint. On another occasion, a man who was felling a tree, that often afforded shelter to pilgrims, found his arm suddenly withered, and his axe so fixed in the wood that it could not be moved. The axe was not recovered, nor his arm restored, until prayers had been offered to the saint and penance performed. I am not aware that miracles of this kind are said to be performed at St. Wenefride's well at the present day. Now her wonderful performances are limited

to the lame, the halt, and the blind. A record of these miraculous cures is kept by the priests of the "Mission of Holywell," and from time to time, accounts of them are published in the Roman Catholic newspapers; and Mrs. Cadell—a well-known devout authoress—gives a list in her "Holywell and its Pilgrims." Indeed, hearsay evidence on the subject is abundant, and, as I write this, I am informed by a lady neighbour that a schoolfellow of hers, born blind, received her sight by "dipping."

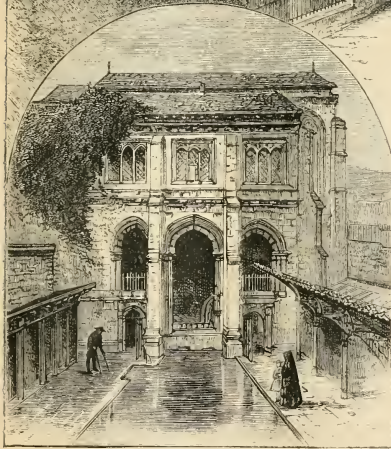
Many celebrated persons have performed pilgrimages to the well and the shrine. It is said that Richard Cœur-de-Lion is one of these, but I cannot find evidence of the fact. It is certain, however, that Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., was there twice. It was she who built the chapel, the interior work of which is beautifully executed, and presents a fine specimen of enriched groining with carved pendants illustrative of the legend. And the sunlight falling through the clustering arches sparkles on the crystal waters, and shows the crimson stains on the stones beneath. It is also believed that the prince who "lost three kingdoms for a mass," James II., made a pilgrimage to the well, though here again I have been unable to discover proof. The date of this royal visit is fixed as 29th August, 1687, and his object was to pray for an heir, the prayer being granted in June, 1688. It is added that on this occasion his Majesty received as a present the very garment in which his great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, was beheaded.

The last pilgrim of note was the present Duke of Norfolk, who last year and the year before, with his duchess, visited the well to seek the intercession of the saint on behalf of their infant. During the year, too, several hundreds of persons visited the shrine and the well to pray for the restoration to health of that infant nobleman, but as yet without success.

At one time, there was an image of St. Wenefride over the altar in the chapel. This, however, was destroyed, in 1637, by the Iconoclasts of the Revolution. In 1879 the Holywell Local Board (from whom the well is leased by the Catholics) gave permission for an image to be erected in the vacant niche, and the year before last, chiefly through the exertions of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, a statue was graven, and after consecration at the church in Farm Street, London (when water from the well was sold in bottles), was placed *in situ* amid much ceremony in the chapel at Holywell. Of course, mere dip-



St. Wenefricle's, Holywell.



The Well.

[From photo, by W. Harding Warner and Co., Clyde Park, Clifton.]

ping alone is not believed to be efficacious. The operation must be performed "in faith." Practically, this means that a mass must be said first. Masses are a source of income to the "Mission at Holywell," being offered by priests on behalf of those who like to pay for them at the rate of from 2s. 6d. to 5s. each, or wholesale from £12 10s. to £25 a hundred. Plenary and other indulgences are also sold, as well as "Wenefricle medals," rosaries, and charms. There are special hymns

from "St. Wenefricle's Hymn Book" (such doggerel that none is worth re-producing); there are special prayers to the saint; and there is the "Litany of St. Wenefricle," in which she is addressed by nineteen different titles, one of them being "fairest flower of the British nation." Another peculiar way of approaching the saint is through "St. Wenefricle's post-office," probably in remembrance of the miraculous way she communicated with St. Beuno. A basket is placed near the altar in which letters of requests are deposited, addressed to "St. Wenefricle, Paradise," in the full belief that they will reach her, be considered, and answered. It may also be mentioned that pilgrimage by proxy is still allowed. The late Mr. C. E. Macqueen, secretary to the Financial Reform Association, a hard-headed politician and statistician, informed

me that when his wife was dangerously ill, her medical attendant refused to sanction a pilgrimage by her from Liverpool to Holywell, as was recommended by her father-confessor; on which the priest himself performed the journey on her behalf, dipped, made offerings, performed penance, and—Mrs. Macqueen recovered. Indeed, pro-pilgrimage is a profession, and any believer not able to conveniently visit Holywell, may receive the advantages St. Wenefricle is

believed to be able to bestow by paying a pro-pilgrim to undertake the journey for him or her.

Such is an account of St. Wenefride and her pilgrims. Speaking of the legend, the caustic Fuller remarks, "That if the tip of his tongue who first told, and the top of his finger who first wrote, this damnable lie, had been cut off, and they had both been sent to attend their cure at the shrine of St. Beuno, they would certainly have been more wary afterwards how they reported or recorded such improbable untruths." In 1713, Fleetwood, bishop of the diocese (St. Asaph's), set about the task to discover "who first told" the legend, and published the result of his investigations in language as vigorous as and less coarse than the words of old Thomas Fuller. It must be confessed that such research makes the whole story "roll out mighty thin," to adopt an Americanism. The time at which St. Wenefride is said to have lived is an historical blank, and there is no proof whatever that such a person as Brena was ever born, lived, or died. Certain it is that the well had no celebrity until after the Conquest, as the Doomsday Book mentions neither the well, nor the shrine, nor Holywell (though the adjoining parishes are registered), a name that first appears in 1150. The silence, too, of Giraldus Cambrensis in the "Itinerarium Cambria," who went the visitation circuit with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1188, is a clear sign that the well was not then in any repute; for though he says they lay all night at Basingwerk, not above half a mile from the well, and to which Holywell belonged, he says not one word of well, shrine, saint, or miracles, a sort of information on which he was very profuse in regard to nearly every place they visited. It is not until five hundred years after her alleged death, that Robert, a monk of Shrewsbury, "first told" the story, a fact that in itself throws considerable doubt upon the whole affair. Even accepting the monk's account, St. Wenefride's claim to rank as a prophetess may be ignored. The only prophecy I can find on record is a reply she is said to have made to St. Elerius (from whom she received the veil) when he was lamenting his approaching death. "You will live," said Wenefride, "to bury dear mother Theonia, and a few years after to bury me." This, says her biographer, came true. It seems to me that this, if ever uttered, was a mere casual saying. I venture to think that similar expressions to-day are made by thousands, and

come true in the cases of hundreds. Modern investigations, too, deprive the well of all its mysterious wonders. The "sweet-scented moss" is the well-known *Jungermannia asplenoides* of Linnæus, found in many springs and moist places; while the blood-spots is the *Byssus*, or lichen *Lipraria iolithus*, also far from uncommon. Surely, too, the belief that "no animal will drown in the water" is now extinct, especially as coroner's inquests have been held even upon some pilgrims who dipped "in faith."

It remains to consider how it is that the wild legend and the astounding miracles are believed in by thousands at the present day, not alone by ignorant and superstitious people, but by persons of rank and education, of even scholarly attainments and intellectual vigour. The cause is not inexplicable when the extraordinary operations of the human mind are considered. The emotional and imaginative faculties are not only stronger than any other, but they are most easily acted upon by circumstances and surrounding conditions. The majestic mountains of Scotland have given birth to the most poetic fancies; the lakes and glens of Ireland have conjured up many a fairy romance. The boulders of the glacial drift of the Connaught highlands are said to have been "rained down by giants." The uncultured minds in countries subject to earthquakes and hurricanes attribute the phenomena to demons. The peculiar light surrounding the head of one's shadow on the dew-besprinkled grass in tropical climates, is doubtless the origin of the "glory" that encircled Buddha, and which to this day is represented as crowning saints. There is a tendency to attribute to supernatural influences those effects the causes of which are not evident, and thus we have a Jupiter, an Odin, and a Brahma. Poets, too, emphasise this tendency. It was a favourite artifice of the older poets to weave into fancies not only natural appearances, but the ideas suggested by persons and places. Poetry takes a stronger hold of the feelings than even tradition, and thus a true origin may be forgotten in the richer colouring given by a fanciful writer. And it should be remembered that when a legend has been handed down from generation to generation, when everybody from remote times has believed it, there is rarely an adequate motive to stimulate inquiry, or to induce doubt.

In addition to this general tendency there are special reasons that account for the strong hold the story of St. Wenefride has

had and still has upon the minds of Roman Catholics. The early Christian Church has always shown a wonderful power of adaptation not only to the prevailing sentiment of the people but to all their sentiments. It has displayed this spirit of accommodation not only in regard to natural idiocrasies, but to local and trifling whims and peculiarities. Not only did the Church appeal to the emotions and the imagination of all people by the grandeur of its architecture, and the solemnity of its music; but it won over the barbarians by Christianising instead of abolishing their ceremonies, by appropriating instead of annihilating their pagantry; by substituting for the worship of Diana the huntress, the nobler worship of the Virgin, mother of God. Its wealth gave it power over the rich, its asceticism paramount influence over the poor. The sins of the former could be forgiven on payment for Masses, the poor helped to heaven by penances and flagellations.

In no place did the early Church proceed in this spirit of accommodation more than in Britain, especially in Wales. The mixture of salt with water for the Mass that Wenefride was said to be preparing when Cradocus visited her, was part of a ceremony of the pagan Britons that the Church had appropriated. The ancient Britons, too, were accustomed to venerate rivers and fountains, and we read in the *Horæ Britannicæ*, that "contiguous to their groves they had their sacred fountains, many of which are still recognised by the common people in a superstitious manner. The papists gave a Christian interpretation to the heathenish ceremonies used at wells and springs of waters. Instead of regarding them as sacred to Apollo, Diana, and other heathen deities, they were sanctified with the names of the Virgin Mary and the saints. St. Wenefride in Flintshire, and St. Eilaris in Denbighshire, were two of the most celebrated of this kind." Wales is rich in wells and springs, almost all of which are associated with the name and memory of some holy person.

There are many features about the well, too, that would give it an extraordinary notoriety and that would emphasise the reverence that clings to its associations. Indeed, long before the place was called Holywell, it was named Treffynnon, or Village of the Well. It is a truly marvellous well, throwing up, as it does, thirty tons a minute of singularly bright and sparkling water. The liquid, too, has medicinal qualities fully as efficacious as the waters of Harrogate, Leamington, Buxton, and Bath. The species

of scented moss found within the well, is said by Linnæus to be a specific in cases of ulcers, and in the present day it has been prescribed by physicians who are not believers in the supernatural. Possessing these qualities, it is not extraordinary that many persons have been benefited by dipping in the water, and by using the moss. It may be conceded, too, that many persons honestly think they have been so cured, for the most eminent physicians have told us that the mental effort to be well, on the part of those who have faith in certain remedies, often brings about a cure. Then follows the penalty of notoriety: viz. exaggeration. I myself believed in the deadly effects of the upas-tree until I found I had been sheltering under one for a couple of hours. The man who was said to have vomited "three black crows" had only parted with something "black as a crow;" and the recent dynamite explosions have shown what rumour with its many tongues will say. The accounts of ordinary cures then, would soon be exaggerated into miracles, and as it is as easy to believe one miracle as another, all the other fantastic distortions of truth would be accepted, *nemine contradicente*, even to the rhapsodical legend, dreamed (perhaps honestly enough) by a fervid and fantastic ascetic.

Nor is it surprising that many persons believe these things to-day. The emotions and the imagination are not yet controlled or directed, even in persons other than Catholics. I once accompanied a Parsee friend to witness a Passion Play at Bandove, near Bombay. We saw a highly realistic representation of the descent from the Cross, on which my friend, a devout Fire-worshipper, said: "I wonder the British Government does not put down this idolatry." Indeed many persons are superstitious without knowing it. We find superstition in the practical acceptance of many old sayings; in a belief in fortune-telling and the divining-rod; above all, we find it in a development of the reverence paid to anything relating to the past, from a lock of hair to an old abbey. The very proper sanctity in which the Holy Land is held becomes in some people a reverential awe, in others, downright worship; while those who indulge in æsthetic ceremonial easily believe in transubstantiation, "the laying on of hands," and even the dreaming of dreams. Seeing, then, that even Protestants believe in divine interposition in a few instances, it can be no matter of wonder that those who are trained to a creed that bristles with miracles, whose hearts are ready, nay, anxious to believe them, should accept all

they are authoritatively told about them, and read of them in the official archives of their Church.

I have carefully abstained from attributing anything to imposture, as I can find no evidence of its existence in regard to St. Wenefride's Well, at any rate amongst those responsible for the promulgation of the story. When it is remembered, however, that the number of pilgrims to the well averages three thousand a year, it will readily be imagined that some of these may be impostors. As I was leaving the place I was stopped by an elderly woman who was accompanied by a younger one, blind, carrying a baby, also

blind. The former said they were mother, daughter, and grand-daughter, and she asked for money for an offering to enable the mother and the child to dip a third time in the well, the other two dips having nearly restored sight to the two who were blind. To rid myself of their importunity, I gave the elderly woman all the coppers I had, five pence halfpenny, telling her to divide it. The younger woman followed me, and said, "Please, sir, tell me how much you gave the woman, as she has only given me twopence halfpenny, and she's an awful cheat." They were evidently professional mendicants.

PANTOMIME CHILDREN.

By WILLIAM MITCHELL, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE GLASGOW SCHOOL BOARD
AND CONVENER OF THE ATTENDANCE COMMITTEE.

RECREATIONS and amusements suitable and proper for young people will always form a subject of interesting inquiry. To guide in the direction of what is innocent; to guard from contact with what is debasing or of doubtful tendency; to judge with a discrimination which is not harsh, but is yet intolerant of evil; to declare frankly and honestly the conclusions one has formed—this is not an easy task, but must be accepted in some measure and degree by those charged with the guardianship of youth.

There are times and seasons when it is desirable that boys and girls, young men and maidens, should lay aside their ordinary studies, and give themselves to the light-hearted gaiety which sits so naturally on youthful shoulders. I use the term gaiety not perhaps in the modern acceptance, but in the beautiful sense attached to it by the Christian poet—

"The innocent are gay; the lark is gay,
Who preens his feathers, redolent with dew,
Beneath the noonday sun. The peasant, too,
A witness of his song, himself a songster,
Is as gay as he."

It is only a limited branch of the subject to which I can refer in the present paper. Suggestions may be offered, however, and considerations urged which attach to an all-round view of the question.

The casual employment of children under fourteen years of age was placed by the Education (Scotland) Act of 1878 under the surveillance of School Boards. It is provided in the Act that exemption from its penalties during six weeks of any one year may be applied for and granted by the School Board. Such exemption had partly for its object the

employment of children at pantomimes during the holiday season. With considerable reluctance has the School Board fallen in with applications for such a purpose, and only on the understanding that school attendance will not be interfered with, that special oversight will be taken of the children, that a meal will be provided, and that on no occasion will they be later in getting away than ten o'clock.

In order to form a discriminating judgment on the whole question the writer resolved to make it a subject of personal investigation, throughout one entire season. The following paper contains the substance of that inquiry.

About the middle of November a stir begins to be observable in certain schools. It gets known either by advertisement or by common report that smart children are wanted at certain theatres for the forthcoming pantomimes. A good many of the children know all about it from past experience—they talk about it to their companions, and thus a larger number get excited over it than can possibly be engaged. Such as intend to apply get tidied up and appear at the appointed hour and place before the stage-manager.

A lot of nicely-dressed pleasant-looking children they are—mostly girls—and soon a selection is made, the number varying according to the character of the play, and great the disappointment of those who are rejected.

What do the parents say to this? was one of my first questions, and to what class do the children belong?

I find that the parents in every case are accessory to the employment of their children. These belong, for the most part, to the

families of decent tradesmen—some are children of widows, while a good many are children of musicians, professionals, and others employed about the theatre. Several parents are pleased to have their children so engaged. Others would rather not; but the remarks made and noted at the time show, as might be expected, that the three shillings and sixpence per week earned by the children is the main consideration. "Jeanie wanted clothes," "father has been ill and out of work," "the times are terribly hard and little coming in," such formed the staple excuses. Not many admitted that they would care to have their children so employed unless compelled by circumstances.

Few outsiders have any idea of the cost, labour, and talent required in getting up a new pantomime. Science and art are in the highest degree necessary. We were informed by one of the leading managers that this season's pantomime had cost him £6,000. There were over a hundred men engaged steadily for many weeks in its preparation. Ingenious and complicated machinery is required. The decorations and scene-painting can only be done by first-class artists. What a catalogue of articles and utensils must be secured to suit the varied roles of the performers, "from a needle to an anchor," besides all the dresses and costumes, not to speak of ponies, donkeys, sheep, dwarfs, giants.

Long, patient, persevering rehearsals are indispensable. The rehearsal begins four to five weeks before Christmas, and for this period the children get no remuneration. They require to attend every afternoon and evening for three or four hours, but except for a night or two immediately preceding the opening performance, they are not kept beyond eight o'clock. On one of these nights I learned with regret they had been kept night and morning throughout.

With the principal School Board officer I visited the theatres during the rehearsal. We were received with the utmost courtesy—were conducted over those mysterious regions behind the scenes, where the arrangements are so cleverly and artistically manipulated, and we acquired all necessary information regarding the employment of young people.

The selection and classification of the children according to the parts they are to play is one of the first considerations of the stage-manager or his assistants. When so classified, special training is required to suit them for the individual characters they are to represent. One group at a time, like a class in a school, is taken in hand by the drill master,

and the requisite instruction in dance, or action, or song is given for longer or shorter time according to the progress made.

Piano or violin accompanies the rehearsal, giving life to the songs and choruses as well as materially assisting in keeping proper time.

Songs specially got up for the occasion have to be learned and practised. The Charity Girls chant a ditty about being "happy all day long" and jump about with their skipping ropes. The Waggoners flourish and crack their whips and sing of "Jolly, jolly waggoners." The "Fat Boys" are taught certain funny movements, and have a ranting, roving melody peculiar to "merry, merry fat boys." All this, it will be seen, cannot be perfected without a great deal of careful, persistent training.

In another theatre which we visited during the rehearsal, the chief feature was the drill, and it was perfectly amazing to see the beautiful and intricate figures the children described as they marched, and intermarched, and countermarched, and advanced, and retired, and threw their little arms and limbs into the most graceful postures. Some represented reapers and shepherdesses; and the various movements with reaping-hooks, rakes, and crooks, all accompanied by suitable music, were very artistically rendered. By a very slight change of costume the children were transformed into tiny blacksmiths, and very harmonious blacksmiths they became. One handled the tongs, while on real anvils others swung in very tradesman-like fashion little hammers of iron, all chanting at the same time a melodious refrain which rhythmically harmonized with their tinkling musical strokes, affording altogether a novel and interesting spectacle.

The dresses and costumes are not worn at the rehearsals, and only so much of the paraphernalia introduced as may be found necessary for proper initiation and instruction.

Our second visit was paid after the pantomimes were in full swing. We visited the dressing-rooms and saw the children arrive. They come clean, tidy, and, as a rule, well-dressed; none of the ragged, tattered, demalton, barefooted children are to be seen. No cleansing, face-washing operations are tolerated in the dressing rooms, but puffing and rouging are liberally resorted to. On each side of the room may be seen a row of small boxes, sometimes bags, with name or number corresponding to each child. There the dresses are found as the children arrive,

and are carefully laid away on the conclusion of the performance.

One or more female assistants are always present to aid the more juvenile members in their get-up, to push on the dilatory, and to exercise a general superintendence.

Each child soon gets perfectly familiar with the rôle entrusted to it; and whether fairy or shepherdess, charity girl, jockey, or fat boy, assumes quite naturally the appropriate character. At a given hour all must be ready, and on the appointed signal, issue from their room and assemble at the wings prepared at the proper moment to take their places on the stage.

Gaily-dressed, smart children are always an attractive picture, and when trained and drilled to graceful motion and sweet song, there are few sights more calculated to delight an audience.

The children are on and off the stage a good many times in the course of the evening. Sometimes they return to their dressing-room for change of costume; but when this is not necessary there is a good deal of hanging about the wings and lobbies, and necessarily a good deal of association and mixing with the older performers.

When there is a somewhat lengthened interval, a favourable opportunity is afforded for giving the children a meal. On one occasion we returned to the dressing-rooms about half-past eight to see two-and-thirty little girls enjoy their supper. It was no imaginary Barmecide meal, but a good repast of meat and potatoes. At its conclusion they were all busily preparing for a complete change of character. They got themselves up as little soldiers clad in shining armour, and equipped with helmet, shield, and spear. Before resuming on the stage, their instructor for our benefit put them through a number of very intricate and really picturesque movements, which they executed faultlessly and with great spirit.

In bidding them adieu, I could not resist saying a word to the dear children, expressing our gratification at what we heard of their good conduct, and concluding with the hope that they would be real soldiers against all that was evil, and bad, and sinful. Need I say I did this with many misgivings. These misgivings proceeded from the conviction that the atmosphere which they were breathing was impure, and the associations immoral.

I will not criticise the styles and modes of dress which seem to me in many cases immodest. I may be told that is a matter of

taste. I will not criticise the tone and spirit of the entertainments, which seem to me extremely frivolous. I will be told we must sometimes unbend, and that the amusements of children must be suited to childish capacities, although here let me say usually three-fourths of the audience or more are grown people.

I will come to what in my view is far more serious, the probable effect of all this on the children. The conclusions at which I arrived were not formed harshly, nor without taking into account all the favourable impressions I could gather.

I did not fail to remember that the children were well looked after, well drilled, kindly treated, and, as some of the parents say, greatly sharpened up; nor can I overlook the very substantial, honest wage earned by the children in families where it could be ill spared.

Nor can I omit to notice that on inquiry at the homes of the children, and their respective schools at the close of the pantomime season I failed to elicit many reports of evil habits contracted, or of irregular attendance at school. There were exceptions, but not of serious moment, and such as might be accounted for on other than pantomime grounds.

Still, I have come somewhat reluctantly to the conclusion that, as a member of the School Board, responsible for permission given to children to engage in such employment, I cannot recommend its continuance. This opinion, as I have indicated, rests partly on the conviction that the children are brought into contact with, and constrained to associate with many who are of immoral character, and partly for other reasons which I shall immediately mention.

Except on the all-sufficient ground of responsibility it would be no part of my duty to criticise adversely the environment by which the children are surrounded. My own experience during our visits was in this respect decidedly unfavourable. I subsequently embraced opportunities afforded me of getting information indirectly from those engaged about the theatres which more than corroborated my own impression, and I had also an interview with a high authority charged with the peace and order of the city, whose testimony was overwhelmingly conclusive.

Is not all this confirmatory of what Mr. Burnand has been much blamed for publishing quite recently in the *Fortnightly Review*, that, "if among these surroundings a girl

remains pure in heart, it is simply nothing short of a miracle of grace"?

Let me not be misunderstood. There are families and professionals connected with the stage whose character needs no certificate from me nor from any one, but they themselves will be the readiest to admit, possibly with pain, that there are temptations connected with such employment peculiarly hazardous in the case of young girls.

I dare say it may be maintained that the youth and tender age of the children place them beyond the dangers of such "evil communications;" but let it be remembered that, although there are a number of very young children, there are a good many girls from twelve to fourteen, which is just the most impressionable age. I met a professional at one of the theatres, whose whole life had been connected with the stage, and whose chief occupation consisted in the drilling and training of children. He told me that he preferred girls from four to fourteen years of age; boys he would rather have nothing to do with. The girls were quite as suitable for boys' parts as for their own, and were far more easily managed. He had no doubt that pantomime performances gave some of the girls a taste for the profession. He referred to a benevolent society in London which got the names of all the children and ballet girls employed at theatres, and charged itself with looking after them.

Apart from the risks, the snares, and pitfalls to which the girls are so inevitably exposed, I must take note of other grounds sufficiently strong to support the views I am advocating.

The constant and unhealthy excitement night after night for ten to twelve weeks in succession, the gay dresses, the applause, the lights, the dances, the music, cannot but stimulate the emotions, and turn the heads of young children in a manner and in a direction not favourable to their moral or educational well-being.

The whole tendency of such a life is to unsettle the minds and hearts of children, to turn them aside from any deep interest in the routine of ordinary duties. School becomes more irksome, lessons more neglected. The trades and occupations around them, which they may have been intending to follow, appear distasteful and insipid. A mirage of bright hopes and vain imagination flits before their youthful eyes. The most promising, the most graceful, the most gentle, and the best-looking of the girls see with admiration the skilful movements of the ballet girls;

they hear the loud applause, and envy the profuse admiration in which they also share. They try in their humble way to imitate what they nightly see: they are petted and encouraged, and it need not be surprising if they imbibe impressions which are not healthful, and long to follow an occupation so seductive.

This may only be the outcome, it is true, in a limited number of cases, but an experience such as this in early life, even if not followed immediately by such results, will have a very important bearing on the whole after-life.

The education of children does not mainly consist in what is acquired at school. Their mental and moral faculties are being educated imperceptibly by all the varied influences which surround them. Scenes of excitement, improper language, bad company—an immoral environment: these all constitute schools and schoolmasters carrying education forward without fee or reward,—ay, an education which will mould and fashion the future of children more than will be done by the six standards of the Code!

Is there not all the more need that the education in which the State takes so deep an interest and for which such large sums are annually provided, should be guarded as well as guided? Is there not all the more need that Acts of Parliament specially framed for the protection of children should be strictly enforced? The law specifies six weeks in any one year as the period during which exemption may be granted for the casual employment of children. Theatre managers will not be satisfied with a six weeks' engagement, and the spirit of the law is broken by granting as they require six weeks at the end and six weeks at the beginning of the year. Such evasions are not desirable.

In all the circumstances, and in view of the foregoing considerations, I consider that it would be better in future for School Boards to take the responsibility of declining altogether to grant the exemptions asked for. Theirs would be still the duty, however, of seeing the provisions of the Act carried out, and, when necessary, its penalties enforced. I wish I could have come to a different finding. I realise the importance, nay, the necessity, of innocent recreation. I desire it as ardently as the fondest well-wisher of children can possibly do, but, having come to the conclusion I have done thoughtfully and carefully, I must express it honestly.



VILLAGE ACQUAINTANCE.

By J. E. PANTON.

II.—THE WIDOW'S SON.

WE do not think there was one dissentient voice in our village regarding the sweet face and charming manner of the young widow at East-end cottage; but when her son was mentioned, lips were pursed, and heads were shaken by those experienced mothers of families whose boys had early been turned into the cruel world of school, to prepare them for the still more cruel discipline of the world at large, and doleful prophecies were uttered about a child who was always attached to his mother's apron-strings, and neither passed the better half of his young life away from home, nor developed all those kindly habits of stoning cats and robbing birds'-nests that made holiday times seasons of dread to the more peaceful members of our small community.

It seems only the other day we used to meet them hand in hand in Holme Lane—so called from the holme or holly that grew there, especially, so it seemed to us, for the decorations

of our church—her slight girlish figure, clad in the soft grey material we all pronounced so "unfeeling" towards her departed husband, who might have been dead five or six years for all we knew to

the contrary; and her soft fair hair shining in the gentle south-west wind, that was calling out the flowers one by one from their hiding places; uncurling the fronds of the ferns, and bringing forth a thousand hues on the fern-mosses on the banks of the tiny bubbling streams; and in the dell, at the side of the road; where once was an old monastery, and where the foundation stones still stand, covered over with the long shoots

of the periwinkle, whose blue-grey flowers are so like her eyes that I never see them without seeing too the charming picture I first perceived on a spring day, wandering alone, as was my custom, thinking over days that had been, and dreaming dreams that never became anything save baseless fabrics, melting away before the prosaic side, that life had persisted in turning towards me ever since I could remember anything.

To reach the lane we have to cross a long stretch of heath, and then we come to a large white gate, that clangs on its hinges for a good ten minutes after any one has entered by it, startling the jays and wood-pigeons that abound in it, and oftentimes arousing a rabbit or a squirrel, or even a pheasant, who stalks off, by the way, trailing his handsome

plumes as if he disdained to be startled by such an every-day occurrence; and it was the clanging of the gate that caused me to look up and see the pretty girl standing on the narrow wooden bridge that led into the wilder parts of the lane, while Leonard hung upon the wooden rail and fished in the tiny chattering brook with a long stick, the while his mother talked to him in a low voice that sounded to me like one of the doves of the wood, so sweet, so calm, so low were the tones that fell from her lips.

Looking at her I could not help recollecting the thousand and one stories that were told of her in the village by those who were quite unable to find out anything either to her advantage or disadvantage; for actually small as is the world at present, we



"More like tramps returning from harvest work."

had come across no one, save our vicar, who had ever heard her name, or knew aught of her before she came to settle among us; and beyond saying that she had known great trouble, and that if we were Christians we should extend to her the right hand of fellowship, relying on his assurance that she was good, sweet, and very unfortunate, we had heard nothing from him, and had almost begun to doubt he knew more than we did, before the day she suddenly arrived at the Red Lion with an order to view the cottage, and not even a nurse for Leonard, who was then only about two years old.

Still, as she stood leaning over the fir-pole that did duty for a rail, I could not credit she was the run-away wife some of us believed her to be, on that best of all autho-

rities, our own imaginations; nor could I reconcile her appearance with the theory that she had made away with her husband, and escaped an adverse verdict at the inquest, by one of those peculiar chances that are so graphically delineated in many of the magazines that went the round in our "white society." Yet we know appearances are at times deceitful; and look at her how we would, it most certainly was curious that she never had a letter or a friend "come to stay," which was the custom with so many of us. And it was still more astonishing that she seemed quite content with her books, her garden, an occasional tea-party, and her child, and never longed for anything outside the soft green walls that encircled our village, and which gave us a

sense of age and respectability and security, that is rather astonishing to those who live in places unprovided with fortifications made by the ancient Britons, and who are in consequence somewhat inclined to scoff at our undoubted superiority over the ordinary run of places away from the beaten track of life.

Indeed, I once ventured to suggest to the widow that the walls might perhaps be the cause of her sojourn among us, and she had not denied that this might be the case; adding that anything that stood between her and the outside world seemed a great advantage, because the world was so cruel, and so large. But when I went on to suggest that the world was seldom unkind to prosperous, rich, or happy people, and proceeded to draw a moral (to say nothing of a conclusion mentally, that I was on the threshold of a mystery), she changed the subject with a laugh; and calling Leonard, challenged me to a game of croquet with her and the child that I should have been churlish to refuse, but which caused me to dislike more than ever an unoffending pastime, that I am pleased to say is extinct;—in favour of tennis, which is a detestable amusement too, but lacks the click of mallet and ball, that even twenty-five years ago was my bugbear, because it made me nervous and irritable and often caused me to miss my stroke beforehand because of the noise I knew must ensue.

Year after year slips away in our village; and it is often enough only by the height of the children and the growth of sundry trees and shrubs in our gardens, that we realise that the world has been going on, and time with it. The auricaria on my lawn used to be low enough for Leonard to leap over—only the other day it seemed to me—but when he came and leaned against it, not so long ago, I saw it was considerably over his head, albeit the straggling lower limbs caught at him as he stood there; and as the sun shone on his bonnie open face I nearly fainted to see that a soft golden line on his lip and a faint yellow tinge on his cheeks indicated whiskers and moustache, and that the child in his white frocks and sailor garments was no more, and that we had amongst us a youth whom to see was to admire, and to know to love, despite the fact that he had never been away to school, and that he had spent his life in our village, going daily to a school in a neighbouring town and living with his mother always, notwithstanding all our hints and the Vicar's outspoken advice that she

should sacrifice herself for Leonard's good, and send him away as he had sent his children; and, indeed, as all the boys of the village had been sent as soon as ever the little plagues were big enough to leave the nursery.

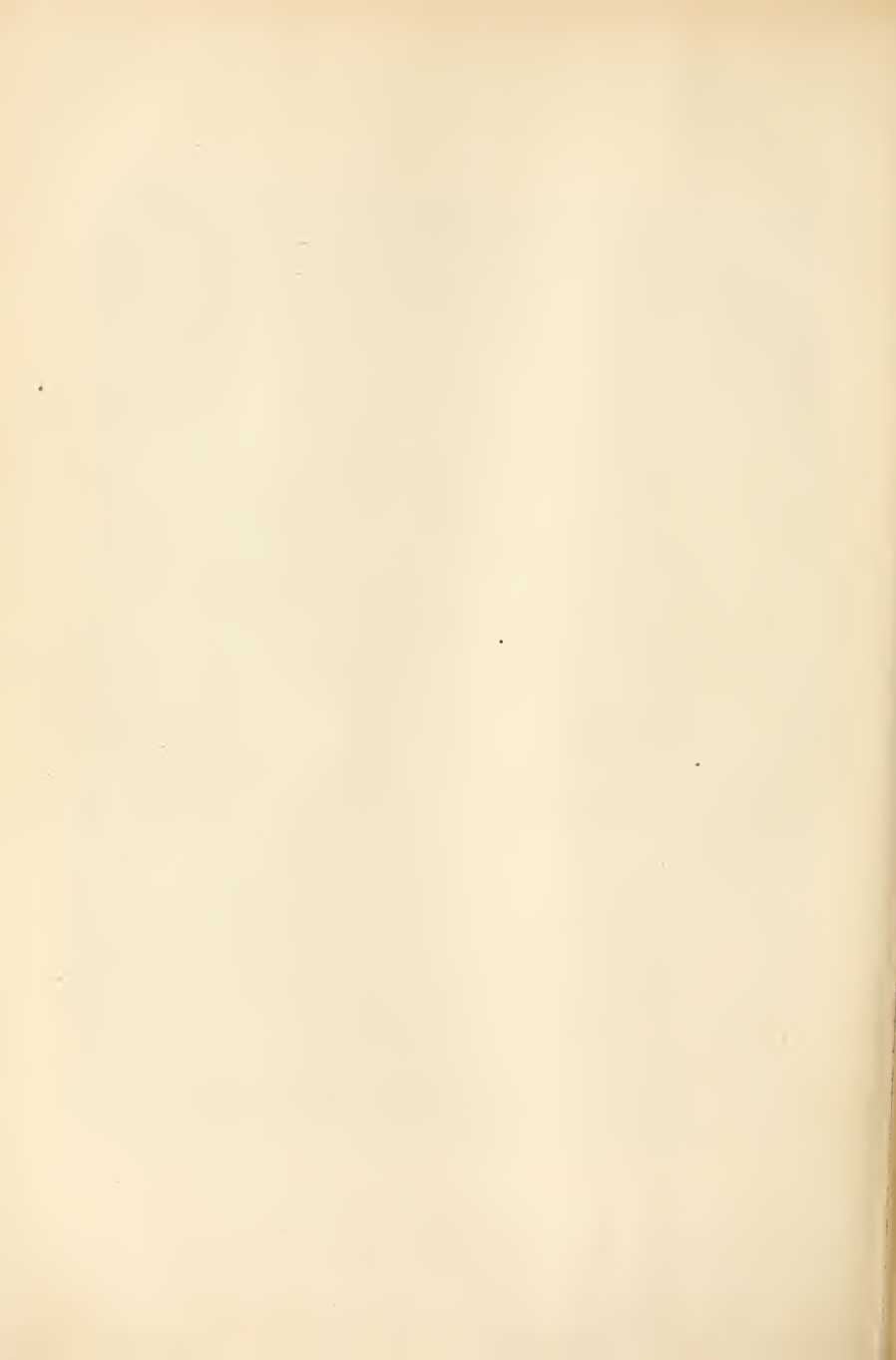
But the widow only smiled, and suggested that as neither the Vicar's sons were perfect, nor ours so good that they could not be improved upon, she preferred to keep her boy with her, and trust that her plan might turn out a success; and when we had got over the feeling that a "Johnny Newcome," dared to fly in the face of all the village traditions and start an idea of her own, we began to wonder if, after all, she might not be right, because Leonard was never in scrapes, and his record at school put to shame all those of our young hopefuls who had been brought up in the orthodox village routine.

However, here was Leonard grown up, and we had to realise the fact, little as we liked to realise how much grey hair and how many wrinkles had come to us at the same time; indeed, after he had gone I crept up into my room and had a good look in the glass, that had never seemed to me to reflect anything save the round, healthy face that looked into mine the day I left school for good, and I was so shocked at what I saw that I put on my hat and went to evening service, determined to turn over a new leaf, and to look in other faces, to see if time had been as cruel to them as it had undoubtedly been to me.

I do not think that it was long after that that I came upon the end of the puzzle of the widow's son; nay, I should not say the end, for really it is only my imagination, after all, that put this and that together, and I arrived at the conclusions that I reluctantly did. My favourite walk, after Holme Lane, was always on the top of the hills, where the wide heath stretches away in undulating lines, and from whence I could see the sea, on the one hand, and on the other miles of country, with our village church-tower prominently in the foreground. It is such a beautiful scene that I was not astonished to discover that long ago Leonard and his mother were as fond of it as I was, and often came here, more especially at sunset-time, when the sea was all a-glitter with the golden light, and the great dark island of Portland stood out of the sunshine like the miserable, dreary home of wretchedness and misery it is; indeed, the very idea of all that Portland holds often spoiled my walk



"Waiting for her son to speak and help her in her dire necessity."



for me, and I would rest with my back to that part of the view, and my face looking over towards Corfe Castle, and my head full of dreams as usual, which, as usual, were none of them ever realised.

I was seated like this, my back against a great bank of furze, when I discovered some one was talking at the other side. I did not mean to listen, and until to-day I have never spoken a word of what I heard. I would scorn the action; and I was on the point of calling out, when something stopped me, and oh! poor Leonard!—poor, poor Leonard's mother! I discovered she had brought her boy out here to tell him of his father—of his father who had never been anything to him, and who had almost worked out a sentence of penal servitude on the terrible island, that

as I raised my head furtively to be sure that it was Leonard's mother who spoke, looked blacker and more baleful than ever it had done before.

There was, as usual on the top of the hills, a strong wind blowing; the pewits were nesting, and were crying "ouice! ouice!" in heart-breaking tones; now and then a great gull would shriek as it flapped by, and I could hear the jackdaws in the Castle, and the creak of a plough far down in the valley; all sounds of spring, but all sounds that I can never hear now without a shudder and a remembrance of that terrible confession to which I was an unwilling and silent hearer.

Of course I could only catch a word here and there. I could hear how she thought



The Coast-guard at Deal.

her husband would have died in prison, because he was so ill and frail when he went in, and that therefore she never meant Leonard to know; but he was coming out, and so it was necessary to make plans, either to meet him, or to escape somewhere where he could not find them again.

I can see them now: Leonard, his face hidden in the heath, and his mother, her face covered with her hands, waiting for her son to speak and help her in her dire necessity.

It was growing cold as I crept away and left them, and the wind turned damp, and I dared not run the risk of rheumatism; but I saw them crossing the causeway from my window, the evening sky behind them, and walking wearily—oh, so wearily!—looking more like tramps returning from harvest-

work than a lady and gentleman coming from a long country stroll.

I do not know to this day how I did it, but I held my tongue even though all the village had something to say, when we heard that East-end Cottage was to let, and that the tenants were going away, because Leonard ought to travel and see more of the world. And though I could not resist a hard squeeze to the widow's hands at parting, and a whispered assurance that she could rely on me if she wanted real hearty help, she only smiled through her tears, and left us, and from that day to this we have none of us seen or heard of Leonard or Leonard's mother again; but, curiously enough, business took me down to Deal, and I came upon a trace of them, that seemed to point out what the end had been; for I was sitting on the beach one day and

talking to the coastguard—who appears to live out of doors, with a telescope under his arm—and exchanging remarks with him about the quiet of the place, which was marked even after our village, and he told me it had been doubly dull since his lady died, and her son had gone away with the old gentleman to “furren parts;” and volunteering to show me her grave, I saw a name and an inscription—“to the best wife and mother that ever lived”—which strangely reminded me of our widow, for though the name was not quite the same, it was very near it; and the coastguard’s description of the son and the mother’s eyes made me think of the day in Holme Lane, where I remember her first, and the long trails of the periwinkle starred with the honeysuckle

flowers, that were so like the orbs I saw looking down at her child, as he fished with his long stick in the gurgling brown water of the little brook, so that I was nearly sure I was right; but though I told our Vicar on my return what I had seen, and hinted to him what I had heard, he laughed so rudely at my suggestions of a husband in Portland, that I have never spoken about it to any one else. And, indeed, sometimes I wonder if I dreamed the scene on the cliffs, or else made up the story from the fragments the wind allowed me to hear, and selections from the stories I had imagined might be theirs. Anyhow, I cannot help thinking that the churchyard at Deal holds the conclusion of the mystery of the widow’s son.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

III.—EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

AS we watch the crowded generations of men hurrying across the stage of history with such feverish haste, there is something very restful to the eye in the hills and plains and rivers, changeless themselves but associated with all that is most changeful. The dim grey and yellow reaches of the Arabian or Sinaitic desert, the purple Alban hills, the Ganges, the Tiber, or the Nile are just what they were in the days of Moses, Sennacherib, or Romulus. But perhaps there is no river in the world which has had such a constant and intimate relation to the life and religion of a people as the Nile. The rise or fall of its water, dependent chiefly upon the rain in Abyssinia, has always meant life or death—famine or plenty. The Nile stream is sacred; the very creatures that live in it are deified. With the Blue and White Niles, which part at Khartoum, the one to fertilise Abyssinia, the other to irrigate the Soudan and supply the lakes of Central Africa, we have here nothing to do. The story of the Egyptian religion proper has for its *mise-en-scène* the Nile from the first cataract to the sea. Follow its course as it flows past the colossal stones of Thebes, the ranged columns and obelisks of Karnak, the temples of Luxor in Upper Egypt, and the statues of Memphis, the city of Cairo, the pyramids of Gizeh, and the vast Lybian Necropolis in Lower Egypt.

The river itself reaches an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile; in its periodical overflow it waters and fertilises an alluvial

plain nine to ten miles wide; beyond this, for five or ten miles, lies the yellow drifting sand of the desert, edged by a rocky plateau twenty to twenty-five miles wide. Upon this ledge are ranged the pyramids, and beneath it is hollowed the million-caved Necropolis of Memphis. Beyond are seen the Lybian hills, forming a pale blue or lilac background, but flushed with yellow or crimson in the rising and setting sun; these are the same as they were in the days of Cheops, or Senefreu, or Joseph, and our eyes may still look upon what they saw.

Egypt has no beginning. A Caucasian race (not Shemite or negro) from the steppes of Asia settled in the immemorial past on the fertile banks of the Nile. The cave-man became a tent-man, the tent-man a house-man. But of these indispensable stages, which must have ranged over vast cycles of time, there are no traces left in Egypt. When the capricious bull’s-eye lantern of history first strikes Egypt it falls upon an accomplished civilisation, quite as refined and complex, and under certain physical aspects even mightier than our own.

Six thousand years ago the figure of King Mena stands out, ruling over a people who knew geometry, invented an unsurpassed system of irrigation, built temples to the sun, pyramids to the kings—the stepped pyramid is reckoned to be six thousand years old—wrote in hieroglyphics the sacred picture writings, and possessed, at all

events, the first two chapters of the Book of the Dead, that sacred ritual which was minutely elaborated later on, and formed a kind of Egyptian missal, rule of faith, creed, and funeral service all in one.

It was only in 1799 that a window was opened in the present through which the life of that remote past could be seen with something like chronological distinctness.

This window was the famous Rosetta Stone. M. Boussard, a French engineer, discovered, lying amidst the ruins of an old temple near Alexandria, while excavating for a fort, a smooth flat stone. It lay there as it lies now in the British Museum. It is of black basalt, about three feet seven inches long and two feet six wide; the side and upper part is broken away, but what is left is more priceless than any Sibylline book. It contains an inscription in three languages—(1) the previously undecipherable hieroglyph; (2) the Greek; and (3) the Roman. It is a decree in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and it was set up by the priests of Memphis in the year B.C. 195. The discovery of what constituted the name of Ptolemy in the hieroglyph led to the deciphering of all the rest. The key of the unknown tongue was found, and the archives of prehistoric Egypt were suddenly unlocked. It was like coming upon records of the world before the Flood. From that moment Egypt has been the new and all-absorbing centre of antiquarian research.

Four thousand years ago Abraham was driven by famine into Egypt. It was in the early days of the shepherd kings, a hardy northern race which ruled Egypt until finally expelled by the Persians under Darius; but Abraham found there the stepped pyramid, which had then been standing for, at least, two thousand years. He found too some of those temples upon which we still gaze, and, I regret to say, scribble our names.

Three thousand seven hundred years ago Joseph was carried down to Egypt, and met with the shepherd kings at their zenith. He saw the ancient pile beneath which Senefren (5000 B.C.) still sleeps undisturbed. He looked upon the sphinx, which then stood out uncovered with a temple between its paws; he saw the mighty Chephren and Cheops pyramids shining and wholly incased in white alabaster-like marble, fragments of which we shuffle into our travelling-bags and make into paper-weights.

Three thousand six hundred and fifty years ago Moses floated down the Nile in his basket, and grew up amid the glories of Karnak, Thebes, and Memphis—the oppression grow-

ing under the two Rameses, with whose portraits the British Museum has made us familiar.

From Zoan, now buried beneath the sands, the Israelites on an eventful night set out three thousand six hundred years ago, in the reign of Maneptha I. The last thing which impressed them as they passed out of the land of bondage was probably the newly erected colossal statue of Rameses, a monolith then erect, now lying prostrate, and weighing 887 tons.

The life of the ancient Egyptians is still visible on their tombs. These were their eternal houses—the others they called their lodgings or hotels; they clung with the tenacity of despair to what seemed most permanent. The living body was subject to constant flux and change in the world of matter; the mummy changed not, it bore its own rigid, physical witness to the continuous life of the spirit. The next life was to be a repetition of this. There were fields and waters beyond, and waste places of misery, and judge, and advocate, and accuser, and the long roll clearly written out of deeds done in the flesh. The Egyptians lived much with the dead; they brought them fruit and flowers and covered the sepulchral walls with life scenes. In the British Museum you can still see the rich, mellowed reds, blues, browns, and yellows of Joseph's time; frescoes of oxen ploughing, fish ponds, flocks of tame geese, wild fowl being snared; harvesting, hunting, feasting, and tumultuous processions with dancing girls, pipe-blowers, harp-players. On the whole, 'tis the life of an industrious, wise, and happy people. The faces of the scribes, high state officials, are singularly pleasing and impressive, and some of the women very graceful and refined, with delicately clear-cut features. The drawing is often excellent, and good or bad, it manages, like the rough carvings of our Middle Ages, to tell its tale. In the side cases at the British Museum, take note of the corn-cakes, clothes, shoes, bracelets, elaborate rings, stools and chairs, at once so artistic and comfortable, that we are even now busy reproducing fac-similes of them for our own drawing-rooms and studios. But ransacked as have been their ancient sepulchres, they have, probably, not yet uttered their last word. Special tombs containing great treasure, it was the custom to hide away with the same care that the peewit hides her nest, or the squirrel his hoard; and as recently as 1881, in a rock niche opposite Thebes, 29 mummies of kings, queens,

and high officers, with much treasure, now in the Museum at Bulak, were quite by chance brought to light. One coffin was that of Thotmes III., about 1400 B.C. The exquisite jewels, bracelets, gold-work and enamel found there have been carefully copied and multiplied by jewellers, and are now familiar to most students and art connoisseurs.

We are more familiar with some of the faces of the great Egyptians than with those of many English kings and queens. There is Shishak, 970 B.C., who favoured the rebel Jeroboam, captured Rehoboam and shattered the empire of David and Solomon. We have perfect effigies and, no doubt, speaking likenesses of certain grave and confidential officers of state and overseers of the realm. Una is now seated at the Louvre, and he is very impressive and pleasant to look upon. Amen, "of whom the king's heart was full," and Nem, are to be seen in the British Museum; both have, more or less, the same characteristics. The wide brow, shapely chin, and bright vigilant eyes, denote firmness and rectitude, and general attention to business. The mouth a little protruding as though about to speak; the frame firmly knit, muscular, and well nourished: that is the type. These people were quite conscious of their own merit, and not at all shy of proclaiming it. "I was valued by his Majesty," says Una, "above all his servants. I was treasurer, scribe, most private secretary; he made me receiver of stores for his royal wife. I laboured to the utmost of my power; I wore out my shoes tramping from place to place to insure orders being carried out. I was the centre of all responsibility; the duke and governor of the South, and, moreover, devoted to the great God Osiris: all this was I, Una."

We need not go to the British Museum to see and touch what Una saw and touched. The obelisk of Thotmes III., 1400 B.C., which belongs to his period, was brought to Alexandria by Cleopatra; there it lay for centuries half-buried in the sand, until, by the munificence of Sir Erasmus Wilson, after a most perilous voyage it reached our shores and may now be seen upon the Thames Embankment.

The figures of the great kings, limned in colossal proportions, still stand out prominently in the sepulchral frescoes. They are seen towering in their war chariots above the pigmy races of common men whom they lead to battle like gods, or triumph over like demons. Rameses II. was the greatest of them all. His magnificent image has not

only stamped itself on the walls, been carved out of huge wood blocks and immense monoliths of black basalt, but it is positively alive in the excited and graphic records which date back sixteen hundred years B.C. He came to the throne at the age of twelve, filled with more than a child's wisdom, and he reigned sixty-seven years, in which time he impressed the whole world with his power. He was the great persecutor of the Jews, and the deadly foe of Moses. Under Maneptha, his successor, was the Exodus. Although Pharaoh's armies are said to have been overthrown in the Red Sea, and his land ravaged by plagues, there are faint traces of either catastrophe in the monuments of the period; and it is probable that from the Israelitish standpoint, the escape of a body of foreign slaves, and the consequent annoyance and defeat of the local police or militia, assumed an importance and was enriched with a variety of dramatic details more imposing in the eyes of the Hebrew writers than in those of Pharaoh's annalists. To Pharaoh Rameses, this prolific race of patient toilers were chiefly useful to build his cities and his sepulchres, and he never let them out of his grip. "They built," we read, "for Pharaoh, treasure cities, Pithon and *Rumses*." When they got away under his successor, a source of political disquietude was certainly removed, whilst labour remained still sufficiently cheap. Rameses II., or the Great, was a warrior from his youth; he went out to battle right royally. His chariot was drawn by two splendid horses, and a pet tame lion, called Swam Kefti, ran by his side, and would spring furiously upon the foe like a bloodhound. No special correspondent from the seat of war could give us a more graphic picture of this great prince, in one of his most critical campaigns, than has been preserved for us on the monuments. Once, whilst warring in Northern Syria, he found himself fighting desperately hand-to-hand. The Syrians, swarming round, cut him off from his followers. "I was alone; my body-guard had left me. I cried out to my great God, 'Where art thou, my Father Amen?' Now instantly inspired, I plunged into the midst of two thousand five hundred cavalry, a panic seized them—they fled—I the king hurried them, head-over-heels, into the rapid river—the river Orontes—the king of Kheta fell down at my feet with uplifted hands." We then read how next morning Rameses reviews the troops, reproves in dignified terms the ignorance and cowardice of his officers, extols the coolness and prowess of Menna,

his charioteer, and orders his faithful horses to be brought out and fed in his presence. The enthusiasm of the ancient chronicler then breaks out with something of the poetic fervour of the Hebrew poet and prophet. "As he stood erect and comely, his face was like the rising sun. He was ready to renew the fight; but there was no enemy! The vanquished King Kheta is now brought in chains. He falls prostrate at the feet of Rameses, crying, 'Better is peace than war. Slay us no more; let us be free to serve thee!' The statesmen then step forward, and, addressing the conqueror, urge clemency. 'This is excellent. Let thine anger abate, O King! He who refuseth peace must needs give it!'"

Whilst Rameses, still flushed with victory, is hesitating, the trembling balance is decided on the side of mercy by the beauty of a woman, and a strange and romantic bridal scene crowns a cruel and bloody war. On one side are the conquered tribes "trembling like a flock of geese," and the terrible trophies, 9,376 prisoners in chains, 42,370 severed fists, and a mighty bundle of heads. On the other side stands a girl, Nofre-Ari, the daughter of Kheta, the Syrian king, of such singular beauty that we can hardly wonder at the sudden burst of tenderness and timely mercy which followed the fury of the fight. The clean-cut features, in exquisite proportion, the straight, bright eyes, the compact and delicate figure, the unconscious simplicity and dignified grace, the pale, Syrian complexion, which makes Nofre-Ari almost European in general look—these have been figured and sculptured over and over again, until Nofre-Ari is almost as well known to the artist as the Venus de Medici. On a rock temple we find these graceful words:—"The lovely daughter of King Kheta stands forth to soften thine heart, O Rameses! She knows not the power of her beauty over thee. Thy name is glorious; thou art perfect in strength; thou knowest how to command, but thou obeyest none!"

One last glance at the king as he must so often have appeared to the admiring eyes of Nofre-Ari. In the British Museum, amongst the few relics of the nineteenth dynasty, *cir.* 1650 B.C., there are none more majestic and interesting than the immense and perfect statues of Rameses II. One is of wood, a figure standing bolt upright and kingly, with the strange, placid, imperturbable look of Egyptian royalty. More striking still is the kneeling figure of black basalt, with a table of offerings. The body is strong, lithe, youthful,

and firmly knit; the nose is straighter than in the wooden effigy; the mouth seems about to smile; the wide brow and whole countenance beam with a genial and robust intelligence; but there is a certain flashing quickness about the sharply chiselled eye, and a look of powerful and inflexible will. Altogether, the kneeling figure—kneeling to the gods alone—is quite masterful and individual in its dignity.

Before passing to the religion, let us take a last glance at the stupendous memorials of Egypt's past—the only fixed and stable points of those scenes amidst which that wonderful religion arose and flourished. Everywhere we tread upon buried cities, pointing to a time when Egypt was incomparably more prosperous and more civilised than it is now. We pass miles of tombs, palaces, obelisks, temples, at Heliopolis, Memphis, Thebes, and Karnak. Look at the temple of El Karnak, with its gateway 360 feet wide—its hall of assembly, one suite only, consists of a hundred and thirty-four columns, each 70 ft. high and 12 ft. thick, built about 1400 B.C. The whole of Notre-Dame would stand comfortably inside that great temple. Mark the obelisk 180 ft. high (about 1400 B.C.), the largest in the world. Yonder, out in what is now a vast plain, periodically flooded by the Nile waters, stand the statues of Memnon, 70 ft. high, raised by Amenoph III. *cir.* 1500 B.C. Dominating the desert, indestructible relics of the Ages, against which the waves of time seem to dash themselves almost in vain, stand the three great Pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerynus. The largest one of Cheops is proudly styled the "Light of the Horizon," the "Great," the "Chief." It is 77 ft. higher than St. Paul's, being 480 ft., and it covers thirteen acres of ground. It could just stand in Lincoln's Inn Square, and would completely fill that well-known area. Five thousand years ago it towered there; five thousand years hence it will probably tower there still. In 820 B.C. the king's room, in the central depths of the Great Pyramid, was robbed. Whether the Pyramid has yet been fully explored the world will never know until it is all pulled to pieces, and that, we may safely say, is never likely to be done. Not far from the Pyramids the mighty head of the Sphinx, disfigured but not destroyed, still looks the world straight in the face with its insoluble enigma. The face alone measures 30 ft., the paws, which have been unburied from time to time, 140 feet. The chapel between them, the altar of which is preserved in the British

Museum, is now completely covered in with the sand-drift. And with this passing glance at the geography, antiquities, temples, kings, statesmen, manners and customs, and the accidental connection of Egyptian history with the Bible story, I pass to a summary of the Egyptian religion itself.

Strange as it may appear to those conversant with the monstrous pantheism of Egypt, the key of Egyptian religion is not pantheism but monotheism in polytheism, or the worship of the *one* in and through the many. The numerous triads of father, mother, and son, chief amongst which we note Osiris, Isis, and the infant Horus; the sets of local deities such as those at Thebes and Memphis, with their puzzling hosts of attendant gods—little more than impersonations of animal attributes—all these are confusing enough until, by diving into the remote past, we discover the key. That key is the triumph of the Solar or "Sun Myth." This is, in fact, the central source of all religion. It appears in the Asiatic cradle of the human race; it is carried abroad by the successive waves of emigration all over the world. The sun is observed to be the source of all life; at once the most conspicuous and the most powerful object in nature, it becomes the symbol of omnipotence, the outward and visible sign of the invisible, inward and spiritual God. This is the central authority which reduces all other symbolisms to order. The gods may be multiplied into a very Olympian rabble, which apart from this clue, defies arrangement. With the clue the mixture indeed remains, but the confusion disappears. There is nothing really but Ra, or the Sun—coal has been called bottled sunshine. The Egyptian deities, nay, all manifestations of power whatsoever, the triumphs of intelligence, the forces of nature, the energies of man, are only so many precipitations of Ra-power. The animal-headed gods are all Ra. The produce of the earth, the fertilising water of the Nile, are all Ra; the king or symbol of law and order, is one with Ra; the souls of the blessed are but emanations of Ra—they come from him and they return to him. To Him is really addressed all prayer, and the most ancient liturgies are the most direct and uncompromising confessions of this monotheism. "Thou art the only Being," "Living in Truth," "Thou art One; millions of beings proceed from Thee." Here is a fragment of this ancient *Credo*: "I am yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow;" and this is the prayer:—

"Hail, Thou great God, who condest this hour. Father of all fathers, God of all

gods, Watcher traversing eternity, the roaring of Thy voice is in the clouds, Thy breath is on the mountain tops. Heaven and earth obey Thy commands. Bringer of good, God of terrors, giver of great joy, Thou art He who fillest the granaries and carest for the poor, Thou art not graven in marble wearing the double crown; Thou art not seen by mortal eye; Thine abode is not known, no temple can hold Thee. Thy name is not spoken in heaven. Vain are all Thine images on earth. Hail to Thee, Great God!"

Had this high ideal been always kept, Egyptian polytheism would have amounted to little more than the saint and relic worship of Roman Catholic Christianity. Man must use some symbols and must have some vehicle of faith and worship, and his religion is pure or impure just in proportion as what he selects as the instruments of devotion allow the soul to pass to God, or arrest it midway upon hawk-headed beasts, sacred bones, holy rags, or mystic rites. But, as everything about Egypt is peculiar and unique, so are the Egyptian gods. They occupy a point midway between the Hindoo and the Greek deities. The Buddhist gods are mere agents of Divine Power. The Greek gods are mere parodies of men. The Egyptian animal-headed god is the myth arrested half-way between the executive of deity and its human impersonation. Osiris, and Isis, and Horus, are neither human nor divine; they stand before us as the impersonated attributes of a deity, one and indivisible, "Whose abode is not known, Whom no temple can hold, Whose name is not spoken in heaven, Whose images on earth are all vain, Who is the Great God."

This doctrine of an arrested myth grappling with the expression of divine attributes on one side and the phenomena of the visible creation on the other, explains the fluid and changeful conception of such beings as Osiris. Was he a man? did he suffer? did he die? were his limbs scattered? did his virtue triumph over death? did he rise again? The sun myth shall answer. For, after spending itself for man, does not the blessed sun, pursued by the evil Set, or night, at last sink into crimson death in the west? but Isis, the white dawn, collects his scattered limbs, which are none other than the rays of light, and as Horus, he rises anew in the person of his own son. The extended parable can be carried further throughout the natural and the spiritual worlds. Sun stands for life; life in man stands for what is good in nature, or it may stand for summer; darkness stands for death; death in man stands for what is

evil in nature, or it may stand for winter ; but that is not the last word of the solar myth.

God dies in appearance only, the sun rises again ; man shall come up from death ; spring shall break away victoriously from the ice-cold grip of winter ; and thus the parable of the sun myth, fully read and interpreted, is shown to be coextensive with the phenomena of nature, the laws of the spiritual universe, and the august destinies of an immortal soul.

In that strange epitome of the national religion known as the Book of the Dead, the sun myth undergoes a characteristic transformation or adaptation. The two first sections are of extreme antiquity. No funeral was complete without the rehearsal of a portion, perhaps the whole, of the book. The wrappings of every mummy contain some part of it figured on the papyrus-leaf. Osiris there appears as the judge. Thoth, the recorder, stands by his side to write down the evidence, and Horus, the caretaker, leads the dead one by one into the presence of the judge. It is only in the 125th chapter that the dead person who has been reunited to his soul, which has "parted from its sins that it may see the divine faces," is at length brought before the judge, and begins to plead its cause thus :— "Hail to you, Lords. I have come to see your glories. I know you who live by the punishment of the wicked—you the triumphant, who devour their blood ; who weigh their words in the holy presence. I am not fraudulent ; I do not wrong ; I do not overwork my slave ; I do not cause weeping ; I am no murderer ; I do not falsify the sacred tribute ; I have not hunted wild animals in their pasturage," and so on through an interminable catalogue, reproducing the moral ideas of all civilised codes. The heart is then put into the balance and weighed. Horus takes the indicator, Thoth writes down the result, Osiris pronounces judgment, and the soul, reunited to its body, either passes into the regions of darkness and horror or into those of power and bliss, where it wanders in triumph until it reposes finally in the Elysian Fields.

This coherent and, on the whole, elevated view of the after life is on a par with the pure moral philosophy of ancient Egypt. In the oldest proverbs of Ptah Hep, 3000 years B.C., we find the simplest, noblest, and most reverent tributes to the deity—"All proceeds from God ;" "Obey God and it will be well with thee ;" "The field is given thee by God ; thy treasure is grown through His gift ; the

good son, the good wife are the gifts of God ; the Nile is the gift of God." Piety, charity, self-command, respect for property—such were the characteristics of the primitive religion of Egypt. These lent their fixed majesty to the faces of the Pharaohs ; these stamp with placid content the features of artisan, Nile boatmen, fowlers, fishers, herdsmen ; and the same expression of integrity and ease beams out in the countenances of their rulers and the high functionaries of State.

It is no part of my plan to trace the degradation of these lofty ideals, and to show how the national symbolism dragged down the deities to the level of the beasts which perish. Animal worship and the adoration of physical force must always end so. When the golden calf is set up, whether it be at Memphis or in the wilderness, the people will sit down to eat and drink, and will rise up to play ; materialism and debauchery will assert their inevitable tyranny ; the worship of the Creator will be lost in the worship of the creature, and the reign of scepticism will sooner or later set in. It was so in Egypt under the Ptolemies ; in Israel under Ahab and Jezebel ; in Rome under Nero and Domitian ; in that still more materialistic Rome of Leo X. ; and in the materialistic London, Paris, and New York in this nineteenth century ; for wherever the votaries of science, or the apostles of the sensuous refuse to lift their eyes above the operation of the scalpel, the mechanism of matter, the thrill of the senses or the delights of form and colour, there, as of old, *materialism and debauchery will assert their inevitable sway, and the reign of scepticism will sooner or later set in.*

In the days of the Ptolemies the spiritual element in Egyptian religion had almost disappeared, surviving only, if at all, in the magical worship of Mithras. Morality itself, at Memphis even, as at Jerusalem some three centuries later, was exchanged for rites and ceremonies, whilst vague emotions usurped the place of effectual, fervent prayer, and priests and offerings had thrust themselves between the soul and God until man came to disbelieve in both. Are we listening to a nineteenth-century agnostic or sceptic in this sad and pitiful cry from the tomb transcribed from a Ptolemaic tablet dated B.C. 300 ?—"O my brother, my spouse, cease not to eat and drink, to keep holiday as long as thou livest on earth. This is the land of heavy sleep and darkness. Here they wake no more to see their brethren. The god who is here, Death Absolute is his name." The harper also sends his message from the tomb,

but it is one inciting the living to conviviality, not to virtue, and he adds, "Mind the day when thou too shalt start for the land where all things are forgotten." "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" is a gospel not confined to any age or country, but it is just

from such a gospel that He came to deliver us, who said, "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God; believe also in Me. In My Father's house there are many mansions;" and "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

THE HARVEST OF THE HEATHER.

By JAMES G. BERTRAM, AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF THE SEA," ETC.

IN the Earl of Malmesbury's recently published and very interesting "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," we are told that it was in the year 1833 that "the Highlands became the rage," and that deer forests began to be made and rented. At that time rents, as compared with the sums paid to-day, were almost nominal. His lordship was offered the moors, forests, and fishings of the Island of Harris, for the bagatelle, as it would be thought now, of £25 a year; in other words, a right of sport over an area of 40,000 acres, which to-day commands a rental of £2,000 per annum. Very recently, too, upon the occasion of the death of Mr. Butter of Faskally, we obtained another peep at the cost of shootings half a century ago. In a newspaper memoir, it was stated that two moors on the estate of that gentleman which now let for £800 per annum, had, fifty years since, been tenanted at the rate of £8; and the tenant thought himself a very ill-used man indeed when his rent was raised. At the period indicated, the total game or sporting rental of Scotland and the isles was probably not £30,000 per annum, while to-day it is not, we suppose, far short, all told, of half-a-million sterling.

It would form an interesting subject for a chapter in the history of Scotland, could an accurate account be compiled of the progress of grouse-shooting and deer-stalking, which have been the means of adding considerably to the material prosperity of our poor "land of cakes." In this, as in many other matters pertaining to the prosperity of his country, some credit is undoubtedly due to the far-seeing Sir John Sinclair, who frequently reiterated an idea which had taken firm possession of his mind, that a time would come when Scotland would be one of the very few great sights of the world—when its mountains and floods would become the envy of surrounding nations, and its red deer and roebuck afford pastime to distant peoples. In 1835, just as his prophecy, uttered many years previously, was beginning to be

realised, Sir John Sinclair died. Three years before his death occurred, another patriotic Scotsman had died, of whom it has since been said that in one sense he "made Scotland." Certainly, Sir Walter Scott during his life-time did all he knew to help on the time pointed to by his fellow-patriot.

The author of "Waverley" painted such word pictures of his country and of the doings of his countrymen as incited in all who perused them a longing to visit that "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," in order to view its enchanting scenic splendours of rapid, rushing streams, of mirror'd lochs, and of mist-capped mountains. No sooner had the "Lady of the Lake" been published than "the post-horse duty in Scotland began to rise," and the arrival began of that welcome crowd of tourists which has never since ceased, but, on the contrary, has increased year by year as greater facilities of travel have been provided. And with the opening up of the Western Highlands by means of fast steamboats, and of other districts of far-away Scotland by railway, came that ardent longing for dwellings by the river-side, for a month's residence on the moors, for happy days on the heather, culminating in "the grouse harvest," as we know it to-day, when from the 12th of August till the end of November "the heather is a-fire." The desire had been fostered by the occasional residence in the Highlands of professional gentlemen "writers" of Edinburgh and Glasgow, who for a brief time of autumn, changed houses with some of the heather lairds for whom they acted as agents, much to the gratification of the ladies of such families, who were thus enabled to participate in the gay doings of the capital.

In leasing a moor, bargains of many kinds are now made. Some gentlemen who are fond of having a "go at the grouse," by way of whetting their appetites for the partridges, only want a fortnight on the heather. These can generally be accommodated, as some other person is sure to want the place for September.

As a rule the grouse harvest is well over before the day fixed for the commencement of pleasant shooting, but many sportsmen still remain in the Highlands till about the middle of November, whilst one or two continue till the close time begins. In many of the leases which are entered into, for either moors or forests, hard and fast bargains are usually made as to the head of game which may be killed, a limit being put to the slaughter of both grouse and deer. Dear bought experience has led to this, although cases of moor stripping are not quite so common as they used to be. At one time, say twenty years ago or even at a later day, it often happened that adventurers would rent a considerable area of heather in order that they might kill and send to market every bird upon the ground, so that by the end of the season not a feather would be left! A well-known case of the kind attracted some attention about the time indicated. A party of three Highland chairmen from Edinburgh made their appearance one "Twelfth" on a Wigtownshire moor, which in three weeks they had cleared of every bird upon it, and by dexterously laying down a few "stooks" of corn at the boundaries of their own heather, they managed likewise to obtain a few hundred birds from adjacent shootings. It was said at the time that these chairmen had made "a good thing of it." Others, of much higher social position than Highland chairmen, have been also known to combine their sport with a little business so as to pay costs. It is almost needless to tell that such conduct often led to a great deal of unpleasantness. Lairds, not being aware that their heather had been harried, let their moors next year as usual; and tenants, finding birds to be rare, thought they had been swindled of *malice prepense*, and stormed accordingly.

Honourable sportsmen, however, never experience much trouble in getting all they ask for, and many gentlemen do not hesitate to take a lease for two or three years of any stretch of moorland which they may fancy. They have, of course, to submit to sundry conditions as to the number of birds to be killed, the dogs to be kept, the keepers to be employed, and other matters; but on some things no restrictions are placed.

"I can occupy the ground as long as I please," said one such sportsman, a good all-round man, to the writer; "and as I am fond of being on the heather at other times than the shooting season, I am able to gratify my likings. A little flock of sheep affords us a considerable portion of our food when

we are in residence, and it is pleasant to see how the animals are wintering; then it is still more delightful as the spring is opening to wander among the heather and prospect the nests, and capture by the way an early trout or two. Then, in my opinion, you should as much as possible make your moor provide your table; you have keepers and gillies in your service, and there is no reason why they should be idle when there are trout to catch in the loch, as well as rabbits running about everywhere ready to be killed. A liberal table can always with good management be spread in your shooting quarters, almost nothing of what is served being immediately purchased. You have plenty of vegetables for your hotch potch, choice joints of black-faced mutton—than which no flesh can be more delightful. You have an occasional salmon trout, fresh from the water; you have rabbits to curry, and barn-door fowls to roast, in addition to mountain hares for soup, and as the redoubtable Meg Dods, of the Cleikum inn, used to say, 'What soup is better, tell me that, if you can?' You have your grouse of course—the shattered ones for soup and pasties; you have black game and an occasional taste of venison when a stray stag comes upon your land, and if you have selected your location well, you will not lack for a brace or two of partridges when September comes upon you. The miscellaneous birds will be found in scores on your marshy lands, many of which are delightful and well worthy of a place on your table; in short, there need be no commissariat better furnished than that of the lessee of the kind of shooting I have tried to picture. Your cow you will be able to dispose of at a profit when you flit, and from the beehives in your garden plenteous supplies of honey will be made sure."

The mode of living indicated in the preceding passages is an improvement on the rough-and-ready feeding of fifty years since, when the amenities of the table were less thought of than they are to-day. In some of the deer forest castles, and in not a few of the shooting-boxes in the heart of the Highlands, the modes of life are as "prejink," to use a phrase of John Galt's, as they are in Mayfair and Belgravia; there is as much dressing for dinner and quite as much etiquette. Rounds of visitors come and go, each leaving a little shower of silver and gold to fructify the ground and reward the people—indeed, "the people" have been sorely spoiled by the liberality of their

“southern” visitors. Children, who thirty years ago would have been glad to run a long message for a penny, have been succeeded by greedy *gamins* who look twice at a sixpence before they say thank you. Large sums are annually expended by visitors to the Highlands, who pay liberally for everything they want, and their wants are not few. Men are now employed in all kinds of well-paid work. A pound a week is not, in some districts, thought liberal “wages” by men whose fathers were glad to take half the money. Many millions of pounds sterling have been expended in the Scottish Highlands by tourists and residents since 1833, and the people have been greatly enriched in consequence.

The passion for deer-stalking and grouse-shooting has had much to do with the prosperity which has fallen on places which at one time were thought of little moment; sheep-runs merely bringing a scanty rental to the lairds of the period, whose sons and grandsons have had occasion to rejoice at the good fortune which has been brought to them by the bird of the heather—the “moor-fowl” of good Sir Walter. Happily for our heather lairds, sheep and grouse are not incompatible; they can live together, and so bring in to the exchequer a much enhanced rent-roll.

Reverting once more to the increase of rental which has taken place in the matter of moors and forests: some forty years ago there was not more than one small deer forest in Ross-shire; now there are forty at least in the combined counties of Ross and Cromarty, one of them occupying an area of about 50,000 acres. The shootings in some counties have of late years become of greatly increased value. In Glen Urquhart (Inverness) the shootings were let in 1836 at a rent of £100; Glenmoriston brought a like sum. These places are now leased at rents that would, fifty years ago, have been looked on as fabulous. The sporting rental of the county of Perth will probably be assessed today at a larger sum than all the counties of Scotland were assessed at half a century since. Rents of shootings, it may be noted, vary in amount, some cost thousands per annum, others can be had for a few pounds. The amount paid per acre ranges from 6d. to 2s. 6d. and averages about 1s. 6d.; some moors being more productive than others bring higher figures, whilst house accommodation is always a matter for due consideration.

Grouse are to be found in every county of Scotland, and the county of Perth is famed

for the number and variety of its shootings, and the quality of its birds. But for size and flavour the grouse found in the county of Caithness take the first rank, those of Ayrshire being next in repute; where all are good, however, it would be somewhat invidious to particularise. The birds of Arran, it is thought, have been considerably improved by admixture with the grouse of Lanarkshire, an experiment promoted by the Duke of Hamilton, and which has since, we believe, been imitated on some other moors of Scotland. It is thought by several of our best sportsmen that an interchange of birds all round would strengthen different breeds, and probably lessen or modify those occasional outbreaks of disease among the grouse which have led in some years to such a terrible percentage of mortality. In these days of rapid railway transit the desired infusion of new blood could be easily secured by sending eggs from one part of the country to be hatched on some distant moor—say eggs from Caithness to be placed under birds in Ayrshire, and from Arran to be hatched on the heather of Perthshire. The experiment tried by the Prince of Wales of acclimatizing Scotch grouse on his estate at Sandringham, in the county of Norfolk, has met with considerable success—so much, indeed, as to induce a hope that *Lagopus Scoticus* may eventually become domiciled in that part of her Majesty's dominions.

The grouse harvest, as all interested know, begins on the 12th of August, which figures as a red-letter date in the calendar of all true sportsmen. On the morning of that fateful day the blood of thousands of birds will have stained the heather, the sportsmen being on the scene of action by the “screech of day,” in other words, almost at dawn, some enthusiasts in fine weather encamping on the heather the night before, being roused in time to see the misty-laden mountains brightened by the streaks of light that begin early to stream from the distant east. Almost before the heather can be seen they are at work, and in a thousand places the death-dealing crack will be heard echoing in the glens and on the hill-sides. But long before the most enthusiastic of our sportsmen have brought their first brace to the ground, grouse have been killed, and days before “the 12th,” the heather has been skimmed by daring poachers in quest of “birds” for the great markets of the south. Full many a cellar in London and Manchester is well stocked before the day of legal sport has dawned, and grouse are shown pretty early on the afternoon of

the 12th by some of the more unscrupulous dealers. Poaching on the grouse moors, and even in the better watched deer forests, still prevails, and hundreds of birds are netted by the lawless scoundrels, who now make "a living" at the business. In the olden times poaching was a pastime. All that was ventured on was the killing of a bird or two on behalf of the home commissariat, and even the severest game-preserving lairds were wont to shut their eyes to the work which was going forward. But now, when early birds bring to the exchequer of their captors as much as 7s. or even at times 10s. a brace, the poacher dares detection, and kills his hundred birds almost within sight of the keepers. The grouse so obtained are despatched south to confidential agents packed in herring-barrels or salmon-boxes, and, as has been hinted, command a good price. They are mostly taken by means of nets, and as the birds of some moors are ripe for the gun sooner than others, the poacher, as a matter of course, selects his localities with care so as to obtain the choicest birds.

Nowadays the grouse harvest is well over by the middle of September, two-thirds of the birds shot in any one year are shot in the first four weeks of the season; and, beginning on the 12th, birds are hurried to market with the result, in most years, of causing a glut and a fall in the price. It has been calculated by economists that every brace of grouse which is shot costs the lessee of a grouse moor one guinea, but it is seldom indeed that a fourth of that sum is realised for the birds sent to market. On the first days of the season so many have on some occasions been sent to London as to cause prices to be quoted at a nominal sum. A popular restaurateur in the west end of the metropolis has bought occasional supplies of birds at ninepence each. No wonder that on such occasions his bills of fare contained in large letters "Grouse." Gentlemen, however liberally inclined they may be, and however lavish in distributing a portion of their spoil among friends, have no alternative but to send their surplus stock to market, hence it is that for a week after the 12th we find the trains from the north laden with extra trucks containing hampers of grouse. In the course of some years, almost incredible numbers of these birds are shot, such numbers, in fact, as give cause for speculation as to where they all come from. The breeding ranges, from various causes, are becoming narrowed, but for all that birds, as a rule, continue to increase. Those of our

readers who can carry their memories back to the "thirties" and "forties" of the present century will bear us out in our contention, that for one brace of grouse seen on sale then there are ten brace on view to-day, and yet in the "thirties" and "forties" the expanse of heather in use was probably a tenth more than it is now. The economy of a grouse moor has yet to be investigated; a given expanse of heather, we know, will only breed and feed a given number of birds, but what the proper number is has never been exactly determined. A nest may contain from nine to fourteen eggs, and an average of seven or eight birds may be produced in a favourable year, while about two-thirds of these may live to stand the rain of shot to which they will be exposed during the hundred days in which it is legal to shoot them; but however large may be the number killed a stock must be left on the moors that will be ample enough to multiply and replenish the heather for the days of sport that are to come.

At times the grouse moors have been visited by a mysterious malady which has played havoc with the birds, thousands of which on such occasions have been found dead or dying. Although much has been said and written about this disease, no cure for it has yet been found, nor will a cure be discovered till the cause of the distemper has been ascertained. In some years the mortality has been so great as to cause the cessation of sport for a time, and the shutting up of various moors for a season or two. But the rapidity with which the stock of birds increases is even more wonderful than the disease itself; in the course of a couple of seasons the heather of affected districts will be as populous as ever. Some persons maintain that the "grouse disease" is an effect of "in-breeding," but in a state of nature that is most unlikely. In the home poultry-yards in-breeding is sometimes baneful, but on great areas of heather extending for many long miles, and some of them as broad as they are long, all wild animals, it is said by persons who ought to know, have room and scope. An intelligent gamekeeper told the writer that "wild animals constantly circulate in a gigantic round, one division going and another coming, so that the breed is being constantly strengthened." Be that as it may, it is well known that breeds of wild animals have been strengthened by the infusion of new blood, notably hares and pheasants. Hares from Ayrshire were some years since taken into Lancashire with the

view of being crossed with the native-bred animals, and the experiment, we have been led to believe, proved most successful. The grouse, taking its size into account, is naturally a strong and generally a healthy animal, so that the occasional outbreak of an epidemic is all the more mysterious.

As has been said, the sport of grouse-shooting is carried on nowadays with such rapidity that it is well over in a month's time. Big bags have become the order of the day. In the morning papers of the 13th or 14th it will be chronicled that the kill of Lord Blazeway and his friends, Major Cuttem and Captain Smallshot, on the moors of Castle Sporan, exceeded 189 brace of grouse and 40 head of miscellaneous birds and beasts. Some bags will be still better filled, it being the ambition of many sportsmen to kill all they can at the very outset of sport. There still remain, however, to leaven the pastime, some of the old school who are quite contented to bring home a dozen or fourteen brace; these are men who do not, as the saying is, "strip to their work," they take it coolly and delight in their labour, shooting with deliberation and spending a long hour in eating a light luncheon of oat-cake and marmalade, washed down with a tumblerful, or perhaps two, of four-water grog. At the end of the day neither keeper nor dog is fatigued, and these fine old sportsmen of the old-fashioned kind return to a seven-o'clock dinner with

a sharp-set appetite and a delightful recollection of every shot they have fired and every mile of ground they have traversed. These are the men who never tire of the sport, but keep going on from day to day till they have completed their tale of birds; they may vary the round of Highland sport by a run down to a lowland shooting for the sake of having a week at the partridges, but they return, these good sportsmen, to their first love, and resume work with an additional zest. No "driving" for men of their calibre—no; fair shooting over their dogs is a strong part of their creed. They always speak of grouse-driving in italics.

It would be but a dry task to sum up the results of the first ten or twelve days of grouse-shooting as they are figured by the press of the period. That tens of thousands of birds fall a prey to the death-dealing guns within that time we know, and that over all broad Scotland, from Maidenkirke to John O'Groats, we also know, hundreds of hard-worked men of business are enjoying a well-earned holiday in the delightful and health-giving pastimes of grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing, and deer-stalking. As "Christopher North," in one of his genial outpourings, said, "So be it! and let us all pray that such sports may long continue; these pastimes while they bring health to those who follow them, bring also wealth and comfort to those who provide them."

OUR COUNTRY QUARTERS.

BY J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

WE live in a cottage, the Ochils behind us,
A village beneath, and Lochleven below,
With sunshine enough, if we wanted, to blind us,
And leisure, and freedom to come and to go.

The bilberry braes and the rasps by the rill-side—
We share them in common with herd-boys and bees;
We're friends with the shepherds, their huts on the hill-side
We enter with welcome, and stay till we please.

We know both the glens where the hazels are ripest
And all the best pools where the biggest trouts lie;
And thou, merry laverock, that all the day pipest,
Art even inviting us up to the sky.

The whin-covered common is ours, and the woodland
Has caught and has taught the young Echo our songs;
The good land is fenced, but we look at the good land
And say, "Well, he's happy to whom it belongs!"

What crops of rare beauty, that rise on the lowland,
 Grow ripe, and can only be reaped by the eye !
 We run to the Rhine, but, my masters, there's no land
 That will not at times with the loveliest vie.

For myself I confess, though I've been to the Rhine too,
 And own that its banks are romantic and rare,
 The scenes I know best are the scenes I incline to,
 And loving them long I may fancy them fair.

The grass is as green here, as crystal the water,
 The mornings, on some days at least, are as blue,
 Our Sun is as golden, and Night and her daughter,
 The Moon, are as lavish of silver and dew.

And then there's expression, a coming and going,
 Of feeling and fancy, a mood in each day,
 A soul in the landscape, now rippling and flowing,
 Now wailing and waiting, in pain or in play.

There's anger and passion, too, storming sublimely
 When rushes the thunder-cloud down on the plain ;
 The leaves of the forest are scattered untimely,
 And white is the loch in the scourge of the rain.

It glooms, and it glows again ; dark clouds are sailing,
 Are thickening and quickening, till—see how they flee !
 It booms, and it blows again ; shadows are trailing
 A horror of darkness o'er loch and o'er lea.

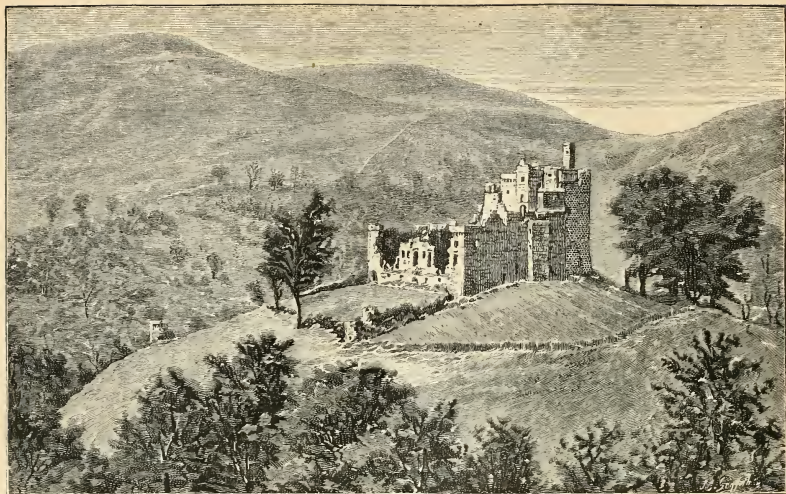
'Tis night before sunset—still rattles the thunder ;
 And rattles, no doubt, when in slumber we lie ;
 But morning leaps up, and in wide-awake wonder,
 We scarce see a cobweb of cloud in the sky.

With pleasures like these, scarcely felt are the labours
 That art and the garden and friendship impose ;
 And, then, we've the most unobtrusive of neighbours,
 The hills, and some sheep, a red cow, and the crows.

There now are the hills, over which we go roaming—
 They visit us once, only once, in a year,
 And that's on the first winter day, when the Lomond
 Puts on a white shirt, and cries out, " I am here !"

O then all the village wives peep from their doorways
 And nod to the Lomond with mitches as clean,
 While peasants flock in from the fields to the four-ways,
 And say to each other, " The frost will be keen !"

The talk of the villagers then is of curling,
 They think of the bonspeil, and settle the sides ;
 Very soon on the pond the round stones will go birling,
 And long rows of scholars be polishing slides.



From a photo.]

Castle Campbell, Dollar.

[By G. W. Wilson.

Hurrah for the loch, and the skates shrilly sounding,
The freedom of bird, and the fleetness of roe !
The isles and the bays and the capes we are rounding,
And kelpie that runs with us roaring below !

Hurrah, water-kelpie ! we're yours if you take us !
There's only a board of two inches between 's !
You're thinking—if only the loch would enlake us ;
And we—we are thinking of beef and of greens !

—But that was a flight, for as yet it's the summer,
With sunshine enough, if we wanted, to blind us ;
The cuckoo is gone, and the rail's the new-comer,
And green are the hills both before and behind us.



From a photo.]

Loch Leven and Castle.

[By G. W. Wilson.

THROUGH A DARK VALLEY.

A Story of the American Civil War.

By FRANCES GORDON.

A WET day on an ocean steamer—what could be more utterly dismal? It was winter-time, too, and consequently there were very few saloon passengers; and as we were only three days out from Boston, three of the six ladies on board were still invisible. The remaining three, of which I was one, were huddled together in that miserable shelter on the top of the stairs which, in small or old-fashioned vessels, does duty for a ladies' deck cabin. It was all we had, and there we sat, half in the dark, and wholly uncomfortable, but heroically determined not to descend to the odoriferous lower regions until compelled thereto by the clangour of the dinner-bell. I think two of us were just in that condition when one odour too many would have sent us back to the berths, out of which—simply as a matter of duty—we had that morning crawled. She who made the third in our trio was the only lady—I might almost say the only passenger—whose equanimity the plunging Atlantic had been unable to disturb. She was a charming-looking elderly person, of what nationality we were at first somewhat puzzled to determine. She had the well-dressed, well-preserved air of the American woman of a certain age—to whom advancing years do not bring dowdiness—combined with the perfect composure and self-possession of the unprotected female accustomed to lonely travelling in a land in which the gallantry of the other sex has become a matter of history. At the same time we were not much surprised when she claimed us as fellow-countrywomen. She had been hurriedly introduced to my companion and myself by a mutual Boston friend, just before starting, and ere we were well out of the Bay we were aware of her real nationality. An acquaintance cordially begun bade fair to ripen into something like friendship, and two days' seclusion down below, during which her cheerful face and voice were seldom long absent from our state-room, added gratitude to the sense of attraction we had already experienced. Another two days on deck, enlivened by her pleasant and narrative style of conversation, further cemented the bond of good-fellowship between us. She had evidently been a great traveller, and, while retaining her English voice and accent, had acquired that fluency and power of expression in speech in which the Americans, as a nation,

are so vastly our superior. The story she began to tell us on that dreary afternoon, while the Cunarder was toiling and groaning across the monotonous Atlantic waste, impressed us both somewhat deeply. It was not in the least sensational, and, owing to the impossibility of reproducing the peculiar style of the narrator it may fall flat. But I shall do my best to make it as interesting to others as she made it to us. That she should have related to acquaintances of days only, incidents which had undoubtedly gone to the very heart of her existence, is but one instance the more of the rapidity with which people, experiencing some mutual attraction, and thrown entirely on one another's society, can become intimate or even confidential. The stormy passage which kept all the other ladies down-stairs for nearly a week favoured this intimacy, and, whether sitting on deck in chairs which had been lashed to the mast for greater security, or curled up in a corner of the ladies' cabin, we listened with unflagging interest to her numerous reminiscences.

CHAPTER I.

"ELDERLY ladies like myself," she began, "who have been led, either by duty or inclination, to wander in divers directions, have a rich storehouse of memories to fall back on, and, although what I am going to tell you happened long years ago, every detail is as vivid to me as if it occurred but yesterday. I may as well remind you, before embarking on my unassuming narrative, that although not a citizen of the Republic, I have, owing to circumstances with which it is needless to weary you, passed a large portion of my life in America, chiefly in the Northern States. But I have several times been South."

She hesitated, and then went on somewhat abruptly. "I had only been married six months when my husband was called to active service in Mexico. There he died. He was the son of a Virginia planter, and belonged to one of the first families of the State. I had formed very close relations with his people, and I continued to visit them as before, and to find my chief solace in these visits. To one young cousin, in particular, to whom he had been exceedingly attached, I was something more than a friend. He had loved the child. I had watched the

child grow into exquisite girlhood, and loved her even as he had done. Her name was Doris Mitchell. I was simply 'Cousin Frances.' In the summer of '59 she wrote that I should join her at the Warm Springs in Virginia, whither her father had been ordered for the benefit of his health. Her mother was long since dead. Doris added that she was in great perplexity, and being not without knowledge of the ways of young girls, my mind immediately flew back to sundry scraps of information she had at one time given me concerning a certain Lieutenant Madison, who had apparently paid her a good deal of attention at the Warm Springs two seasons previously. The young man in question had since vanished to the frontier on the usual duty of 'active service,' and I knew that his protracted absence and, worse still, his utter silence, had caused my poor little girl many a secret tear. But her pride had come to the rescue, and I had learned to hope that Wilmer Madison was forgotten.

Yet, as I jolted southwards day after day, visions of that young man haunted me continually.

The Warm Springs in '59 meant rank and fashion; now they are changed, like everything else. I had got my best gowns with me, and was determined to do Doris credit so far as was possible. If I were not afraid of making my story too long I could tell you many things about those wonderful Warm Springs which might interest and amuse you. But I must hasten on.

On the night of my arrival I sat with Doris and her father upon the piazza of the huge frame building which represented the hotel. My brain, ever active in the girl's interests, was keeping up an under-current of conjecture beneath our light surface-talk, and I was longing for bedtime and the solitude of our own apartment, when, in all probability, certain girlish secrets would be confided to my sympathetic ear. We were to occupy one of the bare, barrack-like rooms together, and according to the easy, happy-go-lucky Virginian fashion, which never acknowledges to an impossibility in the matter of accommodation, we might consider ourselves fortunate in that we were not requested to admit two or three laughing, noisy 'belles.'

Doris, who had temporarily discarded her *beaux* in my honour, had drawn a low rocker close beside me, and sat leaning against my knee, fanning us both with a big palm-leaf fan. I observed that she was very silent, and that there was a wistful, even a sad expression on her sweet little face. The

clatter of tongues all around seemed to make no impression on her, and it was not until we had shut our chamber door upon the outside world that she roused herself from her abstraction. She then insisted on my making all my preparations for slumber, even to lying down in bed, before she would satisfy my curiosity; and not till I was fairly ensconced between the sheets, and she in her white wrapper perched on the bed's edge, did she begin her story. As for sleep, had we been dying for want of it we could not have obtained it for some time to come. Dancing was still going on below, and the din of voices and laughter, and the footsteps of the promenaders on the wooden piazzas, made discord of the quiet night.

Doris's story was a very little one, and not one girl in a hundred, brought up as she had been, would have bestowed an anxious thought upon it. But Doris was afflicted with conscientious scruples—I say afflicted, because a lively conscience is to be considered in the light of a real affliction so far as any comfort in life is concerned. It appeared, then, that the child had become rather seriously entangled with a youth of good Maryland family, by name Curtis Monkton; that is to say, she had allowed herself to drift into something very like an engagement. But as Southern society makes light of even more definite engagements, as they are rarely divulged until the day of the marriage ceremony is close at hand, and as the young people are not expected to look on them as altogether binding, I endeavoured to reassure Doris as to her position. And I fear, in my anxiety for her welfare, I did not dwell sufficiently on the (temporary) sufferings of the unfortunate young man. As for reproaching her, that was out of the question; she had a stern enough monitor in herself.

'No matter, cousin,' she replied, 'I am very much to blame, and can never reconcile my conscience to his unhappiness. Curtis Monkton truly loves me, and the knowledge of this love troubles me.'

'And you, my child?' I said softly.

'I do not know,' she answered, with a faint blush. 'Sometimes I think I do care for him. When you make his acquaintance to-morrow you will at once own that he is an attractive and highly cultivated gentleman.'

'But do you love him, Doris?' I persisted.

'I do not know,' she repeated gravely.

But after a little pause she added, with exceeding simplicity, 'I told him this morning, when he pressed me for a definite

answer, that I had no first love to give to him or to any one—all that was over and done with. I thought it right to tell him just so much and no more. But, cousin, I am growing to believe that after a while I could care for him well enough to become his wife. We have many tastes in common. My father, and, indeed, every one, likes him, and he loves me as—as that other never could have done.'

'Wise little woman!' I said, and stroked the pretty hand that lay in mine.

The light of the solitary candle fell full upon her face, and I lay and gazed at her at my leisure. I do not imagine that any one would have called Doris beautiful, and yet she was utterly 'lovely' in the good old-fashioned sense of the word. She had captivated me from the first, and each time I looked into the clear depths of her eyes—eyes of only moderate size, perhaps, but of heaven's own blue where the light shines brightest—the more exquisite I thought them. The short, thick, up-curved lashes gave them an air of innocence and sweetness quite their own; and the delicate tracery of the arched eyebrows added an expression both inquiring and pathetic, which, combined with the exceeding fairness of the small face—nearly colourless, as Southern faces so often are—told a tale of a refinement and sensitiveness almost painful to behold in this rough world. She had the chiselled features characteristic of the 'nation of well-formed noses;' and for her figure, it was grace itself, every movement only adding a charm to what seemed already perfection. What with her dazzling fairness of skin and hair, her innocent eyes, and her snowy garments, she looked to my too partial gaze like something near akin to an angel, and I caught myself devising all sorts of visionary schemes with a view to shielding her for ever from the possible pain and contamination of every-day life. Alas! vain dreams indeed!

It was not surprising that more than one should have desired to possess this treasure for his own; and though, as I before remarked, her beauty, except for her child-like fairness, was not of a type to attract universal attention, it was of a kind to enchain those who had once perceived it. But the generality of men have no eyes worth speaking of, and no true sense of beauty. I speak as a woman.

The next morning, as we wended our way through the grounds to partake of the waters, Doris made me acquainted with Mr. Monkton, who proved to be a slight, fair youth, with a polished manner, a short-sighted gaze

which betrayed the book-worm rather than the man of action, and a complete infatuation as regarded Doris. That she should meditate yielding to such devotion did not surprise me; and his looks and ways were sufficiently in his favour to make me jump to the conclusion that here was the person calculated to take tender care of my little girl through life. However, I had the sense to keep my ideas to myself for the time being. She was then just at the age I myself was when, fourteen years before, my own all too brief happiness had been well-nigh wrecked by undue interference. As the days went on no one noticed the couple particularly, except, perhaps, the girl's other beaux, who began to drop off. Advanced flirtations are a great deal too common in Southern society to provoke anything but an indulgent smile.

One evening, about a week after my arrival, I was sitting with my work under the shade-trees on the lawn. Doris, who was dressed for riding, was not far away, Curtis hanging over her, his whole soul in his eyes. Never are we so secure as when danger is at hand, and I was furtively watching the pair with an ever-growing satisfaction. There was the faintest flush on the girl's shell-like skin—the result either of the sunset glow or of the young man's ardent glances, I know not which—and she was looking her loveliest and happiest.

A step on the brick-walk near by caused me to glance over my shoulder, and there, as if suddenly arrested on his way to the main building, stood a very fine and gallant-looking gentleman—covered with dust, it is true, and plainly straight off the road, but a gentleman nevertheless. He was gazing straight over my head at the unconscious Doris, and the expression of his handsome countenance at once startled and puzzled me. After a minute or two he appeared to recollect himself, and taking off his hat with real 'old-time' courtliness, he made me a sweeping bow and a murmured apology, and pursued his way. Doris turned her head at the slight disturbance, and caught a glimpse of the receding stranger. A change came over her face impossible to describe, but it was as if she had received some shock, the effects of which went inward. But she relapsed into a silence which I deemed it wise to dissolve without delay.

'Come, my dear,' I remarked cheerfully. 'It is close on sundown, and if Mr. Monkton is going to take you to ride it would be well to start immediately. I see "Colonel" waiting at the block.'

She rose at once, and, accompanied by Curtis, walked across the grass towards the mounting-block. A few minutes later the two rode away—Doris urging 'Colonel,' a renowned fox-trotter, to his fastest gait, her companion's horse breaking repeatedly in its efforts to keep pace with hers. From an upper window some one was leaning and watching, and when a sudden ripple of laughter came back as the riders turned the farthest corner, the some one retreated, banging the outside blind to again with a mighty crash.

Now, this was only the beginning of it. Of course the new comer was none other than the famous Wilmer Madison, fresh from the camp, and with his late-won honours thick on him. And here he was—something of a hero, and absolutely determined to win Doris for his wife. His reasons for leaving her before seemed to me to partake of the usual masculine obtuseness on certain points. But the man in love is not remarkable for perspicacity, and it rarely occurs to him that the tortures of doubt may, for the girl he leaves behind him, be at least as severe as those of the pride which bids him be silent. Wilmer Madison was like the rest. That love betrays itself at once too little and too much had not suggested itself to him more than to many another equally honourable young man; and away he went to win glory for one girl's sake, proud of his self-control, and of the reserve which, all unsuspected by him, made her misery.

Wilmer was an orphan, of good old Southern stock, but small fortune. Mr. Mitchell was a wealthy planter; Doris was his only child; therefore, reasoned Wilmer, pride and duty must seal his lips for awhile, and an abrupt summons to the frontier rendered his resolution the easier to keep. Fortune favoured the brave young officer. A campaign under Lee, promotion to a captaincy, and other more solid rewards had been his, and knowing that Doris was still unmarried, he had come back to her in such a manner that it was no longer possible to doubt his intentions. The faithful little heart—feeling itself still faithful, still free, in spite of its owner's asseverations to the contrary—leapt to meet him as he came, and very soon it became impossible for Doris to further delude herself or Curtis. But she struggled hard, poor child. My part was wholly neutral, and while listening sympathetically to the representations of all three, I resolutely, and at some cost to myself, refused to give an opinion.

What need is there to tell how it all happened? One tale of this kind is pretty much like another. Suffice it to say that in the end Doris drew back from her half-formed engagement to Curtis Monkton, and gave herself to her earlier love—not without tears and veritable anguish of remorse, but still the deed was done. Both young men behaved well; and though Wilmer, like most people of strong will and no complications of character, could see but one side of the question—brushing away feminine scruples and difficulties like so many cobwebs, and indulging in a manly scepticism as to the force or endurance of his fallen rival's sufferings—he showed as much forbearance as could be expected in his hour of triumph. You may perhaps think that a wiser guardian might have said much that I left unsaid, might have represented, among other things, that a nature such as that of Curtis would probably go further towards forming a happy home than that of Wilmer, when the lovers should have turned into husband and wife. Given every virtue, there must still be some slight disenchantment on both sides. And yet, in spite of all, I am obliged to believe now, as I believed then, that Doris chose the wiser part, and that I was right not to interfere by so much as a word.

I am no believer in the *necessity* of passionate love—on the woman's side—for the formation of a successful marriage, and perhaps a perfect affection is as well, or better, able to withstand the inevitable little shocks of disillusionment and the slow wearing of the waves of life. Few women are genuinely 'in love' more than once in their lives; fewer still marry their first loves; yet hundreds eventually become the loyal and happy wives of men as unlike the first object as it is possible to imagine. But there are some women so constituted that with them that genuine primal passion is incapable of dying a natural death. It has to be deliberately killed, and occasionally it turns out to be only scotched. Or a word, a look, long years after, revealing that the self-conquest had been unnecessary, that the bliss desired had been within reach after all, may have power to inflict a sudden stab even amid the unsurpassed contentment of a peaceful marriage. First love may die, but its subtle influences seem sometimes well-nigh immortal. I am persuaded that for Doris there was but one way, and that was to follow where her heart led her. So I let her alone. Then in the future there could be no place for so much as the flitting ghost of a regret, which, though

harmless in itself, might torment her innocent soul with a fancied sense of disloyalty to her husband.

Thus Doris settled the question after her own fashion, and we went back to the old Virginia homestead; and very soon my little girl learned to think with less self-reproach of poor Curtis, and opened like a delicate flower to the warmth of her hero's strong and protective affection. Wilmer was worthy of the liking and admiration almost universally felt for him, and it was impossible to deny that his way of loving, at once masterful and gentle with the gentleness of most big creatures, was the best way for Doris.

It was arranged that he should leave the army, and, joining his own modest and transferable property to that of his prospective father-in-law, undertake the entire management of the large Mitchell plantation.

The marriage took place in the fall of the same year, and immediately afterward I returned to the North, where I continued to receive excellent reports of the new arrangements from every point of view."

CHAPTER II.

"It was about a year and a half after the marriage, and some six months after Mr. Mitchell's death, that I went once more to the old homestead—that is to say, in the spring of '61. Little I thought then how long it would be before I should travel northward again, or what changes would have taken place along the route. True it is that the air was heavy with the clouds of war, but few of us realised how soon they would break, or even that they would break at all. And yet had armed legions threatened my path, I think no dread of them would have kept me just then from the motherless girl I loved so tenderly.

Owing to the almost impassable condition of the roads, after the usual variableness of a Virginia winter, there were as yet no lady guests in the house, but there were enough gentlemen constantly going and coming to test the young mistress's strength pretty severely. The burden of unlimited hospitality and the care of a huge coloured family fell with comparative lightness on the master in those days; it was the wife on whom the chief responsibility more often rested, and many indeed were the delicate and conscientious women who, in the midst of seeming luxury and enjoyment, felt, nevertheless, over-weighted with a load of moral obligation. Doris's husband spared her all he could. His devotion was of that rare kind which in daily

life can divest itself of every grain of man's acknowledged prerogative of selfishness, and the utter peace of their conjugal existence was a very pleasant thing to witness.

Among the gentlemen who frequented the house were not a few old campaigners; and as for Wilmer, he was like the war-horse that sniffs the battle from afar. In the year of grace 1861, women were not supposed to have opinions, but we did have them for all that, nourishing them in secret the best way we could. Doris, habituated from childhood to the restrictions of Southern thought and feeling, was naturally less affected than I by the unwearying flood of talk that went on in those stirring times. I fumed in silence, yearning for some speech which should reveal the existence of a more tolerant and discerning spirit. To expect Wilmer to see two sides of a question, or even to own to the possibility of two, I had long discovered to be past hoping for. The whole strength of his character, his success in carrying out his projects—also, I sometimes suspected, the one danger to those he loved—lay in that very incapacity. More than one of the neighbouring gentry had served under Lee in '56 or '59, and all appeared eager to serve under him again. Of his faithfulness to the South they never doubted. The great Colonel's magnanimous and painstaking efforts to avert the war are too well known to need repetition. He strove hard, bringing to the matter all that clearness of vision, that unerring judgment, that noble toleration, which were his unvarying characteristics. Pity it was that there were not more like him on both sides! But he failed, as we all know, and having failed, showed himself as whole-souled in submission as he had been in persuasion. He who maintained that Duty was the sublimest word in the English language, was now, as ever, true to his professions; and without an hour's avoidable delay, he sent in his resignation to the United States Government, declining its tempting offers, and with these renouncing, as he then thought probable, much that the world deems worth retaining. He would serve in the defence of his native State, if only as a private in her ranks. But he was never deceived. He estimated the 'Yanks' at their proper value, and had no over-confidence to buoy him up.

And so we entered on that miserable and fateful war, the distressing details of which I shall pass over whenever permissible. It was glorified by the heroism of its women as of its men, to an extent which you, perhaps,

can scarcely realise. Fragile creatures, living cheerfully in camps, in wretched barracks, in devastated homes—deprived for long months and years not merely of the luxuries to which Southern women were at that period accustomed, but of the bare necessities of existence; exposed to terror and insult, and, what was worst of all, to ceaseless, sleepless care. Verily, there were heroines in the land in those days.

I may say that my share in the weary struggle was comparatively soon over, and that I was not called on to prove any possible capacity for endurance.

One afternoon, in the latter half of April, Doris and I were together in the front porch. Spring in Virginia, though a beautiful, is a very trying season. The intense heat of the sun soon takes the freshness out of the air, and the leaves are too young and scanty to afford much shade. Added to this we are almost as liable in Virginia as in England to sudden spells of cold in the midst of our spring warmth. So it had been with us this year, and sundry deposits of wood-ashes in the great old hearths in the parlours betrayed how lately we had sat and shivered.

Now, in the late afternoon, in the shaded porch it was perfectly delightful, and though every spring that I had ever spent in Virginia found me stifling a sigh for the subtle sweetness of the English spring, I was yet able to appreciate its more garish glories here. The coloured gardeners were busy all around the house, mowing the first crop of grass off the wide lawns which had at last lost their dull winter brown, carrying seats out into the grove, and bringing big tubs of flowering shrubs and plants from the greenhouse to range them on either side of the brick walks. It was full early for the oleanders and giant abutilons, under whose weight the laughing negroes staggered, but Doris was eager to have the place in order before her husband's return, and she pointed out a bursting crape-myrtle in a neighbouring border to prove to me that spring had really come. Occasionally a heavy family coach or farm waggon rolled over the rapidly-drying mud of the highway, but it was a far-away and undisturbing sound. Every now and then one of us went down the steps to direct the chattering gardeners, and in the spacious halls and parlours there was the continual passing to and fro, the perpetual presence of coloured folk, big and little, to which I, with my Northern and English notions, never could become thoroughly reconciled. But still it was quite singular how peaceful we were on that sunny

afternoon, and how little we thought of the impending war or of the news which the master of the house might bring on his return from Richmond. I can see Doris now as she lingered a moment before coming up the porch steps—a tall orange-syringa over her head waving its snowy sweetness against a spotless heaven, and all that heaven reflected in her eyes as she glanced at me and smiled.

Suddenly, near sundown, there was a shout—

'Dar come Marse—jes' sailin'—O my! jes' see dat dar Colonel—ain't he fine?'

And, sure enough, sweeping up the slope at that delicious cradling gait which, given a good horse, is the very poetry of motion, came Wilmer—his hat off, his face alight with joy and triumph, looking as only conquering heroes can. He was indeed a splendid fellow.

On they came, the horse's massive neck just curving to the rein, his tail arched, his bay coat golden in the evening glow, every shapely limb obedient to the controlling hand, proud beyond expression of himself and his master.

At the porch there was a halt, and the groom galloped up as Wilmer threw himself from the saddle to greet his wife. They went into the house together, and I stayed behind to give 'Colonel' the sugar he expected as his right. As I lingered, drawing the thin fine mane through my fingers, the coloured boy said—

'De Kunnel done shed his ha'r now, Miss France—he's jes' as slick as glass and as fiery as tow! Dar's no holdin' dis horse. But you'll have to commence work now, sah! And as he led him away he gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder, which the horse seemed thoroughly to understand.

When I turned, Wilmer was beside me. He sometimes pretended to laugh at my passion for horses, but in reality it pleased him. Besides, he never forgot that it was 'Colonel's' sire who carried my husband in Mexico, and who had once marched riderless to the martial strains of a soldier's funeral.

'Come into the house, cousin,' he said. And as he walked by my side, he continued, 'That horse is a trifle too fine-drawn for my weight, but I shall trust to his breed to put him through. Mr. Mitchell never kept any but the best stock on his plantation.'

'Then are you going to use "Colonel" hard?' I asked.

'Very hard,' was the significant answer.

Of course I knew in a moment what he meant, and inquired if he had told his wife. He replied 'Yes,' and then, taking my hand

in his, as we were about to enter the parlour together, he added—

‘You will not leave her?’

‘Leave her, Wilmer? and while you are away? What a question!’

He said nothing—I do not think he could—but he raised my fingers to his lips with a gesture worthy of a knight of old.

After supper, as we sat upon the porch, we were told all the news—the particulars of the Declaration, the Secession, and of Colonel Lee’s resignation of his commission in the United States army.

‘He will be asked to accept the command of the army of Virginia,’ concluded Wilmer; ‘then he will appear before the Convention, and, after that, let the Yanks look out for themselves! There’s one man at least living who knows how to teach them a lesson.’

The moon was bright, and Wilmer’s fine eyes shone as he tossed back his handsome head and looked into his wife’s face. He was sitting on the steps at her feet, and as he gazed some other emotion overmastered him. She had put out her little fair hand and laid it on his hair—and then, as ever, at her touch his whole nature seemed to melt, and he caught the little hand in his.

I looked no more; my own heart was full. Was it years ago, or was it only yesterday, that my own soldier gazed thus into my eyes and then went forth to die?

The soft spring breeze sang among the young leaves, a caged mocking-bird within the house trilled out a few low, passionate notes, the flowers gleamed beneath the wondrous Southern moon—and far away, far, far removed from all the hope and confidence of youth, one faint mountain peak rose like a warning finger into the lit sky.

As I walked in the shadow of the grove some horsemen came along the road at a rapid, shambling pace. The dogs, who usually followed me, must have been down in the negro quarters, where singing and dancing was going forward, for they made no disturbance, and I recognised the voices of the riders as those of our near neighbours.

‘The Mitchell folks are making a great fuss,’ said one. ‘Do you reckon it means anything?’

‘Oh no,’ was the reply, ‘not yet. Do you know if the Captain has returned from Richmond?’

‘Yes, I reckon so. He’s a real fine officer, and is mighty apt to be sent to the front. Lee knows his men—’

The rest was lost. A couple of hounds rushed frantically from the quarters, and in

a minute every dog in the neighbourhood had been set going. I called our own to me, and retraced my steps to the house, musing sadly as I went.”

CHAPTER III.

“BUT the weeks crept on, and Wilmer was not sent to the front. General Lee was at Richmond, organizing and equipping troops to go forward. Major Madison was one of his right-hand men, and, though secretly chafing at the comparative inaction, he realised that for the present his head was more needed than his arm.

In the meantime Doris’s baby was born. I forget the exact date, but it was not long before that somewhat unfortunate campaign in West Virginia, at the prospect of which all the young officers were exulting. Wilmer was one of these, and came home before the start to see his boy for the first time. The ardour, which had been slightly damped by the long delay and by the knowledge that others were in active service when he was not, had burst into fresh life again; and this, combined with his release from anxiety on his wife’s account, and the possession of a son and heir, made him sometimes not unlike a boy himself. But even then a suspicion crossed me that his high spirits were in part feigned for Doris’s sake, and that the idea of being separated from her was one on which he did not dare to dwell.

I shall ever remember the week he spent at home. That tenderness which must find vent in some form of expression was his to perfection, and there was not a thing he could do for his wife himself that he would allow me or any of the servants to do. He would fan her while she slept in the hot afternoons, or carry her down-stairs in the cooler evenings, she looking like a fair white lily in his arms, her golden hair against his dark, bronzed cheek. He would talk to her till she forgot the cruel war which was so soon to take him from her, and laugh her merry, girlish laugh again; there was nothing he would not do to serve her. They would put their heads together over that wonderful baby and marvel at the ugliness of extreme youth, until the indignant old Mammy would threaten to carry her precious charge away. Then Wilmer, in spite of his previous remarks, would take his little son and, holding him as carefully as any woman, pace the long halls, while Doris watched the two with thoughts that never could be uttered.

But the summons came, and in the grey dawn the parting took place. I had left

Wilmer in his wife's room, and stood outside, the baby in my arms. It had been a stifling night, and doors and windows were all wide open, so that I could plainly hear the tender murmur of Wilmer's voice, and now and then a word from Doris. Then there was silence for one long minute—and in that silence I suffered too, remembering as only women do remember.

Wilmer came out quickly, his eyes dim with the tears of which no man need be ashamed.

'Good-bye, little son,' he said, and bent to kiss the small wrinkled face upon my arm.

As he did so there came a low, quivering cry from the room—

'Wilmer !'

He glanced at me with an expression of agony.

'I cannot go back,' he whispered. 'Carry the boy to her, cousin—tell her to name him for her father. Good-bye, dear, kind cousin !'

He grasped my disengaged hand, and I think he kissed me, and was gone in an instant.

There was just that one cry from Doris, and then no more complaints. But as the weary weeks of waiting went by, often with-



"On the steps at her feet."

out any news at all, and when it did come but of the scantiest, she wilted like a flower, while her passion for the child grew with a silent intensity that almost frightened me. Had she said more about it I should not have been concerned; as it was she made me anxious.

We soon ceased to have cause to lament the baby's ugliness. That early stage passed, and in a very few months it needed no maternal vanity to delight in his beauty. Little Dick was, in truth, a magnificent boy—Wilmer in miniature, with Doris's heavenly eyes.

Doris and I were thoroughly occupied always. At the beginning there was no

heavy drain on the resources of the plantation; the work went on much as usual; we had to ride about a good deal, and neighbours went and came. But a gradual transformation set in, and things ceased to be as they had been, though the coloured people remained quiet, and absolutely faithful. The war went on with its changes and chances, and the end was not yet.

Then there came an awful season of suspense. We knew that Wilmer had gone to the front with General Johnston, and for a long time nothing more. Doris, new to suffering as she was then, could hardly have held out so bravely had it not been for the boy. She is not the only woman who, in

trying circumstances, has, all unknowing, made an idol of her child; and though, as I have observed before, she said but little, my own love, my own unburied past, was there to prevent the need of many words between us. But insensibly she leaned on and clung to me.

I cannot recollect exactly when it was that this torture of suspense was ended by a letter from Wilmer himself. I only know that Dick was able to crawl in a really alarming manner and keep his various attendants, white and coloured, in a constant frenzy of anticipation. Of course we were aware that the army of Northern Virginia—as it came to be called afterwards—was having by no means unvarying success, that there was even talk of the military operations nearing Richmond, and that Lee was still superintending the defences on the Southern seaboard. Wilmer now wrote that the struggle was becoming more intense, that he should feel more at ease about us if we were to follow the example of numerous other ladies, and proceed at once to Richmond; the plantation must take care of itself. Lee had been summoned to the capital, and *he* would turn the tide of war. He—Wilmer—was on his way to raise further levies and supplies from the plantations, and in the meantime we must endeavour to collect all the provisions we could to carry to the city. For himself, he could bear this separation no longer—and so on, I suppose, for Doris ceased to read aloud.

As it befell, however, we did not see Wilmer so soon as we expected. He contrived to send another letter, in which he bade us set forth immediately with everything we could scrape together. The road to Richmond was clear. He was unavoidably delayed, but hoped to meet up with us before we should reach the city. There were several directions for me about the horses, and I was requested to consult Uncle Bob as to the fitness for service of one of the two remaining colts. 'Tell cousin that Colonel thrives, and proves an easy horse to keep, in spite of severe work and short rations.'

We now continued our preparations in good earnest, and in a day or two set off for Richmond, taking little Dick's Mamma, and leaving some faithful servants in charge. At a wayside *dépôt* some miles south of the city, where we were detained in a manner common enough in times of war, Wilmer actually did fall in with us—no longer quite the brilliant fellow of old, perhaps, for one month of that desperate strife was as

twelve of peace, and those who were alive at the close counted the four years as ten. But in the joy of meeting all else was forgotten. Wilmer's utter bewilderment, when he was proudly shown the beautiful boy, at whose contorted countenance he had aforesaid gazed with more wonder than admiration, afforded us no little amusement; and when he discovered that Dick could actually stagger with bubbling peals of excited laughter from one pair of arms to another, and came fearlessly to play with the tarnished lace upon the soldier's uniform, his delight in his first-born flowed over, and he must needs mount him on 'Colonel,' to admire the way in which the strong little fellow held himself erect and surveyed us with wide-eyed, baby dignity.

Before we parted from Wilmer he told us that his contribution to our supplies consisted of a barrel of flour and a firkin of butter. It was the best he could do for us, and for these he had given eight hundred dollars—Confederate money, of course—and his best young horse. I tell you this, so that you may see what hard times we had fallen upon.

Well, the days went on. In some skirmish Wilmer received a flesh-wound which brought on a slight fever, and as he was so near to us was sent into the city to be nursed by his women-folk. The compulsory inaction when movements of much importance were threatening, combined with the sight of the pale faces of his wife and child, and the smarting of his wound in the burning May weather, made poor Wilmer slightly irritable. Conjugal discomfort, even of the most trifling description, had been hitherto a thing unknown between these two; indeed, it had almost seemed to me as if both—and notably Doris, who was by nature a somewhat silent and gentle little person—made a religion of avoiding those miserable pettinesses which often go far to disgust one with what the world calls happy marriages. Wilmer was by training and disposition courteous to all; and, unlike too many of our own countrymen, did not consider it incumbent on him to make an exception of his wife. But now I was to be witness of the first jar; nothing in itself, yet to me, who held certain theories of my own about Wilmer's character, a dangerous signal. It happened in this wise. One evening Doris was dressing his wound. I was present with a large fan, for, in order to see better, we had been forced to open the outside blinds; and though the sun was down those pests of the States, the flies, were still rampant, settling down in black swarms whenever the fan paused for a second.

'In three days more I must be gone,' observed Wilmer as he extended his arm for Doris to bathe with water which was very far from cool; for, among other minor miseries, we were enduring the warm season with little or no ice. 'It is time I was out of the city. And, Doris, can you guess whom I heard of in that flurry a few days since? Curtis Monkton! doing surgical work for the Yanks, and carrying dispatches, too, I don't doubt. The low hound!' Only let me meet up with him face to face!

'Oh, hush, Wilmer!' I interposed, trying to laugh off his excitement; for I fancied that from a sense of loyalty to one who had once proved a true friend Doris might speak in his defence. And somehow I dreaded that she should do so—to Wilmer. She paused a minute, and then said, as she proceeded to bind the arm with neat and steady fingers,

'Is it not possible, Wilmer, that a man may differ from us, and yet be equally conscientious?'

She spoke very gently, as she always did, but her husband's big dark eyes flashed upon her with a look I had never seen in them before. He dragged at his moustache with his other hand, and said quickly,

'Doris, you don't mean to say that you defend that—that cur?'

It was evident that she would have taken refuge in silence had she had a choice, but he gave her none.

'Tell me, Doris,' he went on with irritating persistence, 'what do you mean? You cannot pretend that Monkton is not a traitor to the South?'

She still hesitated, looking puzzled and astonished. Then she replied, as she adjusted the sleeve of his coat,

'We should be traitors, Wilmer, if we

acted so. But if Curtis does not think with us he cannot act with us. It is a great misfortune for him that his conscience makes him our enemy.'

'Conscience!—misfortune!' cried Wilmer, with a manner that was more nearly rude than I could have imagined it possible for him to be. 'What slippery minds women have! A thing is either right or wrong. The man who forsakes his country in her hour of need is a traitor, and should be shot before the whole army—'

At that moment there came a thumping of small fists on the Venetian blinds across the doorway, attended by various inarticulate sounds. Doris sprang to admit the supplicant.

'Ah, sonnie!' exclaimed Wilmer, forgetting his vexation at the sight of his adored Dick. 'Come here, boy.'

And as it must be owned that the faithless child had succumbed altogether to his father's fascinations, and treated his mother and myself as dust and ashes when Wilmer was present, down went little Dick on his hands and knees, and scrambled as hard as he could go towards the large rocker in the window. Wilmer called to me to lift the boy upon his knees, and soon the darkening room re-echoed to their shouts. Later, Aunt Judy brought the lamp. Doris came forward to close the blinds against the moths, and in passing pressed her lips to her son's dusky head. Her husband watched the caress a little jealously; perhaps, also, observing afresh how pale and wan she was; and as she began to move away behind his chair he leaned his head far back, so that he could meet her eyes.

'Dear!' he murmured entreatingly.

She paused directly, and, stooping, laid her face to his.

So the shadow passed—for the time."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED THEM.

SOME time has elapsed since teaching by Correspondence was described in the pages of GOOD WORDS. It has since then gained so firm a footing that it may seem superfluous to discuss it further.

To those, however, who have not had it specially brought under their notice, information regarding this simple and elastic system may be not only interesting but a boon.

The Correspondence Class is intended for the extension of skilled teaching to any

woman within reach of the post, who may wish to continue systematic education. One halfpenny throughout Britain, and the corresponding small book-post rate in regions beyond, will, fortnight by fortnight, lay on the desk of the tutor the exercises, questions, and answers of the pupil, however distant, and insure the regular reply, correction, and help. A fee is paid on entering the class to cover the postage of these replies, and to meet the expenses of the scheme. This fee

averages 11s. per term of twelve weeks; three of these terms make up the annual course from November to June. Those who have spent their youth within reach of the classes and lectures which are so bountifully provided in large towns, and who, perhaps have even wearied of the abundance of such intellectual resources, can hardly imagine the mental hunger of many who are out of reach of these supplies. The eyes and the voice of one such come before me now. Feeble in health, scant of means, and living away from any centre of intellectual activity, yet, withal, eager and strong of spirit, her craving came out in the whispered words: "Do you know, I feel so *hungry* sometimes!" The eager, panting emphasis of the word "hungry" is not to be forgotten. Had this easy means of appeasing that hunger been known to me then, how gladly would it have been told, and how eagerly caught up by that modest, patient sufferer, who is now past all need!

And it is hunger, more or less keen, which brings most women to those Correspondence Classes. The intellectual menu is ample and varied. It includes such subjects as grammar, arithmetic, history, geography, literature, composition, classical and modern languages, botany, logic, music, drawing, history, art, mathematics, &c.; so that a young girl's education in general, or some branch of instruction in particular, is provided for. To illustrate the former: Last winter an English family, detained by the health of one of its principal members in an inaccessible part of Switzerland, kept up the education of the daughters by this means. And many a solitary student might be cited to illustrate the latter. The writer, for example, bequilted the monotony of a foreign "health-resort" by the stimulant of a regular course of study. If, in wild cases of "hunger," the boon is felt to be so great, it is hardly necessary to point out what it must be in cases of great isolation, in which some women need the knowledge for the sake of those depending on them; while others, perhaps late in life, turn to study as a relief from care, from ennui, from disappointment, from dissipation of mind. And it is for women this opportunity is made. What a "pull"—to use a boy's phraseology—the other sex has over them in this matter of education! However odious at the time is the enforcement of application—enforced, if need be, by birch, and later on by failure in examination and loss of place in the world's race—the habit of application once gained stands a

man in good stead when he needs or desires to master any study. Let women, then, to whom neither birch-rod nor responsibility have taught this lesson, take a milder means of acquiring it for themselves. Let those who feel the need of discipline in work, take up some line of study, place themselves under the guidance of the "corresponding tutor," and habituate themselves to their self-imposed task, with all the minor matters of attention, regularity, neatness. Experience proves that they shall be amply rewarded.

Another "pull" that boys till recently enjoyed over girls, but which this and similar efforts are rapidly diminishing, is the advantage of skilled University teaching. Far be it from me to disparage the laborious and conscientious Magnalls of print and the much-tried governesses of private life, who have taught and trained so many of our aunts and sisters, and ourselves too. But at this time of day there is no need to demonstrate the advantage of *skilled* teaching, and that such ought to be within the power of women as well as men. This is a form of "women's rights" so harmless and so obvious as to require no defence. Such a "right" the pupils of these classes enjoy. The services of qualified teachers are placed at their disposal, and these show a real desire to help forward any earnest woman student. I have said that this agency is both well known and well organized, but it might be still more widely known, and for this purpose it is well that those who have had pleasant experience of it should tell their experience to others, and so put them in the way of sharing it.

The importance and interest of the Scripture department of this work may be specially enlarged upon. In this field, as we all know, not only is the schoolmaster abroad, but the sceptic also. We can hardly open a magazine of the period without seeing the most sacred subjects presented under the freest handling. People of every age read these criticisms, and discuss them. Is it not wise, then, to make the sacred Scriptures the subject of a study as systematic, as interesting, as suited to our modes of thought, and as level to recent discovery and criticism, as we make other studies? Approaching them with reverence and earnestness, guided by the books of reference recommended, and aided by the friendly and accomplished mind of the tutor, the pages of the Bible become clearer and brighter. If we have to meet modern difficulties we are also armed with modern weapons. Such study, especially when the blessing of the Divine Author of Scripture is

sought, cannot be useless. On the contrary, it is through such study, and not by a wilful blindness to the difficulties of Scripture and the comments of unbelievers, that a reasonable means is found of combating unbelief in the mind.

For this end alone the Scripture work is invaluable. No effort on the student's part, however crude, to draw out for herself the meaning of a passage is trouble thrown away; and no honest endeavour is likely to pass unrecognised by such teachers as those who give their hearty labour to this cause, and who put "le cœur au métier." Many a Sunday hour, long and dreary to the unemployed, flies lightly over the head of the "corresponding" Bible student, and many a week-day hour is also similarly brightened;

for in the fortnightly list of questions sent there will be points calling for search and thought, as well as others needing only memory and attention.

How many girls who have quitted school or college, but who have the sense to know that their education, instead of being "finished," is only begun, would find these classes a genuine boon, were it for nothing else than to chase away ennui, or "to keep their wits on the grindstone!" To such, and to all who wish to improve themselves, the writer would commend the Correspondence Classes.*

LOUISA CONOLLY.

* Information on the subject may be had from the secretaries, Miss Jane MacArthur, 4, Buckingham Street, Hill-head, Glasgow, or Miss Walker, 37, Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By BISHOP BROMBY.

SEPTEMBER 6TH.

Read Psalm civ. 1, and Matt. vi. 19—24.

"Give us day by day our daily bread."—LUKE xi. 13.

THIS is the central petition of the Lord's Prayer. There is a beautiful symmetry running through it, balancing its different parts. It begins with the address to God, and it ends (in the version given by St. Matthew) with the ascription of the universal kingdom, power, and glory. The central petition is preceded by three connected with the glory of God, and it is followed by three others connected with man's spiritual wants. This short central one is the only one which encourages us to spread our temporal necessities before the throne of the Father; but while it does so encourage us, the isolation and solitariness of the petition teach us to attach a right value to earthly benefits relatively to the Divine glory and our own spiritual welfare.

The great lesson of this central petition is this, that all earthly blessing comes from God. Bread is God's "gift." Man, indeed, co-operates with God in the visible part of clearing, sweetening, enriching, ploughing, and sowing; but the invisible part is God's. "Paul may sow and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase."

"We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain."

The rich and the poor alike are led to own this utter dependence upon God. What if He were to send immoderate rains season after season, or shut up the heavens by a long, continuous drought. The prince and the pauper, the peer and the peasant, would have alike to confess that they are absolute pensioners upon God's bounty—neither freeholders nor leaseholders, but simply pensioners from day to day and hour to hour. How few like to acknowledge this! How few enter into the spirit of St. James's reproof—"If the Lord will, we shall do this or that" (St. James iv. 15). By the same word, bread becomes food for man, and by that word the rotting seed which man sows in spring covers the landscape with the golden sheaves of autumn. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (St. Matt. iv. 4), making bread to be food for man and grass food for the cattle.

The word *bread* should read a lesson to the rich. It should fill him with shame for past selfishness, as he is taught by this petition to pray, "My Father, I have forgotten thy other children; let me be no more filled with pride, but use my superabundance as a loan from thee, to lessen the sufferings and alleviate the poverty of my poorer brethren. Let these riches bind no more my groveling soul to earth, but raise my soul to heaven. Teach me to say, 'What wouldst thou have thy steward to do with this abundance?' Shall I not devote it for the relief

of the sick, the instruction of the ignorant, the support of the orphan, the evangelization of the heathen?"

The duty also is incumbent on the labouring class. They, too, have the means of their subsistence from God. To ask for bread is not to ask for a miracle; but it is to ask for health and strength and skill. These, too, are possessions, not in fee but as pensions. Blindness may throw a veil over the eyes of the most skilful artisan, or paralysis strike down at any moment the sturdiest labourer. Health and wage are not to be wasted upon drink or sloth. They are meant for the glory of the Giver, who asks you to feed and clothe your family, to educate your children, to provide for a rainy day, for the possibility of your wife being a widow and your little ones fatherless. If the rich would help the poor, let them teach them not to cast their pearls of health and spare wages to the swine of self-indulgence. We ask for to-day's bread, not for to-morrow's. From to-day's plenty we must ourselves lay aside something for to-morrow's wants. Our schools should inculcate habits of thrift from earliest life. A boy at fifteen, who begins to earn wage, may easily spare one shilling a week for investment in a post-office bank, which the State guarantees. How few know that this weekly investment will secure at the age of sixty an annual pension of £41, or one of £24, if he prefer it, at the age of fifty-five, with the advantage of ceasing to contribute after forty-five!

Once more, "bread" does not exclude other temporal blessings. As "day by day" is used to reprove undue anxiety for the future, so "bread" is used to rebuke all hankering after superfluities that may minister to our pride or love of luxuries. They that have gone back to their Father's House will find "bread enough and to spare." "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want *any good thing*" (Ps. xxxiv. 10). "Our Father" is not a father that neglecteth His children. If we have drunk from the Fountain of Life, He will not leave us to perish by the way through the desert for want of water. If we have fed upon the Bread of Life, He will supply the natural food. If we have put on the robe of righteousness, He who clothes the lilies will not leave us unclothed. Having prayed already, "Thy kingdom come," and seeking it first, we may be sure that "all these things shall be added unto us."

SEPTEMBER 13TH.

Read Matthew xviii. 21—25.

"And forgive us our sins, for we also forgive everyone that is indebted to us."—St. LUKE xi. 4.

We come now to the first of the three petitions connected with our own spiritual wants. What can we want more than forgiveness? What joy to the hopeless bankrupt, if his creditors would only overlook his long-accumulating debts? On another occasion our Lord calls our trespasses "debts." Time, talents, health, life itself is a debt. This debt the Christian man desires to be always paying, and in paying to be always feeling indebted. To employ them for His glory is to pay that debt; to use them for our own pride, luxury, or self-aggrandisement, is to rob God of His due. Every day and every hour the debt is accumulating, and its liquidation more hopeless. Men, like coward debtors who dare not look into their books, or like the foolish ostrich who buries his head in the sand, may refuse to examine their indebtedness to their Creator, but there it is, intricate, immeasurable! But when a true consciousness of our state has once been awakened by the Holy Spirit, and a sense of our utter insolvency is brought home to us, our confession will not be this: "Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all," for that is but the cry of a momentary alarm, but rather that of Bishop Andrews: "Forasmuch as I have nothing to pay, forgive me, Lord, this whole debt, I beseech Thee." And such a plea, and all pleas formed after the model of the Publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," can never be addressed to the Father's compassion in vain. The whole debt is forgiven for Christ's sake, nay, *for His own sake*; for Christ is not some second God who makes atonement to the injured God after the notion of the heathen mythologists. "Our Father" is a King; and as a King He gives royally to His children: "I, *even I*, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions *for Mine own sake*, and will not remember thy sins" (Is. xliii. 25). That is an essential error and a fatal confusion of thought which leads men to find some reason for forgiveness within themselves, such as the quantitative measure of their transgressions, or the greatness of their temptations, or the necessity of a little more forgiveness or a little more repentance. But a simple acceptance of the proffered pardon by an act of personal faith is God's way for provoking thankfulness of spirit and holiness of life.

And (2) this holiness will show itself in

growing likeness to the Father. The moral lineament of the Father will reproduce itself in the children's love of forgiveness. So true is this that an unforgiving spirit is an unmistakable sign that we have not passed under the transforming influence of the Father's forgiveness. It is a proof that such a man has never risen and gone to his Father and said, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." We must beware of using the word "for" as an argument for claiming the divine forgiveness as the *reward* for our own pardon. Remember that the petition is put into the mouths of those who have already received the pardon of the germ sin of unbelief and impenitence, and have already, in the spirit of adoption, called God "our Father." But we are taught that the unforgiving spirit does outrage to God's great Law, and passes again under the shadow of unforgiveness; for so the unforgiving servant in the parable, whose lord had forgiven him "all that debt," was cast into the prison until "the uttermost farthing of it should be paid." Such a consequence must follow in the nature of things; for was not the object of Christ's mission to bring men under the reign of law—the law of love? The atonement was God's method for introducing harmony in His own world, and making men *at one* with Himself and with each other. That method was unconditional forgiveness, that we, by feeling its power, might learn how to forgive. God's laws, whether physical or moral, are meant more for the race than for the individual. And so the divine love refuses to make its home in the abode of brotherly hatred. In this model prayer the Father has once and for ever bound heavenly and earthly love together by "the golden chain of prayer." Hatred is not only an act of suicide, but it is a stab against the whole body of which Christ is the living head. The petition we are considering gives no warrant to the thought that the divine mercy is the reward of human merit, but it exhibits the peace of God flying back to heaven from the dwellings of unforgiving men. Paraphrased, it rises to heaven from the lips of such men in this awful form, "Father, I forgive not my enemy, who has insulted or wronged me; forgive not me. As I deal with him, so, Lord, deal with me. The hundred pence he owes me I won't, I can't pass over. I would rather fling back again at thy feet the ten thousand talents which thou didst remit to me."

Those words of our Lord have a terrible ring of warning for our age. Are those differences

upon the externals of religion, its nature and its accidents, which stir up hatred and strife, which religious newspapers love to foster, worth a *hundred* pence? Well might a great Belgian painter represent the Saviour closing His eyes with His hands to shut out the spectacle of different Christian bodies fighting among themselves around the Cross!

He with the pierced hands stretched out cannot bear to look upon His servants seizing by the throat their brothers and sisters, who kneel at church and say, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins" and go home and separate themselves for some miserable hundred pence, until the *odium Theologicum* has grown into a proverb.

And from His words look to His *Example*. Do you not see near Calvary, Pilate the unjust judge, those cruel soldiers, those perjured witnesses, that surging murderous multitude, and amidst it all do you not hear the cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" We have read just now an affecting story of Christ-like forgiveness. Over the cenotaph of the poor orphan cabin-boy, whose life in an evil hour the shipwrecked sailors of the *Mignonette* had taken to support their own, there has been erected a monumental slab by a brother, on which he has inscribed the touching prayer, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

SEPTEMBER 20TH.

Read James i.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."—St. LUKE xi. 4.

The Great Teacher has taught us to take a very wide view of our wants in the three last petitions of this model prayer. When we prayed, "Give us day by day our daily bread," we looked only to the present; when we added "and forgive us our sins," we took a sad retrospect of the sins and shortcomings of our misused lives; and now we are bid to look onward to the troublesome future of temptation and many-sided evil. It is with this future we have now to deal, with all its possibilities of hidden evil. "Evil" must be distinguished from "temptation." Temptation is not necessarily evil. There are men who fall into a kind of despair, and feel themselves to be forsaken of God, because wicked thoughts rush unbidden into their hearts; thoughts, it may be, of depravity, thoughts of infidelity, thoughts even of blasphemy. Christ Himself was tempted on the mountain, but He resisted the tempter; once more in the garden, yet He triumphed nevertheless—"not my will, but Thine be done;"

and once again on the Cross, when He cried, as the darkness went over His soul, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Yet the filial trust returned, and He, who had taught us how to live, then taught us how to die. "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." It is not then temptation, but it is the yielding of the consent to the tempter, that constitutes evil. Nay, temptation, rightly used, is a positive blessing in disguise. The boisterous storm not only tests the strength of the young oak, but makes it strike its roots more firmly into the soil; and so, both in physical and spiritual conflicts, there is no trial of our strength, more especially with the young athlete, from which we do not come forth the stronger and the better. It is from the furnace of affliction that the true gold, freed from its baser mixture, comes forth the purer and the more precious. St. James has told us "to count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations . . . that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." (St. James i. 2.)

Thus, and thus alone, can God be said to "lead us into temptation." As He permitted Adam's temptation, although it led to Adam's fall, for the eventual perfection of our race, as He permits storms and tempests in the physical world for wise and beneficent ends, so is the tempter allowed to visit us that he may find, by Divine Grace, nothing in us to respond to his wicked solicitations. "The thorn in the flesh" came to St. Paul "to buffet him," but "the Lord said, My grace is sufficient for thee;" and St. Peter says, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." When we pray this prayer we simply pray that God's good providence will give effect to His merciful promise that "He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able" (1 Cor. x. 13). The petition in effect binds the indolent man to pray against the temptation to sloth, the rich man the temptation to selfish luxury, the irritable man the temptation to stir up his ungovernable passion, the poor man to discontent and envy, lest these temptations should excite unlawful lust, and lust should conceive and bring forth its hateful progeny of sin and death.

The petition binds us, unless offered up night and morning in terrible mockery, to avoid all the *occasions* of evil. What constitutes these occasions each one is bound to judge for himself from his past experience. Artificial laws imposed by society, even Christian society, are often more harmful than helpful. The cold air which braces a strong

man will injure the man of delicate lungs; the man of weak eyes should not burn the midnight oil; the man who has the sad inheritance of a body prone to intemperance should rush from the wine-bowl as from the fatal sting of the adder; and no youth or maiden who has resolved to live to God and to follow Christ should join again in any social intercourse which they have found, by past experience, has deadened the soul to higher and holier influences. The Christian's duty is to watch against his own besetting temptation, or the sudden surprise and snare of the Evil One, and fleeing from it "to pray," (as the Apostle did thrice after the example of his Master) "that it may depart from him." The warning suggested by the petition applies to the parents and guardians of the young, as well as to themselves. We all, both young and old, are taught not to regard physical pain or trouble, or sorrow of heart, or any bodily or mental affliction, or temporal loss, or death itself, as evil in themselves, but only evil as they separate us from God, "our Father which is in heaven," and unfit us for our future inheritance.

With this petition St. Luke brings the universal model prayer to a close. St. Matthew we know balances it by an ascription to the Almighty ONE, corresponding to the address with which it begins. As we commenced by an appeal to the Fatherly character of Him who created us, so now are we taught to urge this irresistible and prevailing plea, "for Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever." O Father, *our* Father, *my* Father, if Thine is the "kingdom," Thou must govern me and mine and all the nations upon earth, O claim and help me to render up what is Thine own. And if Thine is the "power," Thou canst cast out of Thine own universe, and out of my heart and the hearts of all men, the roots of rebellious sin and evil, and crush the Evil One under Thy feet; and if Thine is the "glory," be Thou glorified in my salvation and the salvation of men.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth His successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till sundown shall rise and set no more."

SEPTEMBER 27TH.

Read Psalm ciii., John xvii.

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
for ever."—ST. MATTHEW vi. 13.

The concluding words are not found in St. Luke's version of the Lord's model prayer, but as the occasion referred to by that evangelist was not the same as that which is de-

scribed by St. Matthew, this doxology was probably added to the original form. The doxology gives symmetry and beautiful harmony to it, balancing, as it does, the opening address, "Our Father which art in heaven." It does more, it explains the *rationale* of all prayer, as it furnishes pleas drawn, not from our own wants and necessities, but from God's own glory and majesty. It lifts us up above our own little longings and all our earthly interests into the regions of heaven, where angels' prayers are polluted with no distrust or selfish aim, and are lost in simple praise and loving adoration. It forms at the same time the very *encouragement* to all true prayer. "Lord, we have asked Thee blessings, for thine is the *kingdom*. Oh, let, then, thy kingdom come! Thine is the *power*; give us, thy children, power to do thy will. Thine is the *glory* in all Thou grantest and in all Thou withholdest. We do but ask that that glory be promoted, that power displayed, and that kingdom enlarged, and then the object of our prayers and the very purpose of our creation will be alike assured."

This model prayer not only is a pattern of comprehensiveness, but it is the golden link that binds all Christians in one. Taught us by Christ it brings us all close to Christ, as well as to all disciples of Christ in all ages. The first martyrs used it, the early Church used it, Christians all over the world use it; little children in their cots and old men upon their death-beds use it. In many liturgies it is repeated more than once, so that, if the thoughts of worshippers have strayed, the familiar words, "Our Father," strike once more upon the inattentive ear, recall the wandering thoughts by the voice of Christ, and remind us in whose presence we are. The Lord's Prayer, and especially these concluding words, not only teach us *how* to pray, but unite us, as brethren, with Himself in His own sublime and parting prayer. With the cruel cross and agony before His eyes, the tenor of His prayer accords with this doxology we are considering, "Father, the hour is come: glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee" (John xvii. 1); and in words very similar to this doxology the apostle, when he saw his time at hand, recognised the same Trinity of Kingdom, Power, and Glory, in happy assurance: "The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will *preserve* me unto His heavenly *kingdom*; to whom be *glory* for ever and ever. Amen." (2 Tim. iv. 18.)

The principal lesson taught us by the Doxology is one which we must all learn, if prayer is to bring to us any true answer of peace. Prayer must be the language of a soul that trusts in the goodness and the wisdom of God. We are not to expect any miraculous suspension of God's regular laws, inconsistent with the glory of His kingdom, in order to gratify our individual wishes. Nor is prayer the cry of a spoilt child addressed to an over-indulgent parent, who gives because the child asks; but it is the language of a loving child to a still more loving Father, who knows far better than that child what is not harmful to himself, not injurious to others, not contrary to God's government of the world. Christ, indeed, did teach us that "*Whatever* we ask" we should have; but he checked that wide word by these two conditions—"in my name," and "believing." That modifying term, "in my name," teaches us to pray as He prayed—"not my will, but thine be done;" and that word "believing" binds me, as a believer, to expect nothing which is inconsistent with the Divine will.

All Scripture, from the oldest to the latest of its records, witnesses to this *rationale* of all true prayer. Job, living well-nigh three thousand years ago, upon the distant borders of Arabia, interpreted all real prayer, "Will he"—(the hypocrite)—"*delight* himself in the Almighty? Will he *always* call upon God?" (Job xxvii. 10); and the latest and most loving of the disciples defined it, "Truly our *fellowship* is with the Father." The hypocrite cannot truly pray, "Thy kingdom come," for he prays against his own interests, since everything that is evil must be cast out of God's kingdom into eternal outer darkness; but the true child of God seeks fellowship with God in love, in work, in prayer. He daily cries for more of the Spirit who manifests and endears Christ to his own heart. He prays for more light, more truth, more self-victory. He prays to become more conformed to God's will, to be conscious that to live for self is unworthy of a redeemed being, and to be abandoned to a lie. Formed after the image of God, he seeks God as the centre of his being; and he lives simply as coming from Him, living to Him, and going to Him.

"Whate'er is good to wish, ask *that* of heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to take that wish away."

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A SUMMONS.

HESTER waited throughout the wet afternoon for her cousin's return to Medbury with great anxiety and perturbation, not so much upon the woman's account to whom she had been summoned (though disquiet at Mrs. Bertram's behaviour had long given place to commiseration for her) as on that of Maria herself.

There was some hope, of course, that the invalid's mood had changed, or that her excitement would have worn itself out before Maria's arrival, but there was also a fear that she might rave on in the same vein, and by some vague allusion to Captain Drake, or to Hester herself, might do irreparable mischief. As hour after hour went by, this foreboding deepened. When dinner-time arrived, and still her cousin had not returned, she began to feel seriously alarmed. Her apprehensions were not shared by the rest of the household. It was by no means uncommon—though it had not happened so often since her engagement—for Maria to remain at Shingleton till quite a late hour, when any pressing case seemed to demand attention. No one ever thought of interfering with her charitable proceedings; she was a chartered philanthropist. On such occasions, though "the dangers of the dark" were small in that unfrequented neighbourhood, she would take a fly instead of returning home on foot.

At the beginning of dinner, indeed, Captain Drake had suggested the propriety of his going to fetch his *fiancée* by reason of the fury of the storm, but Lady Barton had reasonably remarked that her daughter was not coming home by water, so that the state of the weather could hardly affect her; and Sir Abraham (who liked his meals in peace, without defection or interruption) had inquired scornfully whether the Captain thought Maria made of sugar. It was an opportunity, too, for him, as an engaged man, to have made an appropriate reply, but he let it pass and simply took his place at the table. His love, of course, was not platonic, but it seemed to have a good deal of philosophy about it. That sort of passion is common enough nowadays, when, instead of falling in love, we go into it with much the same deliberation that we go into business; but Francis Drake was not of the modern type, which made such

behaviour in him the more remarkable. It was the first time that Hester had dined in his company without Maria. He neither addressed her nor glanced towards her; never very talkative, he remained altogether taciturn.

"Really, my dear Captain, since you are off duty," said Sir Abraham with a bantering air, "I think you might give us a word or two; when Maria is here of course no one expects it."

"I should as soon think of expecting it of him as of the man at the wheel on ship-board," observed Sir Reginald gaily.

"By-the-bye, that reminds me, Eleanor," said Sir Abraham, "that I have received an invitation from the steam-boat committee to take part in the Inauguration Excursion, as they call it, to Saltby. Of course I don't mean to go."

"I should recommend you to reconsider that determination," said Lady Barton gravely; "your refusal is likely to give great dissatisfaction."

"Pooh, pooh! I will send them ten pounds."

"I conclude," said Francis, "that they have got a new ship."

The Captain's taciturnity had been complained of, but his first speech as it happened was more objectionable to his host than his silence.

"New ship! stuff and nonsense! Why should they have a new ship?" inquired Sir Abraham testily.

"I merely judged by the term 'inauguration.'"

"That only means that it is the first excursion of the season," explained Lady Barton.

"It's the old *Javelin*," murmured Sir Reginald; "I remember it as long as I remember anything. Shouldn't wonder if it was the first steamer that ever was launched!"

"They built them very well in those days," remarked Sir Abraham; "there was no scamp work."

"Still, things must wear out. I was not badly built myself," said the Baronet pathetically; "but I feel that it is getting time that Francis took my place."

"I hope that will not be yet awhile," said the Captain gently.

"Of course it will not," cried Sir Abraham

confidently. He had no objection, but rather the contrary, to the Captain becoming Sir Francis, but his own age approached too nearly to that of Sir Reginald to make such views agreeable to him. "The *Javelin* will at all events last another season, and then, if the general election comes on and I find myself still M.P. for Shingleton, I suppose I must help the town to buy another ship."

"If your constituents are not all drowned in the meantime," suggested the Baronet with a chuckle.

"Since you have opposed the purchase of a new vessel," said Lady Barton gravely, "I think you ought to accept the invitation of the committee, if only to show your confidence in the *Javelin*."

"I hate the sea," returned Sir Abraham irritably; "it's ten to one that I shall not be able to keep on deck, and going below is detestable. How people can go for pleasure across the Atlantic to be sick in a cupboard, often in company with some stranger——"

"Really, Sir Abraham, these observations are quite unnecessary," remonstrated her ladyship; "you are not required to go to America, but merely to Salby and back; and if you object to the cabin, we will take the carriage, and we can sit in that on deck. Then you need never know that you are on board ship at all."

Sir Abraham shook his head; he knew better than that, but yet there was a tremulousness in the shake that augured ill for his determination. His wife's arguments had had their usual weight with him, especially that allusion to the representation of the borough. Parties were very nearly balanced there, and his acceptance or refusal of the committee's invitation might seriously affect the chances of his return. Lady Barton perceived the impression that had been made, and was much too wise to pursue the subject. It is always dangerous to beat the nail of conviction into the unwilling mind, where one injudicious stroke may crook it; once put into position it should be left to settle by its own weight.

In the silence which followed the success of her ladyship's successful stroke of diplomacy the front door was heard to bang; the wind had forced it from the hands of the footman, and thus announced in its rude way an arrival.

"There is Maria at last. Pray excuse me, Lady Barton," exclaimed Hester involuntarily, and she ran out to greet her cousin.

It struck her that she might have something to say to her of a private nature, and

that the presence of others might embarrass Maria. To her astonishment she found that her cousin was not alone, but was accompanied by Dr. Purcell, the Rector of Shingleton. With this gentleman Hester had, of course, made acquaintance. His wife and he had dined more than once at the Castle since she had been an inmate of it, and she had also occasionally met him in her ministrations amongst the poor. They had seemed to her a harmless but not very interesting old couple. The Rector had held the living from the time when Shingleton had been a mere fishing village, and had made no effort to adapt himself to its new conditions. There were other and larger churches in the place for those who liked Catholic teaching or Gospel truth, but the parish church was still neither high nor low, while its minister remained one of the most old-fashioned of British divines.

On the first Sunday that Hester had attended worship there she had witnessed a ceremony—for though not in the rubric, it might almost have been termed so from the solemnity and seriousness with which it was conducted—that had very nearly upset her gravity. As the Rector was ascending the pulpit stairs, he suddenly stopped, and put his hand to what, had he been in lay costume, would have been his jacket. Having his gown on—he never preached in his surplice—he found that entrance was denied him. He leant over the banisters, beneath which was the rectorial pew, and in low but distinct tones observed, "My dear, a pocket-handkerchief." Mrs. Purcell produced the required article from her reticule, and handed it to him. He then ascended into the pulpit, where he made use of it in a very pronounced and demonstrative manner, then folded it up into a ball, and cast it, with an aim so unerring that it could obviously only have arisen from long practice, into his lady's lap. Then he proceeded, as if nothing had happened out of the common, to give out the text.

This piece of pantomime, independent of the ordeal to which it had subjected her in the difficulty of keeping her countenance, had rather prejudiced Hester against the Rector. It had struck her as irreverent, whereas a more devout and faithful divine according to his lights did not exist. It was simply that his ways were those of a minister of half a century ago. His charities were boundless, and by the poorer members of his flock he was as much respected as he was beloved; but it must be admitted that his ministrations among the sick were

not of the kind to find favour with ecclesiastics of the present day. He was one of those who have been described as finding Mesopotamia a "very comfortable word," and thought no part of Holy Scripture more adapted for religious consolation than the description of the creation of the world. At the same time he had a notion that information on current topics was an excellent thing to dispense among the poor, and after reading a chapter of Genesis to a sick man he would often present him with a copy of the daily paper. As the Rev. Cruciform Pyx, the incumbent of St. Ethelburga, was wont to satirically observe of his brother divine, "Dr. Purcell dismisses his parishioners with the earliest and the latest intelligence procurable."

Any one, indeed, less like a Rector, as that personage is understood nowadays, and much less a Doctor of Divinity, as he had for some unknown cause and in some almost pre-historic time been made, than Dr. Purcell, it would be difficult to imagine any clergyman to be; and that circumstance, though it in no way interfered with his usefulness in his own parish, where he was known to every man, woman, and child, did certainly tend to produce an unfavourable effect upon a stranger. Moreover, what caused even persons superior to superficial impressions to regard the Rector with dislike, was that he was hen-pecked. A hen-pecked husband, a man in unbecoming and slavish subjection to his wife, is not only a contemptible object, but to those who know human nature is almost always more or less of an evil-doer. There are generally very good reasons, not at all to his credit, why his spouse should have obtained an undue advantage over him, and in the case of a clergyman he naturally suffers more in men's good opinion than another. The Rector's meekness, besides the rough marital treatment to which he was subjected, was set down to his consciousness of deserving it, whereas it only came from the exceeding gentleness of his disposition. He allowed himself to be metaphorically whipped and put in a corner, not because he was a bad boy, but because it soothed the morbid irritability of his spouse to inflict upon him these punishments and degradations; instead of being a domestic criminal, he was, in fact, a domestic martyr.

Mrs. Purcell was a prey to neuralgia and other nervous disorders, concerning which various remedies had been prescribed by the faculty in vain, but it was agreed on all

hands that she was to be crossed in nothing, and to save her own way; and though her maladies were not a whit the better for such treatment, she had persevered in it throughout her married life, with her husband's approbation and assistance. It is difficult for any human creature to ward off disappointment from their dear ones, and to cause everything to happen to them as they please, but so far as good Dr. Purcell could insure these advantages to the wife of his bosom, no matter at what self-sacrifice, or, to say truth, at what humiliation, he did so. The result was that, though popular among the poor, the Rector of Shingleton was not thought very highly of among his wealthier neighbours. They beheld the fetters of his matrimonial slavery, but could not understand that he hugged the chain for its own sake. They heard the lash whistling round his ears, but could not conceive (what was indeed the truth) that it was music to him. Sir Abraham indulged himself in many a sly joke at the Rector's expense on this account, and in graver moments expressed himself amazed at his folly. He could not understand, he said, how a man could become the mere mouthpiece of his wife, and be led like a pig with a wedding-ring through his nose.

Lady Barton despised him, not so much for that reason as because she disliked his tyrant, for Mrs. Purcell, though she had weak nerves, had strong opinions, which were not in accordance with those of her ladyship. Though of Tory sentiments, she by no means approved of those feudal times when the chaplain was placed below the salt, but as the Rector's wife was inclined to hold her own as respected social position even with the wife of the sitting member for the borough. It was no wonder, therefore, that Lady Barton was wont to bestow her commiseration on Doctor Purcell, and to speak of him as "that poor man."

It need scarcely be said that Maria Barton was not one of those who either openly or in secret entertained contempt for the Rector. It was doubtful whether she experienced that feeling towards any human being; and in the case of one of the age and sacred calling of Dr. Purcell such a sentiment was out of the question; but their characters were so opposed, and their views of their respective duties so utterly at variance, that sympathy between them was impossible. If they worked together for good in Shingleton it was certainly upon wholly different lines. It was therefore with great astonishment that Hester now beheld the Rector and her cousin in

company. Maria's face was grave, but had none of that distress in it which her apprehensions with respect to Mrs. Bertram had led her to fear. "You are the very person, dear Hester," she said, "whom we have come to seek, as Dr. Purcell will tell you."

"Yes, my dear young lady," put in the divine nervously, "I have come at Miss Barton's earnest entreaty to fetch you."

"It is not, however, upon *my* business," observed Maria, with a smile. The fact was the Rector had been pressed by Maria into Hester's service as her escort back to Shingleton, and he wished that to be distinctly understood in case Mrs. Purcell might have anything to say—which was more than probable—on the matter. She disapproved of the Rector having any communication with the Castle that was not absolutely necessary, and she was not likely to think more favourably of it because a young and pretty girl had been her husband's companion to and fro.

"It is Mrs. Bertram, who has been taken very ill, that wishes to see you," explained the Rector; "and if you've had your dinner, and you wouldn't mind, we'll go back at once." Here he pulled out his watch, and, under pretence of consulting it, made a mental calculation as to whether he could get home at an hour which would not be so late as to demand investigation. "Would it were supper-time, and all were well!" was his unconscious quotation.

"I am ready this instant," replied Hester decisively. "My cloak and hood are here."

She put them on as she spoke, while Maria tied a scarf about her neck. "I would go back with you myself, dear," she whispered, "but Mrs. Bertram made it an express stipulation that she should see you alone."

The next moment the Rector had hurried Hester into the fly, and they were making their way, as well as might be, in the teeth of the storm to Shingleton. The roaring of the wind was such as to make communication almost impossible, and her companion contented himself with nodding and smiling at her in an encouraging and paternal manner.

If it should be necessary for him to repeat his whole conversation to the young lady when he got home it would not be a difficult task.

"It is a bad night," he had said when they got into the fly, and "I hope you won't catch cold" at their journey's end.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—AN APPEAL.

THE Rector remained down-stairs while Hester was ushered into Mrs. Bertram's bedroom.

She saw at once that a great change had taken place in the patient since she parted from her in the morning. Her face had lost its flush, and looked very pinched and pale; her eyes, from which all the glow of excitement had faded out, regarded her with a piteous and penitent gaze.

"How good of you it is, Hester, if I may call you Hester, to come and see me again," said she in a faint and failing voice, "after the manner in which I behaved to you only a few hours ago."

"Do not speak of it," said Hester gently; "you were not yourself." Here she stopped and flushed to her forehead. She had forgotten that that conventional phrase had an application in the present case of a painful nature.

"Nay, I *was* myself," put in the sick woman bitterly. "You saw me as I have been for years, a victim to the vice which, until they cast me off, has made me a curse to all about me. You see me now at my best—upon my death-bed."

"I hope not," murmured Hester softly.

"Why should you hope not?" returned the other. "Why should you wish a creature such as I am to cumber the earth another hour?" Her tone, notwithstanding her physical weakness, was vehement and full of the bitterest humiliation.

Hester knelt down by the bedside and took one of her worn and shrunken hands in hers.

"You pity me," murmured the sick woman with a grateful look. "Indeed what but pity could bring you here? There was a time, not so long ago, when I scorned pity. It is curious how when all else is lost we still keep up our pride." She paused as if in reflection upon some wretched past, and then continued in earnest tones, "To-day I insulted you; I did so under a misconception, but it is necessary to explain myself. What does it matter, you will say, since I am dying? but that is the very reason. I have made too many enemies in the world to wish to add to their number. I have, also, a still more selfish motive; I was unwilling that when I have gone you should be a witness against me, with one who is in no need of such adverse testimony, whose experience of me already is that of a depraved and worthless woman. I speak of my husband, Philip Langton."

"Philip Langton! Are you Philip Langton's wife?" exclaimed Hester in amazement.

"Unfortunately for him I am," was the grave reply. "I have you never heard him

“speak of that shameless and abandoned creature who disgraces him in everything but his name?”

“Never.”

“I ought to have known it. His nature is too generous to spurn whatsoever lies at his mercy. What a brute beast was I to suspect him and you of calculating on my death! That is what I did this morning when I accused you of loving some one whom you could not marry; when you did not deny it I felt convinced of it, and then my temper, and something still more shameful, got the better of me. Forgive a dying woman.”

“There is nothing to forgive,” murmured Hester, deeply moved. How sad and strange it seemed that she should thus be brought face to face with the woman who, as regarded his melancholy and isolation, had made Philip Langton what he was. “But how have you learned since this morning that Philip Langton has never looked upon me otherwise than as a daughter, nor I on him save as on another father?”

“From Dr. Purcell. He was my husband’s truest and oldest friend. It was he who undertook the charge of me—though, alas, who could defend me from myself?—and promised to see that the money provided for my maintenance was duly applied. He is in full possession of your history, and when in my ravings, after your visit this morning, I inveighed against you, he showed how false and infamous were my accusations. He had been sent by Dr. Jones to break some news to me that I had been long expecting, and he brought Miss Barton with him.”

“News about yourself?” inquired Hester hesitatingly.

“Yes. I have only a few days to live at most. Think of that, you who are young and strong and well. To pass into the sunless land, though it may not be from sunshine, is dreadful even to the saint; what must it be then, think you, to such as I have been?”

“I am very, very sorry,” murmured Hester. The tone was earnest enough though the words were weak. In the presence of so awful an apprehension what could she say?

“Do you mean that?” inquired Mrs. Bertram eagerly. “Would you help me even at this eleventh hour if you could?”

“Indeed I would; there is nothing that I would not do to help you.”

“Then entreat my husband to come while I am yet alive, and to say with his own lips

one word of farewell. If, being but a mortal, notwithstanding my trespass against him, he can forgive, surely our Eternal Father will look with mercy upon my sins. Oh, Hester, you have influence with Philip Langton! He loves you for your father’s sake and for your own; he respects you doubtless all the more because he remembers to what depths one of your own sex can sink, and contrasts you with her. Oh, use your power with him, and give comfort to a dying woman.”

Hester hesitated. It would be a terrible task to write to the proud and unhappy man about the trouble which he believed to be a secret one; or if known to a few, known least of all to her. It was a matter most delicate, as well as difficult, for one of her age and sex to deal with.

“You shrink from it, I see,” sighed Mrs. Bertram despairingly. “It was a painful and unpleasant task, I know, and I had no right to impose it upon you. Forgive me if on the verge of the grave I forgot those scruples—”

“Hush, hush! I will write to him to-morrow; nay, this very night.”

“May Heaven bless you, you dear good girl; you have brought me the first tears” (she was sobbing like a child) “that I have shed this many a day.”

The gratitude of her tone was intense, but not more thrilling than its pathos. Wretched indeed is the poor human heart that has cause to be thankful for a tear.

To remain with the sick woman was only to exhaust her by evoking emotion, so after a reiteration of her promise Hester left her and repaired to the parlour, where she found the Rector awaiting her, it could not be said without impatience: indeed she came upon him in the very act of consulting his watch.

“I don’t think you need see Mrs. Bertram again to-night, Dr. Purcell,” said Hester. “I have left her much easier in her mind.”

“I thought you would,” returned the Rector sympathetically, taking her hand in his. Hester knew at once that he was aware of what Mrs. Bertram had asked of her, but fortunately it did not strike her that the request might more naturally have been made to the Rector himself. The truth was that Philip Langton, in acting upon Dr. Purcell’s advice in placing his wife at Shingleton, had exacted from him a written promise that no communication from her should ever reach him through his means. He had done his duty and far more than his duty, to her, but in so doing had washed his hands of her.

“It is rather late,” said the Rector, “and the fly is waiting for us.”

"But why should I trouble you to come back with me?" said Hester simply.

"Trouble! oh, it's no trouble!" returned the other. "But the storm does seem to be abating a little, does it not? I don't know what Miss Maria will say, though, if I let you go home alone."

The Rector's face was a study; he was not thinking of Miss Maria, but of what Mrs. Purcell would say when he came to tell her that he had been twice to the Castle that day.

"I don't see how your presence can still the storm, Dr. Purcell," said Hester, smiling.

"That's true," said the Rector wistfully; he was thinking of another storm in another place; "if you are sure you don't mind going alone. Good night, my dear young lady, good night!"

The gratitude in his face, though he did not express it, was almost as earnest as that of poor Mrs. Bertram had been.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—OVERHEARD.

THE origin of evil is not a thing that can be understood, and far less reasoned away in a hurry. Indeed, in view of the complications and contradictions that may come of controversy on the subject, one may say of it in homely phrase, that the least said is soonest mended, but it must, nevertheless, be conceded that there are few evils without their complement of good. One may even add that the greater the evil the greater the good (or at all events the benefit that comes out of it to somebody). Full of sorrow as Hester was upon Mrs. Bertram's account, it was an intense satisfaction to her, that in this, the unhappy woman's last hour of need, it lay in her power to assuage it. Moreover, as she had found it before (only this case was a far stronger one), the recollection of her own misfortune was lost sight of in the contemplation of the infinitely greater woe of another. The hope which brightens a maiden's youth was dead within her. Life beckoned her no longer with smiling face and flaming torch, but how far more pitiable was the position of this fellow-creature, full of sin and shame, to whom Death was already holding out his inevitable hand.

Many people have the power of regarding such cases from so high a moral elevation—it seems so impossible that they themselves could have succumbed to such temptation—that they lose sight of their wretchedness; but Hester was very human. Her letter to Philip Langton could scarcely have taken its place in a collection of moral essays; there was no allusion to his wife's wrong-doing, nor to her

penitence, all that was taken for granted; it was the eloquent pleading of a woman for one of her own sex at the point of death, to a generous and noble nature. She had no more doubt of its efficacy than of the morrow's dawn, though the Rector, as we have seen, had despaired of such success attending his own arguments. She knew Philip Langton better than he did, and she had also confidence, not indeed in her influence over him, for that would have implied a vanity from which she was utterly free, but in that affection which had never yet denied her anything, and which she felt would make him unwilling to suffer in her good opinion. What a bathos would be human life if it had its end in this world only! What self-sacrifice do we inflict upon ourselves as it seems for nothing, or worse, for utterly unworthy objects! What toil do we suffer for no purpose! What precautions do we take for our dear ones, only to find that fate has smitten them from some unexpected quarter! What tears are shed, nay, what prayers are uttered to all appearance in vain! It is not too much to say that one-half of our best efforts are to all appearance wasted. Nor is there much consolation in the thought that half of our worst apprehensions are also unfounded; while they last they are as much the cause of misery as though they had been realised. Energy, as science tells us, is never lost, but that is certainly not the case with human endeavours.

Hester's urgent letter crossed in the post one from Philip Langton, announcing his departure upon a continental tour, and omitting for the present to give his address. It was therefore not only "of no use," but must needs disclose her knowledge of the unhappy circumstances of his life, which could hardly fail to be disagreeable to him. The dying woman's pleading and her own impassioned argument had been equally thrown away. These are the things which beget the fatalism of the Turk and cause the science of Life, which is the diminution of Risk, to be neglected. What does it matter, we are tempted to say, if, though our plans are laid with nicest care, Blind Chance steps in and with his heedless hoof effaces all?

Mrs. Bertram lingered on till the next evening, when she expired in Hester's presence with her hand clasped in hers, and clinging to it as though it were the last link of life. Maria had parted from her an hour or so before, leaving her cousin alone with her at the dying woman's own request. It was Hester's first experience of a death-bed,

and made a deep impression on her; indeed, though it may seem a contradiction in terms, we know but little of life till we have seen death. What was more to be wondered at, Maria to whom such spectacles were familiar, seemed almost as much affected by it, though, as her custom was, she hardly even referred to it. There are well-meaning persons who pass much of their time in visiting the sick and dying, and yet lack the sense of reverence. The details of the last hours of their fellow-creatures form their favourite gossip, and though they do not own it to themselves they derive a certain morbid satisfaction from them. Under pretence of inducing serious reflection, they make conversational capital out of the very charnel-house, and render life less spiritual by reminding us of its meanest and most material aspects. It was not so with Maria Barton, to whom death and not life seemed fleeting, and who looking upon each departed one as having exchanged this world for a better, saw no reason for the introduction of gloom in an atmosphere that stands only too much in need of sunshine.

The death of Mrs. Bertram, however, depressed her; and one would have thought that the riddle of this painful earth (which, however, had long ceased to trouble her) was weighing upon her in consequence, as it did upon her less experienced cousin; and was especially apparent in her behaviour to Hester herself. Her native cheerfulness which, since her engagement, had almost become high spirits, had sunk again to its own level, and in her relations with Hester, below it. This was an enigma to which the latter had no solution, but something, she never knew what, prevented her from inquiring into it. Maria's affection for her was as demonstrative as ever, but mingled with a certain wistful sadness. She too, it seemed, had some question to ask, which at the same time she shrank from asking.

From the circumstances in which it arose, Hester vaguely guessed that it had some connection with Philip Langton; perhaps Mrs. Bertram had confided to Maria the suspicion she had once entertained concerning Hester and her husband, and had omitted to explain that she had been mistaken; if that was so it was not possible that Hester should speak first on such a subject; it was also very improbable that Maria, who possessed a delicacy and sensitiveness not always to be found in connection with high principles, should take the initiative in the matter.

In the meantime, the winter melted into spring, and nature, indifferent to human sorrow,

put on her freshest and brightest raiment, and in view of the warm and tranquil weather it was arranged that the *Javelin* should make her inaugural expedition some weeks earlier than had been originally proposed. The outward voyage to Saltby took, under favourable circumstances, about four hours, and allowing the same time for the return trip, there was but an hour or two to spare in the place itself—which, however, had no particular attraction; the enjoyment of the trip consisted in the voyage itself, which accordingly, as one would have imagined, could only have had charms for those who could fairly consider themselves "good sailors." So eager, however, is the human mind for excitement, that the consciousness of having on previous occasions succumbed to the influence of Neptune, by no means deterred the good people of Shingleton from this new venture; and it was understood that a larger contingent than usual would patronise the first trip of the season.

Sir Abraham, as we know, had given in to his wife's arguments upon the subject and was to accompany her on board in his carriage. Captain Drake and Maria were also to be of the party, but Hester had excused herself at the last moment on the plea of a headache. This is a malady of the fair sex which, it is tacitly agreed upon among mankind, should not be too closely inquired into; Providence has bestowed it upon them, as it has given the shell to the snail, and the ink to the scuttle-fish, for purposes of self-defence and concealment; it can be assumed at a minute's notice, on the mere suggestion of an unwelcome visit, or a disagreeable proposal, and can be discarded with equal facility. It attacks its victim at the approach of one partner in a ball-room, and leaves her free (though not always "fancy free") at the invitation of the next; it is under certain conditions aggravated by the south wind, or even by circumstances of the most perfect repose, while on the other hand it is cured by the roaring east, and a brass band (if with special accompaniment) close to the tympanum of the ear. It is so exquisitely sensitive that it has even been known to be affected by the social position of the person who addresses the patient, and, while obstinate to the voice of a commoner, will disappear at the whisper of a lord. The advantages of such a disorder can hardly be overrated, and especially in married life; as a shield and buckler against all propositions which do not recommend themselves to the fair possessor, it is inestimable; a man would

be a brute indeed who does not succumb to its plaintive "Non possumus."

The fair sex, however, if, as a philosopher tells us, they know themselves even less than we do, have a tolerably accurate understanding of one another. They say, "Why have you got a headache, Julia?" just as a man may inquire where his friend is going when he sees him take up his hat and umbrella. Girls that are intimate with one another indulge in this curiosity without stint, and yet Maria Barton did not inquire of Hester why she was indisposed to accompany the rest of the party to Saltby.

Just before they started, Lady Barton called Hester into her own room which adjoined her boudoir. "I have asked Sir Reginald to look in to lunch, my dear," she said, "to keep you company. You will do the honours a great deal more agreeably to him than I could." This was probably true, for though her ladyship and the Baronet "got on together," as the phrase goes, sufficiently well, they had nothing in common except that purpose which had at last been accomplished so much to their satisfaction, while, on the other hand, Hester was a great favourite of his. That Lady Barton should have made such an admission, which was, in a manner, one of failure, to her niece, was, however, very significant of their relations to one another. She had, indeed, no secrets from Hester, but reposed in her an entire confidence, while she rejoiced in her little domestic triumphs, the ascendancy she had gained in her own way over the Baronet, and the toleration extended to her by Sir Abraham, as though they were her own.

"We shall both be very glad to see you home again, notwithstanding," observed Hester, smiling. "I shall feel lost all alone in this great castle till you return, and Sir Reginald is always lost without his son."

"You might have come with us, you know, my darling, if you pleased," said Lady Barton with grave tenderness, and smoothing Hester's hand caressingly. "It was a very convenient little headache, was it not?"

Hester answered nothing; her lip trembled, and the hand which her aunt still held in hers was deadly cold.

"Forgive me, my dear, if I seemed to speak lightly," exclaimed Lady Barton with emotion; "do not suppose that I am not conscious of what you undergo every day and all day for all our sakes."

Hester held up her hand; for the moment speech was denied her; her aunt's allusion

to her declining to accompany the rest of the party on their excursion was, indeed, most inopportune; she could suffer patiently enough so long as she could persuade herself that her sufferings were unnoticed, but pity was intolerable to her, the expression of it seemed to tear open a wound which, as yet, was far from being healed.

Her dumb request for silence was, however, disregarded or misunderstood; Lady Barton, feeling that she had made a mistake, sought to atone for it by a manifestation of a grateful solicitude.

"I do hope," she went on, "that Maria has not unwittingly given you pain by pressing you to come with us."

"I am thankful to say she has not. It would almost seem that the constant habit of saying and doing what is best for others guides her aright even in matters of which she has no cognisance."

"You overestimate my girl's virtues," said Lady Barton, though the flush of maternal pride in her cheek belied her words. "It is only that she feels that her relation to Francis makes her an indifferent companion to you. Good heavens, if she only guessed the true state of the case, what tortures would she not suffer upon your account! And to think that she must never know it! That the sacrifice you have made of your love and life can never be acknowledged by her who reaps the benefit of it! The martyr has his crown even in this world, but you, my dear, unselfish girl—"

The door of communication between the two apartments was half open, and, as Lady Barton spoke, there seemed to come through it the rustle of a woman's dress. For a moment she stood still and motionless, as though she had been turned to stone, then, with a look of determination and firmness that became her well, she walked rapidly into the next room. It was empty.

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, and the tone in which she spoke betrayed the intense relief which the fact afforded her. "We were mistaken. There is no one here."

"But are you quite sure that there has been no one?" murmured the trembling girl.

"Yes, the door is closed as I left it; that leads into the corridor."

"But I thought I heard a door close," said Hester faintly.

"It must have been your imagination, Hester; still it shall be a warning to me. You have enjoined silence upon me as regarded this topic, and it is my duty to respect your slightest wish. Forgive me; it shall be the



"For a moment she stood still and motionless, as though she had been turned to stone."

last time that I offend, and, as it happens, there is no harm done."

Lady Barton dismissed her niece as usual with an affectionate embrace, and rang her bell for her maid to assist her in getting ready for the expedition. As she was performing this office, her mistress asked her in an indifferent tone, "Did you chance to enter the boudoir, Davis, just before I rang for you?"

"No, my lady," was the reply, "but I saw Miss Maria come out of it a few minutes ago."

CHAPTER XL.—THE EMBARKATION.

THERE are certain inks and leads which, on first being applied to paper, impress it, as it seems, slightly enough; but as time goes on the marks become darker, more pronounced, and indelible. So it happens as regards certain events in our memory. At the time of their occurrence we think little of them, and, indeed, they may be intrinsically of no consequence; but from subsequent circumstances they may come to have the deepest interest for us, and abide in our minds to our last hour. This was the case with Hester Darrell, as respected everything that was said by the little party who left the Castle that fair May morning for their excursion to Salby. It entailed an absence from home of three-quarters of the day at farthest, and was, therefore, by no means an occasion for any manifestation of feeling; but life at the Castle was so quiet and domestic and void of interest that the event was a source of considerable excitement and show of leave-taking. It was the first time that Hester had ever shaken hands with the Captain under conditions the least approaching those of farewell, since they had parted almost as strangers twelve months ago at the Charing Cross Station. How changed, and changed again, had been the whole course of her young life since then; and, above all, what changes had taken place in their mutual relation! In her eyes he was the same as he had ever been, only she was not guilty of coveting the property of another; but though Francis Drake was the same, Hester Darrell had become another being, and could contemplate her old self, as it were, from without, with a certain pitiful regret, but with resignation, too, as one might contemplate an old acquaintance, dead.

"I hope you will have a pleasant voyage," she said as he took her hand.

"Thanks; I hope so," was his quiet rejoinder.

Nothing could be more commonplace than such parting words; but yet in after hours, and read by the light of after events, a deeper meaning came out of them—as letters written in certain compounds start out on a blank page when held before the fire. Hester seemed to herself to have wished him happiness on a far longer journey than that he was about to take, and he on his part in that reply seemed to have recognised her meaning.

Even Sir Abraham's three fingers of farewell (for the world at large he seldom had more than two), and his would-be playful injunction to her to see that the Castle did not run away in his absence, seemed to her (when all these incidents had become memories) to have had a certain significance. As to Lady Barton there had been enough and to spare of emotional interview between them that morning and their good-bye was studiously undemonstrative; but the touch of those lips and the close and affectionate pressure of that hand were fated to be felt again upon brow and palm "dear as remembered kisses after death."

The leave-taking, however, which Hester was destined to remember most vividly, and which afterwards, in its minutest details, became a subject to her of the keenest and tenderest speculation, was that of Maria herself. Even at the time it made no little impression on her. Never, it struck her, had a young girl started on a pleasure errand with the lover of her choice with so grave a face. It could not, indeed, be said to be troubled; serenity was habitual to it. Her feelings were too completely under control and discipline to admit of the exhibition of personal emotion; but it was serious even to sadness. Those "homes of silent prayer," her eyes, had tears in them as she bade her cousin adieu, and in her parting embrace Hester fancied (or so, perhaps, it seemed to her afterwards), that there was an intense, nay, passionate, assurance of affection that it had never had before. Most significant of all, in reply to her cousin's cheerful words of farewell, Maria Barton spoke not a word. Her lips, indeed, moved, and Hester caught a murmur (or that too, it may be, only shaped itself into words on subsequent suggestion) which sounded like "God help me." Then she stepped into the carriage and dropped her veil.

These things were like incidents in a drama, fated, quite contrary to expectation, to run for many a night, and of which Hester Darrell was to be the involuntary witness.

Sir Abraham had had some correspondence

which delayed their departure considerably beyond the hour agreed upon; but, as he had observed, with that somewhat crude and rudimentary humour which is the characteristic of his class, his position was like that of the criminal late for execution, who expressed his confidence that matters would not begin before he himself put in an appearance; it was not likely that the *Javelin* would start without the member for the borough.

When the carriage, indeed, drove to the little jetty, which was the place of embarkation, and while it was being slung on the deck by the crane employed for that purpose (with Sir Abraham and his lady inside, to the great delight of all beholders), folks who had not been able to make up their minds to the last moment, still continued to join the throng of passengers. It was one of those doubtful days when people who are conscious of not possessing "good sea legs," and who yet enjoy a sail in moderate weather, are prone to hesitate, and in most instances are generally lost. This happened, for instance, to Miss Nicobar, to whom "a good blow upon the sea" had been recommended by Dr. Jones, but who had shrunk from it until she saw Lady Barton taking her aerial voyage, when the opportunity of having a few words with a lady of title and a member of Parliament, in the presence of so many fellow-creatures, had proved too much for her.

The Rector and his wife, too, had also been among the waverers till the arrival of "the Castle party" had reassured them. "Until I see Sir Abraham on board with my own eyes," said Mrs. Purcell, "I shall not believe that he will risk the life on which he sets such a fancy price on board the old *Javelin*." She had no great confidence in that ancient vessel, which would certainly not have been classed A 1 at Lloyds, herself; but, on the other hand, she did not wish to leave the patronage of the expedition in the hands of her rival. If Sir Abraham went she had made up her mind that the Rector (notwithstanding that he suffered very considerably whenever there was the least "sea on") should go too. Though the undertaking the chaplaincy of the *Javelin* was scarcely within the range of his professional duties, it behoved him to maintain the supremacy of the cloth by land and sea, and whatever was wanting in him in asserting that position—and there was much—she felt bound to supply.

A very masterful woman was Mrs. Purcell; tall of stature, gaunt of frame, and with a very combative expression of countenance; but though feared of men and un-

popular with women in her own station of life, she had a large following among the poor; nothing pleased her better than to make them happy and comfortable, so that it was done in her own way; the children in her Sunday-school had plenty of treats, but only on condition of accepting the Church Catechism in its integrity, with a special attention to the ordinance of submitting themselves "orderly and reverently to all their betters." Woe to the boy who omitted to pull his forelock when he passed Mrs. Purcell in the street, or to the girl who bobbed instead of dropped a curtsy. Forelock she could not pull, for not even the authors of "The Unloveliness of Love-locks" had a greater horror of the vanity of long hair than Mrs. Purcell, and she kept her girls as close-cropped as convicts. Their parents were amply provided with coals and blankets throughout the winter, but only on the tacit understanding that they should never enter a Wesleyan chapel, or even so much as linger on Shingleton Green when the voice of the itinerant preacher was polluting the air with his heterodoxy.

Among the excursionists were folks of all ranks and ages; the whole family of Fortescues, for example, "the cliff-dwellers," as the Captain had called them, for whom Maria had provided the means of transit; and the sick girl Janet Parkes, who, though looking frailer than ever, had survived the winter, and was now actually about to realise her wish of being in the first trip to Salty; she was carried on board in her invalid chair, from which, with hectic cheek and lustrous eyes, she watched everything that took place with eager interest.

Captain Paul, of course, was there, also with a flushed cheek, and a voice which, even in its hoarse command, suggested that he had sacrificed to Bacchus instead of Neptune before starting. He had expressed himself in very unparliamentary terms respecting the late arrival of Sir Abraham's carriage, and even when it came did not cease his objurgations, only, instead of making it the particular object of his wrath, he distributed his anathemas in all directions, a circumstance which, while it shocked some few of his audience, impressed the majority with entire confidence, as smacking of good seamanship and the manners of the genuine mariner. To those, indeed, who consider roughness of speech proof of qualification in a sailing-master, Captain Paul must have seemed the type of perfection. His squat but burly form, his weather-beaten face, to

which drink had given, as it were, the finishing touch, like the varnish on a picture, would have made an admirable representation of the fine old sea-dog at the Surrey, or even at Sadler's Wells, where there is, or was, real water; but, reasoning from after occurrences, it was thought by many that Captain Paul was not a commander to be trusted in, and little more seaworthy than the old *Javelin* herself.

"If that man is drowned," was the cynical reflection of a stranger to Shingleton, who was watching the departure of the steamer with no little curiosity, "his fate will be the less surprising, since he is half-seas over already."

The speaker was one who certainly, under less exciting circumstances, would not have escaped observation; his high-bred air and look of command, quite as striking in his loose marine attire as it could have been in clothes of the most fashionable cut, were very remarkable, while his long white beard, streaming like a meteor in the rising wind, had a most portentous aspect. He did, indeed, attract the attention of Lady Barton, who, leaning out of the carriage in which she sat by her husband's side, inquired of her daughter whether that tall gentleman on the jetty was not a new arrival at Shingleton. "I have never seen him before," was Maria's reply.

If that was the case with her mother, the stranger might well congratulate himself on having made an impression on her, for she

watched him with eyes indifferent to all other objects, to the moment when the ropes were cast off, and with a shriek of protest the old *Javelin* turned her head to the open sea; nay, even when, like some veteran horse who feels the turf beneath him, the old ship began to run before the favouring wind, her ladyship still, with neck outstretched, kept her gaze on the same object, until her husband peevishly bid her put her window up, so that, without a draught, he might let his down—a precautionary measure which he already felt to be imperatively necessary. And so, watched from the jetty by the unknown visitor through his binocular, and by a crowd of Shingletonians who had lacked either the means or inclination to patronize it, the *Javelin* sped swiftly, if not smoothly, past the headland on its first trip of the season.

Among those left behind was one whose profession insured him against all participation in pleasure-voyages; he had just closed his telescope with a snap, accompanied with a grunt of sardonic satisfaction characteristic of his class, when the stranger addressed him. "Our friends will have rather a rough passage to Saltby, will they not?"

"They'll have a bit of a tumble, perhaps, a-going there, sir," replied the sailor, "though nothing to hurt; but when they comes back again in the teeth of what, if I'm not mistaken, is going to be a regular north-easter it's my opinion that a good many of them will be wishing theirselves at home."

YARROW STREAM

FROM Selkirk unto Newark Tower,
We walk'd beneath the gentle power
Of old-world song, that chaunts and sings
Amid the rush of modern things,
And all our thoughts that came and went,
And lightly with each fancy blent,
Had for refrain to wander through
Some snatch of ballad-song, that drew
Its inspiration from the gleam,
The sweep, and glide of Yarrow stream.

Oh! sweet in Harewood sang the birds,
The sound of summer in their chords;
They sang as only birds can sing
When sunshine ripples throat and wing,
And through each opening of the trees
Made by the fingers of the breeze,
We saw in circles far below,
Like silver in the western glow,
The spirit of our evening dream,
Whose murmurs came from Yarrow stream.

And Carterhaugh was in our sight,
On which a legend rests like light;
Bowhill against its height was seen,
Half-hid amid its wealth of green;
And every spot would waft along
Some fragment of an early song,
Sung when the heart was fresh, and drew
Its melody as heath the dew,
And over all the tender beam
Of fading light on Yarrow stream.

Oh! here should be a perfect home
For love and lovers when they come,
With whisper'd words and gentle sighs,
To draw a sweet delight from eyes,
Nor care for any other speech
But tender looks to answer each;
And hand in hand to stray, and deem
Their spirits one with Yarrow stream.

The sigh of winds and song of birds,
The whisper'd tones of lovers' words—

These should be all that Yarrow heard
 Since first its lonely source was stirr'd.
 Alas! far other music rang
 When Border knights to saddle sprang,
 When over all the bugle blew
 A note each winding valley knew,
 When, strong of arm they sternly led,
 With mail on breast and helm on head,
 The foray in the light of day,
 Or with the moon to show the way,
 Woke the strange echoes of the night,
 With sudden shouts of party fight.
 Ah, what to them was each sweet beam
 Of silver light on Yarrow stream!

On Philiphaugh the grass is green
 As if no battle there had been.
 The flowers bloom without that hue
 Their ruddier sisters felt and knew,
 That morn when other drops than rain
 Fell with a touch that left a stain;
 The lark still sings the self-same lay
 His earlier brothers sang that day,
 When all the jar of battle smote
 And drown'd the gushing of each note.
 The winds are still as fresh and sweet,
 The grass as green beside our feet,
 The mavis in his solitude
 Sends prayers of music through the wood,
 The sunsets die in golden gleam,
 And Yarrow still is Yarrow stream.

No change for Yarrow, save that change
 That comes with seasons as they range.
 No change, though Newark's rugged form
 That still gives battle to the storm

Should slowly crumble down, and pass,
 Nor leave one trace of where it was,
 Save in the melody of two *
 Who turn'd them to the past, and drew
 Such inspiration that around
 Their brows the singing wreaths were bound.
 And now in that high atmosphere
 The winds of death make sweet and clear,
 They shine apart from any wrong,
 The sun and moon of Border song.
 No change, for Yarrow still will glide
 The same sweet music in its tide,
 The merle still pipe in Hangingshaw,
 The lark sing over Carterhaugh;
 And sweet Saint Mary's Lake between
 The hills, still show her silver sheen,
 As if to know were joy to her
 That Yarrow was her worshipper,
 For drawing from her waves so lone
 The liquid pulses of its own,
 Whose beats make music full and strong,
 Till Ettrick mingles with the song.

All these remain; but we who gaze,
 After our little term of days,
 Shall pass to claim, as right of birth,
 Our little freehold from the earth,
 On which a thousand springs that pass
 In pity shall renew the grass.
 Then Yarrow, as it glides away
 By meadow, hill, and glen to-day,
 Shall be the same to those who hear
 Its haunting murmurs in their ear;
 And other hearts than ours shall deem
 That Yarrow still is Yarrow stream.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

* Scott and Hogg.

OLD JAMES, THE MINISTER'S MAN.

A BENT but sturdy figure, with furrowed face and scanty grizzled hair; deep, shrewd, grey eyes, that strictly watched and quickly put a mental label upon every man; a searching, kindly face, that never wore a traitorous smile; lips that never once were known to palter with the truth; no sycophant was James. He was devoid of courtly manners and the gentler graces, but honest to the core, and scorned a sham; a rough diamond, the cutting to be done hereafter. He was "the Minister's Man;" one of the old-fashioned kind, who disdain the modern type, and never condescend to wear a coat with buttons made of brass. He had served the old minister faithfully, during long ill health and absence from the parish, and when the daughter of the manse returned to the old home, married to the new minister (her father's friend and successor), James, after a

moment of astonishment, and a careful re-adjusting of his mental spectacles, was pleased to look kindly on the arrangement, joined the new administration, and took all as before under his severe but kindly despotism. He was inclined to treat the new comers with a sort of humorous condescension, feeling that they had not had time to receive that sort of wisdom which lingers round a manse, and is handed down in all fidelity from man to man along with the church keys. He had stayed on through the trials and troubles of the old inmates; he had buried "the master," had locked up the empty manse after the widow said her last good-bye (saddest of life's partings).

There had been many changes, he would say, with a meditative head-shake; in all the place there remained now of the old things only four: "There's just Paddy, and me, and the miss, and an auld hen!"

"The miss" of former days, though now the mistress of the manse, did not resent being placed so low down in the catalogue of relics. Had not James placed her before the old hen, and what more could the heart of woman desire? She knew well the worth of the two who preceded her. "Paddy," who was placed first, well deserved the honour. He was the wise, middle-aged, intelligent sort of horse that an elderly minister loves; able, with equal ease, to work the glebe, cart coals, ride for the doctor, drive to a dinner-party, or go bravely through the snow-filled glens for an "exchanging" minister. He was, like James, quite an old institution in the parish, and knew his friends and admirers, from whom an occasional "bannock" might be exacted. Once, when he got badly hurt, James waited on him with a tender devotion that almost made his wife jealous. "He cudna be waur had it been mysel," she would say, looking at her husband with a sort of reproachful admiration, as he clapped the suffering "Paddy," and laid his old head on the creature's neck, saying, "Eh! my bonny man," in tones of deepest commiseration.

"The beasts" were James's peculiar treasures; he tended them as if they were his children (he had no other family), and it was noticed that he required a great deal of snuff, and had to turn aside to look at the hills for signs of rain, when a favourite two-year-old was sold to the butcher, and taken from the byre. Forgetfulness or unpunctuality in the care of the beasts roused his hottest indignation, and it cost him a pang to hear that he must join the other servants at a marriage-party at the very hour when "Brownie" would expect her oil-cake, and "Tib" her usual mash of bran.

His fidelity to duty and thoroughness when at work were quite proverbial. As gravedigger, he was known as the man who never dug a grave less than six feet deep; as beadle, he was the one who rang the last bell to the minute, and shut the church doors, though he saw the laird was coming late. This thorough conscientiousness was the essence of the man. He looked up to God as the great *Master*, whom to deceive with inferior work, or put off with half-hearted efforts, was an act unworthy of a Christian. He had a fine scorn for the female mind, and his vocabulary in describing the ways of women servants of the present day was particularly varied and forcible. "Weirdless hempies," "idle besoms," were mild forms of address. He himself had come through a hard and joyless boyhood. As a herd-laddie

he seemed to have been brought up on a course of sound whippings and skimmed milk. So he had naturally no patience with the hot-house airs of moderns, and with pride looked back to the time when "folk were hardy."

His own wife was almost the only one exempted from reprobation when the subject was woman's work and woman's ways. Unlike some Scotchmen, he made no secret of the admiration with which his wife's cleverness inspired him; and nothing gave him greater satisfaction on a quiet evening, when the work was done, the beasts "suppered," and the places locked, than to get his master, or any other kindly male creature, to whom he might recount the numbers of "his Grace's" merits. "Eh, she was a bonnie lass when I got her!" and "ye could span her waist wi' nae mair than yer hands." It was Grace who had been the fleetest walker, the lightest dancer, the smartest dairymaid in all the country side—forty years ago. She was indeed a good, devoted wife, seeming only to live in order to look after James, to run after him on rainy days, and insist on dry clothes, or sit up at night with supper waiting, and a cosy fire, the stable-lamp shining bright for "Paddy," however late he might return. It was she who was the evening reader, the paymaster, the letter writer and accountant, in fact the fountain-head of all printed or written information; for to poor James printed pages were extremely puzzling, and writing even his own name was a work of time and tediousness. He would have agreed with the ploughman, learning to write at the evening-school, who said that he would as lief plough a whole yoking as write half a page of capital W's. The mistress's written orders for town gave James great uneasiness. After receiving them from her he would at once retire to Grace in the cottage, where, after a second reading, they were consigned to many different pockets of coat, trousers, and waistcoat; here the butcher's, there the bread list, in another safe corner the long list of groceries. Grace, besides acting as interpreter, was also the general peace-maker of the place. It was she who made appeasing commentaries and uttered mollifying asides when James's wrath was at the hottest, and some mischief-loving laddie or forgetful maidservant was getting what he called "a dressing." But those gusts of passion soon blew over; the next moment he would lift his ancient wide-awake, wipe his heated face, take a long pinch of snuff, and be himself again.

On Sundays James never failed to be in church, where his conduct was characterized by unvarying earnestness and attention; indeed, among the upturned faces there, brown, weather-beaten, and reverent, there was not one the minister liked more to look upon than that of James, with its air of unstudied, natural devoutness. He was not a man to be easily moved, and he was rather surprised, and somewhat put about, to find that the new minister (a man with most defective ideas of cropping, and quite devoid of knowledge of the glebe) should be able to touch the old beadle, and move him beyond his own control in the quiet Sunday service. James would afterwards remark upon the circumstance himself, saying with an almost incredulous wonder, "Od, he *gars* me greet!" Poor old man! it was evidently not snuff alone that was wiped away by the Sunday pocket-handkerchief.

With the young people of the house James was a favourite, although his authoritative speeches sometimes horrified them. When out for an evening it was not pleasant to hear at ten o'clock (supper and fun just beginning) that James and Paddy had arrived, and "the young leddies man come home immedently." But punctuality satisfied, he was kindly and tolerant towards any just demand. What he imagined needless interruptions of his work, however, tried him sorely, and he looked with a particularly unfriendly eye upon the tennis-green, with its frequent need of cutting, and that, too, just at the time a man was deep in the great spring problem of turnips (that "dour and dorty" crop, so "sweir to come awa") whether to re-sow the yellow, or trust to time and future showers to bring through the Swedes. It was at this period that the largest quantities of snuff were consumed, and the mull was tapped with considerable irritation.

Besides these traits in James's character, his sobriety was a noticeable feature, especially near a town abounding with whiskey-shops, and believed by Mr. Murphy to stand in need of much "blue ribbon." However late James and "Paddy" returned from market, they both came home the same quiet, intelligent creatures that had been seen set out in the morning. The old man had, in fact, a perfect horror of public-house whiskey; "pushinous trash" he called it, and in town, from any farmer friend, he often firmly declined a "treat." But now and then James enjoyed a good honest glass exceedingly, and seemed quite a connoisseur. When he was

wet and cold a dram was said to be "grand stuff," at another time it was "fell gude," and in general it was found to be "unco fine." He had, however, a great contempt for a man who took too much, and pronounced that he should be a "ribboner," that is, a follower of Murphy.

The fine old feeling of independence possessed James strongly. To have been indebted to charity in his old age would have broken his heart; a meal unearned by his own laborious, honest hands would have choked him. In homely ploughman's words, this was his ambition. "May the last bannock I eat be baked o' meal o' my ain earning." And his wish was gratified.

Though getting up in years, time seemed dealing lightly with him. Still upon the glebe he toiled late and early, cut the corn, and, with patient "Paddy," brought the harvest home. Then one summer evening, when other men were smoking at their doors, or fishing by the loch, James came slowly from the field where, till almost dark, he had been working, and, entering his little cottage, he never more in life was seen again. Next evening he was dead. He only complained of faintness, and stayed in bed all the day, said "I'm feared I will be ill upo' yer hands," but added hopefully, "dinna fret, I winna hinder lang." Nor did he. After tea he said to anxious Grace, "Eh, I'm tired, tired. I'll take a bit sleep noo." Then, like a child, she "happed" him up, and, taking "the Book," she sat down by the fire. In the middle of the reading there was a sigh, and, looking up, she saw that all was over; gently and painlessly James had passed away to the land that awaits the toil-worn and the weary.

And then at last we heard with what fortitude he long had suffered. No one but the loving wife had known of long-continued fainting-fits, of painful cramps, and gradually increasing pain. Like a hero, to the very end he worked, and hid it all; our bravely silent, proud old man. And now on every hand we miss the quaint, familiar figure, and weary for that kindly, honest face. But for him we know this quick departure was the kindest; for that restless, anxious spirit a long-enduring sickness would have been intolerable. So when his work was over "God took him" home to rest.

In the quiet country parish where he lived and died his name will long be remembered, and in the churchyard, by his simple, grass-covered grave, many a one will pause and say, "Here lies a man who tried to do his duty."

M. M. WALKER.



The Bronze Lion in the Burg-platz.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE confess that until recently we were quite unaware of there being anything remarkable in Brunswick or its neighbouring towns. And we do not regret this lack of knowledge, for ignorance is the pleasure of discovery, with its consequent surprises.

It affords room for the pleasure of discovery, with its consequent surprises.

We therefore congratulate ourselves that we knew nothing previously of the glories of Hanover, Hildesheim, Goslar, and Brunswick. We had laboured under the delusion that after having seen Nuremberg, and Prague, and the Judengasse at Frankfurt, as it was twenty years ago, we had beheld all that is best worth seeing in Germany in the way of quaint street architecture.

Proportionate to our ignorance, which was as inexcusable as it was profound, was our surprise on discovering untold wealth in the few towns of North Germany which are here named, and which are but specimens of others whose beauties are reserved for some future holiday.

Only a few days were at our disposal, so that no more could be obtained than the "general impression" which usually satisfies the hasty modern tourist. The quiet leisure of old-fashioned travel seems, alas! an impossibility now, when life is so busy that there is no time to indulge in the delicious art of dawdling. A railway time-table, with its exact list of hours for arrival and departure, and of buffets where food can be conveniently picked up, presents a revelation of possibilities within reach during even a brief week that is demoralising. No one was tempted to make a rush at the Continent when it was a question of diligences and Schnellposts. It is different now; and if the aristocrat of the "grand tour" can afford to despise the nimble Yankee, we, as we get older, sympathise with the Yankee, and willingly follow in his restless wake.

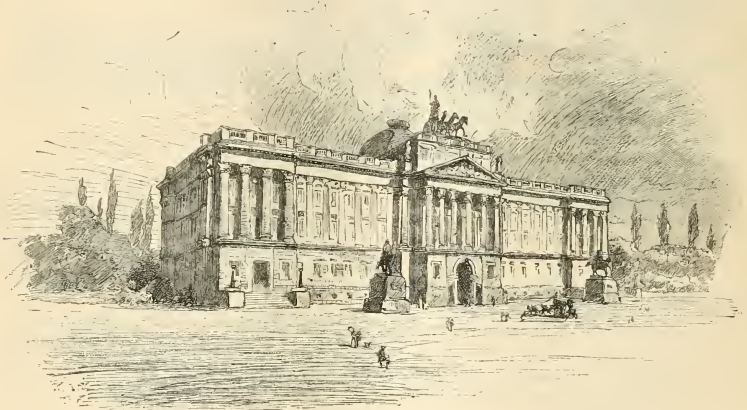
The result, however, is not wholly satisfactory. It requires subsequent reflection to disentangle the localities, which are so apt to get mixed up on the mental retina, as the spokes of a wheel spinning rapidly get mixed to the eye. We have to pause, in order to separate and give due distance and clearness to the various objects which have been done at a gallop. We would not, indeed, without such a process care to be catechised as to the Hagen Markt being in Hanover or Brunswick, or whether the Rolandstift belongs to Hildesheim or

Goslar. Happy are they who can linger till every nook and cranny of these old towns have become inalienably their own, but happy also are they who can, however vaguely, recall the brief glimpse afforded them in their busy lives of the wondrous treasures that have been there preserved from a distant past.

Every one knows that North Germany is flat and uninteresting. Scarcely a feature worth recording occurs in the run from the Rhine to Hanover or Berlin. Only one scene appeared really beautiful. It was when the glory of the July evening fell on the hedgeless hay-fields that were sprinkled among the darker green of wheat and oat patches. The peasant women, who were busy loading the heavy oxen-drawn wains, or heaping up the

hay-ricks, wore bright scarlet skirts or petticoats, and these when seen scattered here and there over the meadows seemed like animated poppies, moving singly and in groups through the sea of variegated cereals. The vermilion-tinted tiles of the village roofs glowing with warmth through the foliage of sheltering trees formed another delicious contrast. Otherwise the land was unpicturesque. It was colour, not form, which gave it any charm.

Hanover surprised us. We had expected to find it a typical modern city—capital of a Duchy—with the usual number of theatres, churches, and galleries of orthodox design. But we were delighted when, leaving the brilliant boulevards of the new town, we discovered an "Alt-Stadt" crammed with the



The Ducal Palace.

quaintest mediæval houses and with streets which were like a dream. The combination of funny windows, huge wooden beams, and stays, and sills, and tiny port-hole looking openings for light and air—seen as we saw it, in the moonlight—made up a picture that is ineffaceable. Among these old relics of a distant past stands the house of Leibnitz, pre-eminent for the richness of its mediæval architecture as well as for its associations.

We had long wished to see Herrenhausen, the old home of the Georges, and were not disappointed. A magnificent avenue of trees, reminding one of the famous avenue between the Hague and Schevening, leads from the town to the court-yard of the Schless. There

is a sense of the ludicrous associated in most minds with the earlier Georges. Thackeray, no doubt, has made it impossible for any one to forget the absurdities of the situation when Herrenhausen, with its coarseness and its etiquette, its fat women and its petty pomposities, was transferred to St. James's. The lash of the still keener satire poured in the Jacobite songs upon "Geordie" when he dared "to sit in Charlie's Chair," has been quite as effective in throwing a certain contempt on the old "Elector." And so it was that as we wandered through the extensive gardens with their long vistas and fountains shooting glittering diamonds into the bright air and statues of every imaginable god and goddess embowered in greenery, it was



St. Martin's Church.

The Old Market-place.

The Rathhaus.

impossible to forget the biting fun and sharp-edged drollery of the ballad,

“Wha hae we gotten for a king
 But a wee, wee German lairdie!
 And when we gaid to bring him hame
 He was diggin in his kail-yairdie;
 Sheughing kail and laying leeks,
 But the hose and but the breeks!
 Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
 The wee, wee German lairdie!”

We can happily smile at all that now and enjoy the humour without any breach of loyalty to her who represents “bonny Prince Charlie” and the Stewarts with their romance, as well as the Hanoverians with their sound Constitutionalism. But if it was difficult to associate this fine park with a “kail-yairdie,” it was easy among these eighteenth-century parterres, and stiff hedges, and artificial waterfalls, to repeople the scene with the perked and pig-tailed princes and their rotund and behooped princesses.

We will not describe here the extraordinary
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interest of Hildesheim and Goslar, which we visited after Hanover; we may reserve these for another article. There is more than enough in Brunswick for our present purpose.

Brunswick owes its charm to the rich inheritance it has received from the Middle Ages. A city cannot fail to be interesting which can show monument after monument of the twelfth century, and which is filled with specimens of domestic architecture four or five hundred years old, and these not in ruin, but fresh as if recently built. As a study in art these mediæval remains are inexpressibly valuable. The student can here trace the influences which swept over northern Europe, and determined the passage from the Gothic to the Renaissance, as easily as the geologist can mark rock stratification. But it is simply with the picturesque aspect, and not with the illustrations afforded of the history of art, that we have here to do;

Cathedral and
ancient Lime Tree.

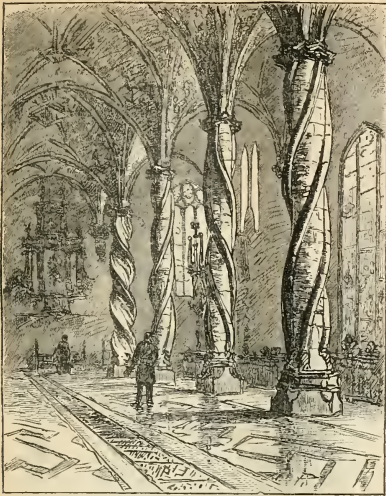
Old Houses.

Nothing can exceed the grouping in some of the long narrow streets, composed of houses—each one a gem—whose high-pitched roofs are crowded with dove-cot looking openings, tier above tier, let into the deep-toned red of the tiles, and whose frontages are made up of a multitude of

gables, oriels, galleries of windows such as you see on the stern of an old three-decker, and embellished with an endless variety of devices, pictures, mottoes, and quaint carvings. Seeing one of these streets in the evening, when the lights and shadows are strongest, made the heart leap for joy and amazement at the absolute perfection of the picture.

The history of the city is expressed in its art. Different localities betray the influences under which they were built, and the political changes which determined the ruling power. You can see when and where the early princes were dominant. The oldest churches and the strong foundations of the Dankwarderode Palace speak of the imperious will of Henry the Lion and his proud successors. The Burgplatz and its neighbourhood belong to that epoch. Then comes the period when Brunswick was a leading member of the Hanseatic League—the period of the burghers and rich merchants, when, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century,

and assuredly few towns present more delightful studies for the lover of what is ancient and quaint. This time is best represented in the old market-places, and in the ancient streets and houses where the wealthy citizens resided. It was then, when the stream of commerce passed through it from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and when its soldier-merchants, enriched by trade, waxed powerful in the councils of Europe, that the domestic architecture of Brunswick reached its zenith. Town-house, market, and street, rather than palace or cathedral, were the objects on which they then bestowed their care. Their houses are unlike the edifices built at the same period by the merchant princes of Genoa and Venice. There is nothing here approaching the grandeur of the marble palaces of the great families of the Italian Republics. The burghers of the Hanseatic Towns were of a humbler and less polished class. There could have been no aping of duke or prince in the inhabitants of these



South Aisle in the Cathedral.

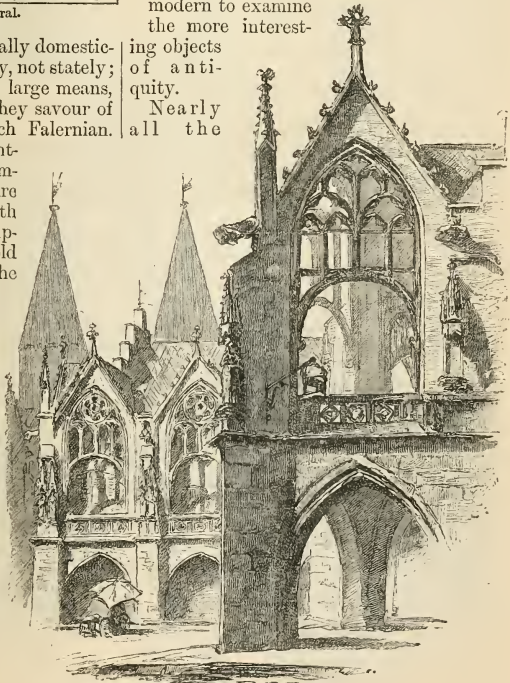
comparatively small and essentially domestic-looking houses. They are homely, not stately; speaking of great comfort and large means, but of nothing aristocratic. They savour of German beer rather than of rich Falernian. But they also speak of a delightfully cheerful and religious temperament. Humour and caricature and healthy satire, mixed with wise maxims and texts of Scripture—some in Latin, many in old German—are richly used in the ornamentation of their family piled mansions. The material being chiefly wood, it readily lent itself to the inventive genius of the builder. Even when the house was small, some room was always found for original and curious effects. When the material was stone or brick a similar delight in the grotesque is apparent. The spirit which revelled in these crowded angles, corners, gables, oriels, floor overhanging floor, in the houses which lined street and square, could not be restrained when it had to work in a less pliable substance than beams of wood that could be nailed together.

We accordingly find the freedom and humour found in the domestic buildings, struggling for expression in the more imposing structures intended for public use.

The last stage in the history of Brunswick is the more modern period, dating from the last century, when the city came again under the power of the dukes—those representatives of the ancient Guelphs, to which our own royal family belongs—whose sway has continued till the German Empire decided, a month or two ago, that no scion of the historic house shall again assume an authority deemed incompatible with the imperial claims of the Hohenzollerns. This ducal period is characterized by modern buildings—palaces, schools, theatres, statues—such as might be looked for under the influence of a wealthy and artistic family. The ducal palace, with the famous Quadriga of Rietschel resting on the summit of its imposing portal, is a noble building; but we gladly turn from it and everything modern to examine the more interest-

ing objects of anti-
quity.

Nearly
all the



The Rathhaus (Town-house).

monuments of the earliest period, that is those belonging to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are connected in some way or other with Henry the Lion. He either founded or completed them. It is to him that the town is indebted for the bronze lion, which has stood in the Burgplatz since 1166, and close by the cathedral of which Henry was also the founder. Although it has undergone a certain amount of restoration, especially as regards its pedestal, the lion remains a genuine specimen, and a peculiarly striking specimen, of mediæval art. It was erected by Henry in front of his castle, in token of his supremacy. A tablet bears the following inscription: "Henricus Leo Dei gratia dux Bavarie et Saxonie ad sempiternam et originis et nominis sui memoriam Brunsvici in avito majorum suorum palatio anno ab incarnato dño MCLVI. m. n. p."

On the other side of the cathedral stands another relic which tradition connects with Henry. It is the trunk of a very ancient lime-tree, said to be seven hundred years old, having been planted by Henry. It is now little more than a trunk, with a few scattered branches, from which spring a green twig or two, betraying a life not yet perished.

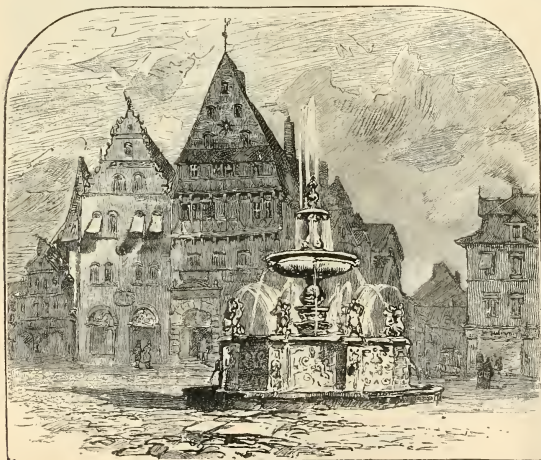
As a rule, the modern interiors of German churches are not inviting. White-washed walls and dreadful pews—often painted white to match the walls—disfigure many of the finest buildings. Even Scotland in the days



The House in the Sack.

of its art-ignorance could not show a baser ecclesiastical

taste than is frequently displayed in the Lutheran churches. But there are many exceptions, and the Domkirche of Brunswick is one of these. It contains much that is of great interest. The southern aisle, enriched with a series of graceful spiral columns, belongs to the fourteenth century, and is exceedingly light and beautiful. There is a number of curious specimens of mediæval art, some of great value, preserved in the church; simple and archaic in form, they yet show that original force and truthfulness which is always instructive. There are some objects which



Ancient House in the Kollmarkt.

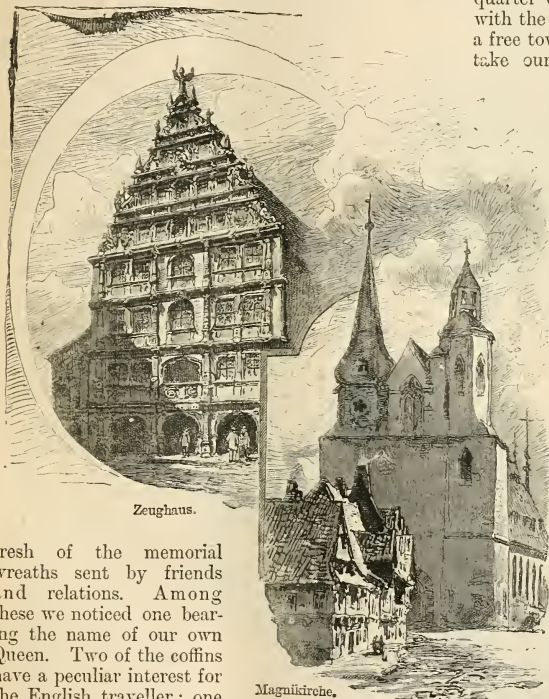
carry us back to the Crusades, having lain here ever since they were presented by prince or princess in pious recognition of their safe return. But to us the most interesting part of the cathedral was the crypt, in which lie the sarcophagi of more than fifty princes of the Guelphs, from that of the first brave barbarian, Eckbert, to the last Duke, on whose bier the flowers are still

tally wounded at Jena when in command of the German troops. The indignities heaped upon him by the French was the reason why black was chosen as the colour, and a death's head as the ornament worn by the soldiers raised by his brave son to revenge him, as well as recover the liberty of his country.

Leaving the Burg-platz with the cathedral and ruin of the old castle, we go to the quarter of the city most identified with the time when Brunswick was a free town, and naturally first be- take ourselves to the Alt Stadt

Markt. It is the most interesting and richest spot in the whole town. It contains a splendid old fountain, many exquisite mediæval houses, St. Martin's Church, and the Rathhaus, that glory of the "markt" and a gem of quaint Gothic. The fountain is curious. The hand of the restorer having been busy with it, much has been destroyed, but there are still remaining, here and there, fragments of texts and funny designs which indicate what it must have been. It is to the Rathhaus, however, that one instinctively turns, for its bold and majestic features at once rivet the eye. It forms two sides of a square and presents a double series of arches, enclosing an arcade below and open gallery above. The lower

arches are plain, and the upper series are filled in with rich tracery. The gargoyles and statues which adorn it show the wealth of imagination and the freedom in which the untrammelled genius of the time delighted to indulge. Opposite the Rathhaus stands the church of St. Martin, originally a Basilica, but changed into a Gothic building during the thirteenth century. The interior would be improved by a judicious clearance of the hideous pews, which arrest the attention and repel curiosity. We confess that a glimpse sufficed us, and that we left the church with-



Zeughaus.

Magnikirche.

fresh of the memorial wreaths sent by friends and relations. Among these we noticed one bearing the name of our own Queen. Two of the coffins have a peculiar interest for the English traveller: one contains the ashes of our unhappy Queen Caroline, and the other the remains of the famous Duke,

"Brunswick's fated chieftain,"

who led his "Black Brunswickers" side by side with our own bravest troops and found a soldier's grave at Quatre Bras. It was he

"Who did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell."

His father, to whom Byron alludes, fell mor-

out examining the monuments to which Murray and Baedeker direct attention. Nor did we hear the peal of bells ring out the brave tune "Friede dieser stadt," nor for ourselves read the inscription which the largest of these bells is said to bear :—

"Anno 1555 Hans Meisner Tho Brunswick
bin ich genannt.

dusse Klocke hebe ich gegoten mit miner Hand,
up der Weferstrate mit rechter Gewichte und mate
und we dusse Klocke horet klingen,
dat de moge Godt lobsingen."

Close by the church are a number of private houses of antique character, many of them showing the combination of commerce with domestic opulence which the traveller so often sees in Holland, where the pulley for hoisting goods is introduced as a feature in the designs of the house. Indeed, if we

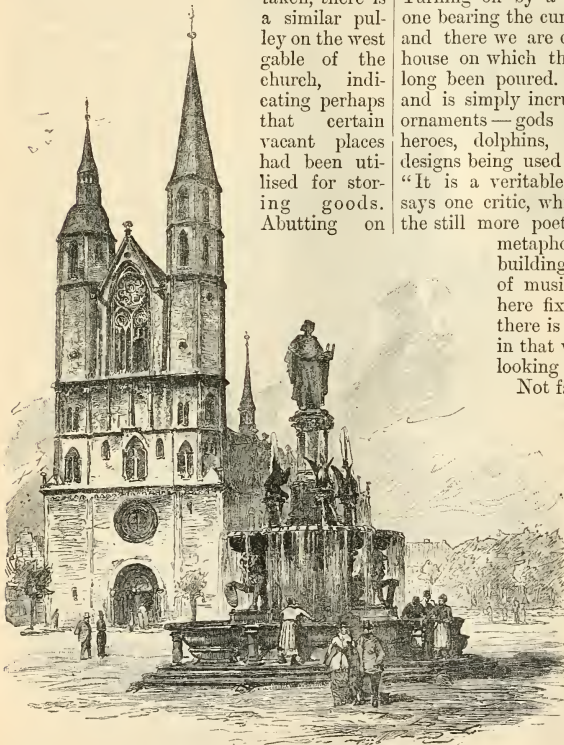
are not mistaken, there is a similar pulley on the west gable of the church, indicating perhaps that certain vacant places had been utilised for storing goods. Abutting on

the Alt Stadt Markt, and facing the Post Strasse, stands the Gewandhaus—an almost faultless specimen of the Renaissance—rising in a thin, but richly ornamented gable, marked by delicate lines. It bears the motto, "Quod tibi, hoc alteri!" The building belongs to the sixteenth century, but has, alas! degenerated into a wine cellar, a fact which is made obtrusively offensive when the gas is lit at night, revealing one of the exquisitely ornamented chambers, that is set like an open gallery in the centre of the gable, filled with tippling and pipe-exhausting citizens, ministered to by an unpicturesque *kellner* bearing bunches of beer-jugs.

There is another glorious specimen of house architecture not far off. It stands in the Kohlmarkt, and towers with its high gable, bearing a golden star for ornament, far above the modern houses in its neighbourhood. Turning off by a narrow street, we reach one bearing the curious title of "The Sack," and there we are confronted by an ancient house on which the praises of critics have long been poured. It bears the date 1536, and is simply incrustated with a profusion of ornaments—gods and goddesses, ancient heroes, dolphins, candelabra, and similar designs being used with riotous playfulness. "It is a veritable carnival of phantasy," says one critic, while Schlegel applies to it the still more poetic, though rather mixed metaphor of "frozen music." The building may suggest the notion of music in its rhythmic variety here fixed in material shape, but there is no suggestion of "frozen" in that warmly coloured and cosy looking old tenement.

Not far from the palace stands the Magnikirche, dating from the eleventh century, and carefully restored in recent years; and a few streets farther off is the Zeughaus, a delightful specimen of quaint Gothic, charged, like the other houses we have described, with a teeming world of fanciful designs, all so grouped as to subserve one grand effect.

We were unfortunately prevented, in



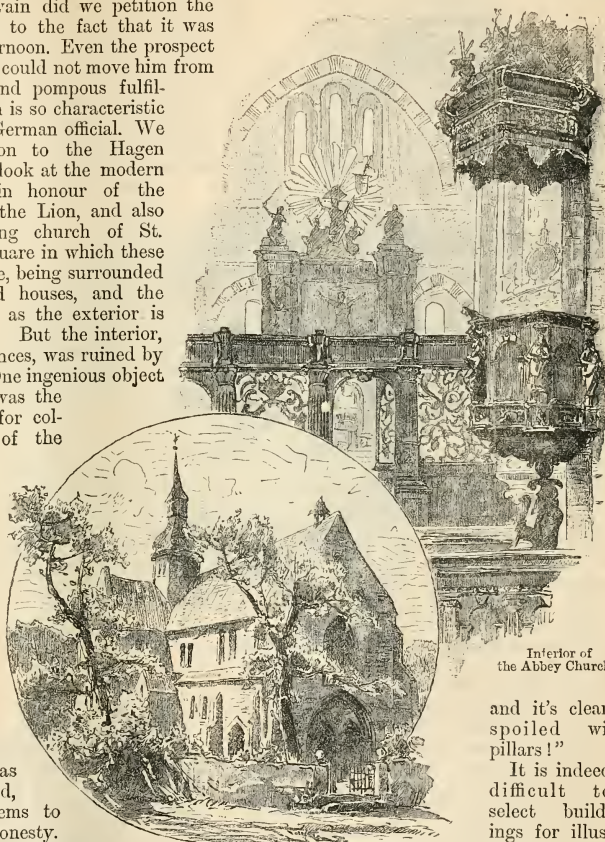
The Hagen Markt and Church of St. Catherine.

consequence of the lateness of the hour, from entering the magnificent museum, which includes the ancient Pauliner Kloster among its buildings. In vain did we petition the custodian, pointing to the fact that it was but four in the afternoon. Even the prospect of an additional fee could not move him from the bureaucratic and pompous fulfilment of rule which is so characteristic of the well-drilled German official. We therefore walked on to the Hagen Markt to have a look at the modern fountain erected in honour of the ubiquitous Henry the Lion, and also to see the imposing church of St. Catherine. The square in which these stand is a grand one, being surrounded by picturesque old houses, and the church also, as far as the exterior is concerned, is noble. But the interior, as in so many instances, was ruined by its pew furniture. One ingenious object interested us; it was the church door-plate for collecting the gifts of the people as they entered for worship, and was so designed that no one could extract any coin when once it had been dropped through the mouse-trap looking wire covering. We thought that in Germany, if there are such officers to watch the plate as Elders in Scotland, less confidence seems to be placed in their honesty.

It is, however, scarcely fair to condemn tastes which differ from our own. Everything depends on our standard. For example, it is told that when a late and highly accomplished clergyman was appointed to the Cathedral in Glasgow—then recently restored to its present beauty—he was surprised at seeing the beadle of the country church in Forfarshire, which he had just left, ensconced among the congregation assembled “to hear the new minister.” After service he asked him: “Well, John, how do you like my new kirk?”

“At-weel, it may be guid enuch,” was his reply, “but it’s no like the kirk at ——”

“What’s wrong with it then?”
 “Wrang wi’ it! It’s got nae lofts (galleries),



Interior of
the Abbey Church.

Abbey of Ridgshausen.

and it's clean spoiled wi' pillars!”

It is indeed difficult to select buildings for illustration in a city like Brunswick that is so rich

in mediæval art. There are streets of houses, each one of which would make a picture; and the old churches have all of them some peculiar feature, historical or artistic, that cannot fail to charm and interest. The Abbey church, with its fine pulpit and screen, and the picturesque Abtei Ridgshausen, beside it, as well as Andreas Kirche and many other glorious “bits,” must remain without description. Nor can we touch on the more modern quarters of the city. The

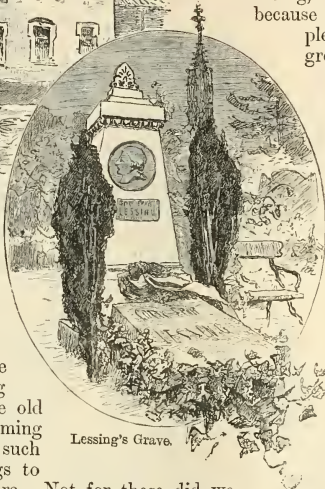


Lessing's House.

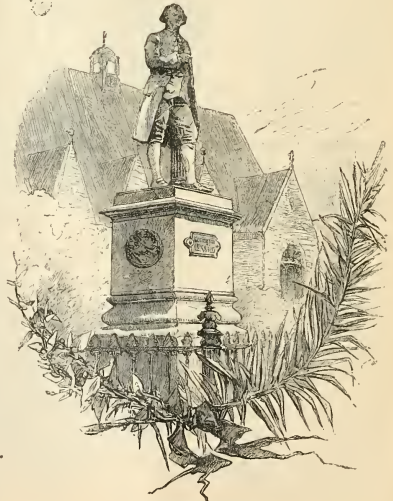
handsome streets traversed by the horrible but convenient tramway lines, the promenades along the course of the old walls, the charming villas, and all such objects are things to be found elsewhere. Not for these did we visit Brunswick. These constitute its prose. The poetry is enshrined in the splendour of its remains of mediæval art, which do not seem to attract as they deserve the attention of travellers. The stream of sight-seers passing on to Berlin, might with great advantage turn aside from the direct line, and make, as we did, the delicious *détour* of Hanover, Hildesheim, Goslar and Brunswick, before reaching the brilliant capital of the empire.

But Brunswick has another great interest for every cultured traveller, besides that of its antiquities. It is identified with the later years of the great writer who is placed by Heine in the very first rank—not second even to Goethe. "In all literary history," he says, "Lessing is the writer I most love." This may be an exaggeration, but undoubtedly there is no one after Luther, to whom modern German literature owes more than to Lessing, who threw off the thralldom of that French influence, with its unhealthy artificialism, which in the eighteenth century crushed native genius and banished the language of the

people as a jargon unfit for ears polite. It was he who wielded his native tongue as his instrument, and by his genius helped to awake native thought and launch it forth on its mighty career. No one can pass that dull looking station of Wolfenbüttel, seven miles from Brunswick, and look at the dome which rises over the famous library, without recalling the sad years spent there by Lessing when his heart was yearning for the noble-minded Eva König, whom he dare not marry for many a day because of the abject poverty in which it pleased the reigning Duke to leave the greatest man his Duchy or all Germany then contained. How terrible were these years his letters show, when this good man—starving on the pittance which was all the Duke could spare after he had lavished his thousands on worthless mistresses—had to eat his soul out in the misery of blighted hopes. Whatever Lessing's religious views were, and we believe them to have been better than they are usually called, there is something exceedingly fascinating in that humorous, affectionate, and honest scholar fighting bravely against sorrows and disasters which would have subdued a less brave man. It was well



Lessing's Grave.



Lessing's Monument.

for him that Brunswick was near, where he could repair now and then for a "bath of liberty" in the congenial society of literary friends. Only one brief year of enjoyment was given him—when his wife gladdened him with her presence. Then came the dead child and the dead mother, and his empty home. After that it was a struggle, intellectually, financially, and socially to the end. As a resource he hired for himself a house in Brunswick, to which he could repair for relief from the dull room at Wol-

fenbüttel, with its old cat purring beside him as he wrote. That house stands in the Egdien Platz. It was there or at Rönckendorf's wine-cellar he used to meet his friends, or at the monthly mid-day club, when they dined together. A tablet over one of the windows of the house indicates the room in which he died on the 15th of February, 1781. It was a touching scene. "In the evening," says one

of his biographers, "several friends came, and their presence was announced to him as he lay quietly in bed. Suddenly, to their astonishment, the door between the two rooms opened, and Lessing entered, the cold sweat of death upon his brow, a strange pallor upon his worn features. Amalia, his step-daughter, had been sitting at the door, that he might not see her tears. Silently, with a glance of inexpressible tenderness, he pressed her hand; he then bowed himself to the assembled friends, and with a

painful effort removed his cap from his head. He had far exceeded his strength; his limbs sank under him, he was carried back to bed. A stroke of apoplexy followed, and—after life's fitful fever he slept well."

He lies buried in the graveyard of the Magnikirche, with a simple monument marking the spot. A remarkably fine statue of him has been erected not far from his own house. It is really a noble work of art, full of repose, intelligence, and dignity.

Brunswick can boast of being also the birth-place of two other great men: Spöhr the composer, and Gauss, the mathematician, are both natives of this city.

One thing struck us very forcibly during our brief sojourn in Germany. A few years ago no traveller could fail to be annoyed by the *bumptiousness* of the Prussian officials. Even the railway guards used to deck themselves forth in their small authority, and strut along, exercising their petty functions

with a dictatorial imperativeness which was almost unbearable by ordinary mortals who retained the slightest vestige of self-respect. As far as our recent experience went, all this has changed.

Nothing could exceed the obliging manner in which every one, from the station master to the Gepäck-träger, tried to accommodate and assist; they were kind and civil to a degree. Success in war and in diplomacy seems to have delivered the people from the self-assertiveness which used to be so provoking.



The house in which Gauss was born

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

IV.—CHINESE RELIGION.

ALL that is distinctive in the religion of China may be summed up in one word, "Confucius." La-ot-ze preceded him, Men-

cius followed him; but, as Mencius admitted, "None are his equals; there is but one Confucius." Indian Buddhism (religious meta-

physics) was introduced into China about B.C. 217; and Taoism (spiritualism) about A.D. 140; but Taoists and Chinese Buddhists are alike worshippers of Confucius.

"China," says Professor Maurice, "is the source of regulative action, as India was the source of thought. In India all history becomes philosophy, in China all philosophy becomes history." The State has formally established the three religions—Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism; but the genius of Chinese thought finds its centre in the laconic, dry, systematic, and practical Confucius.

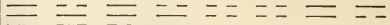
Let us take a bird's-eye view of the Celestial Empire. Sloping from the eastern tablelands of Central Asia, with a frontier of four thousand four hundred miles and two thousand five hundred of sea-coast, China is eighteen times larger than Great Britain, and contains three hundred and sixty millions bound together with the same language, laws, and literature. The imagination is impressed by China's vast alluvial plains and mountain-ranges, her lakes with floating islands, and great canal six hundred and fifty miles long; her fleet of junks bearing four hundred and thirty thousand tons of rice; her ancient wall, twenty feet thick and twelve hundred¹ and fifty miles long, built to keep out the Tartars B.C. 220; her rich mineral products; her golden sands, porcelain clays, white copper, ivory, green jade, and variety of coloured marble; her flora and fauna; her profusion of roses, gardenias, camellias; her orange groves, perfumed teas, and finest peaches—in short, a variety of vegetation ranging from the pole to the tropics.

The Chinese attract European fancy by sheer oddity. They seem to reverse all our usual notions. They don't fear death; they make presents of coffins to each other. They like capital punishment, executing about ten thousand miserable creatures a year. They extol each other's religious differences, wear white at funerals, avoid fires in winter, dislike water, either to drink or wash in, spoil their women's feet, cut off the men's hair where it might be useful, and wear long pig-tails which are of no use at all; only fee the doctor when there is nothing the matter; have three thousand ceremonial rites; and such a passion for symmetry that they have rearranged the bodily organs, placing the heart in the middle and the other organs at even distances round it. And for thousands of years China has little changed.

The most ancient form of religion in China was a Polytheomontheism, spirit and nature

worship with reference to a central source. *Shan* stood for spirits of heaven; *Chi*, earth spirits; *Kwei*, spirits of the dead; *Wang*, the Emperor; the mysterious *Ti* or *Shang Ti*, personal heaven or GOD. Ample provision was made for ceremonial; and what may be called spiritual proprieties and periodical homages were offered to Shang Ti and all spirits, whilst such great cosmic ideas as the expanse, fire-brightness, wind, solidity, the eternal quiet, corruption, and substance, or "that which underlies," were strangely symbolised in the famous lines of Fushi, a philosopher who lived B.C. 1150. These are the lines of Fushi.

LINES OF FUSHI.



They occur everywhere in temples, houses, in books, and on articles of furniture. I have a complete set of them on an old bit of Nankin blue. They admit, like a peal of bells, of endless arrangement, and of every conceivable combination, and lend themselves to the expression of almost every philosophical thought which the Chinese mind is capable of conceiving. It is characteristic of the Chinaman that he should be intellectually quite satisfied, having once for all put these profound abstractions into straight lines, and so fixed them.

Five thousand years ago we find in China the organized worship of nature—prayer to the cloudmaster, the rainmaster, the thundermaster; yet always with the monotheistic tendency. More than two thousand years before Christ the Emperor Wang conducted the state worship of Shang Ti (the supreme God or personal heaven) and all the spiritual host, "with the ordinary forms:" "Ye, O spirits! are the ministers, assisting Shang Ti, the worker, the transformer"—so runs the prayer. A square altar was used for the earth-spirits, a round altar for the celestial ones.

Tang ascended the throne two hundred years before Moses, or about 1700 B.C., the time of Jacob, Esau, and Joseph. Tang said, "Heaven gave the people rulers who were to be the ministers of Shang Ti, and keep the realm in peace and quietness. The little child, charged with the decrees of heaven, did not dare forgive the criminal. I sought the wise man, and united my strength to his. I implored the favour of Shang Ti for you, my innumerable people." Tang also said, "Shang Ti gives a moral in every man's heart; he also raised up the sovereign to see it carried out." A thousand years afterwards

I read of another king—King David, who said, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God."

In the earliest times we find in China no regular priesthood, no propitiatory sacrifices, no adequate sense of the meaning and power of spiritual communion, merely offerings to the dead and symbolical libations.

In all that connects life with good government, morals, social order, primitive Chinese religion is strong; in spirituality it was weak. The more meditative and mystic elements came later from a foreign source. The lives and words of the great Reformers, La-ot-ze, Confucius, and Mencius, best illustrate the corruptions that had crept into the primitive doctrine and practice, and the attempted restoration of what seemed to these philosophers vital in each. Yet neither of these three men cared for Buddhism or knew anything of Taoism.

In a very curious fragment of the Confucian analects, the two philosophers, La-ot-ze and Confucius, are seen for a moment together. La-ot-ze was a bookworm, he kept the royal archives; Confucius, aged thirty-seven, careful in dress, punctilious in ceremony, polished in manner, visited the old man, and was characteristically treated. He found a sort of Thomas Carlyle, with little sympathy for the masses—"mostly fools," sententious, brief, and not very good-tempered. When asked about the ancestors: "They are dead, their bones are dust; their words alone survive." He also said, with probably a bitter application to himself, "When the superior man is born at the right time he rises to power; but being born at the wrong time he stumbles, as with snared feet. Parties," he added, "whose principles are different cannot take counsel together." There may have been little difference in principle between La-ot-ze and Confucius, but there was probably a great difference in temperament, for the old philosopher was a pessimist, the young one an optimist. La-ot-ze ends with a truly Carlylese tirade against Bumbledom, flunkeyism, and shams. No doubt Confucius's exquisite manner, careful attire, and courtly ways grated on the rugged student. He broke out, "Put away your stuck-up looks and your self-conceit. They can do you no good. I have nothing more to tell you." And as La-ot-ze turned on his heel, Confucius seems to have been struck with awe. He felt the greatness of the man. "I can snare beasts," he said, "hook fish, and catch birds, but who knows the way of the dragon? I have seen La-ot-ze. I can

only liken him to the dragon that mounts through the clouds to heaven."

La-ot-ze had little, Confucius much, of the popular fibre about him. La-ot-ze saw the corruptions of his own age and denounced them, but had not, like Confucius, the popular sympathy to set to work and reform them. He did not believe in the people, Confucius did; both were disappointed. La-ot-ze's great book, the Tao-teh-King, is in parts sublime, but nowhere popular, and not always intelligible. "The divine essence, or reason," he writes, "what is it? We look at it, but do not see it; we listen to it, but do not hear it. The colourless, the soundless—we feel after it, but do not clasp it; the incorporeal—it can neither be defined nor examined. It is." We cannot help thinking of the sublime Hebrew, "I AM." "I do not know its name. I call it the Way; forcing myself to name it I call it the mighty." La-ot-ze, in his more gracious moments, uttered many beautiful sayings for the conduct of life. "There are three things most precious in the world to me. I hold them fast. The first is compassion, the second economy, the third humility. With economy I can afford to be liberal; with humility I can fit myself for all that I am worthy of; with sympathy and gentleness I can overcome the utmost violence. But in these days," sighs the philosopher, "they prefer physical courage, ostentation, and extravagance. Instead of being last they all want to be first. The end of all this is death."

The close of his career was sad, striking, but not inappropriate. His biographer tells us that, in despair at the growing degeneracy of the times, La-ot-ze determined to leave the city of "Chan," where he had passed the greater portion of his life. But the gate-keeper, Yin-Hsi, arrested him, and besought him, ere he went, to write a book. He wrote the "Tao-Teh-King," or Book of Divine Wisdom.

La-ot-ze, nearly ninety years old, then went alone out of the north-west gate of Chan, and was never heard of again. "He was," says his only biographer, "a superior man, and liked to keep himself unknown."

So this strange, uncouth, shy figure passes out into the darkness, but remains on the historic canvas painted with a few imperishable strokes of Time's capricious brush. To me, indeed, La-ot-ze, the deep thinker, the uncouth, sad student, is altogether a pathetic and memorable personage. Careless of what men thought or said of him, he obeyed the voices within him, absorbed in his own

reveries. He wrote only at the last, and under great pressure; but the words which had sunk deep into the heart of Yin-Hsi were so rich and melodious that the world has been listening to them ever since. "Truly," says Emerson, "the unstable estimates of men crowd to him who is filled with a trust as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon."

Confucius was a very different person, with an intense belief in himself, in the people, in his power to teach them; with a sympathetic and popular address and refined and fascinating manner, he was cut out to be a ruler of men. He was born 551 B.C., and died 478. He was originally a small Government official in the public granaries; but he also set up a school at his own house. The Prince Lû afterwards made him a magistrate, and so extraordinary was his influence that he soon rose to be the First Commissioner of Works and Minister of Crime; but wherever he went, crime ceased; the prisons were empty; strangers flocked to hear his wisdom; and Prince Lû's prosperity was so envied that a plot was successfully laid to seduce the Prince from his allegiance to Confucius, who at last leaves the State in disgust and wanders through China with a few disciples. The Princes of various States seemed eager to receive him, but the severity of his principles displeased the nobles, and the Duke of Tze, to whom he had fled from the Duke of Lû's Court, whilst admiring the sage, remarked, "I am old, I cannot use his doctrines." Meanwhile his words lived from mouth to mouth—strangers visited him in crowds; he was alternately the idol and the bugbear of the populace. Poets sang his praises. "What a pleasant smile illumines his face; how finely carved and delicate is his mouth; how ravishing his look!" He was always accompanied by a band of devoted disciples, who hung upon his lips; but when a prince rejected his counsels he would go forth without purse or scrip, and was sometimes in great straits even for food. When the lawfulness of taking it was mooted, the master said, "The superior man may suffer want: the mean man alone gives way to license." At times he would dwell on himself and his personal practice when he was appointed overseer of the granaries; he said, "My calculations must all be right, that is all I have to care about." His strong sense of his mission as one far transcending territorial limits and of world-wide reach, came out in such exclamations as, "I am a man of the north, south, east, and west;" of his own

development he said, "At thirty I stood firm; at sixty-nine I had attained to the state of following what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right." He had, that is, trained himself to desire only such things as were good. "How shall we describe you to others?" asked a disciple. He answered, "Say that I am one who, in his thirst for knowledge, forbears to eat, who forgets sorrow in the joy of attainment, and who hardly has time to notice the advance of old age." At another time he said, "My only merit is to study wisdom without satiety, and to teach others without weariness." And his humility is shown in such complaints as, "These things trouble me; not to live virtuously enough, not to discuss questions thoroughly enough, not to conform practice to doctrine sufficiently, not to reform the bad entirely."

We are able to come very close to the master as he lived and moved amongst his disciples. His motions were all watched, and his habits minutely chronicled. He did everything according to rule. If he bent in salute, his robes always fell in symmetrical folds right and left. In receiving guests, he hastened his steps, extending his arms like the wings of a bird. He left the company slowly. He passed before the throne with a grave and measured step. "The master," they said, "is gentle, yet full of dignity; majestic without severity; respectful to others, yet always at ease himself." Had he not said, "The superior man is composed, but the mean man is always in a fidget?"

He sometimes engaged in sport; but they noticed that he always fished with a rod instead of snaring with a net; and never shot a bird except on the wing. He would wear nothing red or deep purple, or puce colour; but over lamb's wool he was careful to wear black; over fawn and fur, white; over fox's fur, yellow. Indoors he wore thick badger's fur, and he would have his night-dress twice as long as his body. He never lay stretched like a corpse in bed, and never spoke after retiring to rest. He was moderate and precise in his eating, and would have his meals well cooked; he used wine freely, and no one had never known it to confuse his head. He never spoke at meal-time; but before meat he offered some of the viands reverently in sacrifice to the spirits. He had his meat cut in symmetrical squares, and would not sit on his mat unless it was quite straight. He carried attention to small proprieties to what may seem to us a ridiculous excess, and attached an exaggerated importance to ap-

pearances. "Wang Chung was a great Prime Minister," he once said, and when asked why, he merely added, "But for him we might even now be wearing our hair rough and button the lappets of our coats on the left side." The wisest of the Chinese could hardly conceive of a greater national calamity!

Confucius was fond of saying, "Require much of yourself, little of others;" yet would he ill brook disrespect. "Yang," I read, received the master squatting on his heels, whereon the master broke out in wrath: "Not respectful in youth, not diligent in manhood; perchance living on to be old, and a very pest too", and therewith the philosopher struck Yang smartly with his stick and bade him rise up.

In his earlier days he had held that outward conformity to right was the chief thing for a people to study; but later experience taught him, as he himself expresses it, that "we may force people to do justice; we cannot force them to love it."

Confucius was profoundly disappointed at not getting his maxims adopted. "Virtue," he complained frequently, "is not cultivated—study is not pursued; justice and equity are preached, but not practised; wicked men will not be convinced—this is my grief!"

There was evidently a want somewhere in Confucianism with all its excellence. Its hold on God was weak; it was indifferent to the cultivation of spiritual communion; its appreciation of evil was inadequate; its constant habit of retrospect and never of prospect, paralysing; its neglect of human impulse, conspicuous; its sense of mystery feeble, and consequently its lift and aspirational power almost *nil*.

Still, as a regulative force, as a system of ethics, and a complete embodiment of the Chinese ideal of life and government, the philosophy of Confucius stands out as one of the most extraordinary efforts of the human mind; and yet we cannot help feeling all through the gnomic utterances of the analects and the doctrine of the mean, that Confucius himself is greater than his system. There is a sort of personal flavour about his most abstract utterances, and we are quite sure that he never preached anything he was not prepared himself to practise, never gave a counsel he was not himself ready to obey.

Thanks to the love and admiration of the many eager pupils, we are, after the lapse of more than two thousand years, able to listen

to the pithy sayings, the trenchant observations, and the singularly earnest, yet cautious, utterances of the man who is still revered throughout China above all emperors and statesmen, and is even worshipped as a god.

It may be asked, what was the religion of Confucius himself? It must be answered: he accepted what he found without laying stress upon any special doctrines. Whilst reverencing an unseen divine Power, he yet never spoke of it as personal. He believed in spirits, conformed to ceremonies, and did not check special prayers. Once, when sick, his friends asked that prayers should be made for his recovery. "Is that," said he, "the proper thing to do?" "It is so set down," they answered, "in the sacred book, 'Address your prayers,' &c." He then uttered this memorable sentence, "The prayer of Confucius is constant." Men observed that he sacrificed to the dead as if they were present; yet he evaded all questions concerning them. "Shall we serve the spirits of the dead?" they asked; his answer was, "If you cannot serve men, how will you serve spirits?" "I venture to ask about death," said a disciple. "You know nothing about life, how can you know anything about death?" "Have the dead knowledge?" still urged the eager student. "You need not know whether they have or not," said the master; "there is no hurry, hereafter you shall know." "He taught," we read elsewhere, "letters, morals, devotion of soul, and sincerity of heart, but all mysterious occurrences—feats of dexterity, abnormal states, and the existence of spiritual beings, he shrank from discussing." Yet the instant the sphere of practice was touched, the trumpet gave no uncertain sound: "Without obeying the ordinances of heaven (*i.e.* the moral law) it is impossible to be a superior man." "He who sins against Heaven, to whom can he pray?" "No man knows me. I do not complain; Heaven alone knows me." This is the nearest approach I find to the recognition of a Personal God, and it does not amount even to Monotheism as taught by Moses.

His shrewdness and insight, combined with what I may call a habitually pyramidal or cumulative style, are to me a perpetual feast. "The prince must always improve himself; to improve himself he must render others their dues; to do that he must consult wise men; to have the friendship of wise men he must practise their recommendations." Here is a quaint statement of cha-

acter by inference. "Tsen Lon is capable of leading an army; I know nothing of his humanity. Kieon might govern a city; I know nothing of his humanity. Tehi is capable of dressing himself up in smart clothes and introducing people gracefully to each other; I know nothing of his humanity." When asked about humanity, he exclaimed, "Is humanity so far from us? I wish to possess humanity, and it comes to me."

His thoughts on Government are at least as much needed now as they were then. "The wise governor, as soon as men change what is wrong, *stops governing.*" To an official who complained of the roguery of his subordinates he merely said, "If you, sir, were not rapacious, those whom you govern would not steal." Three things will be found in a country where there is good government: "enough food for the people, a ruler whom men can trust, and a good army." "But if a country must dispense with one of these three, which would it be best to do without?" he answered shortly, "The army."

Of the Prince he said, "If his personal conduct is right his government will be good without so many orders; and if it be wrong none of his orders will be respected." He thought war a calamity, and considered that a good government should dispense with capital punishment. They asked, "What is shameful in a Government employé?" "To think only of his salary in serving the Prince; a superior man will put duty first and pay last." Of himself he said, "I am not careful to be without office, but careful to fit myself for it." His conversation consisted less in long speeches than in the happiest and briefest replies. "Is there one word which expresses the whole duty of man?" he was once asked. He seems to have paused, unwilling to dismiss so lightly such a momentous topic; but, recovering himself, "Yes," he said, "there is one word, Reciprocity!" which, he explained, was simply the doing unto others as we would they should do unto us. He was never weary of dilating upon this text.

At other times his mere shrewdness of observation arrests us—

"The wise of the highest class, and the stupid of the lowest, neither can be changed."

"I hate those who tell secrets and call themselves straightforward."

"A man hated at forty is always hated."

"Girls and servants are alike difficult to treat properly. If you are familiar they presume, and if you are reserved they sulk."

His three favourite qualities were conscience, humanity, and moral courage: the first corresponded to the knowledge of good and evil, the second to equity of heart, and the third to force of soul, and it was characteristic of his severely practical tone of mind to say, "Whether we practise these naturally or with effort—if we practise them it comes to the same thing;" and yet because he loved the inner rightness, the equity of the heart, he could also utter this beautiful sentence, "The superior man is watchful over his aloneness."

At the age of seventy he returned to the principality of Lû, but he was too old for office. He was broken in health and sad at heart, for he could get no Government to adopt his severe and noble methods.

One day his disciple Tszekum watched him pacing feebly in the sunshine, dragging his stick behind him, and heard him mutter—

"The great mountain must crumble,
The strong beam must break,
And the wise man wither away like grass."

"Ah!" cried his friend, "I fear the master is going to be ill." Confucius then tells him that he knows by a dream that he is soon to die. His last words are those of a weary and disappointed old man: "No wise ruler comes; no prince invites me to be his counsellor; it is time to die." So saying he took to his bed and passed away in a very few days. His writings are still learned throughout the Celestial Empire. The most honoured temples are those raised to Confucius. He remains, after two thousand five hundred years, China's most living force.

Mencius (*cir.* 300) was characterized by his extremely caustic and humorous application of the Confucian doctrine. But he was a great moralist and a great democrat, as well as a searching humorist.

"Why do you lie awake on account of the promotion of Lo-Tching-Tsen?" asked a disciple.

"Because," said Mencius, "he is a man who loves what is good."

"Is that enough?"

"Yes; to love what is good is more than enough to govern the empire."

Mencius was very plain spoken with princes.

"The people," he told them, "is the most noble thing in the world—the earth spirits and the fruits of the earth come next—the Prince is of the least importance of all." Yet was he unremitting in his efforts to advise, encourage, and even rebuke the princes who took counsel with him.

The King read out to him admiringly two

lines from the sacred books—"We may be rich and powerful but we ought to have compassion on the widows and orphans."

"O King," exclaimed Mencius, "if you admire that doctrine why do you not practise it?"

"My Insignificance," replied the King, "has a certain defect. My Insignificance loves riches."

Said Mencius respectfully, "Kong Neon loved riches, so he shared them with his people."

"But," went on the King, "my Insignificance loves pleasure."

"So did Tai Wang, so he contrived that every one should have recreation, and be able to keep a wife."

The King was silent.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "Your great people don't like having their mouths stopped," but Mencius usually contrived to have the last word, yet was he not shunned but rather courted by his sovereign.

I have now placed the three great figures of Chinese philosophy in the high relief provided for them by their own characteristic utterances: La-ot-ze, the solitary and somewhat pessimist thinker; Confucius, the eager, active man of affairs; Mencius, the bold and humorous critic, welcome utterer of unwelcome truths.

That philosophy, however practical, can never take the place of religion for the masses—however it may suffice to control and solace the superior man—is perhaps the most impressive lesson to be derived from the study of the Confucian doctrines.

The system was weak in the sense of mystery, just where Buddha's was strong; and strong in its earnest care for and belief in this world just where Buddha's was weak. Buddhism, which crept into China at

a later period supplied the indispensable metaphysic—the speculation on the what, the whence, and the whither, to which the great practical philosopher was so indifferent. Taoism, which appeared very much in its present form later still supplied the equally indispensable how? It taught the doctrine of intercommunion between the living and the dead, gave the formulæ of approach, was and is in fact very much what we understand by modern spiritualism in its grosser form of oracle and miracle; still it answered the craving for certainty as to the existence of the dead, the reality of spirits, and their sustained and sympathetic interest in human affairs.

The humble student of history, less biased than the confident votary of science, will, in his survey of the religions of the world, probably admit that a craving for, and a belief in, the reality of unseen beings, which is so universal, so recurrent, and so impossible to exterminate, even in the nineteenth century, possibly rests upon some foundation that science may be able to reveal, but is not likely to destroy. The "Heathen Chinese," with an instinct rather truer than that of the modern missionary, has endowed all three religions—Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism; he has felt that each stood for a truth and answered a need. When the life and practice of the modern Christian, as he appears in the person of the French warrior or the English speculator, is clearly manifest in the eyes of the Chinaman as superior to his own, he will probably endow Christianity, not till then. Preaching by example is one of the cardinal doctrines of Confucius, he had more faith in that than anything, he was therefore revered. Christians, alas! seem to have less, therefore they are despised.

THROUGH A DARK VALLEY.

A Story of the American Civil War.

By FRANCES GORDON.

CHAPTER IV.

"**M**ORE than once after this Wilmer contrived to ride into the City and spend an hour with us, but very soon these visits ceased. The Federal army was drawing nearer and nearer. The battle of Seven Pines was fought, and we heard that Jackson had begun his famous march to join Lee. It was be-

coming a matter for conjecture how long our provisions would hold out; and we ladies—for there were many of us in the same house—even tried to have our little jokes during those anxious weeks, and manifested quite an amusing desire to dispose of the best of the catables before the arrival of the Yankees. But the best was bad. And every day the parching south winds blew—and the

children flagged more and more. Our hopes were centred in General Lee, and he did not fail us.

The history of the relief of Richmond is not for me to tell; but by the last of June Jackson was up from the valley, and he and Lee between them were driving the enemy step by step farther and farther from the city, until finally the invading host came to a halt on the banks of the James. Then there came a brief lull, and in it Wilmer made out to visit us. He was greatly stirred when he saw the increased change for the worse in Doris and the boy; and the morning after his departure he sent us a message bidding us go at once to a deserted log-cabin, to which his messenger would lead us, and which was perched near the edge of a wood on the summit of a small hill above the river. There we should be protected by the close neighbourhood of that portion of the Confederate army to which he was temporarily attached, and should be able to retreat into the city at a moment's notice. By paying an extortionate sum we succeeded in procuring a wagon and a mule, and, carrying with us Mammy and a slender stock of provisions, we proceeded to take possession of our new quarters. There was a shed behind the cabin, which still contained nearly half a cord of seasoned wood; and when Mammy had hunted up an ancient axe she felt quite happy about her fire. We also found half a sack of meal in one corner of the cabin, evidently provided by Wilmer's forethought. It was apparent that some weeks had elapsed since the garden-patch had last been rifled, for a few ears of sweet corn and some tomatoes were ripening beneath the July sun. I need not say what the sight of such unwonted luxuries was to people whose natural sustenance consisted principally of 'garden-stuff,' and who had now for long been deprived of it.

One evening, some time after our arrival, we sat on the brow of the hill, enjoying the comparatively cool breeze that blew from the river. Little Dick, looking more like a waxen image than a child, lay asleep in the hammock near by; within the cabin old Mammy was crooning one of her lugubrious negro ditties as she baked a cake in the ashes. Presently we beheld a horseman cross the flats and begin to ascend the hill. It was Wilmer, of course. He left his horse at a dilapidated hitching-post behind the cabin, and came hurrying towards us. In his hand he held a small demijohn, which he carried with care, and great was our joy when we found that it contained sweet milk

for poor little Dick. Doris went into the cabin to display the unwonted luxury to the old coloured woman, and bid her set it in the spring for coolness' sake. Then we all betook ourselves to our former seat on the fallen log. Wilmer pointed out the camps of the various divisions of the Confederate army, and, far away at Harrison's Landing, the outlying tents of the enemy gleaming through the growing dusk. How often in those days I said 'the enemy,' and yet how low my heart fell at the word as I wondered how many good and true friends of mine were numbered in it! But these were thoughts I seldom dared to linger over. My duty, my affection, all the memories of the past, chained me where I was—a willing slave.

'The Yanks are a long ways off now, you see, Doris,' Wilmer said cheerily, 'and you are in no manner of danger here at present. Jackson makes a start to-night with his boys in grey to rouse up the new Federal commander at Gordonsville. I reckon we all shall move off after a while, and then it may be advisable for you to return home.'

'Home!' repeated Doris, amazed.

'Yes, dearest. It is entirely too warm for you all in, or even near, the city, and I dread these marshy flats in September. If we continue to drive the Yanks north you can go home in perfect safety. The railroad-track is cut, I understand, but there is always the old coach road. However, I will consult the General after awhile—he is much interested in you. And, cousin,' he added, turning to me, and speaking softly, 'he has never forgotten.'

I laid my hand in his for a moment by way of answer, for I knew to what he alluded. It was Lee who, years and years ago, had written me from Mexico the news of my husband's death. They had been comrades together—both captains in the United States army.

As luck would have it, the conversation now took a somewhat unfortunate turn. It was quite in keeping with my reading of Wilmer's character that he should persist in harping on a distasteful subject. This uncomfortable kind of persistence is undoubtedly rather a masculine than a feminine trait. Superficial observers may call it a sign of stupidity if they choose, but in my humble opinion they will, in nine cases out of ten, be mistaken. The minds of some men are as a moonlight landscape—clear and strong. The shadows fall dark upon a white ground, and the thousand diverse hues of the changeful day are as things which have no existence at

any time or place. As Wilmer himself would have expressed it—'Right is right, and wrong is wrong. The right is not a matter of opinion, and you must yield your fancies to the great principle.' So no doubt he reasoned, and so he acted.

He began to speak of Curtis Monkton. Apparently that young man was employing some former surgical training in the service of the 'Yanks,' and was even known to have been the occasional bearer of dispatches from one Federal general to another. He was said to volunteer readily for any dangerous duty, and was constantly seen in the front, and singled out by the sharpshooters; but notwithstanding the trifling value he appeared to set on his life ('because it is so worthless,' Wilmer observed) he had hitherto escaped without injury.

Now I am positive that up till this period Wilmer cherished no personal animosity against Curtis—on the contrary, perhaps. It is true that, like many another conqueror, he thought somewhat contemptuously of the antagonist who had once yielded to him so easily, and gave him little or no credit for motives other than those of the most inferior description. Whether some smouldering embers of rivalry had, unsuspected by himself, lain dormant in Wilmer's breast during the last two or three years, ready to be fanned into a flame by any chance gust of emotion, I cannot say—and neither, probably, could he. The passionate sense of injury which dominated the South at that time, and which grew in intensity with every month, vented itself, whenever possible, on her own renegade sons. But to enable you to realise, however faintly, the manifold horrors of a civil war—and such a civil war!—is utterly beyond me. I only know that Wilmer *might* have felt as bitter as he did against Curtis had he never been associated with him in the past. Such a phenomenon was just possible—nothing more.

While her husband was expressing himself with his usual warmth Doris looked more and more disturbed, and finally rose from her seat beside him, and went across to the hammock wherein little Dick lay. Wilmer turned his head to watch her, and I felt rather than saw that he was annoyed at her departure.

'The child is well enough, Doris,' he called after her.

At the sound of a raised voice Dick awoke, and beginning to fret, as he often did now, poor little mite, Doris had an excuse

for carrying him into the cabin to soothe him with some of the lately arrived milk.

Wilmer kept silence awhile. Then he said abruptly, 'Cousin, why does my wife leave me when I speak of Curtis Monkton? She should not do so. What is the trouble? Sometimes I could almost believe that she thinks he is doing right. Does she ever talk to you about him?'

Now I felt convinced that what really saddened and bewildered Doris's feminine soul was this glimpse of what she was fain to consider a want of magnanimity in her husband—but how could a third person tell him so? There were half-a-dozen objections to such a course, which any one with any sense of delicacy could not fail to perceive. Yet Wilmer was a man who required plain speaking, and herein lay the one difficulty between him and his wife. Doris had strong opinions of her own on all subjects which involved principle, but was silent, even reticent, by nature. At a moment when everything depended on perfect frankness she could never be trusted not to take refuge in silence. Incapable of disloyalty or deceit in any form there were nevertheless times when she seemed equally incapable of speech.

'Look here, Wilmer,' I said, after a pause for deliberation, 'no doubt Doris feels that she owes something to the man who gave her up to you without one syllable of reproach; and, remember, he had just cause for resentment. Women are apt to think kindly of those who have aided in making such happiness as is yours and hers.'

'Yes, yes,' said Wilmer, moving restlessly, 'but, cousin, that fellow is little better than a spy.'

'Was it not your own beloved leader who once said that each man must judge for himself, for that he only could know the reasons which governed him? Can you not bring yourself to believe that Curtis Monkton may have his reasons too?'

'Reasons for turning traitor!' he exclaimed. 'What reasons they must be, any way! Well, cousin, let us say no more about it.'

And greatly to my relief the subject was dropped, and before Doris came back to us Wilmer was himself again."

CHAPTER V.

"DEEP in the solemn stillness of the summer night Doris woke me.

'Listen, cousin—do you not hear something?'

For a few moments nothing—but the

wearisome refrain of the whip-po-will from the grove, and the heavy breathing of the old coloured woman upon the cabin floor.

'There—right there!' whispered Doris again, touching the log wall beside the bed.

Now the wood-shed was on the other side of the wall.

Countless horrible possibilities flashed into my brain, and for one long minute, which seemed almost like madness, every sense I possessed was absorbed in the frantic beating of my heart. Then I grew quieter, and listened again.

Yes—surely that was a footstep on the scattered chips? Whoever—whatever—it was—carried no lantern, or the light from it would have penetrated between the logs.

Now, although Wilmer considered us absolutely safe where we were, he nightly dispatched his own body-servant up the hill, to sleep under a tree within hail of the inmates of the cabin. He himself was not a mile away in camp, but while the movements of the troops were so uncertain duty forbade him to absent himself for more than an hour or so at a time. Perhaps it was curious that neither of us should have thought that the midnight wanderer might be Abner, the servant in question; but there was a stealthiness in the tread which told its own story only too clearly.

What were we to do? To make a disturbance until we were sure that there were no other hidden foes in the background would be the height of folly. I lay and pondered, not venturing to speak again for fear our unwelcome visitor should overhear.

Presently we heard the footsteps again, and this time they left the shed. I disengaged myself from Doris's clinging arms, bidding her be as brave as I knew she could be on occasion. As for my own bravery, it was that of desperation, nothing else—a low order of courage, if you will, but better than none, perhaps. We both swiftly slipped on a few clothes, Doris lay down on the bed again, and I crept across the floor, which fortunately was of clay, and so did not creak. Then I opened the shutter half an inch, and peeped out. For a while I could see nothing, for the sky was partially overcast. Then the moon went riding up over a cloud, and the night became as day.

Right in the centre of the open space before the cabin stood a man—and the man was not Abner. He had his back to me, and wore a large soft hat—probably of felt; but as he momentarily bent his head I could catch a glitter of fair hair beneath the brim. There

was only one, then; yet how many more might there not be within earshot? Above all, what manner of man was this one, and what was his business here? And where was Abner all the time?

It was an awful moment of suspense. Something must be done, but what?

Suddenly he moved, and I retreated. As I did so a plan occurred to me—a kind of forlorn hope. Could I but get out of the cabin and dart across to where Abner must be peacefully slumbering, could I but start him in the perpetration of that wild negro cry which sounds as if it must carry a hundred miles, Wilmer would have his horse unpicketed and be with us in a flash, with half-a-dozen of his comrades at his back besides. Who our nocturnal visitor might be I could not devise, but that he was up to no good was self-evident.

As this thought passed through my mind I suddenly felt that he was close—close—to me—that his groping hands were stealing along the outside wall—that he was trying to peer into the cabin through the half-inch of open shutter. I held my breath; my very being seemed to cease. It was to me one of those crises in which I could almost believe that the spirit frees itself from the body—or, let us say, the body temporarily dies. Had the man suspected that some one was on the alert within, his present indecision would have resulted in immediate action of some kind, and no vast amount of muscular energy would have been required in order to force the door. As it was, my only hope lay in his assurance of our profound slumbers. Once convinced of this, and of his consequent safety, he might go back to the wood-shed, and there hide until daybreak. If he were a fugitive, as I began to suspect, he was probably desperate; but being evidently unaware that three lone women and a baby were in sole possession of the cabin he would hardly venture on extreme measures unless hard pressed. At the same time I felt that to spend the rest of the night in the close neighbourhood of a desperate character, however quiescent, without making some effort to obtain protection, was more than could be expected of us.

At last the shadow ceased to intercept the moonlight. The owner thereof had moved away. In a moment I was bending over Doris, who, poor child! lay trembling, but otherwise passive, upon the bed.

'Get up,' I breathed in her ear; 'be ready to fasten the door after me. I am going right away to wake Abner. He will shout, and Wilmer will hear us—take courage!'

She was past speech, but obeyed implicitly, and stole after me to the door. All this time Aunt Judy slept the sleep of the (African) just.

The moon was once more behind a cloud, so that it was useless to look out, but I placed my ear against a chink in the logs, and concentrated myself in listening. I was rewarded, for presently I heard a dry stick crack, and knew by the direction from whence the sound proceeded that the man had once more gone around to the back of the cabin.

'Now!' I whispered, and gently—gently—drew the bolt. Ah, how slowly it went, and every second was worth its weight in gold!

At last the door opened and I was outside.

Then, as I flew noiselessly across the open, a thousand doubts assailed me all at once. Perhaps Abner had deserted his post? If he had done so, and it depended on me to give the alarm, I knew that my weak voice could never carry to the camp. Perhaps—but my conjectures were interrupted. Something was thrown over my head—pressed down, down upon my eyes, into my mouth, wound round my throat—there was a wild singing in my ears. Could death itself be much worse than this? . . .

Then, for almost the first time in my life, I lost consciousness."

CHAPTER VI.

"WHEN I came to myself, which must have been very soon, I was lying on the ground, drawing my breath in long gasps. The whole thing seemed like a hideous dream—but my senses quickly returned, and then my earliest thought was of Doris. Yes, surely this was she who was kneeling beside me and holding a dipper of water to my lips. The feeling of suffocation passed, and I rose to my feet, a little shaky, certainly, but otherwise unhurt. The sky was clear again, and I could see that we were on the other side of the cabin, close to the wood-shed, and far within the shadow of the latter I fancied that I saw a dark form lingering.

'Who is that, Doris?' I whispered.

'I see no one,' she said, still trembling. 'When I got a glimpse of you being carried around the house I unfastened the bolt as quickly as I could and ran after you. I called to old Judy, but she was sleepy and hard to rouse, and I could not wait. The moon went in again, but I think the man knew he was being followed, for he laid you on the ground here, unwound something from your head and vanished. But are you

sure you have received no injury, dear cousin?'

'Quite sure, child; and now that I can walk let us not stay here. The man may discover that we are only two women after all, and return. We must run now to Abner, and shout to him for help, at any cost.'

Even as I spoke the clouds parted, and into the white radiance of the broad, full moon, stepped—Curtis Monkton!

With hat in hand, and bowed head, and eyes upon the ground, he stood like a prisoner awaiting sentence.

It seemed an age before any of us broke silence, and then it was Doris who took up the word.

'Cousin,' she said, turning to me, all her trembling past and speaking with a sad dignity which went to my heart, 'this is my affair.' Then to him, 'Mr. Monkton, you are my prisoner.'

He did not reply, but still stood with lowered eyes.

'Ah!' cried Doris quickly, 'Aunt Judy, she must not see him. Go, cousin, and tell her to stay by the child.'

I flew round the corner, and none too soon, for there was the old woman just coming out of the door.

'My sakes! what you'se all doin', flyin' aroun' dis kinder way?' she grumbled sleepily. 'Dat dar chile done commence hollerin' when de old Mammy fix ter go, I can't leave him nohow.'

'Miss Doris says, go right straight back to the child, Aunt Judy—don't leave him for anything in the world. We were a bit scared, but everything is quiet now—we thought we heard some one wandering around outside, that was all, and we went to call Abner.'

'I've no kinder use fur dat Abner,' proceeded the old woman, as she gathered up the baby out of his wooden cradle, 'he sleeps jes' *all* de time, de triflin' boy! Wol, I reckon I'll jes' tote dis child awhile till you all come in.'

'I will go and bring Miss Doris,' I said, 'it's pretty warm in here and I daresay she finds it cool and pleasant outside.' So saying I went out again, taking the precaution of closing the door behind me. First I resumed my interrupted journey in Abner's direction. This time I arrived safely, and found him sleeping the dead, helpless sleep of the genuine negro. We had certainly made but little disturbance, but had he been possessed of the nervous organization of a toad he must

have been aroused. On my way back I met Doris.

'Cousin,' she said in a low, firm voice, 'you will leave this matter to me?'

'Yes, Doris; if it must be so.'

'It must; it is I who will take the whole responsibility.' She paused, and for a moment appeared to struggle with herself, then continued, almost coldly, 'I am going to deceive my husband.'

Her manner was so strange that I felt a little frightened, but I rejoined lightly, 'You could not deceive any one, child, if you tried. Your face is altogether against you, Doris.'

She took no notice of my feeble attempt at sprightliness, but went on as if she had not heard me.

'I am going to conceal Curtis if I can until Wilmer is on the march, which will assuredly be in a day or two. We know that General Lee intends breaking up part of the camp on the James and marching to the Rapidan. You can understand that it is important that Wilmer should know nothing of Curtis's presence in the neighbourhood, or that I am hiding him. My husband's honour shall not suffer; but if I can accomplish it without injuring Wilmer I intend to save the life of an old friend, and one whom I believe, in spite of all, to be an honourable man. Appearances are against him, I grant, and were he captured it would be as a spy. I believe him to be nothing of the kind, but I ask no questions. If Wilmer finds him, so much the worse for Curtis. For myself—my husband must trust me.'

This was a long speech for my quiet little girl, and I held my peace. What could I say, moreover? Could I tell her of my own fears? My doubts lest her husband should fail her? No.

For the present Doris had arranged that the fugitive should remain in the wood-shed. Aunt Judy would have no occasion to go there in the morning, for there were enough chips collected in a corner of the cabin to supply the tiny fire required for making the bread and coffee.

The morning dawned. When I opened my weary eyes Doris was already busy with Dick's toilet. It was the poor little fellow's happiest hour now, this first hour of the day, and for awhile he used to laugh and play after his former joyous fashion. Though still a lovely boy, there was a sad change in him, a change so great that his mother and I rarely had the courage to allude to it.

It was Doris's custom either to send or

take Dick down to the spring for a couple of hours daily, so that he might eat his frugal breakfast in the cool proximity of the water, and toddle about in the shade. It was now about half after five, and as she put the final touches to his toilet, Aunt Judy entered, 'toting' the buckets of fresh water. Meantime I was dressed and ready for work.

'Here, Mammy,' Doris said, 'take your boy, and carry him down to the spring. Miss Frances and I will fix the house and the breakfast.'

'I done eat 'way befo' sun up,' replied Judy. 'Now, boy, kiss your ma good-bye, sah! She don't want you no mo.'

So off they went, and the coast was clear for two long hours. We hurried through our duties, and then, while Doris was making the coffee I betook myself to the shed to release our prisoner, who was, as might be expected, abject in his apologies for his treatment of me on the previous night. He explained that he was aware of Abner's presence on the hill, and guessed that the figure crossing the open space was probably going to arouse him. In the uncertain light he could not tell whether the individual was a woman or a boy, but he was compelled to take measures for his own protection. Of course I made as little of the matter as possible, and then he told me how he had contrived to miss the right spot for crossing the river to join his comrades. To deny that I was dying with curiosity to know what his business on our side could be would be absurd, but I sternly repressed my natural inclination and adhered to Doris's policy of silence.

I brought him into the cabin to share our breakfast, such as it was. After we had finished and Doris had gone outside to reconnoitre, and I was bending over the table washing the tin plates and cups, the room became suddenly illuminated by a blaze from the dying fire. I turned hastily, and guessed in an instant what had happened. Curtis was, after all, a bearer of dispatches, and he had just burned them. Why he had done so I knew not, but I made no remark, keeping my thoughts to myself.

Presently a bugle sounded far away in the camp, and Doris returned. I noticed that Curtis watched her furtively, and I wondered how much he saw in her altered face. But then we were all altered, for we all suffered in our various ways.

'Now, Doris,' I said, 'what is your plan?'

'The oak-grove on the farther side of the hill,' she replied promptly. 'Mr. Monkton

will have to spend most of the day up in the trees, but there is no other safe place of concealment. No one passes that way, and I reckon he has known as hard times before.'

'Hard times, Mrs. Madison?' he echoed, with concentrated bitterness. 'Yes, indeed, far harder. There have been hours when I have ceased to believe in the very existence of goodness—now, at least, I have met with angels of mercy.'

We gave him a small *pone* of corn bread, and then I led him to the oak grove where I left him, saying that one of us would fetch him at dark, when Major Madison would in all probability have come and gone.

Wilmer rode up shortly after I returned, having come round by the spring in order to bring his little son with him on his horse. He manifested more than his usual anxiety about the child, laid him himself in the hammock under the trees, and stood watching him, while Mammy fanned away the flies and chanted her lugubrious ditties.

'The boy is sick, cousin,' he said at length, turning away.

'It is only the warm weather, and his teeth, and the poor food,' I answered, piling one excuse upon another, and speaking more hopefully than I felt; 'he will improve when we carry him home.'

Now Wilmer had bidden us be ready to start at an hour's notice, and he had already procured a waggon and a team of mules for us. Abner was to be the driver, and was to rejoin his master afterwards. The movements of the army were to some extent settled. The division to which Wilmer belonged was under orders to march to the Rapidan within the next three days, and this would be the last visit he would be able to pay us. He was graver than his wont, and followed his wife with his eyes as she went and came through the hot still hours. More than once he spoke to me of a presentiment of coming evil, and alluded sadly to the straits in which his death would leave his wife and child, sorely pinched already by the exigencies of war. Doris was in that state of repressed excitement which finds vent in a manner that may easily be mistaken for gaiety, and I feared lest her husband should make this mistake. Whether he did or not I could not tell.

The hot wind soon drove us to seek what shelter we could find inside the cabin; and there we sat while every shingle on the roof seemed to frizzle in the hot mid-day sun. Old Judy was asleep in the shed. Dick, clothed only in his little shirt, lay languidly

outstretched upon the straw pallet in the corner of the room, crooning wordless songs to himself and making feeble snatches at the large fan which his mother waved above his head.

I have spoken of the oppression which rested on Wilmer, and as the day wore on Doris's forced spirits gave way and she grew unutterably sad. It was not now as it had been when, something more than a year ago, the husband and wife had had their first parting. It could not be the same, for many times since then they had clasped and kissed, deeming well that they might never meet again on earth. The constantly renewed agony of loss had subdued them both, taught them both severe lessons in self-discipline. If perpetual pain is of no other use it can at least teach us to suffer and be still.

But as the hour approached for this fresh parting it seemed, for some reason, to be for both unusually bitter.

Wilmer knelt beside the bed, and gazed long on little Dick, now softly sleeping. Then, as he rose, and taking his wife's hands clasped them round his neck and held her to him for that last embrace, I heard her whisper brokenly—

'Love me always—always—Wilmer!'

And he murmured in return such words of passionate tenderness as I cannot write here—and so they parted.

Alas! I thought, how will it be when they meet again? or will they ever meet?"

CHAPTER VII.

"THE next day and the next passed, and no unwonted sounds from the camp gave notice of the departure of the troops. So far our prisoner was safe, and the shed at night and the oak-grove during the day continued to be his hiding-places. On the third morning we were all sitting at breakfast, when, through the open door, we beheld Aunt Judy toiling up the hill from the spring, whither she had been dispatched an hour before. I ran out to meet her, fearing lest she should perceive Curtis Monkton, and she shouted to me that 'Marse was comin' wid a whole passel of soldiers.' I hurriedly bid her carry the child straight back again, for that Marse would be mad with her if he caught her 'toting' his boy in the sun; and then I rushed into the cabin.

'Run for your life, Curtis!' I cried, forgetting all ceremony in my excitement, 'to the oak-grove—that spreading tree!'

With one look at Doris, the meaning of which I could not fathom, he was gone.

Then our eyes met. Poor little Doris! I could give her but my silent support, my unspoken sympathy. What a position was this for a woman who loved her husband—and that husband Wilmer Madison! To have to deceive him thus—and for the sake of a former lover! It was a desperate complication, and none the less so because it need not have been desperate at all. ‘He must not know,’ she said, more to herself than to me, as we busied ourselves in clearing away the remnants of the breakfast, ‘his honour is at stake. If one of us is to suffer, let it be I.’ ‘Courage, child,’ I said, ‘they will not find Curtis.’ Then we waited and listened.

The tramp of horses’ hoofs rang all around the little hill, upon the hard-baked ground beneath the trees. Now they were in the oak-grove—would they never leave it? Yes—at last, after what seemed an hour of agonized suspense, they came on steadily, and finally halted before the closed door of the cabin. Then we heard Wilmer’s voice ring out firm and clear, ‘My wife and cousin are within, General; is it your wish that the cabin should be searched?’

There was a hasty response in the negative, and then Wilmer himself suggested that the wood-shed should be examined, as a man might well conceal himself there unknown to the inmates of the house. We heard him swing himself from his horse, and go round to the shed, accompanied evidently by the soldiers.

When he returned he reported that there were signs that some heavy body had lately been lying on the chips, but added that he reckoned it was old Aunt Judy, who owned to being a ‘right smart hand’ at sleeping, and had certainly been slumbering in the shed during the preceding afternoon.

There was a brief conference which we could not overhear, and then some one, presumably the General, said—

‘Well, it is plain he is not here. Maybe one of the other parties has met up with him by now. You will join us after a while, Major?’

‘Within an hour, General.’

And there was a sound as of riding away.

Then the door opened, and Wilmer entered.

One glance at his face was enough. As he approached his wife, without a word of greeting to either of us, he suddenly unclosed the hand he had held behind his back, and extended it towards her. Upon the palm lay a little old daguerrotype of Doris herself. What was there in this to so change

the expression of his countenance? For a moment Doris raised those innocent eyes of hers, and gazed at him, utterly bewildered. Wilmer met her look steadily. One instant more and all would have been well. But, unfortunately, Doris blushed—and in the miserable consciousness of such a very common weakness her eyes fell before those of her husband. No doubt we can, many of us, remember a blush equally misplaced and undeserved, though, let us hope, not so wretched in its results. It was nothing so very wonderful, surely, that a sensitive little person like Doris, whose colour was always coming and going, should blush at the recollection of a harmless episode of the past which Wilmer, too, might have recalled in all its harmlessness had he chosen. It maddened me to think that he did not so choose. And yet I did not wish to be hard on a young man who possessed many admirable and attractive qualities, and who had, moreover, become dear to me. But Doris was yet more dear, and I dreaded the effects of injustice or harshness on so sensitive a nature.

The episode was simply this. The daguerrotype in question had been taken by a travelling artist at the Warm Springs in the summer of ’59. The point was that Doris had sat for it at the urgent request of Curtis Monkton, to whom she was at that time in a manner engaged. On the evening of that same day Wilmer Madison turned up unexpectedly and upset our calm little plans for the future. Doris possessed a woman’s memory in all its vividness, and she was, as it were, suddenly confronted with her past. There lay the daguerrotype, and with it a dozen crowding recollections.

Wilmer was familiar with the above episode, and it was at his careless suggestion that his defeated rival had been permitted to keep the portrait—to work mischief now! Doris was the last woman in the world to neglect that primary element in conjugal contentment—perfect candour. When she gave herself to Wilmer she kept no detail of her past life from him, and so abode in that security which, in spite of every adverse circumstance, is able to make a happiness of its own.

But perhaps Wilmer had forgotten. Anyhow he said coldly,

‘Is there need to blush, Doris? I found this portrait in the shed. Can you tell me how it came there?’

She seemed about to speak, then checked herself, and glanced timidly from her husband to me and back again.

Then his manner changed. The habit of love and tenderness was too strong in him to be dropped all at once. He thrust the daguerreotype into his pocket and came nearer.

'Tell me, dear,' he said gently—yet masterfully too—taking her face between his hands and trying to look into her eyes.

Doris's timidity and sense of duty were always at variance, and never had her lack of readiness in speech failed her so conspicuously as in this supreme moment of her life. She raised her eyes and gazed helplessly at her husband. Just a few minutes more of patience on his part was all that was required; but, alas! Wilmer was not a patient man. I would have come to the rescue, but was stopped by a look.

'The portrait,' she began hesitatingly.

'The portrait!' echoed Wilmer, his repressed anger bursting into a flame as he began to stamp up and down the cabin. 'What do I care about that? No matter about the portrait. The question is, who dropped it in the shed? Monkton, of course. Well, then, do you know where he is? Do you know that I am sent out to capture him? Is my own wife hiding him from me? Pray, how many days has he been here with you?'

Evidently she was about to speak; but he had talked himself beyond the pale of reason, and continued to pour forth a torrent of words.

Now I do not believe that when Wilmer entered the cabin he was jealous, or, indeed, even fancied himself to be so. He was immeasurably annoyed that *his* wife should be concerned in the concealment of a 'traitor,' that she should not only have attempted to outwit him—her husband—but that, worse still, she should have partially succeeded! The intensity of his feeling as a Southerner provided him with reasons sufficient for anger without jealousy; and, to do him justice, he would not in a cooler moment have demeaned himself by distrusting her, who, from the very beginning of their engagement, had proved herself so loyal and so true. But her unfortunate embarrassment and hesitation, in place of the bold appeal to his generosity which might possibly have touched his higher nature, hurried him on from one sentiment to another till he scarcely knew what he was saying, and he finally ended by plunging head foremost into that miserable slough of jealousy from which extrication is so difficult.

'Come,' he said, pausing before her and

taking both her hands in his, 'tell me here, in cousin's presence, that you had nothing to do with that traitor's escape. Or tell me where he is, and I will forgive you yet.'

I saw directly that he was taking the wrong line with her. Had he appealed to her love for him Doris might even then, without betraying Curtis, have been able and willing to appease him.

'Do you not know,' he continued, 'that this Monkton is the bearer of dispatches from McClellan to Pope—that the safety of our entire army depends on his capture?'

'The dispatches are destroyed,' said Doris in low, difficult tones.

'And so should he be!' Wilmer cried savagely; 'and if you were all I once deemed you he would now be in our power, and unable to injure his country farther. As it is'—he dropped her hands, and after a brief pause, said icily, 'Moreover, how am I to believe a woman who has so deceived her husband?'

Wilmer was being what he called 'just'—and oh, into what brutality do our feeble attempts at justice lead us! What, indeed, do any of us know of such a quality? Nothing—less than nothing!

Doris stood as if turned to stone. Perhaps a careless observer might have thought her indifferent, or sulky—perhaps even Wilmer himself did so. I, who understood her as few did, knew better—noted even the fluttering of her heart beneath her thin dress. She was like some wild bird, so scared and injured that, when at length released, it crouches helpless, and seems to forget that it has wings wherewith to fly.

'Do you mean to defy me, Doris?'

'Wilmer!'

'Suppose that the fellow is traced to this spot, what am I to say?—I, an officer in the confidence of the commanding general? Doris, what a position is this in which you have placed me!'

'*You?*' she said, still in the same scarcely audible tones. '*Your* honour is safe; you know nothing'—then more firmly, 'and never shall if I can help it.'

Wilmer caught up his cap and strode out of the house."

CHAPTER VIII.

"We lived through that uncomfortable day somehow. There were no tears or lamentations; but I observed that Doris clung to little Dick with the silent intensity which had seemed to me so pitiful during the months of her husband's first absence. Once

I found an opportunity of speaking a few words of advice and encouragement. She listened, but all she said was—

‘What can patch up a broken trust, cousin? How can there be love without faith? I would have believed in him against the whole world; he cannot do that much for me. You tell me to give him some explanation. If I could I would; but such distrust makes me dumb against my will.’

At sundown she bade Aunt Judy carry the child to the brow of the hill. She then busied herself in putting together a portion of our scanty supply of food, and after this was done she left the cabin, requesting me to follow her. We passed round to the back, and so down the farther side of the hill in the direction of the oak-grove.

‘Since I am not to be trusted, cousin,’ she said, with what for her was a touch of bitterness, ‘you had better remain near at hand while I speak with Curtis. A part of the troops march with the rising moon, and my husband with them. The river will be passable after they are gone, and I will tell Curtis of a spot where he can cross safely and avoid the remaining divisions.’

We found our prisoner walking in the grove, looking anxiously about him. When he saw us he came forward eagerly, and I halted and allowed Doris to pass on. They paced up and down together, while I seated myself on a stump, and kept a sharp look out for any unwelcome intruder. After a while, as they walked, they advanced nearer to me. Curtis, in his absorption, had evidently forgotten my presence, and was leaning towards his companion with an expression on his face such as I had not seen there since that eventful summer at the Warm Springs. This expression irritated rather than shocked me, and I experienced a movement of indignation against the young man. I perceived that he either was, or fancied himself to be, once more in love with Doris, and I had imagined better things of him. *Once more*, I repeat, for I am not so romantic as to believe that the average man continues to care for the average woman after she has married the individual of her choice. A combination of encouraging events may induce him to assert that he has never ceased to care: but, in all probability, there have been lapses in which he has almost forgotten her existence—might, indeed, never have thought of her again had it not been for some such combination as the one above mentioned. This, I opine, was Curtis Monkton’s condition. As for the fact that he carried

Doris’s portrait about with him—to the loss of which, by-the-bye, he never alluded, either then or afterward—that was possibly only a sentimental fancy; or perhaps he imagined, like some other foolish young men, that a pretty face which could be produced with an air of mystery at odd moments, gave him a certain consequence with his comrades. But these are only the opinions of a woman who has left her youth behind. In any case I felt beyond measure annoyed that this young man should have come to bring fresh complications into my poor little girl’s life. Fortunately she was far too much taken up with other thoughts to bestow one on any new danger; and if Curtis should but prove sufficiently unselfish to deny himself the gratification of seeing her again, and thus avoid all chance of compromising so innocent and unsuspecting a person, there need be no danger at all. Against this hope was the fact that he had undoubtedly got it into his head that Wilmer and Doris were not happy in each other—a terribly mistaken notion, but one very difficult to confute at present—and that low sense of rivalry, shared by men in common with other animals, lent strength to the delusion that he had always been what he would term ‘faithful.’ Of course he meant no harm, for he had nothing of the villain in his composition; but no doubt he was aware that he had come on the scene at a favourable time for trying sentimental experiments, and he was utterly incapable of appreciating the unimpeachable truth and loyalty of Doris’s nature.

All this passed through my mind as I watched the two. They came yet nearer, and then prepared to part. It was clear that Doris, too, had been in some way annoyed by her companion, for she was speaking with unusual warmth.

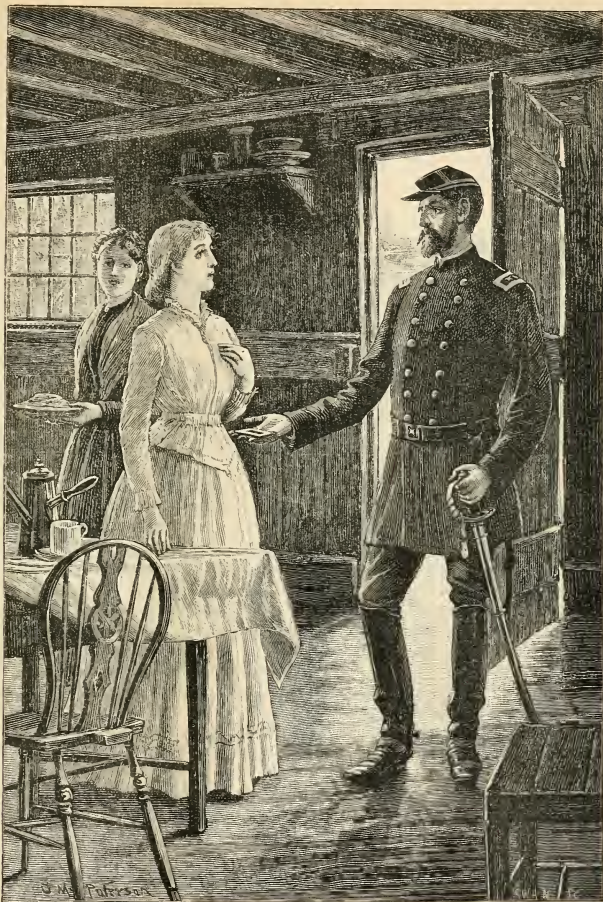
‘For your sake,’ I heard her say—‘for your sake, Curtis, I have risked forfeiting my husband’s confidence and affection, and by saving your life truly I go near to losing my own.’

‘He will not hurt you?’ said the young man impulsively. ‘Oh, Doris, he will not give you cause for fear?’

‘You do not understand,’ she replied, with simple dignity. ‘How should you?—Good-bye, Curtis.’

She gave him her hand for an instant—then slipped away, and left us both.

I had arrived at the conclusion that there were a few words that must be uttered by me before I parted from the young man, and for this reason I lingered. The task I had set



"I found this portrait in the shed. Can you tell me how it came there?"

myself was a most delicate and difficult one, and as I hesitated before embarking on it Curtis anticipated me by saying something to the effect that Doris was not happy, he was sure she was not happy—ah! if only he had had the care of such a fragile creature how gentle he would have been—and so forth. It was high time for me to interrupt him, and I did so—I fear a trifle impatiently.

'What man ever lived,' I said, 'who did not think that he could have been a better husband to a certain woman than any other

man! Let us put that argument on one side at once. It is worth just nothing at all—it is incapable of proof. But I must beg you to listen to me, Mr. Monkton, and to forgive my frankness if you can. Let me tell you plainly that you are egregiously mistaken if you imagine conjugal discord or coldness where there is none—or would be none, if it were not for you. Now do not misunderstand me, I pray. It is true that poor Doris is unhappy just now, but hardly more so, I reckon, than is her husband. To-day, for the

first time, there is a cloud between them, and the existence of it is grievous beyond description to two people who are so devotedly, so passionately, attached as are these two. It is your presence which has caused it, and your departure for ever—or at least until this cruel war is over—can alone remove it.

He looked up, interested and excited, but my next words sufficed to damp his ardour.

‘Do not flatter yourself,’ I resumed coldly, ‘that it is you yourself who are of sufficient importance to make such an impression. It is in your capacity of Federal emissary, bearer of dispatches—what you will—that you have proved dangerous. Can you not imagine that Wilmer Madison, a Colonel in the Confederate army, might object to his wife sheltering any one serving in your capacity? that Doris, gentle and tender-hearted, would be ready to befriend any one who was in peril, much more one who had made a sacrifice for her in the past? Is this so hard to understand?’

He did not reply at once, and kept his face averted. Presently he said, with some humility,

‘Then you wish me never to see her again? I will endeavour to oblige you. But it will not be easy to resist the temptation to render her any aid in my power if, as is possible, I may cross her path again. I could not pledge myself not to do so.’

‘I do not ask for pledges, Mr. Monkton. I only ask you to behave as a man of honour, and above all to disabuse yourself of the idea that Wilmer Madison and his wife are no longer lovers.’

At that moment a bugle rang out from the camp. I gave him my hand, with as benign a smile as I could muster, for I felt a kind of pity for him, even while impressed with the belief that this access of feeling for Doris was merely a temporary affair and did not amount to much. No doubt, as I said before, he flattered himself otherwise; but my experience of average humanity obliged me to differ from him.

I had not left him ten minutes, and was seeking a breath of fresh air on the hill-top, when Wilmer himself confronted me.”

* * * * *

The narrator paused in her tale. She sat upright in her deck chair, and gazed dreamily at the grey waste of waters. When she spoke again it seemed almost as if she had forgotten our presence, and it was not until several minutes had elapsed that she regained her accustomed manner. Some wholly per-

sonal reminiscence must have moved her to speak as she did.

* * * * *

“It was but the other day,” she said slowly, “that I was driving in a buggy up one of those endless leafy roads which lead towards Boston. A large white horse was coming to meet me, swinging easily along at a great striding trot which seemed to devour the ground, every lift of his powerful quarters well-nigh raising the frail ‘sulky’ into the air. I recognised the animal as a trotter not unknown to Boston fame, and drew to one side to see him pass. The wind of his coming raised his flowing mane and held it in a snowy arch against the blue October sky, and that joy in his own strength and beauty, which a fine horse appears to feel more intensely than any other creature, was eloquent in every motion. I was watching him with unalloyed satisfaction, when suddenly there rang out a light laugh from the ‘sulky,’ and a shout of encouragement to the horse. The animal laid back his ears, and went by me like a flash of lightning—and as he went there thrilled through me one of those awful shocks of recollection which make the whole world dark for a time. . . .

What it was I can hardly tell you. . . . Do not many of us know what it is to be stabbed every hour, every day, unawares? How should we live if we could not hide the wound, crush out some memories, sometimes smother the pangs of useless regret? . . .

You will wonder why the telling of how Wilmer Madison came to meet me in the twilight on the brow of that low hill above the James should cause me to subside into what is little better than morbid sentimentality, and even this I can scarcely explain satisfactorily. He was drawn and haggard, and the sight of him thus, and other memories besides, caused my eyes to fill with hot, unbidden tears. But I pressed them back. This was no season for such indulgence, and we had much to talk over together.

I was younger then, and though I had suffered keenly, had learned but little of that toleration whose true name is charity. And yet I could in a measure appreciate the motives which actuated Wilmer’s conduct. But in order to acquire even this amount of sympathetic feeling I had to put myself in imagination in his position, to fancy myself endowed with his characteristics; and this, as you can readily believe, could not be accomplished without serious effort. Such effort is, however, absolutely requisite unless friendship is to be altogether a travesty of

what it is intended to be; the sympathy which does not at least try to understand is worse than mockery. Of all this I was deeply conscious as I talked with Wilmer, endeavouring to soothe him to the best of my ability, and at the same time not sparing him where plain-speaking was right or desirable. He listened attentively, manifesting both gratitude and affection, but I do not think I gained a step. His misery touched me acutely, but then I remembered that Doris was yet more unhappy, and the recollection gave me strength to persevere.

It may appear unaccountable to you if you have never met a man of Wilmer's type, or a woman of Doris's, that such an apparent trifle should have created so grave a breach between them. The fact was, perhaps, that, in spite of the intensity of their mutual affection, they were not really suited to one another, and that I had not been far wrong when in the old days I had dreaded the effects of any sudden misunderstanding, and—to go farther back still—had once fancied Curtis Monkton's more gentle and patient disposition better calculated to bear with the peculiarities of a reserved and timid nature. Now Wilmer, as I have already told you, was a strong-willed and opinionated man—consequently successful, so far as the externals of life were concerned. But to have fixed opinions, to hold to them undeviatingly, never to be what the uncomprehending world styles vacillating, it is necessary also to be more or less narrow-minded; and to this latter category Wilmer Madison indisputably belonged. He was as one who looks through a telescope at a ship; he can see but the one object. His opinion of Monkton you know. His Southern prejudices—the violence of which you can perhaps scarcely realise—remained the same; and now, by some unfortunate accident, some stupid mistake, which Doris might have set right before it was too late, if—well, if she had not been Doris, but somebody quite different—he was jealous almost without being aware of the fact. He called to mind how often in the past Doris had tacitly declined to listen to his abuse of Monkton, and such memories added fuel to the already kindled fire. He undoubtedly believed that his honour had been in some way impugned, and he had, above all, that sense of property in his wife which may be said to be the distinguishing trait of the Englishman rather than of the American. In my varied experience of other people's troubles I have observed that this knowledge of absolute property has far from

an ennobling influence; the best of men are but mortal after all, and our laws—the relics of a day when civilisation was not—certainly do their utmost to keep alive the embers of barbarism. Now Wilmer was a manly and generous fellow enough, but not precisely a noble one.

Just when I thought I had explained everything, and in particular his wife's reasons for concealing Curtis from him, he turned on me and said—

'Can you honestly maintain that Monkton has no feeling for my wife? No, you cannot. I see it in your face. Do not attempt to explain further. Nothing can alter facts. Doris has deceived me once—she may do so again. As for your share in the transaction—well, you are your own mistress, and would, I believe, do anything for Doris. God knows I have no wish to be hard on her, but'—he stopped abruptly, and passed his hand over his eyes; then resumed, 'but she has acted wrongly, and therefore it is better that we do not meet for a while. She acted as she did in order to spare me, you say? But surely she need not have treated me in such a manner—need not have blushed, need not have—no, cousin, appearances are altogether against her.'

I continued to use every argument I could think of, on this the first occasion of my interference between husband and wife, but all to no purpose. He had got one idea into his stubborn masculine brain, and there it stuck.

He would not even consent to an interview with Doris, and, in fact, I did not press the point, doubting whether he had yet acquired sufficient patience to deal with her. For this was no case for mere mutual forgiveness. Curtis Monkton's safety was not yet assured, perfect frankness was therefore still impossible, and I felt sure that Doris, in her present condition, would probably fail in assuaging Wilmer's wrath. Neither husband nor wife were as yet equal to a meeting, and I trusted to silence and absence to heal the wound—to make Doris more expansive, and Wilmer more tolerant.

In the end the latter consented to think over the matter quietly, and just as we were about to separate we heard Doris's voice through the open door of the cabin. She was singing little Dick to sleep, as she had been used to do in other, happier days; but the song was now a sad one.

We peeped through the thick undergrowth, and saw her sitting in the light of the one lamp, her golden head and the baby's dusky one close together.

Several minutes went by while Wilmer gazed upon his wife and child, and I know that to a man of his tender and demonstrative temperament the struggle must have been severe. Once he seemed to waver, and sighed

(To be continued.)

heavily. Then he drew himself up, said to me, as he so often had said before—'Take care of them, cousin,' added a few directions concerning the homeward journey on the morrow, and went off down the hill."

AT RICHMOND.

THE sun-god's parting shafts of gold
 Quivered and fell on field and wood ;
 And silent, as in hours of old,
 Upon the river-bank we stood ;
 Did not that waning glory cast
 A charm upon the flowing tide,
 And give us back the summers past—
 The bloom that fled—the lights that died ?
 Silent, and filled with strange delight,
 We watched the sunset brightness fade ;
 And felt the first cool breath of night
 Creep up through mist and mellow shade ;

It whispered of a time of rest,
 Of pain outlived, and labour done,
 When all the things we count the best
 And live for, shall be fairly won.

And even in life's rugged ways
 These happy thoughts of peace return,
 For we have learnt to fix our gaze
 Beyond the bounds which men discern ;
 We know not where God's river flows,
 Nor when its waves shall wash our feet,
 And yet, each foretaste of repose
 He gives us is divinely sweet.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

By MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.

IN the early months of 1822 my husband and I paid a long visit to his parents at Heanor ; it was an obscure and rural nook linked to the outer world by the carrier's cart, retaining many traces of feudal rudeness and filled with a motley assemblage of eccentric, undisciplined, but often very humorous individuals, whose odd sayings and doings interested and amused my husband throughout his life. Indeed the scenes and characters of his secluded youth produced upon him the same permanent fascination as those of mine had done in my case, and which imparts a biographical rather than inventive quality to our works of fiction.

On his father's side he was descended from a long line of landowners, who, without exerting any labour or care, had, in the enjoyment of field sports, the bottle, and jolly companions, squandered piecemeal a considerable patrimony in the counties of Derby and Nottingham ; on his mother's, from an equally long line of yeomen owning for generations the same land at the Fall, Heanor, and who, converted to Quakerism

in the days that George Fox preached in Derbyshire, had continued to course, sport, attend solitary meeting-houses situated wide apart in distant fields, to care little for the arts or amenities of life, still less for "man-made ministers," until the last of the race, having somehow slipped out of the Society, was buried in the vault of the parish church.

Thomas Howitt, deprived of wealth and position by the sloth and dissipation of his jovial ancestors, introduced into the family a new spirit of temperance, thrift, and economy, consoling himself with the thought that the man who can impart to his children habits of truth, industry, and frugality, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money. In 1783, three years before his marriage, he had been received into the Society of Friends ; but, whilst agreeing to its principles of industry and integrity in business, had still earlier imbibed the educational theories of the French philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, twenty years earlier, procuring by the instrumentality of David Hume a tranquil asylum at Wotton Lodge, Staffordshire, had left behind him, vaguely floating through the midland counties, hints of human equality and the nobility



"Did not that waning glory cast
A charm upon the flowing tide,
And give us back the summers past—
The bloom that fled—the lights that died!"

and necessity of manual labour. He insisted, therefore, upon apprenticing his sons to various handicraft trades, which none of them followed; only consenting, on William's strong expostulations, to his becoming a chemist, and his youngest son Godfrey studying as a physician.

We had begun our married life with the determination to devote ourselves to literature, but the good parents at Heanor were desirous that William should become a prosperous tradesman, not a struggling poet, or rather that he should exercise sufficient discretion to keep verse-making in its proper place as a holiday hobby. It was arranged that he should carry on business in Nottingham, but, before commencing active operations, he had still some weeks of leisure at his disposal, and we resolved, in spite of parental remonstrance at the needless waste of time and money, to visit Scotland, whose scenery, history, traditions and literature had become part of ourselves. We endeavoured to vindicate the proceeding in their eyes by reminding my parents-in-law that, as Godfrey had just successfully completed his medical studies at Edinburgh, it was only paying him a well-merited compliment to join him in that city and accompany him home. The reasoning, although specious, was allowed to pass. Supplied, therefore, with absolute necessaries in a light valise, and attired in clothes that defied all changes of weather, we started from Heanor one April morning at five o'clock, seated on saddle and pillion, which proved a most easy and sociable mode of transit, and rode through ill-kept lanes overhung with thick trees and across open commons to Derby. The next day it snowed as we travelled on the top of a coach from Derby to Liverpool over the familiar Staffordshire moorlands. On April the 11th we set sail from Liverpool, and had our first experience of a steam-packet and the sea.

After landing at Dumbarton, we followed our fancy over moorland and mountain, walking five hundred miles besides riding and sailing a considerable distance. Amongst our various adventures, we enjoyed a magnificent view from the summit of Ben Lomond, but were speedily enveloped in a dense cloud followed by a heavy fall of snow, which, as we descended, changed to pouring rain. The darkness was at first so intense that we were compelled to hold each other's hand, and at times stopped by precipices, by torrents and morasses. We finally reached at the foot a Highland hut, containing a

family of thirteen persons, who, surrounded by clamorous dogs, had for some time been watching our descent and wondering at our temerity.

After a most delightful ramble, concluded in Godfrey's company, a busy and in some respects agreeable life began for us in Nottingham. In 1823 we made our first joint appearance in print in a volume of verse entitled "The Forest Minstrel;" William contributed to the "Time's Telescope," and in 1827 we published a second joint volume, "The Desolation of Eyam and other Poems."

The period had come when the Annuals, those "butterflies of literature," as L. E. L. called them to me, gratified and amused the public for a series of years by their highly finished pictures, their agreeable prose, their sentimental or sprightly poetry. Applications were made to us for contributions by editors, which, commencing merely as literary transactions, often led to lasting valued friendships. Such was the case with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Watts, of our connection with whom a graphic and judicious narration has recently been given in the "Life of Alaric Watts" by his only son and my son-in-law; also with William Chorley.

My sister Anna, now the wife of Daniel Harrison, dwelt at Liverpool, and when visiting her I was able to enjoy the reciprocity of tastes and sentiments existing between the gifted Quakeress, Jane Chorley, her highly-endowed children, William, John, Henry, and Mary Ann, forming the literary staff of the "Winter Wreath;" the unhappily-circumstanced yet brave-hearted Felicia Hemans (who, residing at Wavertree, for the education of her little sons, was the object of the Chorleys' tender solicitude), my husband and myself. At other times an active correspondence was carried on.

Towards the end of March, 1831, William and I were surprised one morning by a call from the poet Wordsworth, looking unhappy and dismayed. He explained that he, with wife, daughter, and a grandchild, journeying home from London, had arrived in Nottingham the preceding night; Mrs. Wordsworth, however, was taken so ill that it was impossible for them to go on. They knew no one in the town except us by name; would we at least befriend them so far as to direct him to a medical man? But long before we had learnt the particulars of this sad story, which he seemed almost too perturbed to tell, we had assured him of every help on our part. The invalid was conveyed to our house, and

as Dr. Godfrey Howitt, who was an intelligent young physician, on being called in merely prescribed rest and good attendance, Wordsworth, perceiving that his wife could have both with us, left her and Dora under our roof and proceeded on his way with little Rotha.

Our guests remained with us a fortnight. Mrs. Wordsworth was agreeable and unpretending, whilst Dora, sweet, lively, intelligent, and enthusiastically attached to the Church, proved an especial acquisition to my young and pleasing sister Emma, also staying with us, and whose devotional temperament was secretly yearning for a form of worship in which every faculty might be permitted to assist the heart when prostrate before its Maker; more especially since she had made the discovery that the doctrines of the Establishment were essentially right, the Book of Common Prayer needlessly neglected by Dissenters.

William's brother, Emanuel, living at Farnsfield, lent us his phaeton, so that Mrs. Wordsworth, when sufficiently recovered, could take a daily airing; and I think he himself must often have driven them about the pleasant neighbourhood with its Sherwood traditions, since they retained for him a warm regard, and that not alone they declared because he was "an anti-revolutionist."

It was, it must be remembered, the time of a general election and the approach of the passing of the Reform Bill. Politics were the all-absorbing theme, as the nation watched with intense interest the proceedings of king, lords and commons. Mr. Wordsworth could think, write and talk on no other subject than the coming "Revolution, the Deform," as he termed it. His wife and daughter on their return found him complaining that "he was as well in body as sorrow and heaviness for the condition of his country would allow him to be." A visit to Keswick did not revive him, for Southey's buoyant, cheerful spirit had likewise sunk under the mischief he felt must arise from the imminent revolution. These two great poets and Christian philosophers dreading democracy, also believed that if England had no established religion she soon would have none at all. My husband, brought up in another school of thought, felt it needful to arraign the proceedings of a law-upheld Church. I sided with him; it was natural therefore that Wordsworth should regard us as well-intentioned but very "tumultuous young people." This difference of opinion did not, however, interfere with our friendship.

In 1833 my husband published his "History of Priestcraft." Until then he had lived in great privacy in Nottingham, where the Radical portion of the population now claimed him as their champion. This led to his being deputed in January, 1834, with the Rev. J. Gilbert—the husband of Ann Taylor, joint authoress with her sister Jane of "Original Poems for Infant Minds,—and a third advanced Liberal, to present to Government a petition from Nottingham for the separation of Church and State. They had in consequence an audience of Earl Grey, who explained that such sweeping desires as the destruction of the Establishment would embarrass Ministers, alarm both Houses of Parliament, and startle the country. He wished they had confined themselves to the removal of those disabilities connected with marriage and burial registration. There existed both in himself and his colleagues every disposition to relieve them. His lordship further added if personal disabilities were removed he could not conceive what actual grievance would press upon Dissenters. Did they want entirely to do away with all establishment of religion? William Howitt replied: "Precisely so." Lord Grey thereupon declared he should give his strenuous opposition to every attempt to remove the Establishment. He belonged to the Church and should stand by it to the best of his ability. He considered it the sacred duty of every government to maintain an establishment of religion.

My husband held the opinion that if a state religion be deemed advisable for each nation, it should for the Irish, owing to the belief of the majority, be Catholic; and he felt a deep concern at the coercion sometimes practised on them to enforce an alien creed. In this he had a warm sympathizer in my mother, who, from an early experience in Wales, had learnt a wise method of treating the Irish. She had heard, when a child, a gentleman say to her father at Cyfarthfa, "Mr. Wood, the Welsh are a sensitive people. They still consider themselves a conquered nation. You may lead them by a fine thread, but I defy any man to draw or drag them with a cart-rope." Her father had acted upon the hint, and no people were, in consequence, more esteemed by all classes than he and his wife. At one time Uttoxeter vestry made it a rule that Irish labourers passing through the town should not be relieved at the vagrant-office. Mr. Bladon, a highly respected draper, went, therefore, in haste to my father to fix on some mode of relief, and they jointly undertook to provide a small fund, could

any one be found to act as relieving-officer. Mother immediately offered her services, and aided by her husband, assisted in the course of time four hundred Irish. Famine was then prevalent in their country, and she took care to inquire of each applicant how much he or his friends had received of the money sent from England. She always obtained the same answer; the funds were entrusted to the Protestant clergy, who refused to dispense them to those who did not attend their ministry—mother, warning the labourers to speak the truth, as she should commit the statements to paper and make inquiry, carefully noted the name and address of each clergyman mentioned. Joseph Burt, a Friend connected with Ireland, after assuring her that she had been terribly imposed upon, took the written statements for the purpose of obtaining their contradiction or confirmation. He brought them back the next time he visited Uttoxeter, with a remark affixed to each; such as—“This is true,” “This is correct,” “Sad, but true.” Nor did she ever forget how the Irish labourers, calling after my father’s death, which occurred somewhat unexpectedly at the close of 1823, on hearing the tidings, knelt down, and, with tears, prayed for his soul.

A speech, which my husband made in the Town Hall on the Irish question, in which he referred to O’Connell, so moved his audience that the determination was spontaneously expressed and carried, of inviting the “Liberator” down to a public dinner. He came, being met in the suburbs by a committee of gentlemen in carriages, and conveyed through the town amid the acclamations of immense crowds.

This visit brought us into personal contact with Mr. and Mrs. O’Connell, and led the former openly to express his concurrence with my husband’s political sentiments; for whereas O’Connell firmly believed it was the duty of every man to be a Catholic, he abhorred all attempt either by direct penalty or civil exclusion to bring the law in aid of his creed, considering it a crime to compel any man to contribute to the expense of a worship which he condemns. And had my husband been a co-religionist, would, in 1836, on the commencement of the *Dublin Review*, have advocated his appointment as editor; since that quarterly, emphatically and polemically Catholic, maintained the principles of civil and religious freedom, perfect exemption from penal laws, tests and legal restrictions—the separation of the kingdom of God from the kingdom of Cæsar.

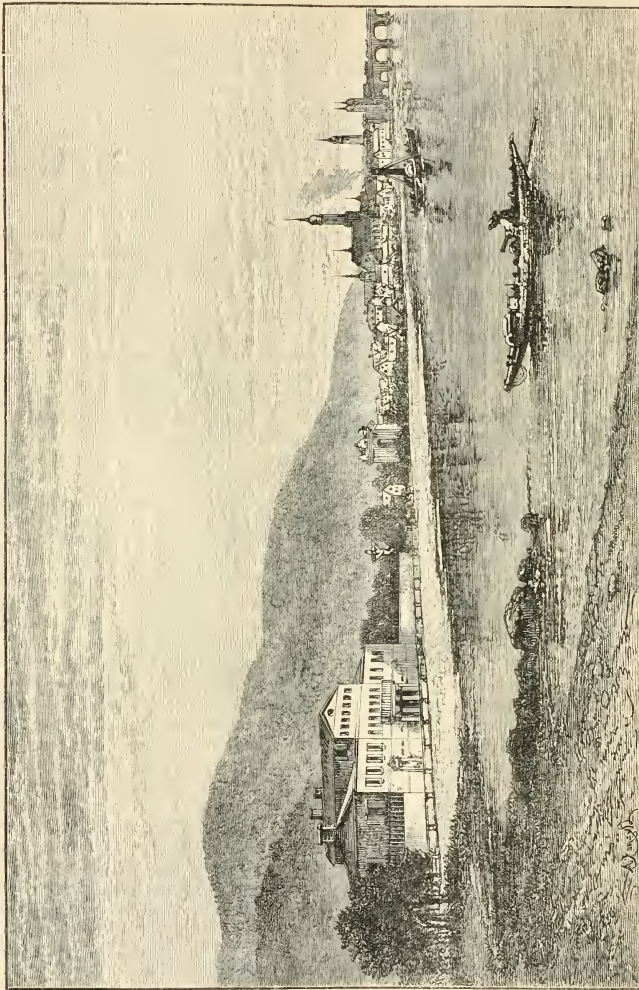
My husband now, against his will, an alderman, and anxious to complete his “Rural Life in England,” was daily debarred from literature by the duties imposed on him in the Town Council absorbing his time and energies. Party strife ran high in those days; we both acknowledged it an evil thing, ruining men’s minds, social life, and the fine arts; it ought not to matter, we felt, whether a man were Whig or Tory, if his heart were in the right place. We, therefore, deemed it prudent for my husband to withdraw from the arena of public debate to a more secluded place of residence, where, unconcerned in municipal affairs and national measures, he could, in the study of nature and the pursuit of general literature, laudably satisfy his intellect and affections.

After winding up our affairs in Nottingham we made, in the three summer months of 1836, a tour in the North of England and Scotland. We visited, at Blackburn, my beloved sister Emma and her husband Harrison Alderson, cousin to Daniel Harrison; at Rydal Mount, our kind, faithful friends the Wordsworths; went to Ormsthwaite Hall, where I was immediately recognised by my voice as a Brownrigg; into Northumberland, where we enjoyed the society of the daughters of Thomas Bewick. We were, in a manner, fêted in hospitable Edinburgh by our cordial, intelligent *cicerone* Robert Chambers; by genial, outspoken Professor Wilson, the “Christopher North” of *Blackwood*; and Mr. Tait, of *Tait’s Magazine*, who, as a proper Edinburgh entertainment, treated us to a tripe supper, which I found excellent; also by the good old Quaker William Miller, the father of the nature-loving artist and engraver of the same name. We journeyed to Staffa and Iona, sailed up the Caledonian Canal, and were deeply affected by witnessing the open-air administration of the sacrament to a vast Gaelic congregation at Kilmorack. We had never witnessed so striking a religious ceremony.

We returned to Nottingham for our three children—Anna Mary, then twelve, a pure, tender, loving being, endowed with extraordinary gifts of mind and imagination, who never caused us an anxious or unhappy moment; Alfred, a quiet, quick, acutely discriminating boy of six; and Claude, in his third year, all glee and sunshine, a stranger to sorrow and tears. Then, with two faithful servants, we hastened to London, for our habitation was still unselected, and we had a pleasant vision of being settled in a new home before winter.

The wish was fully realised ; our kind and efficient friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, who had at that very time removed from London

to Ember Lodge, Thames Ditton, had, at the distance of three miles, seen a house which they rightly conjectured would suit us.



Our first home at Heideberg.

West End Cottage, for such it was called, was an old-fashioned, roomy dwelling, lying at the foot of the ridge on which extends the pleasant, mile-long village of Esher. It had a young, well-stocked orchard, a most pro-

ductive garden, convenient paddock, and a fine meadow by the river Mole, with the right of fishing and boating to the extent of seven miles. The furniture, to be disposed of with the lease, could, we found, be easily

supplemented by occasional sales at Hampton Court.

We were thus speedily settled in a charming home, provided by the instrumentality of friends, almost without self-exertion; and I had the delight of sharing the children's joy over cow, pig, poultry, pony and chaise, and my husband's satisfaction in his study lined with books, and in the attractive features of the neighbourhood.

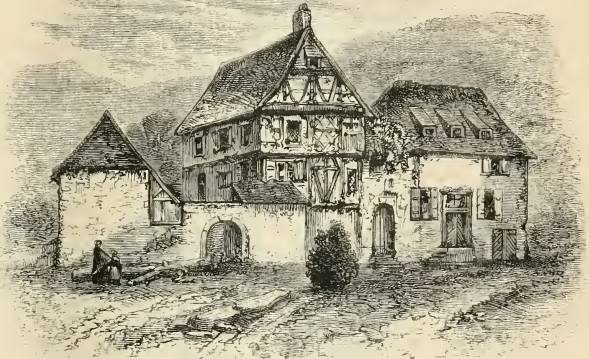
"The tower of Asher, my Lord of Winchester," as Shakespeare says, whither Wolsey fled in his trouble, was a short quarter of a mile from us on the banks of the Mole to the left; at the same distance to the right Claremont, often graced by the presence of the young Princess Victoria and her mother the Duchess of Kent, and suggestive to us of noble and royal scenes from the time that England mourned the death of the Princess Charlotte and the poet sang:

"But Esher's groves are still at noon,
Sweet Claremont's bowers are silent now."

The famous old palace of Hampton Court, with its stately gardens and Raphael's Cartoons, was but a walk. Richmond, Oatlands, Windsor, Runnymede, Chertsey, the retreat of Cowley, St. Anne's Hill, where the widow of Charles James Fox was still living, at the advanced age of ninety, and Epsom, were drives. Near at hand we had a grand old Roman camp called Cæsar's, in a hilly region of wood and fern, that commanded a magnificent view. Although the district contained many fine seats, lying here and there in the midst of woods, the main portion consisted of gorse-covered commons, heathery pine woods in sandy moorlands; then, on the clay, extensive oak woods and pastures, where, in the spring, primroses profusely blossomed under thickets of holly and wild rose.

Lady Byron, favouring my husband's religious and political views and his efforts in popular education, sought and cultivated our

personal acquaintance. She also introduced us to her son-in-law and daughter, Earl and Countess Lovelace, who, like herself, were extremely interested in the formation of industrial schools; and my husband procured for Lady Byron an admirable master in Ephraim Brown, of Nottingham, who, after studying the system in her working school



Old Mill near Heidelberg.

at Ealing, in 1840 successfully formed and managed for her a similar institution at Kirkby, in Leicestershire.

I well remember, when staying at Ockham, a long drive through a southern, most remote portion of Surrey, which seemed to belong to the days of Queen Elizabeth; how here and there a solitary peasant in white slop stared at the ladies dashing by in carriage and four, and how Mrs. Hipperley Tuckfield, another guest of Lord Lovelace's, explained to his sister, the Hon. Miss Kings, and myself, as we bowled along, the system of education which she was carrying out on her estates in the neighbourhood of Bristol, that of imparting by means of voluntary or paid teachers the most needful instruction to poor children in cottage schools, which, if generally adopted, she maintained, would enable the entire juvenile lower class in a very few weeks to be put to school, almost without effort or sensible cost.

If my husband and I were interested in plans for training poor children, we were naturally still more so in those for our own, and, attracted by the alleged advantages attending tuition in Germany, travelled in

1840 to Heidelberg for the education of the three elder children. Two more had been born at Esher, Herbert Charlton and Margaret, who in Heidelberg, when both were able to run and talk, went about hand in hand, played together and formed a small world to themselves. As a considerable portion of my time was now given to literature, I had engaged an excellent young woman Friend, Elizabeth F., to superintend the care of these little ones. She lived with us for about five-and-twenty years, beloved and honoured as a true servant of God, and although now parted from me by distance, still remains dear as a relative.

At the time of our removal to Heidelberg we retained an attachment to the leading principles of Friends, but had long abandoned any singularity of dress or language, deeming them the products of a time of fanaticism and strong excitement, and consequently mere forms and empty traditions.

We made a prosperous and merry journey from London to Bonn, in the delightful companionship of Clara Novello, now Countess Gigliucci, then sailed up the Rhine, which we found worthy of its fame, to Mannheim, and thence by carriage to Heidelberg. Directed in that city to a widow lady who could speak English, we were able immediately on arriving to rent the first floor in her abode. We had scarcely done so, when Lord Lyndhurst's brother-in-law came to engage it for him. It was in fact a favourite dwelling. There Jean Paul Richter had been wont to enjoy an evening revel; and the Emperor Alexander of Russia, when proceeding on his march to France in the rear of Buonaparte, taking up his quarters in it to his great satisfaction, left above its door a brass plate with an inscription calling on every Russian hereafter to respect and spare the house. It faced the Neckar, having at its back overhanging woods and terraced walks, with a secluded footpath ascending to the famous Castle of Heidelberg, once the home of the unfortunate Elizabeth Stuart; and which, destroyed by lightning, fire, war, and finally by its own princes, still proudly stands on its vantage ground overlooking its subject town, and the vast plain of the Palatinate stretching away beyond the Neckar valley, with the distant Vosges Mountains shutting out France.

Mrs. Jameson had furnished us with an introduction to Rath and Frau Rätlin Schlosser, a noble-hearted and highly-accomplished couple, who gathered around them the noted and cultivated of all nations at their beautiful country house, Stift Neuburg, once a convent,

situated two miles from the city on the opposite bank of the Neckar, and filled with choice works of art; also to Wolfgang von Goethe, the grandson of the great poet, who, most painfully shy and averse to society, we nevertheless met, a fortnight after our arrival, at a ball given at Stift Neuburg in honour of his cousin Rath Schlosser's birthday.

Wolfgang von Goethe, plain in person, yet bearing a remarkable likeness to the portraits of his grandfather, proved on nearer acquaintance a very intellectual and interesting young man of a most poetical and sensitive temperament; but, although he was kind enough to say that he felt with us unusually happy and at his ease, we saw but little of him. He shunned the company of his fellow-students in the University, preferring to lead the life of a modern hermit, and, shutting himself in his room, perused religious works of Rath Schlosser's selection.

Fascinated by the novelty of the situation, we were far less fastidious, and willingly mixed with some of that large moving population of the dear old university town; the students, who with abundant masses of flaxen or black hair under very small caps, and given to smoking, beer-drinking, and fencing, which they dignified by the name of duelling, were, on the whole, gentlemanly, agreeable, and unassuming.

The colony of our country people was small in those days; it contained, however, for some months after our arrival, Mr. G. P. R. James and his wife—he was an amusing companion, brimful of anecdotes; and as a resident, Captain Medwin of the "Conversations with Byron," and the friend of Shelley, who finding my husband unprovided with an English newspaper, politely sent him regularly the *Court Journal*.

For the sake of our children, we sought German acquaintance, we read German, we followed German customs; the life seemed to us simpler, the habits easier and less expensive than in England; there was not the same feverish thirst after wealth as with us, there was more calm appreciation of nature, of music, of social enjoyment. In all the first delight of glorious weather and unexplored scenes, we let our new acquaintance introduce us to quiet valleys with their fast-flowing streams, rich grass, gorgeous flowers, and incessant chirp of the grasshopper; to deep woods full of bilberries, whence we obtained wide views over forest and plain; let them conduct us to many sweet spots—Neckarsteinach, the Wolfsbrunnen, the Stiftmill, and to other quaint old mills and half-timbered homesteads with an-

cient walls and orchards, where peasant girls with clear eyes and picturesque dresses were washing and drying the linen on the delicious green hillsides. After days of happiness unclouded as the sky above us, we returned home, when the sunset cast an amber and

the town, renting the highest floor in a new residence erected by a ladies' tailor who had made money in Russia. It was situated in the *Anlage*, or public walk leading to the station—for the railway had been brought to Heidelberg. It is now enlarged and

converted into the Victoria Hotel. I wonder whether the summer-house, roofed with silvered iron and painted inside with gold stars on a blue ground, still remains in the vineyard.

Leaving the three elder children, under proper supervision, to continue their studies at Heidelberg, my husband and I returned with the remainder of our family to England in 1843, making a pleasant halt at St. Goar, on the Rhine, to visit our valued friend,



Our second home at Heidelberg.

filae glow over hills and woods, to tea, music, and merriment.

But we did not confine ourselves to the immediate neighbourhood of Heidelberg. The next summer my husband and I, taking our elder daughter with us, leisurely made a long journey through Germany, visiting all its capitals and some of its most distinguished men. After two years in the same house in Heidelberg, we removed to the other end of

the poet Freiligrath, and his accomplished wife, Ida, daughter of Professor Melos, of Weimar, and Goethe's god-daughter.

Greatly as I had enjoyed our German sojourn, I now yielded to an enthusiasm for our native land, which I had been glad to lull while we found it convenient and desirable to live out of England. I felt a new era commencing, and was full of energy and hope.

STATE HOSPITALS;

Or, Nursing in Workhouse Infirmarys.

IT may seem strange, after thirty years of work and writing about workhouses, that anything should remain to be said on the subject, and that any evils should still be unredressed. We thankfully acknowledge that the work and the exposure have not been in vain, and while we desire to give a few reasons for what is still waiting to be accomplished, we think that a brief review of the great reforms

carried out during the last few years may not be without interest to those who care to dwell upon the subject.

And who is there without some thought and feeling for that vast mass of our fellow-countrymen and women now and always inmates of our "State Asylums or Hospitals?" for such, indeed, they are, our voluntary hospitals being able to receive but a small

proportion of our sick poor, though we have hardly yet been accustomed to consider them in this light. Many have put aside the thought and sympathy for "workhouse" inmates, or "paupers," as they were once generally designated, believing that all, or the vast majority of such, were the worthless and undeserving, brought to their just fate by vice and improvidence, and causing heavy burdens of rates and taxes on their more provident fellow-countrymen. Such notions were natural and quite excusable under the old system, which classed together *all* destitute members of society in one lump and in one institution, whether good or bad, sick or well, young or old, and, moreover, placed them under the care of two or three officials—rarely more, however numerous the population might be.

It is one object of this paper, however, to show that all this is changed now, and that heterogeneous masses of human beings no longer exist to the same extent in our public and rate-supported institutions. Strange to say, the metropolis being generally in advance in most matters of intelligent reform, it was in this respect behind the country institutions, for in those workhouses the *infirmary* was almost always a separate building, and though under the care of the one master and matron, had its own resident nurse or nurses, more or less competent, as the case might be. But in the larger metropolitan workhouses this was not the case. The children were the first to be removed from the pauper taint and atmosphere, it being too palpably evident that to bring *them* up in immediate association with pauper relatives and circumstances was to foster and promote the hereditary taint indefinitely to succeeding generations. Want of space for ever-increasing numbers may have been another and more urgent reason for the removal of the schools to separate and suburban buildings, which, beginning gradually many years ago, have now extended to nearly every metropolitan union.

The case of the sick, however, though quite as urgent from a humane point of view, and advocated by those who knew the circumstances, was not considered by the authorities till a much later date. Yet we can hardly say it was a great *public* question, for so carefully had the outside world been excluded from the institutions their compulsory rates supported, notwithstanding the efforts that had been made to obtain admission for visitors ever since the year 1853, that it was only the few who were acquainted with the

real state of things within those dreary walls and well-guarded doors, and who could speak of it with knowledge and conviction.

But it *was* spoken and written of in newspapers and pamphlets and books—not sensationally (there was possibly less of this remarkable quality of "sensation" abroad at the period of which I write), but strongly, soberly, and truthfully. Facts, simple and unadorned, were told of the management, or utter want of it, by superiors; ignorance and neglect, too often cruelty, of the inferiors—so-called "nurses"—(the public not then being enlightened, as now, about the true nature and functions of a "nurse"), and the consequent sufferings of the thousands under their charge. When of knowledge there was absolutely *none*, nor of character, nor religion, love nor pity, in these fellow-inmates, simply utilised because they had the physical power to perform the work, we may suppose what the result would be. Those who wish to learn more of the details concerning it we would refer to the various publications of twenty years ago, or to the more recent summary that has been made of the history of the whole subject during twenty-five years.* Suffice it to say that the representations made were believed, investigated, and in due time acted upon. During the beneficent and ever-to-be-remembered reign of the Right Honourable Gathorne Hardy at the Local Government Board in 1867, the sweeping reform was promulgated that henceforth all the "sick" were to be removed from the workhouse proper into asylums or infirmaries built or adapted for their reception, and treated as hospital patients, under a separate management and control, with a resident medical officer. This order was carried out in some instances in 1871, and now it is almost universally so throughout the metropolitan district, the number of such infirmaries being twenty-four, and continually increasing. In many places extensive and fine buildings have been erected, surpassing in extent and completeness of arrangement our voluntary hospitals, and capable of containing 300, 500, or even 700 patients, the largest and most complete being the St. Marylebone Infirmary, erected at a cost of over £100,000.†

* "Recollections of Workhouse Visiting and Management during Twenty-five Years." By Louisa Twining. Kegan Paul & Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 2s.

† I think it is hardly realised what an enormous sum of money is invested in our infirmaries, and how complete and perfect the arrangements at some of them are. It is not possible to analyse the figures in the Local Government Board Reports quite satisfactorily. But the expenditure specially authorised by the Board in connection with the erection, maintenance, or alteration of workhouse infirmaries,

When all these orders were promulgated and acted upon, the promoters of "workhouse reform" rested upon their oars, and concluded that their work was accomplished; and, indeed, it may be asked by those who read these statements, what more remains to be done; and what need is there of any further action or interference with a work thus ably organized by the State, and supported, not by voluntary, but compulsory, and therefore ample, contributions? And this question leads me to the other special subject and object of this paper, which is to show that there *is* still need and scope for further help and interest from the outside public.

One of the preliminary orders of the Local Government Board in arranging for separate infirmaries was the absolutely important one, that "pauper" women should not be employed as nurses.

The evils of pauper-nursing might, therefore, now be supposed to be for ever abolished, and remembered only by those who had suffered from it, or witnessed it, in days gone by.

But whatever the law and theory might say, the practice was still far from being obsolete, and the miseries of poor sufferers condemned to linger out years of sickness, chiefly incurable, under the care of absolutely incompetent and unskilled women, once more aroused the sympathies of those who visited them, and compelled them to speak of what they witnessed. As years had elapsed since the new rules were made it was evident that time alone would not bring the desired reform, and in the year 1879 this conviction grew into action. A lady visitor to one of these hospitals for incurables attached to a large London workhouse spoke of what she witnessed there of incompetent nursing and want of all "hospital" arrangements to a sympathizing friend, and the ready reply was, "What could be done to improve such a state of things, and assist in a new movement for reform?"

From this circumstance sprang up the "Association for Promoting Trained Nursing in Workhouse Infirmaries," which was started at a meeting held at the house of Constance, Marchioness of Lothian, in the summer of 1879. "Trained" nursing was the word on which the movement hung; nursing of some kind there was, and better than that by paupers, without doubt, but still leaving

and for medical relief in London (not including the purchase of land and premises) appears to have been in 1880, about £60,820; in 1881, £67,325; in 1882, £26,868; in 1883, £82,913—nearly £239,000 in four years.

much to be desired, both as to numbers and efficiency.

In one word, our object may be said to be to assist guardians to procure the best nurses for the service of the poor; and in order to do this effectually we have found it absolutely necessary to train some nurses for our work, though at the same time availing ourselves of all others on whom we can rely, both as to character and efficiency.

A few statistics will show what we have been able to do in little more than five years since we began, with the funds placed at our disposal.

Fifty-three nurses are now working for us, sixteen of whom are our own probationers, which means, young women for whose training in a hospital or infirmary during a year, we pay a sum of nearly £20, after which they engage to work for the association for three years, and must not leave the posts to which they are appointed without our permission.

During the past year twenty-four nurses have been appointed, and fourteen Boards of Guardians have applied to us, the whole number being forty-two from the beginning of our work; we would lay stress upon the fact that we have been unable to supply all the demands made for nurses, guardians now being aware that they are worth having. Some of our most successful appointments are those to country union infirmaries, where perhaps one good nurse is able to reform the whole nursing arrangements, and in some instances has done so, her salary being raised in recognition of the good work she has done. Lady guardians have done already much for our association, and we look to them for further help in the future. But the limits of this paper do not permit of my entering into more details; those who desire them can obtain our last report from our Secretary, at our Office, 44, Berners Street, Oxford Street, who will gladly supply any information about our plans.

That there is still room for improvement, we think the following facts given in this report will show. In one suburban union workhouse there are at least three hundred sick and infirm, for whom there was one trained and one untrained nurse at night, with pauper help, but no trained nurse by day till we supplied one for night duty and two others. As there is no resident medical officer (as in the infirmaries) who can wonder that frequent deaths take place in the night, almost, if not wholly, unattended, and that bed-sores are frequent?

Then we have another nurse in a work

house with one hundred and thirty patients under her care, with the insane, lying-in, and receiving wards to attend to; another with the whole female side of sixty patients. Pauper women must assist under such circumstances as these, or how could the work be done? By one of them not long ago, an old woman was being attended, our trained nurse being of course occupied at a distant part of her many wards, and a blow on the head was administered (no doubt as a punishment for fretfulness) from which death ensued; and such cases must be expected to occur.

We may add that in the outbreak of small pox in 1881 we were asked to help, and supplied a superintendent and six nurses for the hospital tents of St. Pancras, and again in 1884, we sent nurses to Darenth during the same need.*

The extent of our work is limited by our supply of funds, a large extension being possible if we could have nurses equal to our demands; suitable young women are always forthcoming, willing and anxious to be trained, and if any of our readers can find and send us such, along with the means for training them, they will be doing a good work in two ways—by helping to perfect a most important public service, and also by furnishing deserving young women with an honourable and comfortable profession in which they are certain of employment. If our readers could have looked in upon us at our annual tea-party, when, this year, as many as thirty-eight "Mary-Adelaide" nurses were present, receiving gratuities and good-service medals for longer or shorter periods, we think they would agree with us that our association, young as it is in point of years, has still done something towards promoting the objects for which it was established.

There is still one point to which we must

* It may be interesting to add the list of places to which we have sent nurses and may encourage others.

METROPOLITAN.

St. George's in the East.
St. Marylebone.
St. Pancras (London & Highgate).
Kensington, and Banstead Schools.
St. Saviour's, Walworth.
Bethnal Green. Lewisham.
St. Giles and St. George's, Bloomsbury.
St. George, Hanover Square.
Shoreditch.
Brentwood Schools.
Hackney. Sutton Schools.
Cleveland St. Sick Asylum.
Chelsea. Mile End. Edmonton. Paddington.
Islington. Whitechapel.
Lambeth. Camberwell.
Hampstead (the nursing arrangements being placed wholly under our care).

COUNTRY.

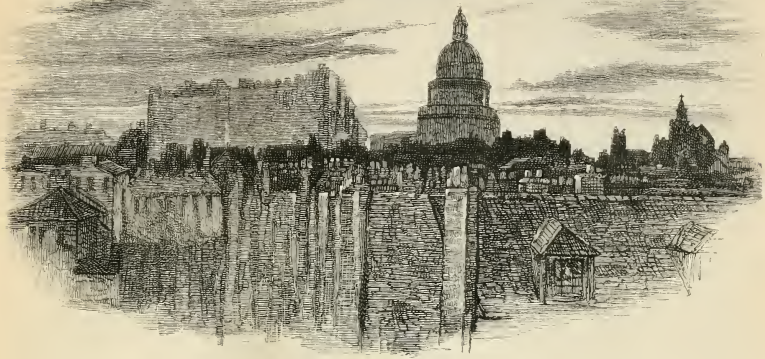
Eastbourne.
Canterbury.
Eassey, near Sandwich.
West Malling.
Stoke-on-Trent.
Whitchurch.
Barton Regis, near Bristol.
Reading.
Holt, Norfolk.
Gressenhall, Norfolk.
Basingstoke.
Docking, Norfolk.
Oswestry.
Bromyard.
West Bronwich.

allude, the importance of which was urged from the very beginning of the movement about workhouses, viz., the appointment to posts of superintendence of educated and trained women, instead of the usual type of matron, whom, alas! the guardian mind is still prone to elect. We have always maintained that the appointment of educated and refined women (with practical knowledge obtained in some well-regulated institution) would have obviated most of the evils that existed, even in the usual workhouse; but for establishments set apart for the sick, it becomes an absolute necessity, and the endeavour to supply trained nurses under any other superintendence is an almost useless endeavour. As this vital point is now urged by all who write or speak on the subject, we may hope ere long to see it an accomplished fact.*

Even in infirmaries, where a special training in nursing is an absolute necessity if any efficient system is to be carried out, it is at present the exception to find a woman so trained and educated at the head; in workhouses we know of but one who has had the courage to fill such a post, or we might rather say, but one Board of Guardians which has had the sense and the boldness to elect a lady, for this is the real obstacle to the progress of the innovation. When educated women are now seeking eagerly for posts with any, or even no, remuneration, we cannot help asking why do they not endeavour to make themselves competent to undertake the superintendence of these large and important public institutions, where tact and refinement and Christian charity are so sorely needed? Then indeed might we hope to see workhouses, infirmaries, and district schools become in reality what they were intended to be, and carry out the beneficent and prophetic vision described as long ago as the year 1698, by King William III., when he spoke thus in Parliament: "Workhouses, under a prudent and good arrangement, will answer all the ends of Charity to the Poor, in regard to their souls and bodies; they may be made, properly speaking, nurseries for religion, virtue, and industry."

LOUISA TWINING.

* The importance of this point was brought before Sir C. Dilke in July, 1884, by a deputation of members of the committee of the Association for Promoting Trained Nursing in Workhouse Infirmaries and some others interested in the subject. It was introduced by Sir E. Colebrooke and explained by W. Bonsfield, Esq., Dr. Sieveking, &c. It was especially urged that a recommendation at least should be issued with regard to the appointment of matrons who had gone through a hospital training and received a certificate from the authorities.



TWO YEARS IN PARIS.

SECOND PAPER.

THE sunsets over a city bring out its most beautiful aspects; the deepening shades make dull things grand, mass the inartistic forms, and though the materials are always the same, give endless variety to the pictures. Thus at this hour of the day our balcony became one of those enjoyments which soon make up for many disagreeable things. It was high enough to give us a view of Paris over the roofs, and the view was decidedly picturesque, as it took in the great dome of the Pantheon and the towers of St. Etienne du Mont.

In the rooms under the eaves of the opposite houses we caught glimpses of *ouvrier*-families at supper, which, when the sun had quite gone and the lamps were lighted, seemed like bits from Rembrandt. Among the inhabitants of these garrets the one who interested me the most was an old woman who constantly sat in front of her open window, resting her hand on her chin, and looking down into the street. She was always in the same position. Perhaps she had once been a barrow woman in front of St. Médard, and her world centred in the entrance to the Rue Mouffetard, or perhaps there was something really romantic about her history.

The early rising and the love of fresh air displayed by the dwellers in these rookeries were exemplary. When I got up I often noticed my old neighbour's bedding and bolster hanging over her window sill, so that it might have a good airing. It has been remarked that Paris women of the humbler class do not seem to feel the cold; indeed in Paris it is for so short a time in the winter that one needs a fire that I suspect the majority of the poor never have one at all.

One sometimes hears or meets with references to the poverty of Paris, as if it were something excessive. But within a few minutes' walk from where I now live in London I constantly see more degraded poverty than I saw the whole two years that I was in Paris. Yes, *degraded* is the word, and a serious and pregnant fact it is. Drink no doubt has a great deal to do with it, but does not wholly explain it, for I have noticed that almost every third shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine sells drink. I attribute the superiority of Paris over London in this matter to the elevating influence of the idea of equality; next to the fact that Paris almsgiving is only forced out of unwilling pockets to a quite inappreciable degree, being in the

main an expression of voluntary good-will and benevolence, and that it is distributed by an admirable organization under one supreme authority.

This organization of Paris charity is named the Public Assistance. Its seat is a great building in the Avenue Victoria. It has the direction of the various forms of succour given to the needy; eight general hospitals, seven special hospitals, three provincial hospitals, ten hospices, three retreats, twenty boards of benevolence, fifty-seven houses where aid in various forms is dispensed. The Public Assistance presides over the help given at the home, and takes under its charge all children who have no other guardian, or who are idiotic. It has its own wine-cellars, bakery, butchery, drug-stores, and central stores, and employs between six and seven thousand agents, about two thousand of whom belong to the medical profession.

Its property does not produce annually more than 3,870,858 francs. But to this revenue may be added between six and seven millions of francs drawn from other sources, one of which is a tax amounting to 1,750,000 francs on tickets to theatres, balls and public concerts, and which goes by the name of *le droit des pauvres*. The City of Paris makes an annual grant to the funds of the Public Assistance amounting to between ten and eleven millions of francs, so that its total revenue may be said to be about 24,000,000 of francs, £960,000.

There is no such thing as a workhouse in Paris, the system is almost entirely one of relief at the home. To carry this out there are forty-eight Committees of Benevolence corresponding to the forty-eight districts into which Paris is divided. All the aid given to the poor in each district by the Public Assistance is managed by a Council, composed of the Mayor of the *arrondissement*, who is its president by right, and twelve assistants, besides a secretary and treasurer, who is directly responsible and dependent on the central administration. This Council unite with themselves in the work a number of agents and charitably disposed ladies.

The revenue in aid of the poor of each *arrondissement* is primarily derived from a collection made once a year among the inhabitants. As each of the forty-eight districts makes the collection for its own poor, those who live in the richer quarters are the best provided for. The Public Assistance here steps in, and by grants of money and bread somewhat equalises the disparity. Thus in one year more than a million francs

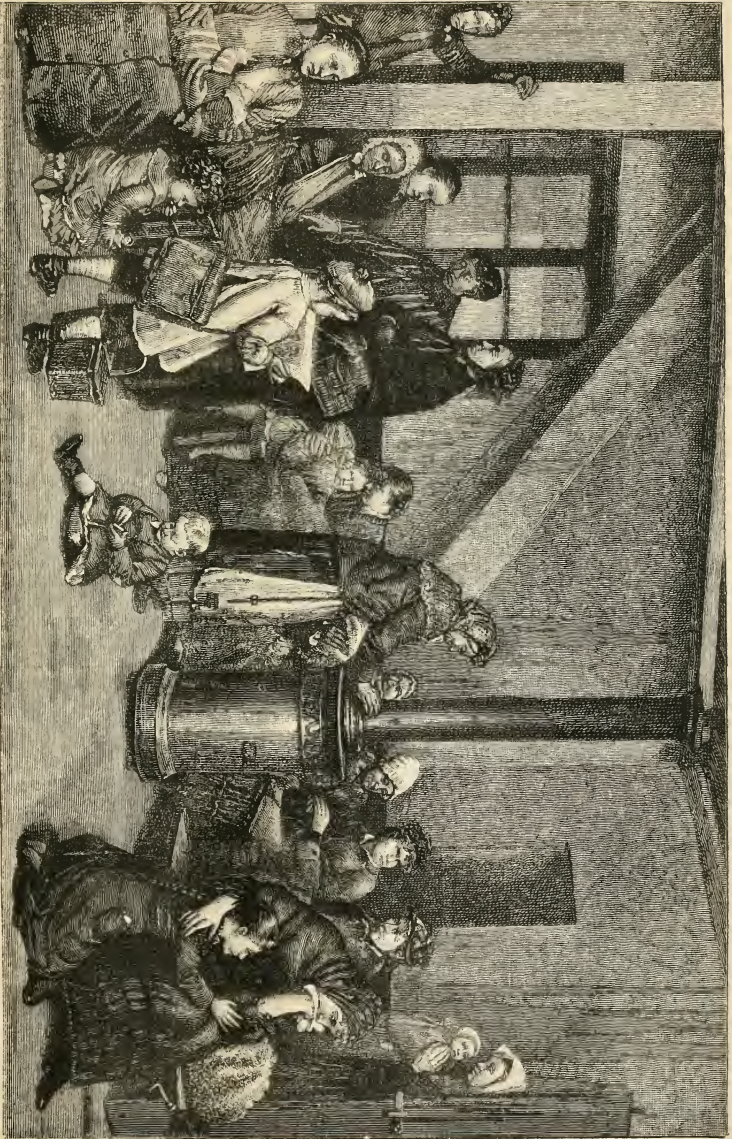
was given as subsidy to the four poorest *arrondissements*. These districts have more-over a larger number of houses of succour than the richer ones. These houses of succour lend sheets, warm clothing, flannels, woollen socks, slippers, &c. The sick come two or three times a week and receive advice from the doctor. Medicine is distributed, and such things as spectacles, elastic stockings, crutches and surgical apparatus given.

The Committees of Benevolence afford aid for a time or regularly. Temporary aid is given to the maimed, to the sick, to lying-in women, to nursing mothers, to forsaken children, to orphans under sixteen years of age, to heads of families having three children under fourteen years of age, and to widows having two young children; but these rules are not carried out rigorously. Permanent aid is given to the aged according to scale, of which the maximum is only accorded to those who have passed eighty-four years of age. The blind, paralytic, and persons afflicted with cancer receive a weekly allowance, with gifts of bread, wine, clothing and linen. Those who are fit subjects for the hospitals, but who cannot be received for want of room, are allowed a small annual pension.

No one can receive these aids whose name is not inscribed on the register called *le contrôle*. Parents cannot have their names put on this register unless they have had their children vaccinated, and send them to the free school. But even here the mansuetude of the Bureaux de Bienfaisance have a means of preventing the stringency of this rule landing them into an act of inhumanity. The means is found out of the Montyon foundation, left by a benefactor of that name some years ago to the poor of Paris.

Directly a request is made for assistance, an inquiry is made at the dwelling of the applicant by members of the Ambulant Service, who by dint of long practice are tolerably well acquainted with the truth of things, and their report determines the amount of the aid or its refusal. Quite one-fourth of the applications made are refused, either because the persons making them are notoriously immoral or because they have only recently been assisted.

The fifteen hospitals in Paris have a total number of 7,693 beds. In order to keep them for the homeless and friendless, the administration as far as possible causes those of the sick who are better off to be visited in their own dwellings. The nourishment in these hospitals is very good, and what



Parlance Hall, Night Asylum for Women, Rue St. Jacques, Paris. After a painting by Landovie Mouchot.

may perhaps be regarded by many as a mistake, wine is freely given. To a patient allowed his full rations, an amount of wine equal to three great glasses is given per day. The death rate in the Paris hospitals is about 1 in 9. After death the body is left for two hours and then conveyed to the mortuary, where it lies for forty-eight hours. It is then taken to the hospital chapel, where prayers are offered. If the friends are able to pay a small sum the burial takes place in a separate grave, but if not it is interred in the hospital cemetery at the Fort Bicêtre, not far from Torg.

Of course there are many private charities in Paris, the objects of some being admirable; as, for example, that of the Société Philanthropique, which provides night asylums for those unhappy wayfarers who, in every large city, when night falls find themselves without a place where they can lay their heads. This was brought home to me painfully one day in Paris, when a friend, worthy of profound respect as a descendant of Huguenot confessors—a man of heart, of disinterestedness, of lofty principles, and encyclopædic learning—told me that while an exile in London he had gone about our streets searching for a nook where he could find a resting-place for the night.

The engraving which illustrates this paper is taken from a most touching painting by M. Ludovic Mouchot, exhibited at the intensely interesting Exhibition of the Portraits of the Century during a few weeks in 1883 at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The groups in this picture are suggestive: the motherly-looking woman to the left with her four children may be a poor wife from Alsace or the provinces, who has followed her husband to Paris, there to lose all trace of him. Perhaps he died in a hospital unable to communicate; perhaps he is hiding himself in vice and infamy. To the right are two orphan girls, from a higher position in society, suddenly thrown a prey to the wolves. Here are nursing mothers, and hard, angry single women who have had a cruel fight with never-ending difficulties; while the great bulk are poor old toilers to whom the world offers nothing but the couch on the stones or a hole in the earth at the end of their melancholy pilgrimage. In their midst stands the matron, a comely edition of Miss Ophelia, "tall, square-formed, and angular. Her face is thin and rather sharp in the outlines, the lips compressed like those of a person who is in the habit of making up her mind definitely on all sub-

jects; while the keen, dark eyes have a peculiar searching advised movement, and travel over everything as if they were looking for something to take care of." Happily this French Miss Ophelia has found her work, and, it is hardly to be doubted, performs it admirably.

In the midst of its socialism Paris guards the rights, or at least the sentiments, of individuals with singular particularity. As I was taking a note of the inscription on the tomb of Godefroi Cavaignac, in the cemetery at Montmartre, an individual in military costume approached and said: "It is forbidden to copy the inscriptions." "But this is an historic tomb," I replied. "It is forbidden to copy the inscriptions." "But I have done it." "It is forbidden." The reason of this regulation is, I understood, to prevent any malicious person wounding the feelings of survivors.

Performing funeral rites is now one of the most important functions of the Catholic Church in Paris. The burial of the dead is almost the only thing left which allies the great bulk of the population with the Church. The numbers buried in Paris without religious rites increase, I believe, every year, nevertheless the majority of corpses are still taken into the church, and the custom of lighting tapers round the dead is generally maintained. Funeral processions are constantly of prodigious length, neighbours and friends considering it a duty to follow. Sometimes there are as many as twenty or thirty coaches and cabs with a long trail of pedestrians. In the funerals of young girls the pall is held up by a number of the companions of the deceased, all robed in white muslin dresses and veils. The funerals of boys and young men are attended in like manner by their schoolfellows or fellow-students.

Funerals and weddings were going on at St. Médard during the greater part of the day almost without cessation. There were constantly a couple of funerals and one wedding party in the road at the same time. The wedding cortéges argued plenty of wealth on the part of the Parisian *bourgeoisie*, chiefly in the number of carriages, dress not being of anything like the same importance in Paris as in London.

A somewhat interesting sight was the appearance of our road on the occasion of a first communion. When the children came out it seemed for some minutes as if a white stream was flowing from the church-porch; after a time it broke up and then the road

looked like a great bed covered with snow-drops. All the girls of whatever class are dressed in the usual white muslin, all the boys in evening costume. To see these gatherings, no one would imagine that the Church had lost its hold on the people. But I suppose it would be a mistake to conclude this proved otherwise. Nothing but heartfelt religion raises human beings above the fear of not being thought respectable. Atheism is no match for fashion.

Sympathy in the Parisian is powerfully developed, but it stops at human nature, the animal world enjoys it only under the pernicious form of petting. Dogs, cats, and canaries are its chief objects. The bird-market held on Sunday afternoon between the Hôtel Dieu and the Tribunal du Commerce was a very interesting sight, and when one thinks of its openness, cleanness, freshness, comfortably clad visitors, mostly working people, and compares it with the places where birds are sold in London the difference is truly amazing. Birds of all sorts, European and tropical, were there in hundreds. The poorer purchasers content themselves with canaries, red-breasts, linnets, and the cheaper sort that can sing. It is said that there are institutions in Paris where birds are instructed in this art, the course lasting two months and costing ten sous a week.

But the kindness lavished on the smaller creatures does not extend to the noblest of all the animals in Paris. The Paris horses appear to possess the sweetest and most docile of natures, but they are none the less cruelly treated by the drivers, who are sometimes really brutal. One day at noon, passing along the Rue Monge, we saw a very long waggon laden with hay coming down that part of the street which forms an incline as it approaches the Avenue des Gobelins. The waggon was far too heavy for the horses, and the hind one in the shafts, an old horse, was dragged down several times and drawn along the ground on its haunches. The driver did nothing to prevent it, and the passers-by betrayed no feeling. A still more cruel thing, and one that is ceaselessly happening all over Paris, is the flacking of the whip just over the horse's head, so as to cause it to make a detonation like a pistol-shot. What a long *via dolorosa* has the horse trodden in Paris! In a satirical writing of 1619, and then it is not given as new, occurs the saying, "Paris is the paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of horses."

However, there are people in Paris who are alive to the sufferings of the animal world,

and especially some brave women who make a stand in favour of the victims. I have witnessed the protests they openly make in the streets, loudly rebuking a cruel driver or giving information to the police. In *La France* of May 23rd, 1883, was the following paragraph: "M. Brown-Sequart is a vivisectionist. To illustrate his course of experimental physiology he had brought a poor little ape, who ignorant of the danger that menaced him, amused himself by making grimaces. The moment came, the doctor, without giving any anæsthetic, began to cut the intestine of the animal, who protested with frightened cries against being immolated on the altar of science. All of a sudden Madame A—— H——, who had come to the lecture, rushed at the operator, and struck him a blow in the face with her umbrella. The Professor ordered her to leave the hall, but she stoutly refused, saying, that having no other means of protesting against this barbarous practice of vivisection, she had employed and would employ this, which at least would not be passed over in silence. The usher was called but did not succeed any better. It was only on a policeman being called that she consented to go to the station-house, where she, as well as two students sent by M. Brown-Sequart, gave an account of what had happened." On the other hand Parisians are singularly kind to human beings. Let a man fall down in a fit and every attention is bestowed, even to the point of giving him space to breathe. A drunkard is treated in all respects like an erring brother, and even the foreigner, a thing especially meritorious in a Parisian, who knows as little about the outside barbarians as a Chinaman, gets kindness shown him simply because he is a human being. I met with the following story told by a German resident in Paris.

"At the time of the Crimean war I was in lodgings, and returning home on one occasion at midnight I found in the lodge of the concierge a poor stranger, an Englishman, who had lost everything and had sought shelter here, but which the proprietor refused. The concierge asked me to speak to him and to make further inquiries. It appeared that he had been engaged in railway-making in Spain, but the work being discontinued he was obliged to leave, and after having gone through distressing privations, he had reached Paris, where he had obtained from the English Embassy a free passage, but feared that he should have to wait a few days before he would get it, and meanwhile would starve, as he had no means to pay for

a lodging. When I told this to the proprietor, a young widow, who worked untiringly to give her only child a good education, she said: 'I cannot let the stranger stay here without pay; he is an Englishman, let him address himself to his fellow-countrymen who are so rich.' 'You are no Frenchwoman,' I exclaimed, 'you have a heart of stone. Your own son may some day be placed in the same plight as this man and hard-hearted people refuse him shelter and,'—she did not let me finish, but broke into a flood of tears, immediately ordering a supper for the poor man, who, late as it was made a good meal, after which she had a room provided for him.

"On the following morning, not only the

inmates of the house but others joined in the general contribution for the Englishman. Even the milkmaid gave her mite. The ladies in the house spoke to the gentlemen and received from them wearing apparel, clean linen, and boots and shoes. They then set to work for two days tailoring and mending, so that on the third day, when the Englishman was ready to start, he received a handsome sum of money and two large packets of clothes. Some of the men-servants accompanied him to the station and paid for some cold meat and wine that he might have as much spare money left as possible for the journey. 'French people, good people!' he repeated several times with tears in his eyes as he said 'good-bye.' R. HEATH.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By JAMES BROWN, D.D.

OCTOBER 4TH.

Read Genesis iii., and iv. 1.

IN the opening chapters of the Bible we are taught the unity, or rather—to use a foreign word which has been imported into our language, because we have no exact equivalent—the *solidarité* of the human race. That race is not made up of disconnected tribes and nations, nor of units whose lives are lived apart in isolated independence of each other. God has made us of one blood, and He has so linked us each to each that the experience of the race is reproduced in each individual of the race. The Church saw deep into the heart of these chapters when it recognised and formulated the truth that Adam and Eve did not stand alone in their innocence, their temptation, their sin, and their punishment. They were in all these the representatives of their posterity. Their temptation is that which is common to man; their sin is the sin of the race; and their doom is the doom of all mankind, alike in its sorrow and toil, and in the blessed hope to the fulfilment of which it leads. In reading the first pages of God's word we are like unto men beholding their natural face in a glass. We see our lusts, our sins, our sorrows, our hopes, mirrored in the experience of our first parents. In the deepest sense Eve is the mother of all living. The brief records of her motherhood are an epitome of a history which is repeating itself from age to age con-

tinually in the experience of her sons and daughters.

The enthusiastic hope to which she gave expression in the name of her first-born son is a type of that roseate light in which, even in view of the travail and the sorrow which are soon felt to be inseparable from our lot, hope bathes our earliest possessions, our earliest experience of earthly relations. The promise of redemption from the sin, whose fruit she was already tasting in sorrow and in pain, had pointed to her seed. In the child whom she had gotten she saw that promise fulfilled. Now all would go well. She had been too weak to resist the tempter. Over her he had gained an easy victory, and she had lost the vantage ground of innocence; but the young, fresh life, sprung of her sorrow, would take up the conflict with better hope, and though he might be wounded he should in the end prevail. Right should conquer, and the wrong of earth be repaired. She dreamed not of the long delay, of the thousand years which are to God as one day. To her enthusiastic hope the hour of redemption was at hand: the promised seed had come; she had gotten a man from the Lord—the second man, who, when all was sin and shame, should fight and should prevail.

It is touching to see how the hope of a good time coming, when the wrong of earth is to be righted, has from age to age rejoiced in the birth of some child. When the earth was filled with violence, and all flesh had corrupted its way, a son came to Lamech's house, and his father called him Noah, say-

ing, "This same shall comfort us concerning our work and the toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed." In an evil time, when those who looked to the earth beheld trouble and darkness, with dimness of anguish, and men were driven to darkness, the birth of a son in the palace at Jerusalem called forth this song in the land of Judah, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace; of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end."

And that same spirit whose special inspiration led to the utterance of words which remained as sure words of prophecy, pointing onward to another day, when their fulfilment should be complete—dwells in some measure in every human breast, and reveals itself in the enthusiastic hopefulness with which we all enter upon life. That hopefulness has passed into a proverb. Not the young mother only, who, Eve-like, recognises in the man-child, for joy of whom she has forgotten her sorrow, boundless possibilities of blessing; but every young life, tasting the first sweetness of experience, sees the world bathed in light. The friendships we form, the relations into which we enter, seem to our enthusiasm perennial and inexhaustible fountains of good. Even work, though we soon find that it has become labour, involving sweat of brow or brain, is welcome to the young man rejoicing in his strength. He is conscious of a thrill of gladness when first he realises that strength, and feels that he has power to mould and make—to shape rugged things to ends of use or beauty; and he gives himself to day-dreams of all that he shall accomplish in the interminable years which are opening up before him. The homes we build for ourselves seem as we cross their thresholds to be palaces of delight, whose walls are strong enough to keep out the blast, and whose fires are warm enough to resist the cold. We dream not of the chinks which are in every earth-built wall, or of the white embers to which all earth-lighted fires burn down. We think not of the hidden chambers which are in every dwelling, or of the days when they that look out at the windows shall be darkened.

The young inquirer after truth, when first he finds some teacher among the living or the dead whose words are an inspiration to him, sees all the realm of truth open to his view. He has but to enter in that he may

possess the land; and it is a good land, and a large—a land of green hills, whose tops go near to heaven; of fruitful valleys which yield strengthening corn and gladdening wine. He dreams not of rivers that have to be crossed, of Anakim that have to be subdued, of walled cities that have to be taken; or if he does, he doubts not of his strength: the conquest is as good as accomplished, and the possession attained is ample reward for the victor's toil. Or the youthful enthusiasm may be rather in the direction of practical service; and then, when some trusted leader has been found whose watchword has stirred the spirit like a trumpet-call, it seems to the young disciple of the party or the cause, as if the panacea had been found at length for all the ills of humanity, and young Melancthon exults as if old Adam were already slain.

It is not easy for those who know anything of the stern realities and dull prose of life to refrain from smiling at sight of this enthusiastic hopefulness; but the man has learned ill the lessons of experience into whose smile there enters any element of scorn. Young enthusiasm is very beautiful; nay, it is more than beautiful, it is one of God's most precious gifts to the world. As in the freshness of each new morning the Creator "ever more makes all things new," so in the freshness of each new life he renews the world from generation to generation.

OCTOBER 11TH.

Read Gen. iv. 2-24, and Eccles. ii.

It is inevitable that the early and enthusiastic hope, with which we all enter on life, should be succeeded by disappointment. To the mother of all living the disenchantment came very soon. We know not how it came, or whether the child so early revealed himself the father of the man, that even the fond mother could not but detect in the eyes of her first-born, into which she was gazing so hopefully, fore-gleams of the jealous hate and cruel anger which afterwards shone out so balefully. We know not whether she recognised, in early signs of character, that the trail of the serpent had defiled the nature of him whom she had welcomed as the man the Lord had sent to bruise the serpent's head. But howsoever it came to pass, we know that ere her second son was born, the radiance had died out of her sky, and the mother of all living was looking forth upon the world with less certain gaze. Life seemed to be dressed in more sombre colours than

before. The early dream had faded into the light of common day. She uttered her disappointment in the name of her second son; she called him Abel, or Vanity.

The disappointment which she thus recorded represents our experience when clouds have overspread our sky; when, having tasted of the first fountain of water on which we have lighted in our pilgrimage, we have found that there is bitterness where we had looked for unmingled sweetness, that at best there is limited and imperfect fulfilment of the large expectation of our early hope; and we are tempted to cry, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" To some the disenchantment comes sooner, to others it comes later; in the case of some it is more complete, in the case of others it is more partial. But sooner or later, in greater or in less measure, a sense of vanity succeeds the early and enthusiastic hope. To very few does life redeem its promise; the harvest which it yields seldom fulfils the expectation awakened by its first-fruits.

The disappointment comes in various ways.

Often in this changeful world the promise of life is prematurely blighted. The object on which the heart was set, and around which clustered the large anticipations that made bright the coming years, is taken from us. Disaster drives us from the home we had chosen; or death invades that home, removing the desire of our eyes with a stroke, and, though all else remains, the light has faded, and our future seems enwrapped in joyless darkness. The profession we had chosen, or the business on which we had entered, and in connection with which we had our dreams of honour or of wealth, has proved a failure. We have discovered that the teacher whose words first stirred us, or the leader whom we elected to follow, is after all not so wise as we thought, not so trustworthy as we deemed him. We have been going after wandering fires which have led to error and confusion.

But these experiences may happily be regarded as exceptional. The case of the mother of all living suggests a more general cause of disenchantment. Circumstances may remain unchanged; the object round which our expectations clustered may be spared to us; the work to which we have set our hand may prosper, and win for us all we ever expected of the outward rewards of diligence and skill; the teacher at whose feet we have sat, or the leader whose watchword we have followed, may prove as wise, as trustworthy, as we deemed him, and yet there is disenchantment and a sense of vanity. The

reason is to be sought not without but within. The early and enthusiastic hope was the expression of a depth of desire which never could find satisfaction in what is limited. It was at heart a yearning after the Infinite, and only the Infinite can fill the soul. To our inexperience the relations, the duties, the joys, the rewards of life, naturally clothed themselves in the garments of the Infinite. They seemed while yet they were untried large enough to satisfy us. But experience proves that the real is very different from the ideal, and that, even at the best, the relations, the possessions, the joys of earth and time are bounded and easily exhausted. They may give to us all they ever give, and yet leave a sense of disappointment. The Cain we fondly clothe in our expectation with the glory of the divine promise of life may be all that he ever could be—a link between us and the accomplishment of the promise, and therefore a pledge that the accomplishment is sure; but in view of the largeness and impatience of our hope, we can hardly escape a sense of vanity when we find how very limited is the present fruition.

OCTOBER 18TH.

Read Genesis iv. 25 and 26, and Romans viii. 18—39.

God has something better for us in life than the sense of its vanity. Abel, or Vanity, is not the crowning fruit of human travail. It was long after, but it came at last, that Eve bare another son, and she called him Seth, or The Appointed; for then she had come to learn that God had provided compensations in life, and to find her truest happiness in submission to, and acquiescence in, her appointed lot. Through great tribulation, through experience of disappointment and sorrow far more bitter than anything she had dreamed of when first she recorded her sense of the vanity of life, the mother of all living was led to calm and thankful recognition of the goodness which shaped her destiny. The bright morning which she fondly thought was to usher in the day when all the divine promise of life should be fulfilled, had been soon overshadowed by clouds, at sight of which she had cried, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;" the clouds had spread and broken in desolating storm; Abel was lying dead, his blood crying from the ground; Cain—the man from the Lord—had gone forth with the murderer's brand upon his brow. But it came to pass that at evening time it was light. She was made glad according to the days wherein she had

been afflicted, and the years wherein she had seen evil. Another son was given to her, and the spirit to which she had attained found utterance in his name. It was a chastened, thankful, spirit, very different on the one hand from the early and enthusiastic hopefulness which saw in her first-born the fulfiller of all the divine promise of life, but no less different on the other hand from the disappointment which she had expressed in Abel's name. She called her third son Seth, "For God, said she, hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew." Her attitude now was thankful acquiescence in her appointed lot. That lot was not indeed so bright, so full of all unfathomable joy as she had dreamed it would be, when she hailed her first-born as the fulfiller of the promise; but neither was it so dark and hopeless as when disappointment had brought the sense of vanity. It was the lot which God had appointed her, and, in submission to His will, she was realising peace, and real though chastened satisfaction.

By the same way, and to the same result, is the gracious God seeking to lead Eve's sons and daughters. Life cannot yield us all or half of that which shaped itself to our early dreams. Its fountains do not run with the pure elixir of which we thought to drink our fill when we were entering upon our relations and our duties. There is an element of bitterness in all the waters of the world, there are clouds in its fairest skies. But neither, on the other hand, is life so dreary and so disappointing as it seems when first we taste the bitterness or feel the chill of spreading clouds. There are by God's mercy trees growing in the world which, cast into the bitterest fountains, can make them sweet; and longer experience teaches that blackest clouds may be God's chariots. And so, if we will not be stubborn and rebellious, but will follow God's leading and believe the message of His holy gospel, we shall be brought to a deep and abiding, because a chastened peace, to a quiet satisfaction and a sure rest in the God who orders our lot and shapes our ends. We shall realise the true blessedness of the creature, which is to accept with thankfulness whatever the Creator appoints us, in the assurance that He doeth all things well.

But what of the early dreams of enthusiastic hope? Do they come to nothing, like the baseless fabric of a vision? The traveller in desert sands sees before him a lake, reflecting in its bosom green hills that girdle it. Promontories run out into the water, the surface of which is studded with islets.

Along the shore lie fruitful fields that surround smiling homes. The traveller dreams that his toils are over, that he has but to advance a few paces to quench his burning thirst, to have his long hunger satisfied, and to find grateful rest. He quickens his steps, when lo! the vision fades, and he is riding over the arid bed of the vanished lake. But the vision was not in vain. It served the highest of the ends which the reality would have served. It broke the monotony and beguiled some hours of the weary march. Itself unreal, it was an image of realities which are to be reached at last. The beautiful illusions of our mortal life are not sent to mock us. They are images of unseen things. They are pledges of a promise which cannot fail. When we accept them as such we lose the sense of vanity which disappointment brings, and we rise by God's help to the calm and peaceful experience of those who say, "Thy will be done! Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight!"

OCTOBER 25TH.

Read John xiv. 25-31, and xx. 19-23.

It was to disappointed men that our Lord came on the first day of the week at evening and saluted them, saying, "Peace be unto you." Disappointment was needed to make them value the gift of peace. Our Lord had promised that gift before His passion; but they did not understand its preciousness, for they were still clinging to the carnal hope which was associated with the expectation of the Christ. They believed that the fulfilment of that hope was near. They had gotten "a man from the Lord." In Mary's first-born they had recognised the Christ, the Son of the Living God, and they trusted that it was He who should redeem Israel from the power of the alien. When in the upper room the Lord said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," doubts had begun to disturb their hope. Their hearts were troubled. Their Master had spoken perplexing words about the things that should befall Him at Jerusalem. They had tried to put these words away; they had even ventured to rebuke Him for speaking them. But the manifest hostility of the rulers and the sense which they could not resist that some plot was thickening around them, had recalled the words to mind, and sorrow was filling their hearts. They were beginning to feel the vanity of the expectation which the advent of Jesus had stirred. Yet withal they were not prepared to wel-

come the Saviour's gift of peace. Their hope was shaken; it was not abandoned. They clung to the thought that dark as the prospect seemed, they were eating their passover on the eve of a national deliverance, more glorious than that which the feast commemorated; and as long as this was their mood the ideal gift for them was not peace, but a sword—a sword that should smite the enemies of their land and restore the kingdom to Israel. It was needful that the carnal hope should be crucified with Christ and buried in His grave, that with Him it might rise as a spiritual hope, reaching forth to that which is incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading. To those who have attained to this better hope, Christ's word of peace comes with power. They have been prepared by the discipline of hard experience to realise how good a gift is His gift of peace.

When now He brings it to them anew He reveals to them the foundation on which it rests. "He stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you; and when He had so said He showed unto them His hands and His side." His own peace was founded in His utter submission and self-surrender to His Father's will, of which the wounds He bore in His hands and side were the witnesses; and we can be partakers of His peace only in so far as we believe in His sacrifice, and are by the sympathy of faith made one with Him in his submission. "The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord," and knew assuredly that, though the things which before had seemed to them so inconsistent with His dignity had befallen Him, He was still their Lord. They were glad, because now they had learned that true peace is independent of outward circumstances. If the mind that was in Christ is found also in us, if even when we are in an agony and all we have deemed most precious seems to be going from us, we can say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," then we have peace. It is not as the world giveth that Christ gives His peace. The world gives peace by removing from our lot causes of disquiet. Christ gives it by enabling us to rise above these and triumph over them. And as the Saviour's sacrifice is the foundation of our peace, He makes it plain that we can realise the peace only by following in His footsteps, and being made conformable to His death. "Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you; as My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." We must reach the peace of Christ by the way in which He reached it. We must be in the world as He was in the

world—the sent of Christ, even as He was the sent of the Father—finding our blessedness not in doing our own will, or seeking our own glory, but in doing the will and seeking the glory of our divine Master. What our Lord says of life is true of peace, which is the crown and blessedness of life. He that findeth his peace shall lose it; and he that loseth his peace for His sake shall find it. Not in selfish enjoyments and luxurious religious experiences, not in carnal hopes, even though we name them hopes of heaven, is the promised peace of Christ to be realised; but in duties loyally done, in trials patiently borne, in the burdens and sorrows of our brethren lovingly carried—through these Christ gives His peace. Not as the world giveth gives He unto us.

But who is sufficient for these things? Our sufficiency is of God, who is able to make all grace abound toward us, that we, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work. When Christ had spoken this word, so hard to flesh and blood, concerning the way of peace, He breathed on His disciples and said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The same Eternal Spirit which descended like a dove and abode upon Him, and through which He offered Himself without spot unto God, is given to them. By inspiration of that Spirit they are enabled so to bear the trials and do the duties of life as therein to fulfil the mission on which Christ has sent them, and thus to realise His peace. And all into whom His Spirit is breathed and who, taking up their cross, deny themselves daily and follow Him, are made priests unto God. They have a power to bind and to loose; "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained." These words point to the prerogative of no favoured order. The Apostles to whom they were spoken have their successors in all priestly souls, who, following Christ and realising His peace, cannot choose but carry on His work of bringing down the mighty from their seats and exalting them of low degree. It is their privilege to heal the broken-hearted, and to be witnesses to stricken spirits of God's everlasting mercy; while at the same time they, by their very presence, rebuke the impenitent and the proud, and give them forecast of their doom. Our Lord bestows His gift, not that we may rest in luxurious enjoyment of its blessedness, but that, having it, we may be like Himself, and help men, for comfort or for warning, to realise the presence of the Christ.

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—IN THE CHURCHYARD.

AFTER the party had left the Castle, Hester went on foot to the town. Even had there been room in the carriage for her she would have been averse to accompanying them to the jetty, not only because she always avoided the company of the engaged young couple when she could do so without its being remarked upon, but because on this particular occasion she had fancied that Maria was indisposed for her society; the way in which her cousin had shut herself up in her room before her departure, instead of inviting her there for a parting confab, as is the custom of young ladies similarly devoted to one another, and especially her mute good-bye, had again aroused the suspicion in Hester's mind which Lady Barton had only partially set at rest. Was it possible that Maria had really overheard the conversation between Lady Barton and herself? If so, it was indeed a circumstance sufficient to account for any strangeness in her cousin's manner. The very notion of such a disaster chilled her blood. For if she had heard it, what possibility was there of explaining the matter away to Maria's satisfaction? What could Lady Barton say should her daughter interrogate her upon the subject? and what could Hester herself say if put to the question? The very extremity of the catastrophe, however, seemed to place it beyond the pale of possibility; there are some things too terrible, as there are others too good, "to be believed;" and, moreover, had such a misfortune taken place, it seemed incredible that Maria, mistress of herself as she was, could have borne herself with such apparent calmness, and have taken part under any circumstances in an expedition of pleasure.

Nevertheless, Hester experienced a sense of discomfort that was almost one of depression; to stay in the Castle alone seemed impossible for her, so she resolved to go into Shingleton, and employ herself among those whom Lady Barton called "her unfashionable friends," till the luncheon hour, at which meal it had been arranged that Sir Reginald should come and keep her company. The Fortescues, as she knew, and Janet Parkes, had joined the party to Saltby, but there were many others by this time in the little town to whom her visits were equally welcome, and in whom

she took a lively interest. There was a short cut from Medbury for foot passengers over the hill, which afforded an extensive prospect over land and sea, as well as a bird's-eye view of Shingleton itself; and here, as was her wont, Hester paused a moment, notwithstanding that the wind was blowing strongly, to contemplate the varied scene.

The waters of the bay, so bright and blue in sunshine, looked dark and cold under the grey sky, while here and there appeared what children call "white horses," significant of the growing gale at sea. Under other circumstances, Hester would have had some pity to bestow upon poor Sir Abraham, who, a very indifferent sailor, was probably regretting by this time having given way to his wife's arguments instead of his own inclinations, but her thoughts, though on board the *Javelin*, were not with him. As her eye roved from sea to land it fell upon the little church immediately beneath her, into whose God's acre the footpath descended. It was here, she reflected, that in a few weeks Maria would be married. She pictured to herself the auspicious scene: Sir Reginald so serene and satisfied; Sir Abraham with less cause than he imagined for complacency, but well content; Lady Barton with no drawback to her self-congratulation save the knowledge of her niece's secret, the keeping of which, however, would henceforth be a less perilous and anxious matter; the bride, as pure and innocent as her own white robe, as happy as she deserved to be; and the bridegroom—no, Hester could not trust herself to regard him thus objectively like the rest, nor would it be well to speculate upon his thoughts. She herself would be there; she *must* be there; as one of her cousin's bridesmaids, she would be a witness, almost an assistant, at the ceremony so fatal to her former hopes. Oh, woeful day! would that it had come and gone; for to accept the Inevitable is one thing, and to accept the Accomplished another, and a far easier matter.

The town looked, thanks to the contingent it had that morning furnished to the *Javelin*, less populous and more asleep than ever; but on the other hand, in the churchyard, which, except on Sundays, was usually quite deserted, was a solitary figure. As Hester drew nearer she fancied it to be that of some one not unfamiliar to her, though attired in

an unfamiliar garb; he wore a yachting-suit made of blue serge, but with a broad band of crape upon his arm, indicating some recent domestic loss; this, however, though significant enough, would not have enabled Hester to identify him, it was the neighbourhood in which he stood, close to the nameless grave of Mrs. Bertram, that caused her while she was still some way off to recognise in him Philip Langton.

The revelation of his presence by no means afforded her the unmixed satisfaction which it would have done some weeks ago. She had not heard from him a word since the letter she had written adjuring him to come and see his dying wife, or in reply to that other she had sent to him afterwards announcing her decease. He had been abroad, she knew, and might not have received either of them until his return, which again might only have occurred the day before, in which case his silence would have been explicable; but it might also have arisen from displeasure. It was not impossible that he had resented her interference in his domestic affairs as an intrusion, and her appeal to him as an impertinence. The first sight of his face, however, as he caught sight of her, at once did away with that apprehension.

"My dear child," he cried, holding out both his hands, "how delighted I am to see you! Yes, it is a sad place to meet at," he added, noticing her involuntary glance towards the grave, "but by no means an ill-fitting or inappropriate one, since it reminds me of the heavy debt of gratitude I owe you as regards her who lies beneath yonder mound. I was even now on my way to you to acknowledge it in person. I only arrived from the Continent, where I have been on business, on Saturday, and on getting your most kind letter started at once for Shingleton, too late, of course, as regarded the matter on which you wrote, but not too late I hope to rescue myself from your ill opinion."

"I was sure, quite sure, you would have come earlier if you could," said Hester earnestly.

"Most certainly I would, dear girl; there was not a word in your letter in which I did not concur, nor an argument of which I did not feel the force. For all you have done for her who lies yonder, dear Hester, I thank you a thousand times, and as if you had done it to myself. There is, by-the-by, I see, no name upon the headstone."

He paused, and Hester stammered out, "I did not know what you would wish to be put there."

"Let me try to anticipate what you would have had inscribed upon it. That would not be Sarah Bertram, but, 'Sarah, wife of Philip Langton.' If she had lost her title to that name in life, death atones for all. She shall resume it. Does that please you?"

"It is like yourself, Mr. Langton, and therefore could not fail to please me. What is of more consequence, it is the epitaph which she of whom we speak would have preferred above all others. She died with your name upon her lips."

"Ay, ay," he sighed, "so Purcell wrote me. And now to speak of your own affairs, Hester, about which, to say truth, I have been engaged abroad. I am afraid your two thousand pounds are gone. Mr. Digby Mason has been declared a defaulter, and is proved to have been much worse. The best I could do was to open Mrs. Brabazon's eyes to the real character of her hopeful nephew, otherwise he would probably have ruined her, like every one else who gave him the opportunity of doing so."

"I behaved very ill," said Hester penitently, "in withdrawing my confidence from you, Mr. Langton, in that unhappy matter, and it is only just that I should pay the penalty for it."

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with," said Langton, smiling, for he was pleased to see she still thought the loss was hers not his own; "none of us are wise at all times, and your position was a very peculiar one, of which none, by-the-by, but an irredeemable blackguard would have taken advantage. But let us talk of more pleasant things. I am delighted to find that your friends at Medbury, one of whom at least there was reason to suspect would have been 'a little more than kin and less than kind,' have shown themselves so friendly."

"They have been kindness itself," said Hester enthusiastically; "and she of whom you speak scarcely less so than Maria herself."

"Indeed!" returned the other thoughtfully; "I confess that that surprises me; it is a pleasurable disappointment. I knew something of her ladyship when she was a quarter of a century younger and she did not impress me favourably, and when I beheld her to-day (for I saw her start with the rest of your party at the steamboat this morning), I said to myself, 'That is the same masterful hard woman with the puritanical mask that I so well remember.'"

"She is masterful, Mr. Langton, but she is not hard," said Hester earnestly; "and even

for the appearance of hardness, there is an excuse, which you would I am sure be the first to admit if I were at liberty to explain the matter. She has been most kind to me. As to Maria, it is impossible for you to imagine what a dear good girl she is."

"I will take your word for it," said Mr. Langton, smiling; "it is not necessary for me to tax my imagination in that way, for I have the honour to be acquainted with a young lady answering to the same description already."

"I assure you there is no comparison between Maria Barton and the person you have in your mind," said Hester gravely.

"Well, well, I must be excused for declining to give up my fealty to the one until I have seen the other. I understand, however, she has attractions for the gallant captain in whose company I have just seen her. The son of old Sir Reginald, is he not, who used to live at Medbury? just so, then now it will return to his family, which is very convenient."

"I am quite sure," said Hester, with a little flush, "that such an idea never influenced Captain Drake in his choice of my cousin, he is far too honourable and high-minded."

"Then perhaps it was a family arrangement," persisted Langton slyly.

"Why should you say so? In my judgment there never was a more fortunate bridegroom or a happier bride than there will be in this case."

"Then I am altogether wrong, for I confess it struck me this morning that the young lady looked under the circumstances anything but on pleasure bent."

A little word dropped by chance sometimes bears fruit of a wholly different kind than that intended by him who utters it. The truth was that Philip Langton in his admiration for his ward had rather resented Captain Drake's preference for Miss Barton, being, as he imagined, free to choose between her and her cousin, and had set it down to her being so much better provided with this world's goods, while, with Hester this report of Maria's melancholy looks once more revived her apprehensions.

"You do not yourself," Langton went on more gravely, "considering your good report of things in general, look quite as cheerful as I expected to find you."

"I have had a headache which has perhaps left its traces," said Hester; "indeed but for that I should have been of the party to Saltby."

"I see, and a churchyard is not the place to raise one's spirits. Come, as you were going into the town, permit me to be your escort. I had intended to pay you a visit at Medbury before I left Shingleton; but since I have so fortunately met you that will not be necessary."

"But I do hope you will stay till to-morrow at least and be introduced to my aunt and Maria. I am sure they will be delighted to welcome you."

"I am not so sure of that, at least as regards one of them," said Langton quietly. "It is a subject which it is not necessary to go into, but Lady Barton can hardly wish to renew her acquaintance with me, nor am I on my part desirous that she should do so. Do not look so pained"—for Hester had grown very grave with the sudden recollection of Lady Barton's treatment of her mother, which she felt but too certain her companion had in his mind—"for since she is kind to you that makes up for much, and even leaves me her debtor."

Hester would not have disputed the matter even had Philip Langton's objections to her hostess been of a far more trivial kind. They may be well-meaning, but they are very foolish folk, who endeavour to draw people who are manifestly antagonistic to one another into personal relations; the shortest road in most cases to reach the sought for goal of "forget and forgive," is to keep apart as much as possible. It is very natural of course that we should desire our friends to be friends with one another,—but they cannot be compelled to do so—and in bringing the horse to water which he does not want to drink, we not only fail in making him do so, but give him a distaste for the water even greater than he had before.

Nothing more therefore was said about Philip Langton visiting Medbury, and the rest of the morning was spent by himself and Hester in rambling over the little town and talking together of old times and old friends, which when hearts are in accord, is perhaps the most charming of all talk. It was arranged that late in the afternoon Hester should again come into Shingleton, for which the meeting of the excursion party on their return from Saltby afforded an excellent excuse, and that they should see as much of one another as Langton's limited stay permitted. In the meantime Hester returned to the Castle in accordance with her aunt's directions, to play the part of hostess to Sir Reginald at the luncheon-table.

CHAPTER XLII.—FEARS.

It was a strange experience to Hester Darrell to find herself sitting at the head of the table in the vast dining-room of the Castle, with the old Baronet for her guest, and after the meal was over and he was having his cigar, as his custom was, in the conservatory, she laughingly alluded to it.

"My dear young lady," replied Sir Reginald gallantly, "it may have seemed strange to you, but there was certainly no incongruity in the matter. I know no one, not even Lady Barton herself, who is better fitted to do the honours of Medbury than yourself."

"It is very gracious of you to say so, Sir Reginald, but I fear I should be a little like the lady in the ballad under similar circumstances, rather oppressed with 'the burden of the honour unto which I was not born.'"

"That is because you have an old fogey like myself to entertain alone; if the young Lord of Burleigh was sitting opposite to you, you would feel no such embarrassment."

The remark, though natural enough, was one of those "no thoroughfare" observations which do not easily admit of reply; it seemed suggestive, nevertheless, to the speaker himself, for he sat silent as if in thought for some moments and then observed, *apropos de bottles*, "I wish our dear Maria took a little more interest in the Castle, if she will so soon be the mistress; it is surprising how little she seems to appreciate it, or indeed her position generally."

"I am sure she very much appreciates her position as your son's *fiancée*, Sir Reginald," said Hester earnestly, "and will make him a most devoted wife."

"I suppose so, yes," continued the other, stroking his grey moustache with a meditative air, "but if Francis was nobody in particular, had not only not distinguished himself as he has done, but had not had his prestige in the way of birth and so on—upon my life I almost think Maria would have liked him just as well."

"That is surely to her credit," said Hester smiling, "for it proves that she loves him for himself alone and not for any extraneous reason."

"Good girl, good girl," smiled the old Baronet, laying his thin fingers upon Hester's hand approvingly, "you will not have one word said against your friend, but turn even what seems like dispraise of her into eulogy."

"It is because I know no one so gentle and good and pure," said Hester simply.

"I grant all that."

"And what an 'all' it is, Sir Reginald!"

"No doubt, no doubt," he answered with a sigh. His words were confident enough, but his tone had dissatisfaction in it; in his heart of hearts, he would have preferred a daughter-in-law not so much rapt in the eternities as to be oblivious to the claims of ancient lineage, or so fixed on goodness as to be indifferent to the greatness that is conferred by social position. Then after a long pause, "How the wind is rising; I fear our friends will have a rough passage home."

"They will be delayed, no doubt. I have taken upon myself to put the dinner back for an hour. I hope that will not inconvenience you, Sir Reginald."

The Baronet either did not hear her, or deemed such a matter unworthy of attention.

"I hope," he continued, "if the gale is serious, that they will have the prudence to post by road from Saltby. Frank has done it many times with me when he was a boy."

"Then he will be sure to suggest it to them in case of need."

"I am afraid not," said Sir Reginald elliptically; "the thought of danger never enters his head."

"But he will think of it for others."

"To be sure, I was forgetting the others," said the old gentleman naively.

The weather had grown really threatening, and even in the comparative shelter which the Castle afforded the wind made itself distinctly heard.

"They should be at Saltby now," said the old man, consulting his watch, "and about starting for home. It is some way round by the road, but with good cattle they should be home in four hours."

Hester was alarmed by the old man's evident anxiety but forbore to increase it by questioning him. It was possible indeed that his devotion to his son, and the nervousness which comes with advancing years, might have made him unnecessarily apprehensive, but he was not naturally, she knew, a man to give way to fears of any kind. Hester found herself becoming infected with her companion's misgivings, and eagerly desirous to have the opinion of some competent person respecting the weather and its probable effects upon the arrival of the *Javelin*. Her impatience, indeed, after a while became uncontrollable. "I am afraid, Sir Reginald, I must leave you now," she ventured presently, "as I have business at Shingleton."

It was very unusual with Sir Reginald to remain at the Castle, except on express invitation, and Hester guessed at once that his

determination to do so arose from his wish to abbreviate suspense and "see the first of them" as it were on the arrival of the absentees. It seemed rather hard-hearted under such circumstances to leave the old gentleman alone, but she could not break her appointment with Mr. Langton, whom there was no knowing when she might have the opportunity of seeing again.

She took the same way to the town that she had taken that morning, but her progress was much more slow by reason of the wind, which was against her. At the top of the hill, indeed, she found it difficult to cope with it; the whole aspect of the scene, both land and sea, was altered by the fury of the elements: the trees were bent one way as though they had been but long grasses; the air was full of sand which stung the face, and with flakes of foam flying inland; the sky, the early blue of which had soon changed to grey, was now a mass of ragged clouds that flew before the whip of the wind like a shattered army—the blast was such that it seemed as though King Winter had come back again and deposed the young Spring-time. The sea was white with foam as far as eye could reach, and, though at a distance, made its sullen roar heard with terrible distinctness. Hester had learnt enough of its ways by this time to know, by the quarter from which the wind blew, that there was mischief as well as menace in it. In the whole expanse of the bay, and beyond it, far out to sea, not a sail was to be seen; every boat had sought a safe anchorage, or put in for shelter.

It was very unlikely, she thought, that Sir Abraham, if another route were suggested to him, would risk the discomforts of such a voyage; she felt with Sir Reginald that the little party were very likely to return by road; but on the other hand they might not do it, and even if they did she trembled, —though she strove to feel that it was only Ignorance, the mother of false fear, that made her do so—for those who should remain perforce on board the *Javelin*.

Philip Langton was staying at the Marine Hotel, which he had elected to do in preference to accepting the hospitality of the Vicar, and on the little sheltered green in front of it Hester found him pacing to and fro, somewhat impatiently. He had grudged the hour she had been compelled to give to the entertainment of Sir Reginald, and which must needs be deducted from their time together, and was perhaps inclined to pooh-pooh her apprehensions about the voyagers, from a

little feeling of jealousy. Hester seemed to him wrapped up in what were, to him, her new acquaintances at the Castle, rather to the exclusion of her older friends, of whom he would have conversed with her; she appeared to listen to him with only half attention. On the other hand he was very pleased to find her so happily located at Medbury.

"It is an inexpressible pleasure to me, Hester," he said, "though not an unselfish one, since the circumstance frees me from some personal embarrassment upon your account, that you have found your home at the Castle. Your aunt, of course, looks upon you now as one of the family."

"It would be very ungrateful of me to deny it," she answered earnestly, "but yet, at the risk of being thought ungrateful and also unreasonable, I must tell you that I do not contemplate any long stay at the Castle."

"Not a long stay?" exclaimed her companion in amazement, "and why not, my dear Hester? I thought I understood that you were delighted with Medbury and all contained in it."

"That is true," she answered in trembling tones; "it is a matter which I can scarcely make intelligible to you, I fear, but in a few weeks there will be certain changes there and—and—in short, I have written to dear Mrs. West, who does not despair of finding a home for me which, in some respects, at all events, will be more agreeable to me."

"A home; but what kind of home?"

"Well, not such a palace as my present one no doubt, but one where I shall feel more my own mistress. I did not write to you about it, dear Mr. Langton, because you have already been troubled enough by my caprices."

"Pray do not speak of trouble," he interrupted hastily, "nothing is trouble to me that is undertaken for your benefit, but I must confess that what you tell me gives me great distress of mind. 'More your own mistress,' you say, and 'changes' at Medbury; you mean, I suppose, that when these young people are married they will live at the Castle, and though it is pleasant enough to be the guest of its present mistress, it might not be agreeable to live there under another régime."

"Yes, that is it," murmured Hester faintly. It was impossible to be more explicit. She had been a long time reflecting upon the consequences of the impending change at Medbury. As regarded herself, her position indeed would remain in all probability unaltered, but although she had not as yet

spoken of her intention to any of its inmates she had resolved to leave the Castle.

In beholding Francis Drake under the same roof as her cousin's accepted lover, she had already borne as much as her heart could bear without breaking; to remain there after the marriage she felt, for the present at least, would be intolerable to her, while the reason of her departure would be one too intelligible to her aunt to arouse any unpleasant discussion.

"The ways of young women are certainly past all finding out," murmured Philip Langton; but he had too much good sense as well as good feeling to argue the matter, only he secretly reserved to himself the right of consulting with Mrs. West upon the subject, and taking care that Hester's new home, as she called it, should at least not be one of those in a gentleman's family, "highly genteel," as he had heard John Parry sing of, where she would have to impart the rudiments of a polite education to half-a-dozen young ladies and two little boys in return for its hospitality. He had a horror derived from conventional prejudice, and only excusable on the ground of his personal devotion to her, of his dead friend's daughter going out as a governess.

They fell to talking of other matters, which, however, did not arise with the same naturalness as on the previous occasion; the fact was, the minds of both of them were now preoccupied, that of Langton with the unexpected and unwelcome intelligence he had just received from his ward, and that of Hester with the threatening appearance of the weather, which made her more and more uneasy. At last her nervousness became so great that she could keep her apprehensions to herself no longer, but communicated them to her companion, who made light of them.

"I have been at sea in far worse weather than this, my dear Hester," he said consolingly, "and in a much smaller craft than that which carried your friends; they have that which 'needs no aid of sail or oar, and heeds no spite of wind or tide,' remember, on their side. A steam vessel has nothing to fear from a breeze like this. Nevertheless, let us go down to the jetty and take counsel's opinion upon the matter.

Upon the jetty there was already a little crowd of people on the look out for the return of their friends, and among them the same sailor to whom Langton had spoken upon the subject that morning.

"The wind seems to have freshened a good deal," said Langton cheerfully; "I suppose,

since it's dead against her, the boat will be delayed some time?"

The sailor, who was looking through his glass, did not trouble himself to remove his eye from the instrument, or, perhaps, seeing the pale anxious face beside that of his questioner, he might have shaped his answer differently.

"Delayed!" was the contemptuous rejoinder. "I should think she *would* be delayed; Master Paul will be lucky if he ever sees Shingleton lights again."

Langton would have led Hester away, but she slipped her hand from his arm, and put it on the sailor's shoulder.

"Lor' bless 'ee, is it you, miss?" he exclaimed, his bluff brown face puckering into a smile as he recognised her. "Well, I'm glad to see *you* safe on dry land at all events."

"But, John, tell me the truth; there is danger I know," she faltered.

"Tut, tut, why there's always danger, missie, to them as tempts the sea," he interrupted gently; "a smiling, smooth-faced wench she is as sets her back up uncommon quick without a word of warning, but if one knows how to humour her, as my old mess-mate Paul does, she will do nobody no mischief. As to what you heard me a-saying about him, it was only my way of speaking like; he'll come home again, never fear, and empty many a keg of whisky yet."

"You are not deceiving me, John Arnott," said Hester pitifully, "you are not deluding me with false hopes?"

"As I am a Christian man, missie," returned the sailor solemnly, "there is nothing in my opinion in either wind or wave to-day to make a man who knows his trade uneasy."

"Thank you, thank you, John," answered Hester fervently, and perceiving a poor woman near her straining her eyes to southward, and evidently come on the same errand as herself, she went to comfort her with John Arnott's dictum.

"There is danger, is there not?" said Philip Langton under his breath.

"Yes, sir, yes," was the serious rejoinder; "it's not that the weather is anything much to be frightened of, as I told the young lady, if one had only a good ship under one, but what I did not tell her is that the old *Javelin* is not fit to face a headwind, much less such a gale as this is like to be. She'll never come to yonder landing-place—not whole—and if you'll take my advice you'll get Miss Darrell to go home. That's the best place—though bad's the best—to meet bad news such as

will come to Shingleton, I fear, before this time to-morrow."

For the present, however, it was impossible to persuade Hester to leave the shore; though partially reassured by the smooth prophecy of the old sailor, she was still in a state of great anxiety, which was increased by seeing it reflected on the face of the increasing crowd. They were most of them more or less connected with the sea themselves, or, at all events, had passed their lives in its neighbourhood, and if they had not the experience of John Arnott, they knew a breeze from a gale, and the dangers of the coast.

When the evening began to close in, and the *Javelin* had been overdue more than an hour, Philip Langton made another effort to persuade his charge to return to the Castle, and this time he succeeded with an ease that astonished himself. The fact was, she remembered for the first time (for at the moment she had paid but little attention to it) what Sir Reginald had said about the party coming home by the road, and this vague chance (a proof how low her hopes had fallen with respect to the coming of the *Javelin*) began to loom largely in her mind. Even at this instant might they not all have arrived safely at Medbury? So Langton remained on the watch at Shingleton, and Hester stepped into a fly and was driven home. It was not so wild a night as that on which she had accompanied the Vicar to visit Mrs. Bertram, but in the state of tension in which her mind was placed, just as a harp tightly strung will answer to the lightest touch, every wail of the wind sent a shiver through her veins.

CHAPTER XLIII.—WATCHING.

WHO of us has arrived at maturity and is so fortunate as not to know what suspense and terror are, in respect to those we love? Even in waiting for the doctor there are moments which, if there is any truth in the doctrine of compensation, should have years of enjoyment by way of offset. Who would be born, if he had the choice to endure those weary hours of watching and waiting that are the lot of most of us, by the bedside of those we love and are about to lose?

The sins of humanity are indeed dark and terrible, but they do not escape comment; whilst its fears and sorrows—equally sad in their way, though not as shocking—seem to me to have a scant recognition. We are all miserable sinners; but since we are not happy sinners it is surely permissible to feel a little pity for ourselves. The necessity of a future

life is insisted upon freely enough for the punishment of the wicked, but surely is it not also necessary as a counterpain to the weight of wretchedness which our frail nature has to bear? Had Hester Darrell been a mere selfish, heartless woman, she would not only have suffered no torture from the contemplation of the possible catastrophe, from which she was unable for one moment to distract her mind, but might have found much food for satisfaction in it; whereas, as matters were, it presented itself before her as unmixed misfortune and blankest misery. It is surely worthy of consideration how much good people lose, as regards the misfortunes of others, which to them a most poignant regret, are to the base a matter of indifference, or where personal benefit arises from them, even a subject of congratulation.

It was not twenty minutes' drive from Shingleton to Medbury, but to Hester it seemed a lifetime. Her heart, as she entered the great gates, sank within her, and she felt so sick with evil presage that the question she had framed to ask the lodge-keeper as to whether the party had arrived by road never found expression. The silence of the man himself rendered it unnecessary; he would have been sure to tell her had his master and the rest arrived already. One incident took place as they reached the Castle which would have helped to shatter her nerves had it not impressed her with the paramount necessity for self-control. No sooner had the carriage drawn up at the foot of the stone steps than the door opened, and the Baronet himself came hurrying down them. In his anxiety and confusion he had not noticed that the vehicle was a fly and not Sir Abraham's carriage, and his look of disappointment and dismay when he beheld Hester sitting alone in it was terrible to witness.

"They are not come, then," he said, with a half groan.

"Not yet, Sir Reginald," returned Hester gently; "the wind and tide are against them, and it is not expected at Shingleton that the steamer will be in for some time."

He led her into the dining-room, which happened to be the nearest room with a fire in it, for, indeed, she looked in need of warmth, and placing her in an arm-chair, sat down beside her. The table was brilliantly set out with glass and silver, but somehow it looked as cheerless as if it had only worn a bare white cloth. It merely suggested to both of them preparation in vain.

"My dear, you must take something to

eat," said the old man kindly. "It is long past the dinner-hour, and I am sure that when they come home——"

He was going to say that if, on their arrival, they found that they had been waited for so long, it would distress them; but his own simple words, "when they come home," had utterly overwhelmed him. He sat with voiceless lips and shaking head, like one with the palsy.

"A little wine," said Hester, "would do us both good."

She was not in want of wine herself, and as for food, she felt as though even a morsel of bread would have choked her, but she thought that her companion would be the better for it, and, indeed, so it turned out. Becoming a little refreshed and strengthened, Sir Reginald began to interrogate her about her experiences at Shingleton, and the opinions expressed of the chances of the safe return of the steamer. Conversation, even upon the most anxious topic, when we are in suspense, is less intolerable than silence, and the old Baronet presently recovered his self-command, and even went so far as to apologise for his unreasonable despondency.

"Time was, my dear young lady, when I should have been little inclined to meet misfortunes half-way, and when they came I should have known how to bear them; but now I am like a blind man who is threatened with the loss of his staff. Without that I shall be able to grope my way to the grave, and that is all."

The allusion to his son was unmistakable, and it touched Hester nearly. "Forgive an old man's weakness," he continued apologetically; "how selfish it is of me thus to melt a heart so tender; but you loved him, too; I know you loved him."

The observation under other circumstances would have been embarrassing enough, though it was doubtful in what sense Sir Reginald made it; but as matters were, it was the fact of his already speaking of his son in the past tense that distressed Hester.

"The issues of life and death lie in stronger hands than ours," she murmured.

"True, true; it may be we shall see his face again. The father of such a lad should not know fear. Surely, since he has been so kind to others, the shield of the despised and oppressed, Heaven will defend him from the pitiless waves. So gentle and brave! and such a good son, my dear! such a good son!"

The old man's words would have touched a less tender heart than Hester Darrell's, even had his son been a stranger to her.

What inexpressibly increased their pathos was their unexpectedness. For up to this moment, though Sir Reginald had never appeared to her a hard man, she had always associated him with a certain stiffness and dignity. Though by no means in an arrogant sense, he had shown himself fully conscious of his own importance. The loss of home and land had, as is usual in such cases, in no way affected him in that respect, but on the contrary, had made him resentful of the least lack of deference from those about him. To see him now, with all the pride of birth forgotten, and nothing but the father in his piteous face and trembling voice, was a pathetic sight. What moved Hester more than all, however, though it gave her as much pain as pity, was his taking it for granted that his son was almost as dear to her as he was to himself; for as time went on, and the flame of hope seemed to burn lower and lower, he appeared to throw away all reserve, and spoke to her as a fellow-mourner. Had he guessed what was the real state of the case with her all along, and put it from him until this terrible moment, when it seemed to matter not whether Maria or she had had the offer of his son's hand? or was it merely that in the misery that monopolised him, all about him seemed to have part?

"It is hot and stifling here. Let us go out on the terrace," he presently said. It was not stifling, nor, indeed, at all too warm, in the great dining-room, but Hester consented to his proposal at once; she well understood that his desire was, as before, to get the very first news, in roll of wheel or beat of hoof (if any such was now to come), of the absent ones. But as she opened the dining-room door a great wind seemed to fill the house, and a shrill wail broke upon the ear, inexpressibly weird and sad.

"Hark! hark!" cried the old man, staggering back into a chair, while the door, breaking from Hester's hand, closed with a heavy bang; "that is the warning!"

"What do you mean, Sir Reginald?"

"Hush! listen!" Again and again the shrill, weird wail arose and fell, and then all was comparatively silent, save for the shaking of the shutters and the fretful gale without. "They are drowned! they are all drowned!" he murmured with a gasp of horror.

"How can you tell? Why distrust the mercy of Heaven, Sir Reginald, though, indeed, if we knew all, what seems its deafness to our prayer may be the truest mercy?"

The spirit of her cousin Maria, if indeed it



"That is the sign that comes to this unhappy house."

had parted from its bodily form, seemed to have entered into her.

"I tell you they are drownded. That is the sign that comes to this unhappy house when it has changed owners."

"At such a time as this, sir, you should be ashamed of such superstitions," said Hester reproachfully. "When human lives are at stake, what matters into whose hands fall house and land? Moreover, what you heard I heard; it was nothing but the wind, the draught of which was perhaps increased by the opening of the door."

"What time is it?" inquired the old man hoarsely; he not only paid no attention to her words, but seemed to be wholly unconscious of them.

As Hester looked up at the great Louis-Quatorze clock upon the mantel-piece it began to strike the hour of nine. The steamer was now four hours behind its time; four hours in a voyage that under ordinary conditions would have only taken three!

Sir Reginald did not again express any wish to go out-of-doors; all hope seemed to have died within him. He spoke but little, and as often as not to himself, as though Hester had not been present. She caught broken words about India, and scenes of battle. He seemed to be recalling the conversation of his son, or perhaps some portion of his letters. "A good boy, a brave boy," he would sometimes murmur. Hester had sat by death-beds far less painful. Once or twice the old butler came in, with grave, pained face and the offer of refreshment, which was always declined. So the night passed away at last, and the grey dawn began to peep in through the cranies to the watchers; but it brought no relief. They were not as the sick man who longs for the morning, for it only brought them face to face with desolation and despair.

As soon as it was light a messenger arrived from Shingleton, with a note from Philip Langton to Hester. He had been up all night, as many others had been, and, indeed, had scarcely quitted his post upon the jetty.

"I have no news for you, dearest girl, and no news is not, alas! good news. Nothing has been heard of the steamer. Had it not left Saltby yesterday afternoon we should, of course, have had word of it. I do not say, give up all hope; the *Javelin* may have been blown ashore, in which case it is almost impossible that the worst could have happened—that is, that all the precious lives she held could have been lost. Nevertheless, it is well

that you should be prepared for the worst. I have ventured to telegraph to Mrs. West. Whatever happens there will be no harm done, and I am well convinced she will not grudge a little inconvenience for the sake of one so dear to her. If our gravest fears should unhappily be realised, it is out of the question that you should remain at the Castle alone. Quite a fleet of fishing boats are putting out on the probable track of the steamer, and I am sending horsemen to search the whole coast between this and Saltby. But, after all is done, it is but little; and again I say, dearest girl, be prepared for evil tidings, for such in any case I fear there must now needs be. You may trust to me to understand your wishes in all respects, but I would recommend you not to come into Shingleton."

That last recommendation was to Hester the most terrible of all the sad contents of Philip Langton's letter. She well knew what it meant. Her presence would now be of no service to any of her living friends, and he was solicitous to spare her the shock of seeing their lifeless bodies brought—or it might be even thrown—by the pitiless waves on shore. It is doubtful, if she had only herself to consider, whether she would have taken such advice, but in view of Sir Reginald's state of mind, whom she could hardly leave, and who was certainly in no condition to face the possibilities at which Mr. Langton hinted, she decided to remain at the Castle and await events. It was a waiting which to the last day of her life she was not likely to forget.

CHAPTER XLIV.—DANGER.

As Philip Langton had remarked of her, it was with no smiling face that Maria Barton had embarked upon the pleasure trip to Saltby, but, on the other hand, there had been no gloom upon it. On such an occasion, and judging from the young ladies with whom he was acquainted, he had doubtless looked for a gaiety of expression which was, in fact, foreign to her character. There was nothing in her external appearance to give rise to comment among those who were acquainted with her. If Francis Drake had loved her with the same devotion with which she regarded him, it is probable, indeed, it would have struck him that her voice was graver than it was wont to be when addressing him, and that her hand did not rest upon his arm with the same trustful tenderness—for trust and tenderness can be expressed even by a touch—as heretofore. But he noticed no-

thing of this, and only concluded that she was disinclined for conversation, and so far he was right. Maria, indeed, had something to say to him, but it was not easy to decide how or when to say it, and in the meantime she had that and much else to think about, and silence was a relief to her.

Lady Barton remained shut up in her carriage, also not without matters for reflection. The sight of the stranger on the jetty had awakened memories which she had fondly hoped had been cast asleep for ever. He was the only person alive, save one old woman, who was cognisant of the real reason of the hate and jealousy she had shown towards her sister; of the love, that is, she had secretly entertained for the man that her sister had married. There was nothing to fear from this occurrence of course; no husband concerns himself with his wife's love affairs (at all events if they had come to nothing) of twenty years ago; and, indeed, if Lady Barton had allowed herself a little flirtation or two at a much later date, it is probable that Sir Abraham would have regarded it with much equanimity; but the incident was, nevertheless, disagreeable to her, and even humiliating. It was to be hoped that this person was not making any protracted stay in Shingleton, and especially that if he visited the Castle to see Hester, whose guardian (as of course her ladyship was aware) he had been constituted, it would be that very day. She congratulated herself not a little on that account that she was not at home, albeit her position was not otherwise altogether enviable, shut up in the carriage with her husband, whom the motion of the vessel made rather uncomfortable, and most unmistakably cross.

The rest of the passengers—those at least who did not suffer from sea-sickness—were in high spirits; most of them in that wild state of excitement which seizes people at the commencement of a pleasure trip of any kind, till it fades off in fatigue, or worse.

Captain Paul himself, however, did not partake of the general hilarity, he had partaken quite as much of something else before starting—drinking success to the first voyage of the season at the expense of his admirers—as to make him sullen and sulky. His answers, when addressed by any of the passengers, were curt, and their questions, which were generally about the ship and the weather, often appeared to require consultation with the charts or instruments in his cabin for he would descend into it abruptly without answering them at all, and remain there, doubtless, in scientific reflection. His

presence on deck, however, was unnecessary, for the vessel was going merrily before the wind, and making, it was agreed on all hands, a good passage.

Janet Parkes was as happy as anybody. The fresh breeze seemed to give her a modicum of health and strength; her lungs drank it in with the same grateful relish that the thirsty soul feels in the cool draught; her eyes roved over the tossing sea with an appreciation of the exhilarating scene that is only known to those to whom the four walls of a sick-room have been their only prospect for many months; it almost seemed to her fond mother that she had taken a new lease of life. What added to her happiness was, that she was seated next Miss Barton, who conversed with her upon the various objects of interest, and manifested the same sympathy with her unwonted enjoyment as she had always shown with her pains and aches. It was only perhaps what those who knew Maria Barton best might have expected of her, but she seemed to listen to the simple talk of the sick girl with a pleasure at least as great as that with which she received the observations of her lover, who sat beside her on the other side. It is doubtful whether the talk between these two young people was ever of the same nature as is commonly used by similarly situated couples; there could not be more devotion on the one hand, or more affectionate regard upon the other, but the former feeling (before marriage) is generally on the man's side, and the latter on the woman's, whereas in their case it was the contrary. The Captain could have quoted honestly enough the poet's admiration for his mistress:

"Madam, I do as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe tie."

There was nothing about Maria which, in his eyes, was not invested with a profound respect, but he showed very little of a lover's passion. Maria, on the other hand, felt such an adoration for him as gave some trouble to her tender conscience, as being more than she ought to pay to one who, however estimable in her eyes, was, after all, but a mere human creature. But on the present occasion she abstained from offering at his shrine the customary incense. It was observed of them, by some of their humbler companions, that the Captain and his young lady were a silent pair.

Silence was not the characteristic of their fellow-passengers. The little Fortescus, in particular, who explored the ship as they had been wont to investigate every nook and

eranny of their old cave-dwelling, made their laughter heard above the piping of the wind, and danced to it as if it had been music. It is probable that never before had so much pleasure been conferred upon any children at two shillings a head.

Miss Nicobar, of course, was not merry, but she made complaint much more audibly than usual. It was certainly a most ungrateful thing in Heppy after having had such a treat conferred upon her as a free ticket to Saltby to show symptoms of sea-sickness, which rendered her utterly useless to her indulgent mistress. "It was an instructive illustration of the equality of our fallen race," remarked Mrs. Purcell, who was herself a good sailor, "that that young woman and Sir Abraham should be such fellow-sufferers from the motion of the vessel." The excellent lady was rather disappointed that Lady Barton remained unaffected by it; the feeling, of course, originated from charitable motives, since, as she said, for persons of a bilious temperament there is nothing like a little sea-sickness now and then.

There was a band on board, which added to the general hilarity by its enlivening strains, and altogether the voyage to Saltby, though, in spite of the favouring wind, it took some time beyond that in which it was usually accomplished, was pronounced a decided success. Their late arrival caused the time allowed for the excursionists in that little seaport to be curtailed by proclamation, and Sir Abraham and his party did not even leave the ship. It is always difficult, however, to collect together a flock of pleasure-seekers with any punctuality; and though the bell of the *Javelin* often clanged its importunate summons, to Miss Nicobar's audible indignation, and to Sir Abraham's unspeakable disgust, its passengers were not re-embarked till long past the appointed hour.

It is universally known that time and tide wait for no man, but the effects produced by that inconvenient habit on the part of the latter are little understood by landsmen. They can understand it in the case of a river, where they can see the stream running up or running down, but ebb and flow on the sea (unless they are picnicking or shell-hunting on the beach) appear all one to them.

If Sir Abraham had known that the tide would turn in an hour and be consequently against the *Javelin* on its return voyage, with all its retarding effects, it is probable that he would have utilised their stay at Saltby to get the carriage out and to post home by land,

for there was small chance, indeed, of his otherwise reaching it in time for dinner.

This became evident enough, indeed, as soon as they started, and while the tide was still with them; for the wind which had hitherto helped their progress was now in the very teeth of the *Javelin*, if such a phrase could be used in the case of so ancient and decrepit a vessel, and she made way very slowly. On rounding the promontory that shielded Saltby from the north-east she began to labour in a painful manner, and even to the uninstructed mind of those on board, as they watched the coast, seemed to make alarming slow progress. The steward, however—that friend of those who make their pleasure upon the great waters—upon being cross-examined, protested that all was right, and that they would reach Shingleton before nightfall.

Sir Abraham, by this time exhausted, cared little what was happening, and her ladyship, never one to trouble herself about matters out of her province, was still thinking about her own affairs. Otherwise it is possible, had they been sufficiently alarmed, that they might have insisted upon the captain putting back to Saltby, a course which in fact had become highly advisable, and which their position and influence would probably have induced him to take. Had Francis Drake been a sailor instead of a soldier he would most certainly have insisted upon this being done, and would have had his way, since the matter involved the safety of Maria and so many women and children, even though it would have necessitated his taking the obstinate old salt by the scruff of his neck and locking him up in his own cabin; but he was ignorant of the danger that threatened them, and his nature was not one of those which are sensitive to peril.

One or two of the more nervous passengers had already made anxious inquiries of the captain upon the subject, and had received for their reply that "there was no danger, but a great deal of fear," an observation which had been rendered more forcible, if not convincing, by a hail-storm of invective.

One thing, indeed, was manifest to them, that Captain Paul was exceedingly intoxicated, and it was not a reassuring circumstance; but as the sailors informed them that he was as good a sailor drunk as sober, and even better—that intoxication, in fact, was, professionally speaking, his *forte* rather than his weakness—they took what comfort from it they could.

As the hours sped on, and the *Javelin* did

not—indeed, she hardly seemed to—make any heading at all, matters began to look serious even to the most confiding. Francis Drake rose from his seat, and, throwing away the remnant of his tenth cigar, addressed himself, in the absence of the skipper—whose retirements below for the purpose of scientific observation had grown more frequent than ever—to the mate of the vessel.

“We are going very slowly, are we not, Garnet? Why, at this rate we shall not reach Shingleton before ten o’clock.”

“That’s true, sir,” answered the man gravely. John Garnet was a very quiet, steady old fellow, whom Drake as a boy had known well, before he went to India. “You see the tide has turned against us, and the wind is very strong. Moreover, the old *Javelin* is not what she used to be.”

“But if we can’t go forward had we not better go back?”

The mate nodded significantly. “It would be a deal better—between you and me—if we could, sir; but my opinion is as we could never round Saltby Point in this weather; that’s the Capen’s view too, though he’s too proud to say so. He’ll believe in the old *Javelin* till she sinks under him. And, indeed—whatever it might have been two hours ago—our best chance now is to go on. The water, when we get into the bay, will not be so rough, and if we can only hold on—”

“We’re in great danger, then?” put in the young man quietly, but in lower tones. “Don’t hesitate to tell me the truth, my man; it shall go no farther.”

“Well, of course not. You’re too wise a gentleman, Master Francis, to frighten all these poor people out of their lives before their time; but, in my judgment, there are few of us here who will see Shingleton again.”

“Is it not possible to run the boat ashore?” inquired Francis Drake after a pause. The undreamt-of peril that was menacing Maria and all on board had for the moment shocked him. It seemed like a massacre of the innocents.

“No, sir; there are sand-banks everywhere between us and the land, and by the time the tide rises high enough to float the *Javelin* over them not two planks of her will be left together.”

“What are those lights yonder?”

“The Carr lights and Rensham Island.”

“But if we can see those lights they could see us. Have we no rockets or danger-signals?”

The mate shook his head.

“At all events we might try to make ourselves heard. Is there no gun on board?”

The mate shook his head.

“There’s nothing on board,” he answered bitterly, “that a ship ought to have. The old *Javelin*’s been sailed upon the cheap for the last twelve months or more, and now I reckon we’re a-going to pay dear for it. Our only boat is rotten and useless; it would not live for two minutes in a sea like this.”

“There’s the steamer’s bell; to ring that will be surely better than to do nothing.”

“I doubt it, sir; the wind is against the sound getting to Rensham, even if it could be borne there in any case; and remember this, if once that bell is set going it will be taken by nine-tenths of the poor folks on board as their death-knell. I’ve been wrecked myself before this voyage, and I know the sort of scene that such a proceeding will bring about; and after all, if the old ship can only keep afloat till daylight we may be spared yet.”

“There is absolutely no chance then of her reaching home?”

“In my judgment very little, sir. Just listen to the throb of her engines.”

They were indeed beating with a heavy and laboured thud, as though the task they were set to do were beyond their expiring strength. It was almost doubtful whether the vessel was making any motion at all.

The gloom of evening which was now settling down upon the scene, and shutting out all sight of shore, produced that feeling of isolation which is so depressing to the landsman. All sounds of gaiety had long been hushed; the band had ceased to play, and the children, fatigued or frightened, were nestling in their mothers’ arms on deck, or had fallen asleep in the cabins. What, to those who understood the matter, was very significant of the growing alarm among the adults: all sea-sickness, even among those who had previously suffered most from it, had ceased, though the motion of the vessel was even more unsteady than it had been, and the waves beat her this way and that—but never forward—with increased fury.

Captain Paul was still below, and every now and then a white-faced passenger would come up to the mate and inquire, “At what time shall we reach Shingleton?” in a voice that seemed to suggest the further and much more serious inquiry, “Or shall we ever reach it at all?” To all these questioners, John Garnet returned as cheerful replies as his conscience permitted, nor could Francis Drake withhold his admiration for the con-

sideration for others, as well as for the coolness and courage that dictated them.

For a long time the sea had swept the ship in such a manner as to drive all below who feared a wetting, though a large number of male passengers and some few females still kept the deck, perhaps as much from nervousness as dislike of the heat and closeness of the cabin; but now it became evident to Francis Drake that a considerable quantity of water was being admitted through the opening seams. He remarked on this to Garnet, who quietly answered, "Yes, that is what comes of tinkering up a worn-out craft, instead of getting a new one. When I said just now if we can only hold on, I should have said, if we can only hold together."

At this moment up came Miss Nicobar from the cabin in a great state of excitement and indignation.

"Mr. Mate," she said, "are you aware that the cabin is in a most disgraceful condition? I have told the captain, but he is

not in a state for anybody, much less a lady of condition, to speak to; the fact is I have been sitting, without knowing it, ever so long with my feet in water. The whole cabin floor is covered with it, and it's my belief it's getting deeper."

"I am very sorry, ma'am; it's bilge water," returned the mate apologetically. "The motion of the vessel has cast it up from the hold. In my opinion you had better go and sit yonder by Miss Barton, under the lee of the paddle-box, it's the driest place on deck."

As Miss Nicobar tottered off in pursuance of this advice, laying hold of ropes and benches to steady herself on the way, John Garnet whispered in the ear of Captain Drake, "That's the beginning of the end, Master Francis. I have put some life-belts under yonder bunk for the women—though half-a-dozen will not go far amongst fifty of them, poor souls—and be sure you get one before the rush comes, for Miss Maria."



Bedford Town Gaol. From an old print.

A NEW LIFE OF BUNYAN.

THE art of biography is always difficult, and it is never more difficult than where the subject to be studied is a man conspicuous by public achievements or the literary monuments he has left, but whose private career shows few traces in family records or in correspondence. For example, a biography of Shakespeare, in any proper sense of the word, is not only difficult, it is impossible. For the development of his character, the dawn of his powers, the predetermining causes involved in genealogy, the influence of schools

and schoolmasters, of relatives, friends, and social surroundings are in this case almost entirely irrecoverable. He flashes suddenly upon us like the sun in the tropics, blazing with a light which drowns every feeling but one of dazzled admiration; and he sinks as suddenly into the black night of death, with scarcely a touch of those private interests, personal conflicts, struggles with temptation or domestic trials, which, like flying clouds, temper the glow, and lend a tenderness to the departure, of the day in its

more familiar course. This ignorance of all detail as to the origin and shaping of our transcendent poet makes us often contemplate him with the sort of unsatisfied longing that affects us in view of a portent of which neither science nor philosophy can give any account.

John Bunyan, ranked by Macaulay as comparable to Shakespeare in the singular power of untutored genius, has certainly left behind him more traces of domestic interest and individual development. But still the students of his career have never been able hitherto to collect materials enough for anything like a complete biography. It is true that in the "Grace Abounding" he has left us a history of his soul, second only in vivid interest to the "Confessions" of Augustine. It is true also that he has given us certain records of his long imprisonment; but throughout these documents his thoughts were continually bent on spiritual conflict, not on every-day life. In regard to the former, his story is life-like and graphic. It stirs the sympathies even of those who have not the least regard for the theological forms of his belief; and it does so because the mental conflicts he so truthfully portrays were occasioned by temptations and aspirations deeper and more abiding, more inwrought into the very heart of humanity, than any metaphysical creeds of sects, or even of Churches. When he tells us of the devil at his elbow constantly hissing into his ear the suggestion to sell Christ—"Sell him! sell him!"—we feel that we have here only a grotesque transformation of a corrupt suggestion that for ever haunts preachers, statesmen, philosophers, men of science, all, in fact, in whose career ideal aims of truth and right occasionally conflict with obvious and personal interests. But it would greatly add to our profit from the study of such interesting records if some Puritan Boswell had accompanied the great dreamer like his shadow, and had kept a diary of the morning occupation, mid-day meal, and evening intercourse, the state of bodily health, and the causes of social excitement amidst which such struggles were fought out.

Of all this very little indeed can be recovered. Bunyan's father, mother, brothers, and sisters are to us names and little more. He seems to have gone to school for a year or two; but we do not know where, nor under what influences he was then brought. None of his letters remain, except such official missives as were written in the name of his Church. The long years of pastoral labour,

carried on to a certain extent even when he was in prison, are marked for the most part only by the names of converts and by the books he so rapidly produced. It is, therefore, matter of no surprise that the biography of Bunyan should still remain to be written, if indeed, in any proper sense of the term, it is possible. Very soon after his death a story of his life was written as full of mistakes and falsehoods as though it had referred to a mythical hero. Many attempts have been made since; perhaps that by Stebbing was the most serious, and the nucleus of all more recent; but even this was eked out with imaginary details and impossible incidents.

Under these circumstances the Rev. John Brown, pastor for twenty years past of the Bunyan Meeting at Bedford, and sixth in succession to his great predecessor, has done real service to the Church and also to the world, in devoting all the leisure time allowed by his duties to the collection and arrangement in a fresh form of the materials now available for the story of John Bunyan.* So far as this work is concerned, Mr. Brown may certainly claim the blessing pronounced upon the wise householder, who brings out of his treasure things new and old. It is indeed surprising to find how much of fresh material he has collected by a diligent search of national and local records. The progress made in the calendaring of State papers and in their orderly arrangement has given great facilities to conscientious students. Of these facilities Mr. Brown has availed himself with an industry and a discrimination deserving highest praise. But though he has thus brought to light many facts hitherto unknown, they serve rather to illustrate the fortunes of the Bunyan family and the spiritual conflicts of Bedford county under the last Stuart Kings, than to throw much fresh light upon the every-day life of Bunyan himself. In addition, therefore, to diligence in research, our author has recourse to another device for increasing the interest of such personal traits as are recoverable. He sets the man and his immediate associates against the background of the whole local life of the time. He reproduces for us the state of Bedford opinion under the Commonwealth, and the religious peace enjoyed by Bedford parish under that strange production of illogical English common sense, the Crom-

* "John Bunyan, his Life, Times, and Work." By John Brown, B.A., minister of the Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited.

[The illustrations to this article will serve to show how admirably the work has been illustrated by Mr. Edward Whymper. *Ed. G. W.*]

wellian Established Church. Then the scene changes, and he shows us the obsequious members of the municipality going up to sell the liberty of themselves and their fellow-townsmen to the merry monarch. He reproduces a graphic picture from contemporary records of a raid soon afterwards made upon the shopkeepers and artificers attending the Bunyan Conventicle, to secure payment of the fines incurred by absence from church. Such local memories have been too much neglected by historians. They bring back the past with a vividness altogether unrivalled by the greater transactions of sovereigns and statesmen; and better than any battle scenes they enable us to understand the petty persecutions and personal bitternesses out of which English intolerance of oppression has been engendered.

In the course of these references to local history, Mr. Brown incidentally corrects some prevalent exaggerations and misapprehensions. From his investigations it would appear that, notwithstanding the drastic operations of the Committee appointed by the Long Parliament for dealing with "scandalous ministers," two-thirds of the county clergy in Bedfordshire remained undisturbed in their livings throughout the period of the Commonwealth. The case of Christopher Hall, the Vicar of Elstow, is specially interesting, because he was the incumbent in office when John Bunyan endeavoured, by ostentatious diligence in attendance on Church services, to satisfy the cravings of his spiritual nature. It was concerning the years 1649 to 1652 that Bunyan wrote, "So overcome was I with the spirit of superstition, that I adored with great devotion even all things (both the High Place, priest, clerk, vestments, service, and what else) belonging to the Church." Now either the great Dreamer suffered imagination to obscure his memory, or else the services at Elstow Church during the uncontrolled domination of the Long Parliament must have retained all the Anglican forms. For, as Mr. Brown remarks, a Presbyterianism that had High Place, priest, clerk and vestment service must have been difficult to distinguish from prelacy. But it does not seem likely that, in this case, Bunyan suffered his imagination to run riot; for Christopher Hall was inducted in 1639, when Archbishop Laud was supreme, and it is therefore very unlikely that he was at all lax on the subject of ritual. But he remained in possession throughout the whole Commonwealth period, and survived the Act of Uniformity.

Again, Mr. Brown has found a curious entry in the parish register of Sundon, under the date of 1653, wherein a marriage is recorded as being celebrated "by virtue of a licence from the Archdeacon." Further, this marriage was celebrated between William Foster of Bedford, one of Bunyan's persecutors, and Ann Wingate, the daughter of John Wingate of Harlington, son of the squire who committed Bunyan to prison; and the clergyman was Dr. Lindall, who, notwithstanding some uncertainty about the Christian name, appears to be identified with one described by Bunyan, in 1660, as "that old enemy to the truth." Such instances certainly suggest that the changes in the old order of the Established Church were by no means so universal and so searching as is often supposed. The Independents undoubtedly shared, to a considerable extent, the conviction of the Presbyterians, that prelacy was inconsistent with political liberty; but, after it had been sufficiently weakened to prevent any danger on that score, it does not seem that, at any rate under Cromwell, it was persecuted as a religious heresy.

While on this subject we may also note that our author, like other historians, has found the irate John Walker, in his account of "the Sufferings of the Clergy," to be guilty of gross errors and exaggerations. Thus Mr. Brown finds John Bradshaw, the incumbent of St. Paul's, Bedford, numbered amongst the martyrs of the Parliamentary persecution; and Walker tells how, in consequence of his sequestration, his wife and four small children were left at his death in such extreme straits as to be under the necessity of begging from a public charity. But it appears from authentic State papers that Bradshaw was persecuted, not by Parliament for being a Royalist, but by Laud for being a Puritan. "The Court before which he had to appear was that Court of High Commission which Parliament abolished, and of which Laud was the controller and instigator." Besides, if his family was left in destitution, it would appear to have been his own fault; for in the register of his own parish church is the following entry: "John Bradshaw did again become vicar of St. Paul's Parish, May, 1666, and continued till 1670." Once Walker mentions, amongst the sequestered clergy, Francis Walsall, the Rector of Sandy. That Walsall was a Royalist is certain, and that he was with the King's army at Oxford. But however that may be, "the register and transcript registers of the parish show beyond all doubt

that he was rector of Sandy all through the Commonwealth period, and at the Restoration sent, in his own handwriting, the return of the previous ten years to the registry of the archdeaconry." These are only specimens of the corrections Mr. Brown's researches have enabled him to make in prevalent traditions about the period he has so well studied.

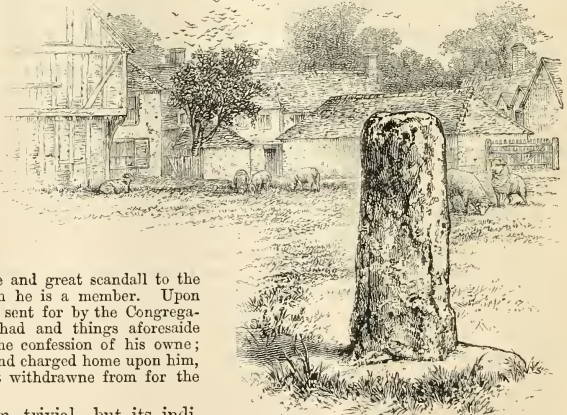
In the records of the Bunyan Meeting itself Mr. Brown possesses a peculiar and interesting source of information, with which no one is so well able to deal as himself. They began to be kept some time before Bunyan was chosen as the pastor. It is disappointing to find that there are only a few pages in the actual handwriting of the man who has given to that congregation its fame; and the long gaps indicating times of persecution are peculiarly vexatious and suggestive. But, making all allowance for such defects, the records of the church are in the highest degree valuable as an indication of the detailed working of religious Puritanism on the social and individual life of the period. Take, for instance, the following record of a painful circumstance which appears to have much grieved the minds of the brethren. It is dated the 25th January, 1656, and during Bunyan's pastorate:—

"Information was also given to the Church of the miscarriage of bro: Oliver Dicks of Milton which was very great: for he (as he saide) having lost, a sheep and a sheep being staide in another field, he was sent to to owne it if it were his: and he came and owned it; and tho' by the way (as himself expressed) he judged in his Conscience that it was not his; yet did not carry it back againe, but tocke it away and kept it, and sold the fleece and would have sold the sheep, there being not above 4d. or 8d. difference in bargaining: But the sheep being owned he was brought before a Justice where he restored the sheep and 20d. for the fleece to the party whose owne it was. And all this to the great dishonour of God, the wounding of his owne soule and great scandall to the Church of Christ, of which he is a member. Upon consideration thereof, being sent for by the Congregation; after a full debate had and things aforesaid proved to him, besides some confession of his owne; his evill also being opened and charged home upon him, he was by generall consent withdrawne from for the present."

The instance may seem trivial, but its indications are not to be despised. Mr. Brown

quotes largely from these interesting records, and his readers will find that they suggest a much more vigorous attention to morality than is usual in the church discipline of communions, either established or unestablished, at the present day.

It is a common assumption that the early Nonconformist churches were inflamed by a crude sectarianism that set minute points of doctrine above all considerations of judgment, mercy, and truth. The records of the Bedford Church go far to show that this is a blunder. It is true indeed that the Puritans attached enormous importance to such doctrines as that of justification by faith, and that they entertained an exaggerated fear of harmless and meaningless ceremonies. It is true also, that with some, though not with all of them, the powers of the world to come were suffered to obscure temporal duty. But the impression we have of their exaggerated devotion to theological subtleties is largely derived from a study of their controversial writers, and it is not sustained by the records we possess of their every-day life. On the contrary, such records as these of the Bunyan Meeting suggest that it was the imperfect standard of morality maintained by a courtly religion which most of all alienated them from the national Church; and throughout all their mutual counsels on Church affairs, there is manifest, beyond everything else, a profound appreciation of the apostolic warning that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." The same records would also go to show that so long as the chief end of



Elstow Green, with remains of Cross.

religion, a noble and pure life, could be guaranteed, it was not considered either wise or Christ-like to be contentious about curious points of doctrine or practice. The congregation into which Bunyan was received, and of which he became pastor, always refused, and has refused down to the present day, to pronounce any strong opinion upon the ceremony of baptism. John Gifford, Bunyan's predecessor, in a letter written from his deathbed, said, "concerning separation from the Church about baptism, laying on of hands, anointing with oil, psalms, or any externals, I charge every one of you respectively, as you will give an account of it to our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge both the quick and dead on His coming, that none of you be found guilty of this great evil. If any come among you who will be contentious in these things, let it be declared that you have no such order nor any of the Churches of God." In these counsels also he showed his soberness and large-hearted humanity. "Let no respect of persons be in your comings together. When you are met as a Church there's neither rich nor poor, bond nor free, in Christ Jesus. 'Tis not a good practice to be offering places or seats when those who are rich come in; especially it is a great evil to take notice of such in time of prayer, or the word; then are bowings and civil observances at such times not of God."

We have dwelt so long on the background of Bunyan's story, because it is a speciality of Mr. Brown's book, and certainly does give fulness of life to the meagre outlines left us of the hero's outward circumstances. But it must not be supposed that the central figure is in any respect neglected. On the contrary, Mr. Brown has given us several hitherto undiscovered facts about the Bunyan family, and has also brought into their

right relations and into more historic form many of the scattered traditions concerning the man himself. If Mr. Brown is right—and the evidence he gives is very strong—John Bunyan sprang from the Norman influ-



Elstow Church.

sion into English national life. The name itself is of French origin. It was known in Normandy, though in a different form, in the Middle Ages. And certain Bunyans, whose connection with the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is fairly traceable, were, in the twelfth century, feudal tenants of Nigel D'Albini at Pulloxhill, in Bedfordshire. In 1199 there were Bunyans not far from Elstow, and in 1327 they were clearly established on the farm called Bunyan's End, where the Dreamer was born three hundred years afterwards. In fact, John Bunyan was one of the most remarkable products of that yeoman race, which formerly was so valuable a part of our population. It is true that he himself, with the pride of humility, claims only a much humbler origin; and he is so far correct, that his family had been decaying for several generations before he was born. His father fell so far into debt, notwithstanding his business as a brazier or tinker, that he was compelled to sell the

last remnant of his ancestral inheritance. Whether the decay of this family is to be traced to the same cause, which afterwards practically extinguished our yeomanry, this is not the place to inquire; but there is no evidence that it was caused by extravagant or dissolute habits. The new biography does not give us any fresh light on Bunyan's childhood and education. On the often disputed point of his brief military experience some cogent reasons are given for thinking that he served with the Parliamentarians, and not with the Royalists. But however that may be, it is impossible to suppose that his heart was much in the business, for he never afterwards showed any discriminating interest in politics. The last labours of his pen were accomplished when James II. was on the throne, conspiring to bring back popery. In such circumstances Bunyan could innocently write: "I do confess myself one of the old-fashioned professors, that covet to fear God and honour the King." "Let the King have verily a place in your hearts, and with heart and mouth give thanks for him; he is a better saviour of us than we may be aware of.* Pray for kings to the God of heaven, who has the hearts of kings in His hands. Pray for the long life of the King. Pray that God would discover all plots and conspiracies against his person and government." It seems quite impossible that a man who dwelt with such fervour on the blessings of royal rule under James II. could ever have appreciated the cause for which he himself fought as a Parliamentary soldier.

The story of the dawning consciousness of a prophetic mission must always be of intense interest. And, fortunately, on this phase of Bunyan's life we have the amplest information. All that a biographer has to do is to arrange the spiritual photographs of the "Grace Abounding" in their right relation to external circumstances neglected or ignored by the author himself. In dealing with the career of a man to whom things not seen were far more real than things visible this is not easy. But Mr. Brown's long studies of the subject have, we think, enabled him to succeed where all of his predecessors have failed. The picture given of the years when Bunyan wallowed in the Slough of Despond, or struggled through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, is, on the whole, the most probable and life-like that we have seen. On one important point only does our author fail to convince us, and we apprehend that

he will equally fail with the latitudinarian generation to whom he has given the book. He condemns Macaulay for his kindly and charitable view of Bunyan's remorse. He apparently thinks the brilliant essayist had an inadequate idea of sin. There is a sense in which this may be true. No man to whom a life of contemplation is not the supreme object of existence, can possibly appreciate the importance, to the predestined prophet, of all aberrations of desire or thought or word which mar the serenity of the heavens where the beatific vision is sought. But if it is meant that Macaulay's estimate of sin and righteousness was below the requirements of religion as taught in the New Testament, this is scarcely a judgment that can be sustained from the criticism in question. Bunyan was a man of strong and vivid imagination, with an innate tendency to spiritual aspiration. Destitute as he was of culture, as ordinarily understood, his marvellous faculty found no materials to work upon except the scriptural and theological imagery which stimulated not only imagination but conscience. Under such combined influences visions of heaven and hell were inevitable; while exaggerated terrors, wild ecstasies, morbid casuistry, and fantastic scruples were a natural accompaniment. In such observations no doubt whatever is thrown on the reality of divine inspiration as the prime source of Bunyan's spiritual development. But God "fulfils Himself in many ways," and no ecclesiastical authority ever denied that the modes of manifestation are conditioned by the special temperament of each individual prophet. Bunyan's inexplicable scruples about bell-ringing, and the agony with which he strove against the temptations of "tip-cat," are in themselves a sufficient reason for suspecting of exaggeration the terrible indictment he draws against himself in picturing his life previous to conversion.

The imagination that thus struggled through gloomy clouds at the outset of his career reached afterwards an infinite expanse of light; and, notwithstanding the occasional Puritanic horrors with which he relieves the prevalent sunny brightness of his fancies, no poet ever gave in his works more evident tokens of the sacred happiness in which his own soul dwelt. His genius was most unfettered when picturing the bliss of the divine life. His chief work, the "Pilgrim's Progress," has little in it of tragedy. Even the episodes of Appolyon and Vanity Fair and Doubting Castle are but as brief shadows upon a sunny day. It seems as though the

* This looks like a truth expressed satirically. But it is clear such was not Bunyan's intention.

author had for ever in his mind the word, proved and tried by a thousand generations: "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." But though Bunyan's imagination was thus strong and bright, it must surely be confessed that he was deficient in idealism. The two things do not necessarily go together. In the greatest type of poet they are, indeed, inseparable; but not so with lesser men. Charles Dickens had an imagination so vivid that he used to declare that he actually saw his characters in the flesh, and heard them speak, before he wrote down their words. But his utter want of idealism is betrayed by his worship of joviality, and the insipidity of his virtuous people. Bunyan's want of ideality is, naturally, shown in a very different way. It comes out in the low interpretation he continually gives to the doctrine of salvation. This, of course, is not Mr. Brown's view, but it is that of the present writer, and it is much confirmed through extracts selected by Mr. Brown to illustrate Bunyan's genius. Take, for instance, the following from "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved."

"For Christ will show mercy where sins are in number the most, in cry the loudest, in weight the heaviest. It is thus that He gets to Himself a glorious name." "Physicians get neither name nor fame by pricking of wheels, or picking out thistles, or by laying of plaster to the scratch of a pin; every old woman can do this. But if they would have a name and a fame, if they will have it quickly, they must, as I said, do some great and desperate cures. (Let them fetch one to life that was dead; let them recover one to his wits that was mad; let them make one that was born blind to see; or let them give ripe wits to a fool. These are notable cures; and he that can do thus, and if he doth thus first, he shall have the name and fame he desires; he may lie a-bed till noon." It is by great deliverances that Christ gets great renown. "Why should he so easily take a denial of the great ones that were the grandeur of the world, and struggle so hard for hedge-creeper and highwaymen, but to show forth the notes of the glory of His grace?"

The notion that the credit to be won by undertaking specially difficult cases of salvation should be a motive with the Saviour of the world is surely grotesque. And this remark is not sufficiently met by the plea

of rhetorical artifice. Bunyan was, indeed, a natural orator, and he used the arts of such. But he was too honest a man, and far too much in earnest, for artifice, especially when dealing with so sacred a subject. The same lack of idealism distorted and dwarfed all his notions of Christianity. Salvation for him was not a subjective process of deliverance from evil, but an *opus operatum* altogether outside the sinner, a transaction in the counsels of eternity. It may be said that this was the common Puritan view. Perhaps so; but no one could emphasise and revel in it as Bunyan did if his imagination were clarified by idealism.

As we are speaking of Bunyan's oratory, we may here add that some capital specimens are given by Mr. Brown. Indeed, one of the attractions of the book is the selection that is made of interesting and characteristic extracts, usually buried beyond reach of the ordinary reader. How direct, how searching, how vivid, and we may, perhaps, add, how Spurgeon-like, is the following!

"Thou man of Jerusalem, hearken to thy call; men do so in courts of judicature, and presently cry out, 'Here, sir;' and then they shoulder and crowd, and say, 'Pray give way, I am called into the Court.' Why, this is thy case, thou great, thou Jerusalem sinner; be of good cheer, He calleth thee. Why sittest thou still? Arise! why standest thou still? Come, man! thy call should give thee authority to come; wherefore up and shoulder it, man! say, 'Stand away, devil, Christ calls me! stand away, unbelief, Christ calls me! stand away, all ye my discouraging apprehensions, for my Saviour calls me to Him to receive of His mercy!' Men will do thus, as I said, in courts below; and why shouldst not thou approach thus to the court above? Christ pointeth over the heads of thousands, as He sits on the throne of grace, directly to the man that is the biggest sinner, and has the biggest burden, and says, 'Let the Jerusalem sinner that stands there behind come to me.' Wherefore, since Christ says 'Come' to thee, let the angels make a lane, and let all men give place, that the Jerusalem sinner may come to Jesus Christ for mercy."

Of course, in any account of John Bunyan the centre of interest must necessarily be the "Pilgrim's Progress." On this subject Mr. Brown has some information to give which, so far as we are aware, has never been



The London house in which Bunyan died.
(From an old print.)

published before. Space fails us to give the details; but the upshot is, that by a careful comparison of local records with the dates of Bunyan's imprisonments, Mr. Brown rehabilitates the tradition—recently disputed and denied—that the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written in the little gaol formerly standing on the old Bedford Bridge. At least a

great part of it was. But our author points out that the dream is broken in one place, and only one, where the dreamer awakes without any apparent necessity. It is ingeniously suggested by Mr. Brown that the break points to an interruption of the work when the author was released, and its resumption when at liberty.

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

FANATICISM.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

IN taking up my pen to say a few words about Fanaticism, I do not wish to speak of it as a blind and bitter force which obscures the truth and works unmixed disorder among men. I rather—since we can seldom or never have this Divine force in its original purity and strength—count it as a "Degenerate Enthusiasm." It must, however, be accepted as an inevitable factor in the present conduct of life, for, though it moves on a lower level, and in narrower circles than its high-bred kinsman, it has the blood of enthusiasm in its veins.

Fanaticism chiefly concerns itself in those temporary half-human systems which, however widespread they may be, and however important the ends which they are employed to advance, have their day and pass away. It is seen in the ceremonial rather than in the moral. Though nothing is necessarily fanatical which engages the fanatic, there is much Fanaticism operating now. It may be discerned, by cool heads, on all sides. It vexes the patient follower of science, and obscures the search after theological truth.

Fanaticism is not the exclusive produce of a heated age, such as that which is moved by the fervour of exceptionally exaggerated piety and proclaims a Holy War or projects a crusade; nor is it the sole property of a ferociously religious race, such as the Arabs, who ran through a rain of lead and leaped upon the bayonets of our soldiers by the Red Sea Coast. It shows itself at any time, in many places, and under many forms. It is true that in our immediate days no great movement is made with excessive violence. Men do not gaily lay down their lives for any faith. Nevertheless, this may be called an electric age. The influx of discoveries has been largely increased in this generation. Men's minds have been thereby quickened; their mental appetite is whetted with the sauce of invention. Some present facts are

more astounding than past dreams. In looking at the region in which many of the prevailing portents have appeared, and which have given revived impulse to that which I understand by Fanaticism, I might note, as having a curiously paradoxical air about it, that science itself has kindled the eagerness and enlarged the swallow of the most civilised peoples. It has increased human receptivity. Some are prepared to believe anything, especially if it be new, or at least has been rejected in the ages that are past. So far from science having dimmed or chilled popular faith, it has generated fresh forms of credulity. The windows of scientific conjecture are opened, and the world is deluged with speculation. Nor does this flood by any means consist of barren intellectual waves. Fresh discoveries and applications of motive power and mechanical appliance continually appear. We not only grease the wheels of newly-elaborated machines which drive the voyager through great winds and waves, but some day, perhaps, a petroleum mine will be poured into the Atlantic, and ships will slide from port to port across a plain prismatic with a film of paraffine. We aim at changing the superficial conditions of the globe. We cut the neck of the isthmus and pierce the bowels of the mountain range. We long to read of the sea being let into the dry Sahara, and picture to ourselves terrified potentates and wild beasts galloping inland, pursued by a gigantic wave bearing steam launches on its crest. Thus at last the desert shall be made into a standing water, and the mirage become a veritable mere. Fresh extensions of the senses are projected on all sides. We strain out gnats of religious instruction and swallow camels of scientific announcement. Such poor tools as the telescope and the microscope, which only reveal worlds of space and (so called) insignificance, seem to retire before the audacious hint of an elec-

troscope, whereby every club in London shall be supplied with a view of the battles in progress during the next European war. The dry announcement of an electric accumulator prepares them to accept almost anything at the hands of "scientists," who thus enable a man to keep a bin of bottled lightning in his cellar, stall flashes in his stable, and harness them to his cart. Lately-elaborated modes of intercommunication go on so spreading the area of each successive spasm or surprise that the wildest speculations are engendered in minds which have great curiosity but small scientific ballast. Hence, indeed, some among the lesser men of science (who are of like passions with ourselves) are naughtily tempted to wink at the operation of credulity, and to permit the acceptance of conjectures as conclusions by the common people who worship in their "fanies."

Fanaticism, moreover, is really found in regions where it might least have been expected, so material and commonplace do they seem. It prevails in matters pertaining to the conduct or economy of life, such as diet, sometimes producing protests against the use of flesh and wine which are so excessive as to defeat their own purpose; but it appears also in situations which hardly seem to lend themselves to its presence. Look, *e.g.*, at what are called sanitary questions. Fifty years ago you could not have found a sitz-bath without research. There were some in hospitals, none at home, no ironmonger put them out for sale. Now, irrational enthusiasts sit in tubs of cold water during a bitter equinoctial, and break the ice rather than the bathing law. There has arisen, moreover, in this generation a freshly awakened desire for pure air and uncontaminated houses. This is indeed well. But it has bred fanatics in ventilation and drainage. Some people seem to think that a free current of air is not the same as a draught, and that warmth is to be deprecated unless there are so many cubic feet of warm air for each person in the room. We don't always realise the strain that sheer cold puts upon life, nor the very great difference which exists between the susceptibilities, and therefore suffering, of people who seem to be fulfilling the same ordinary conditions of existence. I heard lately of a little girl who had one of her teeth drawn at a hospital. She carried herself with such courage that the doctor gave her a penny. Next morning she presented herself to have the rest of them taken out, reckoning that she would get so many more pence. She did not feel pain. If "the heart knoweth its

own bitterness," so does the skin. Many are made miserable by the winter ventilation of sanitary fanatics, blessed or cursed with—I was going to say—hides as thick as their heads. Take cleanliness again. Whatever it may be "next to," some directions which I have read (for its attainment) are almost inhuman in respect to the scrubbings and raspings which they prescribe. Others which promise longevity need it for the fulfilment of their own precautions. Time, *e.g.*, is not long enough (especially on winter mornings) for the elaborate laying on or creation of that panoply of lather which is involved in the "soap bath." First you have to treat your whole body as if you were going to be shaved, like a poodle, only more completely. Then having become the subject of all these suds you have to get rid of them, lest you should become sticky. The business is not only possible but exceedingly agreeable when a Turkish bath can be had, but is almost incapable of being fitly realised with the limited opportunities, means, and surroundings of a narrow house. And yet one popular and scientific admirer of this treatment says that the whole process takes only about five minutes, and advises his readers (working people especially) to employ it often. A man might be kept from an ordinary use of soap and water by having this extensive procedure importunately urged upon him. He would say, "If this is the proper, the sole, really right use of lather, I'll do without." Thus fanatics in cleanliness discourage the cleanly and give occasion to the enemies of purity to deride it as of no esteem.

Look next at drainage. Its contemplation has generated a manifold brood of fanatics, bearing fruit and moving resolutions in companies and boards. And they are grievously influential. A drain (as we understand it) must be in some sense open at both ends or it will not suffice to carry away that which we desire to remove. And it involves a sewer, or larger drain which is common property. And this sewer, in its turn, must also be constructed so as to receive and reject: *i.e.* it must also be clear at both ends. There must be the greatest possible freedom for the acceptance of sewage and facility for its discharge. Thus, throughout their courses, drains and sewers must be continuously kept open. Otherwise they are inoperative and useless. I know what is said (and believed) about traps and syphons, which when charged with water are supposed to block all mischief. If suffered to become or secretly becoming dry (for they are often hid

out of sight and reach), they no more keep out bad air than a grating prevents water from flowing down a ditch. And yet such is the present confidence, such is the prevailing credulousness of sanitary fanatics, that in their zeal to dismiss whatever may defile the air of the house, each householder in a city is provided with at least one tap (generally with more—certainly, if he be rich, with many) connecting his home atmosphere with all the post mortem odours and poisons of the community in which he lives. And this we call science. A dog knows better. The present perilous sewage system of, say London, is perhaps so great an example of an irrational enthusiasm to be quit of defilement as to overwhelm and silence us by its enormity and acceptance.

There are many other ways and places in which fanaticism appears. It can hardly help showing itself in protests which are made against long-established social abuses, or the promotion of some wholesome reform which the public stubbornly refuses to appreciate. The reformer pleads with growing exaggeration of the evil and an intenser belief in the value of his one-sided advice, as if "compromise" did not rule the whole economy of the kingdom of God. Thus many zealots over-reach themselves.

I might long dwell upon the domestic and sumptuary forms in which an adulterated zeal displays itself, as when people who are legitimately eager for adornment, but have no eye or instinct for real beauty, obey the self-chosen rulers of taste and buy what they are bidden, blindly. It is seen, *e.g.*, in the fashionable prices paid for certain china, or for furniture so useless and inelegant as is known and found in the "Jones Museum" at Kensington. This, indeed, is notable as the appropriate symbol of a past evil and adulterous generation, and is the outward and visible sign of an age which it may be hoped will never come again. It is curious to notice how the spirit of desirable change may be seen overleaping itself in the embellishment of our houses and persons. Some furniture is perceived to be awkward and heavy, and in casting about for an improvement of it which shall not offend the wisdom of our ancestors, some leading mind is struck by the thought that the discarded equipment of our great-grandfathers did not merit the rejection it received at the hands of their immediate descendants, and so we find that Queen Anne is not dead, rush into the arms of her chairs, and whittle the legs of our stools away, till a man of more than ten stone

is afraid to sit down. He must stand; but then nicknacks are so carefully made to cover every useful surface and crowd every ledge that he can neither put his hat down nor turn round lest he should break some treasure, and be civilly frowned into the street. A bull might be really well employed in many a domestic china shop. Glanced also for a moment at a woman's dress. Men's eyes, *e.g.*, were at last opened to the (now almost incredible) folly of that fashion which surrounded her with wire fence, like a tree; and then suddenly she appeared draped as tightly as Isis or Pasht. There is ever an overshooting of legitimate marks in the whole realm of furniture and clothes which characterizes Fanaticism.

Its fiercest moods now notoriously appear in what is called political reform, overflowing or spurting out into nihilism and dynamite, but fatal to a due and calm consideration of abuses and wrongs. For there is no smoke, even from an abortive explosion, without some fire. The train of the most apparently unmeaning and wanton blast is really laid, not by the last secret ill-doer who sets the bag in the tunnel, but by some (perhaps long past) evil deed on the part of those who were expected to do well. Political Fanaticism is the Nemesis of inconsiderate rule.

This, though the most serious, is, however, as I have partly noticed, only one form of irrational or degenerate enthusiasm. All around we may see it beating in the social veins. The air is charged with "isms," armies, and associations which "develop energy," and sometimes carry men off their legs, like cyclones. There are, perhaps, more than we sometimes think, who look askance at these signs of the times, determining with quiet and wholesome doggedness to retain their own individuality. They do not always speak out so often as they might, though a few occasionally make protests, being moved to wrath by grotesque extravagance in some reforming procedure, or the manufacture of fresh sins, as if enough were not available already, by new social and personal prohibitions.

But all sorts and conditions of men are, I think, now specially accessible to fanatical influence; and I do not say that this is always ill applied. If it sometimes does mischief it promotes much that is good—by the hands of those who can legitimately convey it. Though it is irrational in its ways it may fitly overbear sheer irrational obstinacy. Like frequently cures like. There are people whom it is well to influence, but

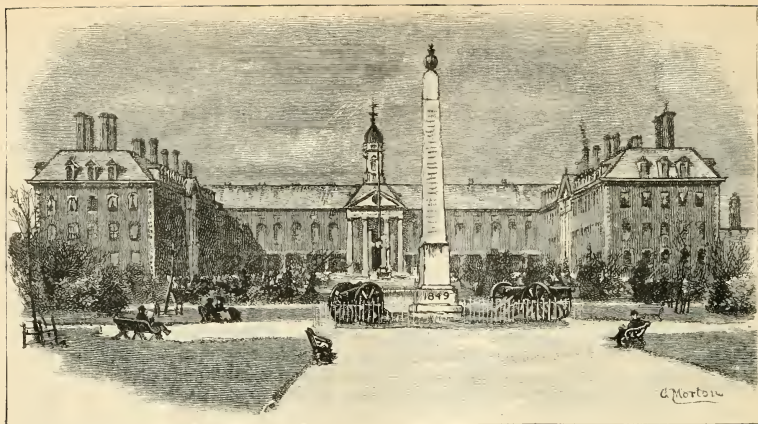
who are hardly touched by reason, and are most inaccessible to it when it comes cool from the spring. If then there are some eager and illogical, and yet withal honestly good, men, who are ready to charge them irrationally, let them fix bayonets and do it, but do not let all others, some of whom may most honestly detest the method of this zeal, be bound to stand by and applaud. Certainly let not such as work, and not without far-reaching results, in other ways and on other lines, be twitted with disloyalty to the cause of righteousness if they flatly refuse to bear a hand in the transfixing business. Every one is not capable of spitting his brother for his good, and pinning him to the wall till he promises to amend his ways. The moral operator who does this must not be puffed up as of a higher power. But it may be well that the thing should be done. Some people must, it would seem, be spitted, crushed, punched, jumped upon (morally and parabolically), or they won't listen to a word. Then the work of the fanatic comes in and he enjoys himself. Irrational or adulterated enthusiasm, too, may help a man or society over a dangerous parenthesis, just as even impure alcohol may lift the hesitating pulse out of a syncope which would otherwise have been deadly. In saying all this I do not lay down my arms before him. It is, indeed, swiftly obvious to many that though Fanaticism performs these and suchlike offices, and sometimes does that which a finer tool might have attempted in vain, it may not be allowed the chief or permanently upper hand. It is not precisely like fire, "a good servant, but a bad master," for it has peculiar faults as a servant, being often provokingly irresponsible and disobedient to those who are disposed to show it most kindness and liberty. Moreover, though appealing to the emotions, it is frequently (with quite sublime unconsciousness, but with none the less mischief) inconsiderate and unfeeling. It is apt to trample upon the finer moods and difficulties of the man whom it addresses or assails with peremptory insistence. It sometimes sneers at the shades of thought which are precious. It knows not those niceties of distinction which make all the difference to the keenly perceptive.

Here, it seems to me, comes in the need and exercise of that common righteous sense, which is neither carried away by the glowing importunity of those who claim to speak with the holiest assurance, nor so blinded by dislike of religious conceit and other forms of spiritual confidence as to miss the message

which even the rudest gives, or to scorn his influence. There is so much mixed good in the world; God employs so many divers and manifold agents in the realisation of His will, so many desirable results are even seen to be obtained by those who employ adulterated powers—having or perceiving no better—that if we were to reserve our countenance for such as were recognised and were moved by pure enthusiasm alone, we might find very little to concern us at all. Indeed, it is hard to say what the world would be if, while present conditions remained, Fanaticism were done away with.

Whatever shape or direction, therefore, the stream of Fanaticism may take, it is unworthy of a wise man to deny its Divine relationship and ultimate issue, and yet he may decline to commit himself to it in any way. The swiftest torrents and the slowest rivers equally owe the water that is in them to the rain from heaven, and they both flow towards the same end. But no man is called to plunge into the torrent because he likes to sail on the river. We may legitimately resent any pressure put upon us to sympathise with and forward a movement because it is "good." I am not obliged to eat carrots because I am fond of vegetables, nor, since they both come from the same cow, to discard butter because I dislike cheese. The same common sense need be exercised in respect to many moral and religious movements. We need not challenge a relationship of Fanaticism to the purest source of spiritual power, though we dislike it. A father does not condemn a child because he has an aversion to something which others enjoy. There are diversities of tastes in those who receive, as there are diversities of operation in the work of the Holy Spirit.

A wise man recognises the manifold procedure of nature, which is God's. There are ice and fire, a north pole and an equator. There are calms and cyclones, slowly dripping fogs and whirling meteoric showers. All these work together for the maintenance and conduct of the material world; so in the spiritual there is analogous variety. Though "religion" be steady for a while, it may experience no fixed serenity, but (as it has to do with that most mystic and changeable thing, the human heart) pass through many moods, even those of vehemence. The wise man will see all these alternations and apparent contests without losing sight of the fact that there will arrive a final repose when the hurly-burly's done and we no longer know only in part.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL AND ITS INHABITANTS.

By WILLIAM SHARP.



Statue of Charles II.

IN the hot days of July and August, or even in the short afternoons of November, there is no pleasanter resort in London than the shady old-fashioned gardens that lie between one side of Chelsea Hospital and the Thames. Their very air of remoteness has a special charm for eyes and ears weary

of the noise and confusion of the dusty streets. It seems almost as if one were in some quiet cathedral close, in what were once the convent-lawns, where at noontide is heard no other sound than the long *caw-caw* of a restless rook, the drowsy toll of a bell, or the chiming of the hours from the clock in the grey old spire. It is strange to find such a pleasant haunt in the midst of those miles of brick houses and hot pavements so little known of by Londoners in general, or at any rate so little frequented by them. One may go there early in the afternoon and see no one save a stray nursemaid and children, one or two weary old men feebly enjoying the silence and the peace, and almost certainly some more or less infirm pensioner walking slowly along with grey head bent over the scarlet-coated breast. Towards evening, or as the afternoon shadows lengthen along the sward beside the ancient yews or rustling beeches, people appear to grow out of the ground, so constantly do new figures keep appearing; and just ere sundown (when the garden gates are closed) the observant eye can hardly fail to catch a glimpse of one or more couples moving hand in hand under the great boughs of the wide-spreading chestnuts or by the thorns whereon still remain, in the late summer, some blossoms of sweet-scented white may. Of course Sunday in summer is the great day in these old gardens. The *tout ensemble* is then

as pleasant a scene to look upon as any to be viewed during an Italian *fiesta*. There is as blue a sky above (really as blue, for skies of purest azure are occasionally to be seen even in London, and frequently in the country, while a cloudless vault of *deep* blue is by no means the general thing in the peninsula, where grey tones are really dominant), there are the same gaudy colours beloved of the poorer classes in all countries, the varied greens of the trees—from the delicate sea-green of the lime to the sombre hue of the plane and the glowing bronze of the copper-beech—the carnations and blues and yellows of by-path flowers, and

the bright scarlet coats of the old pensioners as the latter stroll vaguely along in solitary dignity or in pairs, looking, in their quaint garb and quaint three-cornered hats, like ancient survivors of the army of Marlborough. One wonders if these subdued old fellows “ever swore terribly in Flanders;” doubtless they did correspondingly, and doubtless they cherish the recollection, for all that they now seem so quiet and so heedless of the troubles of that outer world which they seem to have left long behind them. And as a matter of fact the majority are without kith or kin, having outlived all their relations—for the pensioners as a body, like annuitants in



The Queen's Ward.

general, seem to find the culmination of three-score years and ten a mere stepping-stone to old age. To most of them there is no alluring charm in “the old place” that knew them of yore, save the vision of burial in the little churchyard by the side of the old folk who have long since ceased from the daily round of toil.

Talking recently to an old veteran who had fought for the Queen in over twenty battles, I was inadvertently made a third party in a secret that had long been confined to the two persons concerned. I had been asking him if he had ever come across any of those gypsies of whom Borrow relates

that they frequently induce the pensioners, whenever they meet with any of the latter in a state of half-seas-over, to part with the large brass buttons that adorn their overcoats, the former desiring them for certain not very creditable purposes of their own. The old fellow shot a sharp glance in my direction, and then replied somewhat testily, “I don’t know who your Mr. Borrow may be, though I won’t say but that it seems to me I’ve eard his name afore, but I can tell you this, sir, that no real gypsies, as you call ‘em, go in for the little game you’re hinting at. No, sir, the gypsies may make gold rings out of brass, but if they do, they don’t

sell 'em as real gold, indeed they couldn't very well even if they wanted to; we never did that, never—(I mentally noticed the 'we,' which had inadvertently dropped out, of which also my companion seemed conscious for he hurriedly went on, as if eager to distract my attention from his slip)—no, the gypsies are not so black as they're painted, and are a different set of folk altogether from those thieving tinkers you see hanging about the commons down Putney and Wimbledon way."

"You don't want to be confused with the *hindity-mengré*?" I remarked tentatively.

A strange look, half startled half of surprise, came into the old pensioner's swarthy face, coupled with such a keen glance of inquiry that he seemed for the moment quite ten years younger.

"Why, one would almost think you were a *Romany Rye*," he said with an uneasy laugh.

"You would be mistaken if you did; but I don't think I am wrong in thinking you are or have been a *Romany chal*."

"Once Romany, aye Romany."

"*Kushto!* (true). Well, I am surprised; I never expected to come across a gypsy in the army, and still less among the Chelsea Pensioners."

"I'm not the only true *chal* here. Do you see yon comrade o' mine speaking to the gardener, I mean him with the armless sleeve? Well, he and I talk Romany together sometimes—*Karlo ratti adrey leste*—for he too has Gypsy blood in his veins."

The old fellow then went on to tell me how he and his armless comrade had, one hard winter many long years ago, been induced to take the Queen's shilling, and how not only had all their *Romano* ties been severed, but how also they two had quite lost sight of each other for over forty years, till one day some accidental phrase or allusion revealed to them the strange fact that each beheld in the war-worn old pensioner before him the *Romany chal* whom he had known so well in the old far-off days.

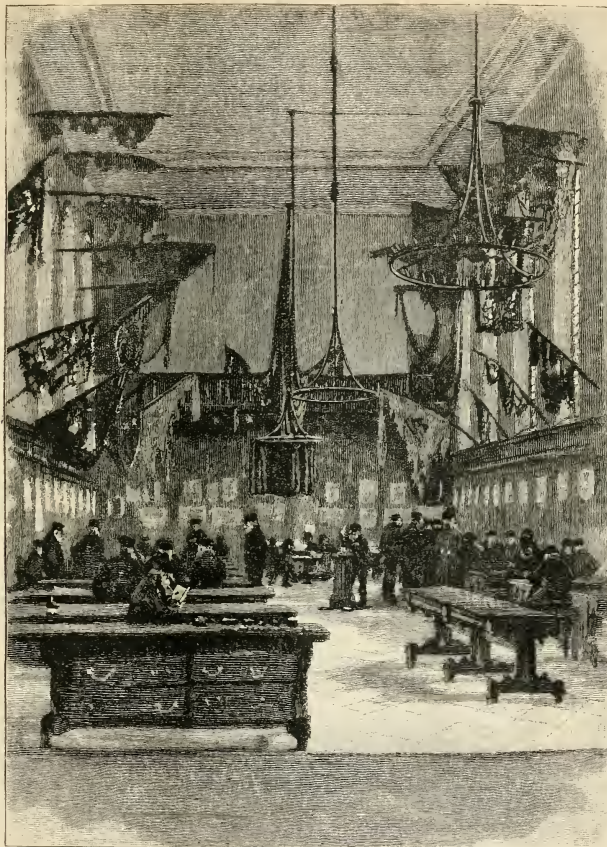
As both wore medals, and as my companion, moreover, held a corporal's rank among the pensioners themselves, it was evident that the circumstance of their being of gypsy origin had not prevented their being good and loyal soldiers. The grey-haired old corporal had left his people when he was so young that he could recall but a few phrases in his native tongue—long disuse having rendered it like a strange, foreign language—and though he was evidently not

without a certain pride in his kinsfolk, and in the fact of his being a true Romany, he not only seemed quite undesirous of rejoicing his kindred, even for a visit, but expressed also a decided wish that I should drop no hint of what I had accidentally discovered, at least in connection with his name. He thought, and probably he was not mistaken, that the knowledge of his origin would hardly tend to make him more popular among his comrades; and though *Monsieur le caporal* affected to be so proud of his race it was easy to see that this pride was only skin-deep, and that he thought a scarlet-coated Queen's pensioner a much better person in every way than any *chal* that ever "lifted" a chicken or bartered an unsound horse.

He admitted—after we had returned to the subject from which we had so abruptly diverged—that even yet a pensioner would occasionally fall a victim to the wiles of some of the *hindity-mengré* (literally, the dirty people), who were always glad to get their solid brass buttons, useful as these are for the *fashono vangustengre* (*wangust-engré*), or making of gold rings. These *hindity-mengré* are not real gypsies, but a set of dirty, ignorant, and brutal outcasts, whose nominal trade is tinkering, but whose real business in life is to steal, and generally prey upon the vain and credulous.*

For a stranger in London no better way could be chosen to reach Chelsea Hospital than to start in a river steamer from one of the city piers, and sail along the noble embankment to Cadogan Pier, walking thence back past the tall houses of Cheyne Walk, and so on till the Hospital grounds are reached. In the wide open space between the river and the central avenue will be noticed the obelisk which was erected in 1849 in memory of the close upon eight score officers and men who fell at Chilianwallah, and at the end of the avenue itself, in front of the Hospital, is the large memorial cross commemorating the two hundred and forty-three members of the 8th Regiment, who were lost in suppressing the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857-8. Those who care to stroll into the quaint Botanic Garden ought to know that it is the oldest place of the kind now existing in London, though not actually the first that was founded; while, if versed

* In his "*Romano Laro-Lil!*" Borrow thus explains the reason why the pensioners' buttons are so sought after: "The rings are principally made out of old brass buttons; those worn by old Chelsea pensioners being considered the very best for the purpose. Many an ancient Corporal Trim, after having spent all his money at the public-house, and only become three parts boozey, has been induced by the Hindiy-mengro to sell all his buttons at the rate of three half-pence apiece, in order to have wherewithal to make himself thoroughly royal."



The Great Hall.

in Queen Anne literature, such persons will doubtless recall many allusions to the two spreading cedars, which used to throw their shade over the water-steps placed at the end of the then popular gardens by worthy Sir Hans Sloane, a picturesque riverside view which has long ceased to exist. Nor must it be forgotten that the neighbourhood immediately adjacent to these grounds has special interest. Near here Sir Thomas More once held goodly state, and later on Sir Robert Walpole lived in a house close to the Hospital; while on the eastern side of the Gardens was the celebrated Ranelagh, that earthly paradise of our great-grandparents, which was opened in 1742 in rivalry with

Vauxhall, a rivalry that resulted in the complete downfall of the latter in public estimation. It is generally supposed that Ranelagh Rooms came to an end before the beginning of the present century, but as a matter of fact they flourished till 1803; that a visit to them at any period had in it some spice of excitement from possible adventure is evident from a notification customarily placed at the end of advertisements of the performances to be held there: "There will be a proper patrol, well armed, constantly passing between the Rooms and Hyde Park Corner, and good guard at the back of Chelsea College." This patrol was formed of some of the robust Pensioners; but pro-

bably intending footpads were overawed more by the show of authority than by any terror of an encounter with the appointed guardians of public safety. Close at hand also was once the famous but now long defunct Chelsea Bun House, where on Good Fridays as many as fifty thousand persons came in person to buy buns, and where there were on the same day some two hundred and forty thousand of these no doubt tempting eatables sold; it even being on record that their Majesties George II. and Queen Caroline used to drive down specially on the day in question to the queer old house in Jew's Row and there appease their royal appetites in no stinted manner; an annual custom continued by George III. and Queen Charlotte.

It is not generally known that a certain very well-known building in Ireland was formerly a Royal Military Hospital, somewhat similar to that at Chelsea, yet Kilmainham Gaol was originally built for the reception of the superannuated and disabled soldiers who had served in Irish regiments. But Kilmainham had never the natural advantages of its more famous rival, though it was not on this account, presumably, that it was changed into an asylum of a different kind.

Chelsea Hospital was not so called when first its walls rose up beyond the then "very pleasant riverside village of Chelsea," for it stands on the site of a great building once known satirically as "Controversy College." In the reign of James I. a certain Dean of Exeter, Matthew Sutcliffe by name, began the erection of what he designated Chelsea College, as "a spiritual garrison where learned divines could study and write in maintenance of all controversies against the Papists." Recruits, however, for the occupation of this stronghold were neither numerous nor important. The college having been proved practically useless it was resolved to do away with its existence so far as the founder's aims were concerned, and in 1654 the building and grounds accordingly became the property of the nation. Its next use was as a place of incarceration for the few prisoners taken during the Dutch War that succeeded the Restoration; but ere long Charles II. presented it intact to the Royal Society. In its new condition it had an equally short lease, for the King repurchased it in order to constitute it an asylum for "emerited soldiers." A tenacious legend asserts that his Majesty was prompted to this worthy resolution by Nell Gwynne, and

it has been circumstantially narrated that the idea occurred to that fair lady as she was asked for alms by two old soldiers, both of whom had been reduced to abject beggary—a legend for which there is not the least reliable basis, the idea having really originated with the then Paymaster of the Forces, Sir Stephen Fox. Charles was found a ready seconder, and, having first appointed Sir Christopher Wren as the architect, laid the foundation-stone of the new Royal Military Hospital in March, 1681. From the fact that Wren had not long before paid a prolonged visit to Paris for purposes of study, it has been supposed that he modelled his plans upon the *Hôtel des Invalides*—an unfounded supposition, for the resemblance is very superficial, though in all probability the great architect took many useful hints from the famous institution by the Seine. Others have believed that it was constructed on a plan similar to that of the now defunct *Ospitale di Mendicanti* in Venice, built in 1672, that is, about a decade previous to the time when Wren undertook his task. The latter was not completed till the year 1692, and is reputed to have cost about £150,000.

The Hospital consists of three courts, the chief of which is open to the south or river side. The eastern and western wings of this spacious court are 365 feet in length—a foot for every day in the year, as an old veteran remarked to me—by about 40 feet in width, and are for the most part occupied by the pensioners' wards, which each, and there are sixteen of them, measures about 12 feet in width and fully 200 feet in length. In each of these wards there are twenty-six beds, and, as in some school dormitories, the officers have small apartments at the end of the rooms. The Governor's residence, a large and commodious house, is situated at the extremity of the eastern wing; its chief feature of public interest is the fine state apartment, to which admission can at certain times be gained through the courtesy of the Governor. This room is, in round numbers, 40 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and about 30 feet in height; oval compartments divide the ceiling, variously ornamented with royal initials, arms, &c., and on the walls are portraits, among others, of Charles I., Queen Henrietta Maria, and their two sons, Charles of Wales and James of York.

On the frieze of the cloistered wall which runs along the front of the hospital may be deciphered the following letters:—

"In Su(b)sidium et Levamen, Emeritorum

Senio, Belloque Fractorum, Condidit Carolus Secundus, Auxit Jacobus Secundus, Perfecere Gulielmus et Maria, Rex et Regina, MDCXCII."

Within this cloister are to be seen monuments to Colonel Arthur Wellesley Torrens, who died of his wounds at Inkerman in 1854; to Colonel Willoughby Moore, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and the soldiers who perished in the disastrous burning of the *Europa* in May of the same year; and to Colonel Seton and his 357 companions in misfortune,

lost in the wreck of the *Birkenhead* off the Cape of Good Hope in February, 1852.

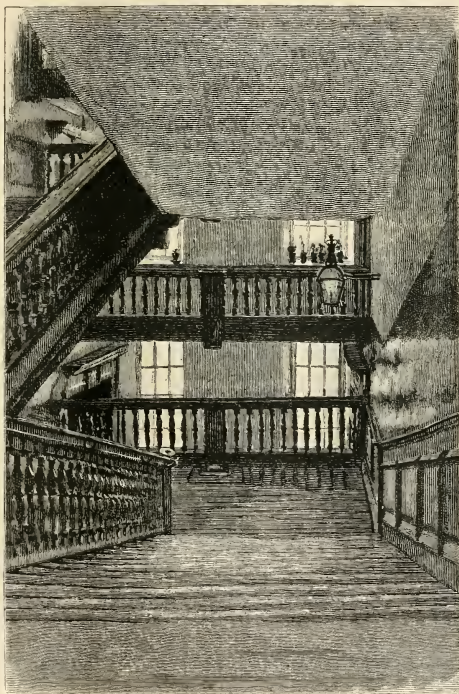
In the centre of the court is the statue that has caused no inconsiderable speculation as to authorship, and, it must be added, a good deal of amusement: it is a rather more than life-size representation of Charles II.—not, as might be expected, in the flowing robes of British majesty, but in the garb of a Roman senator. The effect is not impressive. A gentleman, by name Tobias Rustat, who at one time occupied the high position of a "page of the

back-stairs" in the royal household—whatever that may have meant—was the donor of this work of art, and not the sculptor, as has more than once been asserted; and though Grinling Gibbons has had its authorship attributed to him, it has evidently been on mere supposition, for the workmanship of this statue is decidedly inferior to other works by that sculptor. According to a little hand-book to Chelsea, published many years ago, due honours are

paid to it every 29th of May (the anniversary of the Restoration) by adorning it with branches of oak and firing three volleys over it.

In the Great Hall—the same where, for several days one November, thirty-three years ago, the nationally-mourned Duke of Wellington lay in state—there is not much to be seen beyond the tattered flags, suggestive, indeed, as these are; several portraits and engravings of famous soldiers; and two large

pictures, the larger a fresco by Verrio, one of the most popular painters in the reign of Charles II. It is now used as a common club-room for such of the pensioners as care to spend part of their time there in reading the journals, in smoking, or in the enjoyment of a quiet game of draughts—and a capital *salon de lecture* it makes, albeit a little gloomy to the casual visitor. In the huge partly-allegorical fresco—in the composition of which Henry Cooke assisted Verrio—may still be vaguely seen the figures of Hercules, Peace, Minerva, Father Thames,



The Staircase leading to the Wards.

Charles II. on horseback, and, in the corner, an orange-girl, generally supposed to represent Nell Gwynne—a somewhat strange medley, to say the least of it. Over the gallery is a large picture by Ward, representing the Iron Duke in a triumphal car. Some of the trophies around the walls are French "eagles" captured at Waterloo and elsewhere—and it was in this hall, as may be remembered, that the brass eagle was unscrewed from its staff during the lying-in-

state of Wellington, presumably by some patriotic but not over-scrupulous or generous Frenchman.

In close proximity to the Hall is the great kitchen, a place that if visited shortly before dinner-time presents a busy sight, as may be imagined from the fact that several cooks are then occupied in looking after the long revolving spits on which are roasting thick joints of beef or mutton, in making soup, and so forth, for the five hundred and fifty pensioners. All of the latter who are not prevented from doing so through infirmity fetch their own dinners and convey them to their own little rooms, but by a wise provision a certain number of the more active are permanently told off to act as go-betweens in the cases of the very aged or infirm. The cooks themselves are pensioners, and are paid one shilling a day, while the twenty-five who assist in the conveyance of meals to the rooms of the feeble—ward-orderlies as they are called—receive half-a-crown weekly.

The finest sight at Chelsea Hospital is that to be seen any Sunday forenoon in the chapel. Here some two or perhaps three hundred old pensioners occupy the body of the church, all grey-haired, several very aged, many bearing badges and medals, and no inconsiderable number showing unmistakable signs of the fierce wear and tear of life which they have encountered. The officers have their pews along the walls, and there is ample accommodation for the few visitors who find their way thither in time for service. There is a good deal of spitting, and hoarse gurgling and coughing, among these poor old fellows, but there is always something very pathetic in their individual and collective aspect, never more so than when the tired grey heads are simultaneously bent low in prayer, or to receive the benediction of the chaplain. Some readers will doubtless recall the very noble picture of the "Old Pensioners," by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., a picture in no way exaggerated or sentimental, but as loyally straightforward as these worthy old warriors themselves. The chapel itself is about 110 feet in length, and with the waving banners and sorely tattered flags that droop from long poles around the walls presents a picturesque, and, at times, a very impressive sight. The large painting of Roman soldiers watching the sepulchre in fear and amazement as the Saviour rises from the tomb is by Sebastiano Ricci, but there is nothing else to attract the sight-seer save indeed the gold communion service which

was presented by James II. and is now valued, from a monetary point of view, at £500. In the chapel was buried a certain Rev. William Young, who if not very famous on account of his Latin dictionary should be remembered with interest by all students of our literature as the original of "Parson Adams" in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews."

Closely adjoining is the Royal Military Asylum, familiarly known as the Duke of York's School. Two of the boys from it can be seen in our full-page picture intently following the old pensioner as, helped by the chart, he tells them the story of bygone days and fights his battles over again.

In the grounds of the Hospital—which cover in all some fifty acres—there is nothing that need be mentioned here, further than has already been referred to, save the now disused cemetery, consisting of about one and a-half acres. If any one cares to enter this old graveyard he or she will inevitably have pointed out for notice the tomb of an aged veteran, who died at the age of one hundred and twelve years, having been born in 1620, and his decease having occurred in 1732. What sights and changes he probably witnessed, or at any rate lived through—the establishment of the Long Parliament and the Civil War from first to last, the execution of the King and the protectorate of Cromwell, the Restoration, the Great Plague, the Great Fire of London, the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act, the enthronement of James II., the Monmouth rebellion, the coronation of William and Mary, and later on of Anne, the victories of Blenheim, and Ramilies, and Malplaquet, the Union with Scotland, the ascent of George I. to the throne, the rebellion of the Pretender, the South Sea Company's feverish dream, the Spanish war, and the coronation of George II. ! It is not upon his long career through these eventful years, however, that any stress is laid, but rather on the facts that he had "a florid and fresh complexion," and that he took to himself a wife when above an hundred years old.

The pensioners themselves number some five hundred and fifty; of these six are colour-sergeants, at 10d. a day; twenty-four are sergeants, at 8d.; twenty-four are corporals, at 4d.; six are drummers at 3d.; fifty privates receive daily 2d.; another fifty 1½d.; and the remaining 390, 1d. Officers have the nominal rank of captain, and are invariably selected from the most meritorious of those who have served long as sergeants in the army; these have an allowance of



"The story of bygone days."

3s. 6d. a week. The duties of the pensioners are very slight; they have to mount guard and perform a few other garrison formalities, at no time anything to tax their advanced age or service-enfeebled bodies. In winter they wear long dark-blue overcoats, and in summer those brilliant scarlet uniforms of quaint pattern which with the old-fashioned

three-cornered hats serve to give at once pleasant "notes" of bright colour and a certain old-world look to the somewhat sordid, or at any rate unpicturesque streets of Chelsea, now altered indeed from those days when visitors reached it through the fields, or disembarked at the water-stairs beneath the two great cedars by the riverside.

HOW WE FIND OUT THE WEIGHT OF THE EARTH.

By PROFESSOR A. H. GREEN.

THOSE readers of GOOD WORDS who had the patience to follow me through an explanation, which was somewhat long and not altogether light reading, of the way in which we find out the shape and size of the earth, will perhaps bear with me while I try to show how we determine what may be popularly called the weight of the earth. The expression is not strictly accurate. What we do determine is not the earth's weight but its density. Weight and density are closely allied, so much so that they are sometimes looked upon as identical terms. This arises from the fact that the practical way of comparing the densities of two substances is by comparing their weights. If we take two pieces of exactly the same size, say a cubic inch each, of platinum and lead, and weigh them at the same spot on the earth's surface, at the same temperature, and generally under the same conditions, we shall find that the platinum weighs roughly about twice as much as the lead, and we say that platinum is twice as dense as lead.

But suppose we use a spring-balance for our weighing-machine, and suspend our cubic inch of lead on it first at the sea-level, and then on the top of a high mountain, we shall find, if our balance is sensitive enough, that the lead does not stretch the spring so much at the top of the mountain as at the sea-level. If we could carry balance and lead to Jupiter the lead would not weigh anything like so much there as on the earth.

In transferring the lead from place to place we have done nothing to alter its natural properties, of which density is one, but we have altered its weight. Weight therefore depends on something else besides density, and the two must not be confounded. The other thing on which weight depends is what we are accustomed to call the attraction of the earth, or of the planet on which the substance is weighed. We say that the earth pulls the lead towards it; that if the lead is

not supported, it is drawn to the ground; that if it is prevented from falling, it exerts a pressure on the body which supports it, or a strain on the body from which it is hung; and this pressure or strain is a measure of its weight. Thus weight depends on two things, the density of the substance and the magnitude of the pull which the earth exerts. Density is something inherent in the body itself; weight is an effect produced by the neighbourhood of another body.

We have as yet shown only how density is measured; but we can get some way towards explaining what it is in the nature of different bodies that causes them to have different densities. An illustration will perhaps make our explanation easier to follow. We read occasionally in the account of some great popular demonstration that "the crowd became so *dense* that the barriers erected to keep it back were broken down." An accident like this results partly from close packing in the crowd; the more men in a given space, the greater the density of the crowd. Now it is believed that if we could sufficiently magnify all substances we should find them not to be the compact solid stuff many of them appear to be, but literally crowds; only the individuals of which these crowds consist are particles almost inconceivably small called "molecules." There are spaces between the molecules, just as there are spaces between the men in a crowd, and by pressure the molecules can be packed more closely together, as can the men in a crowd. One thing, then, on which the density of a substance depends is the degree of closeness with which its molecules are packed.

Now, to return to our illustration, close packing is not the only thing that will tend to break the barrier; this result will depend also on the character of the individuals who compose the crowd; a body of stalwart navvies will be much more likely to bring it about than a gathering of half-starved agri-

cultural labourers. And there is a similar difference between the molecules of different substances. The molecules of the same substance are all alike in every respect; but the molecules of different substances have different properties, and among these differences the following specially concerns us here: the earth exerts a more powerful pull on the molecules of some substances than on those of others.

We can go so far then as to say that the density of a body depends upon two things—the nature of its molecules, and the degree of closeness with which they are packed. Beyond this we cannot go; we do not know why some molecules are attracted more strongly to the earth than others.

And even in these last words we have gone farther than we have any right to go, and used language which implies that we know very much more than we really do. We have got so used, when we see a stone fall to the ground, to say that this is caused by the earth pulling or attracting the stone, or by gravitation, that we hug ourselves into the belief that these words contain an explanation of the fact, full and perfect, and that nothing more need be said on the subject. But if any tiresome person were to ask why the earth attracts the stone, how it is able to affect a body at a distance from it, it would dawn upon us that there was a great deal more to be said before we had got to the bottom of the matter. We should see that the expressions, “the stone falls to the ground” and “the earth attracts the stone and pulls it towards the ground,” are only two ways of stating the fact that the stone moves as if it were pulled by the earth, and it would occur to us that giving an event a new name is not explaining it. We fall into similar mistakes every day. We see a man strike another on very small provocation, and we say it is *because* he is hot-tempered; and if we ask what constitutes a hot temper, we are told that it is a disposition to be violent on slight provocation. Just so, when we see a stone fall to the ground, we say it is *because* of gravitation, and when we are asked what gravitation is, we answer, a force that draws the stone to the ground. In both cases we are only stating the same fact in two ways, and the second way is not an explanation, though it is often taken for one. True, we do know more both about hot temper and gravitation than has been yet mentioned. We know that certain circumstances, such as a disordered stomach or very hot weather, will generally increase the irritability of a

quick-tempered man; that an increase in distance will diminish, and an increase in the earth's mass would increase the pull of the earth; but this is very far from knowing what hot temper or gravitation is. Newton did not find out, and though many attempts have been made since his day, no one has yet found out *why* his mythical apple fell to the ground. What he did find out were the laws that regulate its motion, if it be free to fall, and that determine its weight, if it be hindered from falling. The results he arrived at, as far as we want them here, may be thus stated. If we multiply together the density of a body and its volume—that is, the number of cubic inches in it, or cubic feet, or whatever unit we employ—the product is called the mass of the body. Further, if we have two bodies like the earth and one cubic inch of lead, and if we multiply together their masses and divide the product by the square of the distance between the lead and the centre of the earth, we shall obtain a measure of the pull of the earth on the lead.

Suppose, now, that we had a second body whose mass is known, and that we were able to compare the pull of the earth with the pull of this body; suppose we found that, distances being equal, the pull of the earth was a million times as great as the pull of the body. We should then know that the earth's mass was a million times the mass of this body. We know the earth's volume, for we have found its size and shape, we have found its mass, and dividing mass by volume we have its density. It is by comparisons of this kind that we determine the mass of the earth, and we must now explain by what dodges, if that is not too disrespectful a word, such comparisons are made possible.

The readers of the article on the Size of the Earth will perhaps recollect that if AB be a line running due north and south and a mile long, on a part of the earth's surface which is not exceptionally hilly, and if AC , BD be the directions of plumb-lines at A and B , AE , BF the directions of telescopes pointed to the same star S at these points, then the two angles CAE , DBF , which are called the zenith distance of the star at A and B , are together nearly one minute. And it was further explained that if O be the point in which the two lines CA , BD meet, this is the same thing as saying that the angle AOB is one minute.

But if there be a large mountain, such as is shown monstrously exaggerated in size by the shaded part in Fig. 1, between A and B , then it is found that the angle between the directions of plumb-lines at A and B is greater

than one minute. The plumb-lines no longer point to *o*, but have been pulled into some such position as *C P*, *D P*, so that they would meet in a point *P*, nearer to the surface than *o*. What has caused this? The mountain obviously; for it only happens when there is a mountain between the two stations of observation. Of course the mountain attracts, to use the common expression, the plummet just as the rest of the earth, and its attraction will tend to pull the plumb-line towards itself, to shift

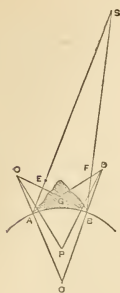


Fig. 1.

it from the position *C A* into the position *C P*. If we were to bring a large ball of lead near to the plummet of a plumb-line it would draw the line out of the vertical, but the mass of the lead and therefore its attraction, are so very small compared with the mass and attraction of the earth, that the deviation is too small to be measured directly, though we shall see by-and-by that there are means by which it can be detected. The mass of the mountain is far greater than that of any ball of lead we can employ, but still it is very small compared with that of the earth; on the other hand the mountain is very much nearer to us than the earth's centre; both mass and distance have to be taken into account in estimating the attractive power, and the result is that the nearness of the mountain makes up to a certain extent for its small mass; to a sufficient degree in fact to render its pull appreciable. To make this clearer, take the extravagant supposition that we have a mountain of such enormous size that its mass is one-sixteen millionth part of the mass of the earth, and that it is a mile from the plumb-line; the measure of its attraction will be one-sixteen millionth part of the earth's mass divided by the square of 1, or simply one-sixteenth million part of the earth's mass. To get a measure of the earth's attraction we must divide its mass by the square of our distance from its centre, that is by 4,000 multiplied by 4,000, or sixteen millions; the earth's attraction then will be represented by one-sixteen millionth part of its mass, or will be the same as the attraction of the mountain. The mountain alone would pull the plumb-line into nearly a horizontal position, the earth alone would pull it into a

vertical position: their pulls are equal, and it will assume a position half-way between horizontal and vertical. There is no isolated mountain of anything like the size we have supposed, consequently no mountain can pull a plumb-line anything like as much as this out of the vertical, but a good-sized mountain does pull it far enough to make the deviation measurable.

The deviation is detected, as we have explained, by observing the zenith distances of the same star at *A* and *B*, and finding by how much their sum exceeds one minute. The next thing is to obtain a measure of the pull which draws the plumb-line out of its place to the observed amount. For this end we make a very careful survey of the mountain, by which we find out its size and shape. We then examine the rocks of which it is made up and determine their densities by weighing specimens of them. Having found that we have so many cubic feet of a rock of a certain density and occupying a certain position, we can calculate the pull of the part formed of this rock; in the same way the pulls of the portions formed of other kinds of rock are determined; lastly, by combining all these results we find the pull of the whole mountain. Now we have all the data for the solution of the problem. We can say that the plummet is acted on by two pulls, that of the mountain and that of the earth; that if there were no earth the mountain would draw the plumb-line into the position *C G*; that if there were no mountain the earth would draw it into the position *C A*; that when both earth and mountain act it takes the position *C P*; of the two forces which produce this result we know one, viz., the pull of the mountain, and mechanical principles enable us to calculate the other, viz., the pull of the earth. Knowing the pull of the earth we can find its mass; we know its volume; dividing mass by volume, we have its density. The method just described was employed in 1774 by Drs. Maskelyne and Hutton, and the mountain selected was Schehallien, in Perthshire. The distance between the two stations was such that, if there had been no mountain, the angle between the directions of plumb-lines at them would have been 41 seconds, whereas it was 53 seconds.

We have now to determine how hard the earth must pull in order to allow of the mountain, whose pull we know, overcoming the earth's pull to a sufficient degree to cause this amount of deviation. Would an earth made of granite from surface to centre pull as hard as this? On making the necessary

calculations it is found that, if the earth were all granite, the mountain would pull aside the plumb-line more than it does. The actual earth therefore pulls harder than an earth made of granite would, and its density must be greater than that of granite. Trying different values we find at last that if the earth were entirely composed of a substance whose density was a little less than five times the density of water the plumb-line would be pulled aside by exactly the observed amount. We conclude then that the density of the earth taken as a whole, what is called its average or mean density, is a little less than five times the density of water. This is equivalent to saying that if we had a globe of the same size as the earth made up all through of a substance a little less than five times as dense as water, then the mass of this globe would be the same as the mass of the earth, and a cubic inch of lead would stretch a spring balance to the same extent on the surface of this globe as on the surface of the earth. We cannot place implicit confidence in the result of the Schehallien experiment, because, though geological principles enable us to infer with a high degree of probability, they cannot tell with absolute certainty what kind of rock there is in the heart of the mountain.

Other methods have accordingly been used to check the result. Sir H. James made observations on Arthur's Seat somewhat similar to those of the Schehallien experiment, and concluded from them that the earth's mean density was somewhat less than five and a half times that of water. In what is known as the Cavendish Experiment, two small balls of lead are fastened to the ends of a rod, and the rod is suspended by a wire in a horizontal position. Larger balls of lead are brought near the small balls, and by their pull on the small balls cause the rod to vibrate like a pendulum. The time of the vibration is observed, and knowing this it is possible to calculate the magnitude of the pull which the large balls exercise on the small balls. We know the pull of the earth on the small balls, for it is measured by their weight. Consequently we can say how many times bigger the pull of the earth is than the pull of a ball of lead, and from this how many times bigger the earth's mass is than the mass of the leaden ball. This method makes the

earth's density rather more than five and a half times the density of water. It has been several times repeated, and the results agree very nearly with one another.

A third method of determining the earth's density consists in observing the times of vibration of a pendulum at the top and bottom of a deep mine. The rate at which a pendulum swings depends on its length and the pull of the earth on its bob. Now the pull of the earth will not be the same at the bottom of a mine as at the surface. If we describe a sphere having the same centre as the earth and passing through the bottom of the mine, this will divide the earth into two parts, an outside shell and an interior ball. The different parts of the shell will each exert a pull on the bob, but they will pull some one way and some another, and it so happens that these pulls exactly neutralise one another, and the aggregate effect of the pull of the shell is nil. It is the pull then of the interior ball only that determines the rate of the pendulum. Now if the earth were of the same density all through, the pull of this ball would be less than the pull of the whole earth on a body at its surface, and the pendulum would not swing so fast at the bottom as at the top of the mine. Really it swings faster. This shows that the interior of the earth is denser than the outside, and by calculation the density which would cause the observed rate of vibration can be ascertained. By this method Sir G. B. Airy determined the mean density of the earth to be rather more than six and a-half times the density of water. This value is very much larger than that obtained by the other methods, and we cannot say that we yet know accurately what the mean density of the earth is; the balance of evidence, however, is in favour of its being not far off five and a-half times the density of water. But whatever be the exact figure, it will not affect the interest of the story I have been trying to tell. To me, and I hope to my readers, that lies in hearing how great men by their ingenuity and perseverance have won Nature's heart, and coaxed her into relaxing the coy reserve with which she hides her secrets from the mere inquisitive gazer, revealing them to those alone whom love of knowledge and constancy in the pursuit of it render worthy of her and of her confidence.

THE PROSPECTS OF MEDICAL WOMEN IN INDIA.

AMONGST all the good work which missionaries have initiated in various parts of the world, there is none which is likely to bear greater or more permanent fruit from the layman's point of view than that which has resulted in the training of medical women for India. But for the efforts made by missionary societies and the information obtained by their members, Englishwomen would never have heard of the sufferings which their sex, under the secluded conditions of Oriental life, and owing to the want of proper medical care, have to bear. Life in the Hindoo zenanas, hitherto so jealously guarded, has been seen and studied by ladies who have devoted their lives to missionary work; and the veil which was drawn over the condition of their inmates has been lifted, and piteous tales of suffering from diseases which the poor skill of native women is powerless to avert have been revealed.

It is now many years since the first efforts to remedy this state of things were made, by giving lady missionaries to India a medical training; but public opinion was not widely aroused upon the subject till about four years ago, when the touching message of the Maharanee of Punnah to our Queen on behalf of her millions of suffering sisters gave fresh impulse to a work which missionaries, as well as surgeons in the Indian medical service, had encouraged and helped forward so far as was in their power.

It is true that, as early as 1854, European and native pupils were received at a Madras hospital to be trained as nurses to women and children, but the idea of training women doctors did not originate till 1871, when Surgeon-General Balfour prevailed upon the Madras Medical College to open its doors to women; and it required ten years to elapse before the work then so quietly and unobtrusively begun became a public question, and entered upon the path of rapid development.

The history of the movement is well known, and it is not our intention to repeat the steps by which the training of medical women in India has been made possible in Bombay, Calcutta, and many other important centres. Suffice it to say that Madras, which was the first to open this career to women, has been the last to organize a fund for supporting medical women; that the capital is still the most backward in the matter; and that Bombay, with its rich Parsee inhabitants, has

been the most liberal in its grants, whilst throughout the length and breadth of India we find absolute unanimity between the Government, the medical profession, and the public, as regards the vital importance to native women of an adequate supply of trained doctors of their own sex.

The supply is not yet adequate, and it is in the hope of increasing it that these lines are penned. When we consider that there are over one hundred and eighteen million women in India, the majority of whom, owing to the customs of their country, are precluded from receiving medical attendance except from one of their own sex; that there are not at present twenty qualified English women nor as many qualified native lady doctors to minister to their needs; and that in addition to actual practising physicians, there is a large field for work in training and teaching native women to be skilful doctors, we may realise how great the supply from England alone may grow to, without exceeding the demand. In spite of what offers presumably brilliant prospects, however, there is no greater mistake than to suppose that any medical woman, going out to India fully qualified, will find work to her hand, and fees coming in so rapidly that, in a few years, she may realise an independent fortune and return to England. Those who go out hoping to set up a private practice and succeed at once must have their illusions destroyed. A private practice must be waited for out there and gained patiently step by step, as it is in England, for no natives will entrust their wives and daughters to any lady, whatever her diplomas, until she has won their confidence. This she can best do by being able to attend poor women free of charge, but this she could not afford to do unless she had either an allowance from home or a small income of her own for the first two or three years in the country.

If the medical woman, however, has no capital, but has, as an equivalent, good diplomas and good introductions to leading native gentlemen or a rajah, she may be so fortunate as to secure an appointment in a native State where the rajah would pay her a settled sum every month for attending the ladies of his zenana. Several Anglo-Indians in various parts of India continually speak of the many rajahs who would welcome a medical woman into their States, and pay them from £200 to £400 a year. There is no doubt that, for future experience and rising in the profes-

sion, such an appointment is the best to start upon; for although the life in the zenana would be lonely and trying in many ways, it would have greater advantages, in addition to the pecuniary ones, than a private practice, because there would be unlimited opportunity for studying the diseases peculiar to Indian women and children. Success in this field is, at the same time, not to be bought by good diplomas alone; a knowledge of the language of the place in which a medical woman is about to work is one of the first steps, and an indispensable one, to the confidence of the natives; and beyond this there must be sympathy for them and the power of gaining respect and courtesy from all classes. The language difficulty is not very great; it is quite possible to pick up a good deal of Hindustani during the voyage out, especially if Forbes' Hindustani Grammar has been slightly studied beforehand. A good beginning in the language can be made here, since it is pronounced just as it is spelt, and the way is tolerably clear once the characters and names of the numerous letters are learnt; so that young students may take heart, and remember that, although it has the appearance of being one of the most formidable languages, it is in reality one of the easiest.

There has been a good deal written and spoken, in both public and private, as regards the kind of medical education necessary for the career of a medical woman for India, and unfortunately an impression has spread that a somewhat meagre medical education will suffice for the work. The training needed is, on the contrary, most thorough; for the cases which come under a woman doctor in India are generally of a complicated character, and such as do not recover spontaneously nor yield to the treatment of the native women, demanding consequently the fullest experience and widest medical and surgical knowledge. Beginning with a general knowledge of anatomy and physiology, the training should include minor surgery and oculist's practice (eye-diseases being very wide-spread in India), and extend to special diseases of women and children and obstetrics. Obstacles to women being fully trained in all these branches no longer exist, for a curriculum qualifying for the examinations of the University of London, the Royal University of Ireland, and other examining bodies, is provided at the London School of Medicine for Women in connection with the Royal Free Hospital, and at other centres abroad and at home.

Ladies armed with all a thorough education could bestow have already gone forth in small numbers, carrying with them hearty good wishes for success in a field which in England is beset with prejudice; but the response to the Maharance of Punnah's appeal might be much larger. Her appeal was to the Queen personally, but royal influence in this case cannot do what the two parties directly concerned in it can themselves do, *i.e.* what the leaders of native society in India on the one hand and medical women on the other can do and are doing. Since Sir Salar Jung expressed his opinion as to the benefit English medical women would be to India, and said that teachers as well as practitioners might settle in the chief towns, and that in the rural districts a class of ordinary female practitioners, not of the stamp of teachers, would be very acceptable to the vast native populations, saying at the same time that, although it would be impossible to give any estimate of the required numbers, two hundred and fifty teachers as well as one thousand practitioners would, without doubt, obtain an honourable professional maintenance, a great deal has been done, both in founding scholarships for students here and in India, and in throwing open hospital and other appointments to qualified women. There is a large Women's Hospital at Bombay, the Caste Hospital at Madras may soon be a *fait accompli*, and quite recently the Maharance Surnomoyee of Cassinbazar has offered £15,000 to found a hall of residence for native women students in Calcutta, for which Lady Dufferin has laid the foundation-stone, and further sums have been promised towards the salary of an English lady doctor to superintend it.

In addition, an association to aid the establishment of medical women, throughout the length and breadth of India, has been started during the past summer under Lady Dufferin's auspices, and has already received substantial support from vast numbers of native gentlemen.

Thus the two primary difficulties to the success of the movement have been swept away. Sufficient, if not large incomes, are guaranteed to medical women in many parts of India by native gentlemen, who wish to have female medical attendants for their wives and families, and women have been placed upon an equal footing with men as regards dispensing medicines and qualifying for degrees. The question is not one of sending out women from this country alone; it embraces the larger one of utilising the

native element, but it is in regard to the prospects and training of Englishwomen that we at home are most concerned.

Although, as we have said, the work is originally the result of the labours of missionaries, the most marked feature of its progress has been the divorce of medical from missionary work, as it formerly existed. The zenana missions have met with a good deal of opposition in some native circles, because the Hindoos have a suspicion that women make their medical knowledge and advice secondary to their hopes of converting the inmates to Christianity. Medical missionaries had thus to encounter grave difficulties, and they had not always the tact or good fortune to come well out of them. Now, however, the prospects both of conversion and healing are brighter, and both have entered upon a new and higher phase. A good physician, who is nothing more, is more valuable for special purposes than a good missionary who is also a bad physician; and it certainly commends neither Christianity nor European methods of medicine to Hindoo ladies to send them missionaries in the disguise of indifferent doctors. The plan of combining the work had, no doubt, many merits in a bygone day; but the fact that several native ladies have inquired very critically as to the diplomas or credentials of medical missionaries specially provided for their benefit, shows that both missionaries and medical women will have more chance of success if they are avowedly one or the other alone. A qualified or unqualified medical missionary has to-day to encounter a great amount of distrust, while the thoroughly trained and unsectarian woman-doctor is welcomed for the professional work she undertakes to perform. They

are not missionaries first and doctors afterwards, and hence missionaries in the future need not be burdened with a secondary profession, except in so far as a slight knowledge of medicine is a necessity for all travellers in out-of-the-way districts.

There are several people, doubtless, who will regard the separation of the medical and missionary work with dismay, and who, in the uncertainties of the transition state which zenana work in India is now going through, will find facts to substantiate their belief that the old combination is the best, and that with the separation of medical from missionary work, missionary work *per se* will be all the harder, even if it eventually succeeds in a country where caste holds such sway, unless some subsidiary motive can be found for penetrating into Indian home life. To such as these we would answer, "Is there not in India a large enough field for the woman-doctor and for the missionary? is not the successful introduction of European methods of treatment one step in dispersing Hindoo darkness and superstition? and is not the uplifting of native women to minister to the needs of their own sex—to relieve sufferings on the one hand, and enable some of the twenty millions of young Hindoo widows, not to speak of the unmarried women, on the other, to earn an independent position—one of the surest means of converting the nation at large to European customs socially, and as time goes on, to the religion which has so powerfully influenced the development of our own and other Western nations?"

Time alone can prove that this will be so, but meantime those who are acquainted with Indian life and thought do not despair that it will be as predicted.

E. M. BEAL.

TRAVELLERS' SNAKE STORIES.

By FREDERICK WHYMPER.

I.

FROM the very earliest days of man's history, the serpent has been his enemy, and has been regarded as the typical Spirit of Evil. It has entered into the mythology of all nations, and by many has been worshipped in awe and fear. Snake adoration is still common among the aborigines of America, North and South, while travellers tell us of the remains of gigantic serpent-idols found in Mexico.

The ancients were intimately acquainted

with many forms of the serpent, and there are well-recorded cases which would seem to indicate—after allowing for exaggeration—that it was sometimes found of a larger growth than it ever is in these days. Passing over Aristotle's Lybian serpents, one of which was strong enough to upset a great galley, one can hardly help recurring to that great snake which so alarmed the Romans under Regulus, mention of which is made by more than half-

a-dozen classical writers. Sinbad's examples in the Valley of Diamonds and elsewhere, the scales of one of which "made a rustling as he wound himself along," and which swallowed two of his companions, were really nowhere by comparison.

Let us, very briefly, examine the structure of these reptiles themselves, before alluding to their tortuous and wicked ways. Indeed some little knowledge on the former subject is absolutely necessary in order to understand the latter.*

The organs of locomotion for snakes in general are the ribs, the number of which is considerable. Although their motions are usually quick, all of them are explained by the following simple process: when a part of their body has found some projection of the ground which affords it a point of support, the ribs of one and the other side alternately are drawn more closely together, thereby producing alternate bends of the body on the corresponding side. The hinder part of the body being drawn after, some part of it finds another support on the rough ground; and the anterior bends being stretched in a straight line, the front part of the body is propelled in consequence.†

Generally the snakes' teeth are long, thin, and pointed like a needle, and more or less bent backwards. At the time a poison-snake opens its mouth to bite, special muscles compress a gland and force its contents into the channel of the venom-tooth, whence it is injected into the wound. This apparatus is used not merely for defence, but for overpowering their prey, which is always killed before they commence to swallow it. They do not possess organs for tearing it to pieces, or even for ordinary mastication, and their prey is therefore swallowed entire; in consequence of the great width of the mouth, and elasticity or extensibility of the skin, gullet, and stomach, they are enabled to swallow animals whose girth exceeds their own.‡ In

the cases of the boa and python the jaw-bones are not closely knit together as in the mammalia, but are merely connected by ligaments which can be stretched at pleasure. The lower jaw is not directly united to the upper one, but is hung to a long bone on which it is movable; this again is only attached to the skull by ligaments, susceptible of almost any amount of stretching. One effect of all these arrangements of nature is that it can move one-half the jaw independently of the other, and keep a firm hold of its victim, while gradually swallowing it. The mouth, too, can be opened *transversely*, as well as vertically.

Serpents may be divided into two great classes—those which kill by muscular pressure and those which poison. Of the first, the boa and its congeners, the python (Indian boa) and anaconda, the great water serpent of South America, are the most formidable. Thirty feet, or very little over, seems to be the maximum length to which the first and second attain; the last has been known to grow to forty feet in length. It is just to add that serpents of these dimensions are excessively rare. And, further, it may be stated in general terms that the instances where they have attacked man are comparatively rare also.

The great python of the Sunda Isles has been known to kill, though it could hardly swallow, a buffalo. The exploit of one of these reptiles furnished a subject very popular among the illustrators of books on natural history early in the present century. The story goes that a Malay prow had anchored for the night under the island of Celebes. One of the crew went on shore to search for betel-nuts, and is supposed to have fallen asleep on the beach when he emerged from the forest. In the dead of night his companions aboard the prow were roused by heartrending screams. They immediately went ashore, but arrived too late. The cries had ceased; the unfortunate man was found crushed to death in the folds of an enormous python, which had wound itself round his head, neck, breast, and thighs. They had, however, the satisfaction of killing it, which was more than some natives will dare to attempt. Though a boa, when gorged with food, may be killed with comparative ease, we are told that the South Africans seldom avail themselves of the opportunity, for they believe that it has a great influence over their destinies, and "that no person has ever been known to maltreat it without, sooner or later, paying

* The reader desirous of pursuing the subject scientifically, more especially with regard to India, the country *par excellence* of reptiles, should peruse Sir Joseph Eayre's great work on "The Thanatophidia of India," and Dr. Günther's valuable monograph, "The Reptiles of British India," the latter of which was issued by the Ray Society. Both have been consulted in the preparation of this chapter.

† Dr. Hutchinson (a correspondent of *Nature*, Oct. 2, 1879) believes that snakes use their abdominal scales, and that a vacuum is produced beneath them, as in the foot of the lizard, enabling them to go over or up smooth surfaces. This is an important point, ignored by the older writers, and if correct, explains the manner in which snakes have reached positions, to gain which they *must* have climbed smooth walls and other surfaces.

‡ Snakes, however, have been known to miscalculate the stretching powers of their own stomachs! Actual examples of such greedy creatures "come to grief" are to be seen in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons; among the rest is a snake with a toad projecting through a hole worked in its belly.

for his audacity."* Not so the Boers, however, as we shall see by an example furnished by Andersson.†

Two Boers had found a bees' nest among rocks, and a hole by which it could be reached. One of them crawled in, though dissuaded by his companion, who feared that it might prove the retreat of a serpent. He had not crept far when he stopped suddenly, horror-stricken; right in face of him was an ondara (a boa-constrictor) advancing towards him with glaring eyes. The poor Boer squeezed himself against the rocky walls of the hole in an agony of fear, holding his breath. The brute, glaring through the darkness, passed him, but quickly turned round, thrust his fangs into his body, and

crushed him to death. His companion at first fled, but having recovered his courage, returned, and watching the hole till he saw the ondara leave, crept into its narrowest part. After several hours of dreadful suspense, the entrance to the hole was darkened; the great serpent had returned. Outstretching his hand into the gloom, he watched for the ondara's head, grasped its neck with the strength of a desperate man, and dashed it again and again from side to side of the rocky cave, until its struggles ceased, and it was an unrecognisable mass of gore.

There is evidently great danger in seeking refuge in caverns where serpents abound. M. de la Gironière tells us of a native



in the Philippines,‡ who, having committed some heinous offence, ran away from the settlements and took refuge in a cave. His father, who alone knew the place of his concealment, visited him occasionally to supply him with food. "One day he found, in place of his boy, an enormous boa sleeping. He killed it, and found his son in its stomach. The poor wretch had been surprised in the night, crushed to death and swallowed." The same writer believes that the boa takes centuries to attain its largest size, which is probably an exaggerated view of the case. These full-sized boas are only met in the gloomiest and most remote recesses of forests.

M. de la Gironière also tells us that on several occasions when passing through the woods with his Indian servants, he heard the piercing cries of wild boars which had become the victims of the boas. The serpent would be found hanging* from a branch and gradually hoisting its unwieldy prey. When the wild boar had been lifted to a certain height, struggling helplessly with its assailant, the latter would press it against the tree, crushing its life out of it. Then the boa would let its victim fall, itself descend the tree, and prepare to comfortably enjoy its meal. "This last operation was," says the

* Dr. Andrew Smith, "Illustrations of South Africa."

† "Lake Ngami," &c.

‡ "Twenty Years in the Philippines."

* The boas suspend themselves by the tail, and not by the front part of the body, as often erroneously represented in pictures. Nature has provided them with two spine-like hooks, situated one on each side of the vent, which are attached to the skeleton by several intermediate bones, and which assist them to firmly grip their hold.

narrator, "much too lengthy to await its end. To simplify matters, I sent a ball into the boa's head." Then the Indians would dry and eat the flesh, using the skin to make dagger sheaths.

A Dutch friend of Waterton, one of whose own exploits will be hereafter mentioned, killed a boa, twenty-two feet long, with a pair of stag's horns sticking out of its mouth. It had gradually swallowed the stag, but the horns being much too large for its capacity, was waiting in patience till its stomach digested the body, when the antlers would have dropped out. In this ridiculous plight it came to grief, a quick shot settling the business.

Charles Waterton, whose "Wanderings in South America" is one of the classics of natural history, once succeeded, though with great difficulty, in capturing in a forest of Guiana, a great Coulacanara, a serpent of the constrictor class, alive. Having obtained some information in regard to its haunts, he and his party proceeded through the forest in absolute silence, without moving their arms or heads, in order to prevent the slightest alarm on the part of the snake, which might otherwise have slunk off, or attacked them. Waterton carried a lance, poised perpendicularly, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake was at length surprised in its lair, struck with the lance just behind the neck, and pinned to the ground. That moment the negro next to him seized the lance and held it firmly in its place, while Waterton dashed foremost into the den to grapple with the snake and to get hold of its tail before it could do any mischief. It gave a tremendous hiss, frightening a little dog which had accompanied them almost out of its wits. They had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, each party struggling for superiority. Waterton next called upon the second negro to throw himself bodily on him, as he found that he was not heavy enough, and the additional weight was of great service. "I had," says he, "now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with these tied up the snake's mouth." The snake now again attempted resistance, but they contrived to make it twist round the shaft of the lance, and then started in a procession of triumph

out of the forest. Waterton stood at its head and held it tightly under his arm; one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. They had to stop and rest some ten times on account of its weight, the brute often making a vain struggle for freedom. It was kept in a strong bag till the following day, when it was kept down by main force until it was killed. This was a Coulacanara of fourteen feet in length, and as thick as a common boa of twenty-four feet. After skinning it, Waterton found that he could easily get his head into its mouth.

Towards the end of 1882, several English newspapers reprinted, from a journal published in Singapore, the account of a fight between a man and a python, which would indicate that the Guy Livingstone type of muscular heroes is not extinct among Europeans in that settlement. One day, news was brought to the curator of the museum that a great python, which was on exhibition there, had escaped from its box, and was careering about the building, no doubt thoroughly enjoying the flight of the attendants and visitors. The brute was no less than twenty-two feet long. At that moment the curator happened to have a bottle of carbolic acid in his hand. "It was a most exciting tussle when they came together, and for a few seconds the shivering native spectators could not make out which was snake and which was man." The guardian of the museum's treasures had secured a firm grip of the python's throat, but on the other hand the serpent had coiled its crushing folds around his legs. Had it been a question of strength merely, the boa must have won the day; the curator would soon have been only fit to make a stuffed mummy in his own museum. But after a struggle or two more, he managed cleverly to decant the bottle of carbolic acid down the reptile's throat—the grip on which he had never relaxed. The boa had evidently been unaccustomed to the drink—nay, it evidently disagreed with him. The coils loosened from the curator's limbs, a convulsive shiver went through the entire twenty-two feet of snake, and in a few minutes the great python was dead! After which, it is to be hoped that the spectators gratefully brought their deliverer something reviving, for wrestling with a python in the tropics must be decidedly warm work.

The boa has not merely oftentimes been mastered by man, but by much inferior beings. An officer stationed at Kalladgee, in India, was once climbing a rocky hill,



when he, and a native who accompanied him, witnessed the following episode. A poor monkey was being slowly enwrapped in the voluminous folds of an enormous boa, its bones breaking like pipe-stems by the pressure. Gradually the reptile unwound itself, leaving a crushed, unrecognisable mass. The numerous monkeys on the rock were in the greatest state of excitement, running wildly about, gesticulating, chattering, and moaning, though, of course, powerless to help their comrade. While the snake was commencing its gorge, and before its body began to fill and swell, the officer and native went in quest of a stout cudgel and a sharp knife, expecting to make it an easy prey as soon as it should be filled to repletion. When they returned to the scene of strife, the boa lay thoroughly gorged, beneath a projecting mass of cliff, looking more like a log than anything more lively. On the summit above, a troop of monkeys was assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing a massive fragment of rock, already loosened by the rains from the main ledge. By enormous exertion—made, too, with a silence quite unusual to monkeys—they at length succeeded in pushing the rock until it trembled just over the boa's head; then, uttering a yell of triumph, they dropped it over the miniature precipice. It struck the boa on the head,

mashing it to a jelly. As its great tail lashed about ineffectually in its last struggle, there was a general chorus of exultation—man joining his near relative, if we believe some of our instructors—over this well-accomplished act of vengeance.

THROUGH A DARK VALLEY.

A Story of the American Civil War.

By FRANCES GORDON.

CHAPTER IX.

“DAY broke, and found us breathing freely after a night of torturing anxiety. Poor little Dick, who had been strangely

heavy during the previous four-and-twenty hours, had towards midnight fallen into a stupor most alarming to those acquainted with the perils of teething during the warm

summer months. It was some little time before Doris, in her inexperience, could realise that he was not in a natural sleep.

We worked hard, and finally succeeded in rousing him from the state of coma which, unless interrupted, *must* end in death. Fortunately, I was not without experience of such cases, and though the remedies at hand were miserably inadequate, we contrived between us to restore the child to a semblance of life.

Necessity compelled us to start when the waggon should come for us. We had no means of sending a message to Wilmer, begging for delay, and every hour that detained Abner from his duty was to be deplored. Happily, the morning was, for a wonder, cloudy, and the waggon did not arrive until nine o'clock. By that hour little Dick, though languid and weak, was out of all immediate danger, and his mother's chief thought was to get him home as soon as possible. I refrained from adding another straw to her burden by reminding her that 'home' lay right in the line of Burnside's late march from North Carolina, and that it was only too probable that it might by this time be devastated almost beyond recognition.

We had reached the foot of the hill, and were well on our way across the low ground whereon Longstreet's command had broken camp but two hours before, when old Judy insisted on stopping the waggon and turning us all out, with a view to making some alterations in the interior of the vehicle. I took little Dick and walked on slowly with him. About fifty yards ahead several mounted officers were yet lingering, and as I approached two detached themselves from the group and came riding at a foot's pace in my direction, talking earnestly all the time. The firm, grave tones of one of them were borne towards me through the quiet morning air.

'Yes; all that is very sad, and might be a cause of self-reproach, but that we are conscious that we have humbly tried to do our duty.'

There was a pause, and then the same speaker continued slowly and thoughtfully—

'There is a true glory and a true honour: the glory of duty done—the honour of the integrity of principle.'

I looked up quickly. I did not recognise the voice, yet surely there was but one man who could speak as this one did! His face was turned the other way, and he and his companion were now both silent.

At that moment Doris joined me, and,

touching me on the shoulder, called my attention to the child, who had suddenly grown heavy in my arms. A glance sufficed to show the cruel truth—the blue tinge was once more around the lips and half-closed eyes, and the struggle for life was to begin afresh.

'Oh! for a few drops of whisky!' I cried. 'Oh, Doris, that is what he needs!'

'What is the trouble, madam?' said a voice close beside me.

I raised my eyes. Yes, there could be no mistake. It was General Lee himself, the 'Father of his People.'

I am no Southerner—not even an American—yet I gazed on that noble countenance with feelings akin to veneration.

He had his military cap in his hand, and his head was bowed towards us. A glimpse of the rigid little face upon my knee seemed to give him the answer he required, for he did not wait for mine.

'So, Traveller!' he exclaimed, addressing the charger now become historic—the same who eight years later followed his master to his last resting-place, far away at Lexington. 'Steady, boy! steady!'

He was on the ground in an instant, and throwing the rein around the saddle, bent over little Dick. Then he turned and spoke in an undertone to the other officer, who at once produced a tiny flask of whisky. I never shall forget how he hung over the child, and watched while we mixed a small quantity of the liquor with some of the milk sent by Wilmer that morning. I had often heard of the great General's love for children, but the tender interest depicted in his face defies all description. With a mind weighted with the cares of a nation he was yet able to turn out of his path, and lose much of his precious time, for the sake of one little stranger child! He did not stir till the dreadful blueness had forsaken the baby face, and the small limbs were again warm and flexible. Then he stood erect, and as he cast on Doris one penetrating yet compassionate glance our identity seemed for the first time to dawn upon him.

'Mrs. Madison, I presume?' he said, lifting his cap once more. And then turning to me, 'And Mrs. Gordon also?' He added a few words of sympathy and encouragement and concluded by saying, 'The Major has, I perceive, done his utmost for your comfort in these melancholy circumstances. Would that it were in my power to assist you further, but I have no doubt that you can guess how I am placed. I have a hard ride

in prospect in order to come up with the advance columns before night.'

We expressed ourselves in terms of grateful respect; he smiled on us gently and pityingly, spoke again to little Dick in the manner of one well used to children, and then mounted and rode away with his companion at a rapid gait.

We regained the waggon, and pursued our course in the contrary direction—very silent, for we had much to occupy our minds as we went bumping over those wretched Virginia roads throughout the weary day. What must poor Doris have felt as, soul and body alike fainting, she clasped her dying child to her bosom, her husband's harsh words still ringing in her ears? Her dying child. Yes, it had indeed come to that. I do not know when the truth had first flashed on her in all its relentlessness—probably before it had on me—so quick is love to read the worst, so eager to conceal its knowledge.

I am not going to harrow you with a description of little Dick's death. Suffice it to say that ere that day closed we knew that we could go no farther; at all hazards we must wait where we were for the end. So we encamped on the edge of a strip of bottom-land, beside a running creek, and surrounded by woods. Here was plenty of grazing for the mules, and for ourselves we had provisions such as in those times of dearth were considered ample. It was the last of August, and all unknown to us the 'Second Manassas' was being fought.

Abner unhitched his mules and took them down stream to water. On his return he called me apart and informed me that he had just fallen in with a detachment of recruits hastening to the front, in which was a coloured boy belonging to the Mitchell plantation.

'He's carryin' de grey colt to Marse,' Abner said; 'look'ee hyar, Miss France, don't you reckon dat I'd best go on wid de colt and leave dat boy to fool aroun' hyar?'

The suggestion was a good one, and I hastened to impart it to Doris. For a minute she appeared quite scared, and only cried, 'But he must not tell him, cousin; he must not tell him!'

It was but momentarily that I was perplexed and wondered what she meant; directly I caught her meaning I felt the uselessness of argument, entirely though I differed from her. Indeed, I had not the heart to contradict her, just now. Apparently her only comfort lay in sparing her husband additional distress. What message I might have sent to Wilmer had I been

allowed to communicate with Abner again is not worth recording, for I saw him no more. Doris pushed me gently on one side, and went away herself to speak with him. When she came back she told me that Abner was gone and that Jem Davis had taken his place.

Hourly we thanked God that we had no pain to witness, but only a quiet and gradual failure of the springs of life. Had little Dick suffered what would have become of Doris, already well-nigh heart-broken? It is hard enough to witness the mere fading of the flower, but how do mothers bear the sight of a little child in pain which they are powerless to relieve? They bear it somehow, I suppose, like as we survive many an hour of torture, which before we said we never could endure. . . . But in recalling those sad days I must not omit to mention what happened therein. One evening Curtis Monkton emerged from the wood. What amount of astonishment Doris experienced I know not. I think she was beyond any feeling of the sort. At all events she manifested none. What was it to her who went and came while the sole joy of her existence was slowly passing from her? She did not even seem to recollect that Curtis was, indirectly, the cause of much of her trouble; and when he came, and kneeling beside her, drew from his pouch his travelling medicine case, she accepted him simply in his capacity of doctor, just as in great crises we do accept the unexpected, without questioning or even wonder. For awhile his remedies took effect, and had we had any buoyancy left in us we might have hoped again.

I could not bring myself to remonstrate with Curtis on his reappearance, convinced though I now was that he had been following us ever since we left the James. How could I find fault with him when I saw how Doris turned to him in her need, and hung on his every word, as he came daily backwards and forwards, and strove—in vain—to save her boy?

And during those few days we learned to look upon that spot beneath the trees as consecrated ground. A solemn sweetness was on the baby-lips and brow, and already he seemed to belong to us no longer. For a heavenly presence brooded over him, and to us the whiteness of his countenance was but the reflection of snowy wings spread wide for flight.

It was as if we stood before some sanctuary, our best beloved passing in—we left without.

He needed us no longer.

* * * * *

It was Curtis who lifted Doris on the horse he had by some means contrived to procure for her, in order that she might be spared the long-drawn agony of the ride in the waggon beside the still little form for whom all her cares had been in vain. Then the young man turned his steps the other way, for even he dared not risk a further advance.

Pale and calm Doris rode on through the grey and gloomy morning, the whole sky dark with clouds gathering for the early September rains. At mid-day we halted near a railroad depôt, and thinking it possible that Wilmer might have been able to send some letter or message down the line to the place where he knew we should inquire for one, I sent Jem to see. We had heard that the track had been repaired during our delay in the woods, and when Jem returned he handed Doris a sealed letter, which, he said, had come partly by mail and partly by private messenger, with directions to be forwarded to the Mitchell plantation unless called for before a certain date.

We had resumed our melancholy journey before Doris read her letter. When she had done so I had no longer cause to be alarmed by her unnatural calmness.

I can see that picture now; the red and dusty road, the monotonous woods—relieved here and there by some dog-wood tree or bunch of golden-rod, splashes of crimson and amber upon the dull leafage of September—the leaden sky which seemed to crush out life and hope and courage—and riding beside a waggon a frail woman's form, shaken with grief, the reins hanging idle on her horse's neck, weeping as I had never seen her weep before.

I could bear it no longer—every sob pierced my heart.

I checked the waggon and sprang out, and Aunt Judy, moved to pity, helped me to take her from the saddle. And then I sat down on the ground and, pillowing her head on my bosom, strove to hush those heartrending sounds. . . .

'Do not tell him, cousin,' she said, her breath coming in quick gasps. 'Do not tell him. He has enough already—let him believe that he has something to live for yet—that he has not lost everything.'

I groaned in spirit, but I promised—at least for a time. What would I not do to give her ease?

There was no need for me to peruse the

letter; I could guess only too well what were its contents. But as Doris grew quieter she told me in broken sentences that immediately after leaving us, Abner and his comrades had come upon Curtis Monkton, and that they had made a futile attempt to capture him. This piece of information had of course been imparted to Wilmer, and his letter to Doris was the result of his knowledge that Monkton was close to us when we did not even know it ourselves.

When at length we began to draw near the Mitchell plantation, such a terror possessed me lest Doris's home should have shared the fate of others that we had passed upon the road, that I hardly dared to look up. But it was safe and almost untouched—desolate, truly, the flower borders run to weed, the fences broken, the lawns brown with dust, yet home nevertheless. Before our departure we had buried, or otherwise concealed, as many of the valuables as we could, but much had been unavoidably left to become the prey of the spoiler. We concluded that the house had been spared owing to the fact that it lay just off the line of march.

A cold rain, such as we often have between the August and September heats, was sweeping across the upland slope and scattering the summer-dried leaves from the trees, as we laid our little Dick beside his grandfather in the family burial-ground. The sad procession consisted solely of a few women and old men, white and coloured. The demonstrative Southern nature found vent in tears and expressions of sympathy, both of which, I am convinced, cut Doris, the real sufferer, to the quick. But she made no sign. Hers was a grief too deep for words or tears; and as the weeks rolled on and not a word came from Wilmer, and we scarce knew if he were alive or dead, I sometimes wondered, as I watched her fade, whether indeed Doris would break her heart and die. The incapacity for expression makes a torture of its own; and I was aware that so long as she *could* endure, it would be in silence. I also knew that it would be impossible for her to hold out for any great length of time; for, alas! my little Doris was too delicate a plant for such rough usage.

Well for those whose troubles can flow out in a stream of spoken words. Well for them indeed! Their feet will never advance far beyond the brink of that 'sea of sorrow' which encompasses us all—much less sound its depths.

In those days several of her friends came to Doris, drawn by her exceeding gentleness, and poured forth their lesser woes, loudly envying her 'self-control' and 'calmer nature;' or displayed their living children to her, apparently without a backward thought to the little mound upon the lonely hill, or a suspicion of what that calmness hid. To cheerfulness she could not attain—that was more than could be expected of so fragile a creature; and the assumed air of composure, worn as a mask to hide the inner life, could not deceive one who, like myself, was well versed in all the grades of suffering.

We take a wild flower from its natural home, we set it in our garden, we accustom it to care and tenderness, we develop in it possibilities such as before it never dreamed that it possessed; then, when its whole being is awakened to its uses, we pluck it up and cast it out, saying, 'Away! we have no further need of you.'

Thus Doris, with every instinct of tenderness called into activity, merely, as it seemed, to have them thrust back on self, consumed her heart in silence.

You may think I grow morbid in recalling this portion of the past; but is it surprising that faith and courage should sometimes have failed me, and that even now, when all is over, I vividly remember an anguish which no future happiness can altogether wipe out?"

CHAPTER X.

"SEPTEMBER passed, and October was following fast, and still we heard nothing of Wilmer. The times were becoming harder and harder, and Doris appeared to be dwindling away. The war news that came to us was not always correct, but we knew that the fearful slaughter still went on, and that day by day some home was made newly desolate. Each night the sun went down in a blood-red sky; and daily, on the distant mountains and on the nearer hills, fresh fires sprang into being beneath the glowing finger of the waning year. And on one little grave the red and yellow leaves fell softly, as they might even then be falling on the mounded earth above the heaps of slain on some far-off battle-field. But of this we spoke not.

One October twilight we sat together on the porch. The vacant house lay behind us, voiceful of the past. Did Doris remember how often we had sat, just so, before? Just so, and yet how greatly changed. . . . Here

little Dick had toddled; there Wilmer had leaned and looked into her eyes. . . . Did she remember? . . . Say, rather, do we ever forget? . . .

Doris soon went into the house to light the lamp, for she seldom dared to sit idle now, poor child. A few minutes later my ear caught the click of a gate, and then the rapid beating of a horse's hoofs upon the drive. Even thus had Wilmer returned to us more than eighteen months before. Could it be he now?

I went half-way down the steps and listened intently. Nearer and nearer came the horse. No, it was not 'Colonel'—of that I was very sure. Yet it might be his master. So wrought up was I that by my own surprise I found myself calling through the twilight,

'Wilmer, Wilmer, have you come at last?'

There was no reply, but the horseman drew up at the foot of the steps and sprang to the ground. A door banged at the back of the house, and Doris crossed the hall, unconscious of the new-comer, and carrying a lamp whose transient gleam fell on a face I knew only too well.

'Oh, Curtis!' I exclaimed, a world of reproach and disappointment in my voice.

'Do not be vexed, Mrs. Gordon,' was the hurried answer; 'indeed I mean well by this visit. I have ridden fast in order to warn you of the approach of McClellan's army, surmising that although you might have heard rumours of its march in this direction you might not know it was so close. In the best of armies there must be a lawless scum, and one of my objects in visiting you to-night is to assist you in concealing any property of value. That has been already done, you say, but I also wished to assure you that any influence in my power—and, believe me, I have some—shall be used to avert annoyance from you.'

My tones of reproach changed to gratitude, and I proceeded to walk with him to a remote corner of the grove, where we hitched his horse. Then, calculating that at this hour the negroes would be in the quarters, we went together to the empty stables. There we contrived to scrape together sufficient food for his horse from the feed-room, and drawing a bucket of water from the well, sought the grove again.

I felt that I could not invite Curtis to rest beneath our roof. Benefactor though he was he must be turned from the door—the first person who had ever been denied a night's

lodging at the old Mitchell homestead. Happily he rescued me from an awkward position by observing that he could only stay long enough to feed his horse, and must then fall back on the advance columns.

I had thought Doris sadly changed, but never realised how much until I and my companion entered the parlour together and he went forward to take her hand. Then I read it all in his face.

Doris seemed hardly able now to bear the sight of even her faithful old Judy, and at dark all the coloured folks were dismissed to the quarters—a step wholly unprecedented in those days. It was as if she would banish everything, change all habits, which should serve to make the new life a mere mockery of the old. But to-night before going Aunt Judy had started a bright chip-fire upon the hearth, for the evenings were growing cool. I went out immediately to find some refreshment for our guest, while Doris sat and talked with him.

When he rose to go it was I who accompanied him with a lantern to the place where we had left his horse.

‘Rely on me to do my utmost to save you from intrusion, Mrs. Gordon,’ he said as we separated; ‘I have, moreover, good hopes that we shall encamp a little to the northward, in which case my intercession will not be needful. Longstreet’s division is on the march from the Valley, and there will probably be some sharp skirmishing around here shortly; but it will not be apt to interfere with you, and so long as I am able I shall remain close at hand. Once more—rely on me!’

Longstreet’s division! To this Wilmer was in all likelihood attached!

When Curtis rode away he left me still debating within myself as to what I should do. Could I but send a message to Wilmer, telling him of his child’s death and of his wife’s precarious state of health! Doris would absolve me from my promise, and if she declined to do so surely I should be justified in absolving myself? However, further cogitation merely served to assure me of the uselessness of quarrelling with my conscience, at present at all events. As I *could* do nothing, what I *would* do was of no manner of consequence.

Doris was greatly excited by the news that could not be kept from her—namely, that Longstreet’s command was up from the valley, though separated from us by the opposing army. The following day was one of those chill and gloomy ones such as, in Virginia,

are the almost invariable forerunners of prolonged rain, and night found us very glad of our first real log fire, and prepared to delude ourselves with the idea that we should have no more warm weather. We had retired early to one of the upper chambers, and a wet north-easter was even then beginning to drive against the closed blinds. The old-fashioned wooden cradle, against whose removal Doris had tacitly protested, still stood in the cosiest nook beside the hearth, its back turned to the door; and on the outside of the bed lay Doris herself, tossing and sometimes murmuring in uneasy slumber. The solemn stillness of the big house can only be imagined by those who have sat much alone, at night, in somewhat bare and lofty rooms. The gusts swept along the wide halls above and below; and somewhere a loose blind was banging, with a homeless, miserable sound. I felt too weary even to go and seek it out and fasten it, and covered over the fire, oppressed with sombre thoughts.

Did I dream it, or were those footfalls in the ghostly house? Whether they were or not I scarcely seemed to care, so low had I fallen in a despondency which was perhaps as much physical as mental. What could happen to make our present wretchedness greater, I thought? So we think, so we say, little recking that the dark hours we have deemed well-nigh insupportable can become darker yet.

However, I rose from my chair, and instinctively placed myself between the bed and the door.

The door opened softly, as if pushed by one with a care for childish slumbers, and Wilmer himself stood in the entrance. He glanced from the cradle in the dim corner to his sleeping wife upon the bed—then at me, and laid his finger on his lips. I gazed at him spell-bound; his presence here was like a dream. Then, as once before, the sight of his face—made haggard by sorrow and privation, and by that fierce struggle of the weak against the strong—and all the yearning in his large and melancholy eyes, overcame me. This time I was less fitted to cope with my feelings, and, sinking on a chair, covered my face with my hands, my anger suddenly dissolving in feeble, helpless tears. It was but for an instant though, and then I looked up and beheld Wilmer bending over the bed, the old gentle expression softening the stern lines about his mouth. Had the girl’s sleep been a natural one she must have felt him so near; but it was not natural, and she still rambled incoherently. He dropped on one

knee, and laid his dark cheek upon her fair little hand, as I had seen him do many and many a time of yore. I did not speak, trusting to love to do its own work.

Then, in a moment, as by some horrible fatality, the uncertain mutterings shaped themselves into a word—and the word was—'Curtis.'

Wilmer sprang to his feet as if he had been shot, and, tossing a folded paper on the table, strode from the room, leaving the door wide behind him.

And now Doris was speaking, loud and fast—

'It will not be for long—he will love me again—always, always, he said—he will not break his word.'

'Wilmer!' I exclaimed, 'for God's sake come back!'

My voice, unwittingly raised, roused her fully. She sat upright in the bed, her shining hair hanging about her shoulders.

'Wilmer, Wilmer!' she cried, in heart-breaking accents, 'Come back to me—do not forsake me!'

Did he remember how once, long ago, she had called to him from that very room? Alas, he did not hear—for he was gone.

I rushed to the head of the staircase—then down, and out into the wild night.

In my excitement it had never occurred to me to speculate as to the manner of Wilmer's coming, but now the sound of stray shots revealed the truth.

He had broken through the enemy's lines, and risked his life—for what?"

CHAPTER XI.

"THE scene I have described takes long in the telling, but it only took a minute or two to enact.

'He is safe!' rang a voice out of the darkness, close beside me. I involuntarily recoiled, for the voice was that of Curtis—all too faithful to his self-imposed duty of guarding us! In a less impassioned moment reason might have swayed me—I might have reminded myself that he was rather an instrument than an agent of the evil fortune that pursued us—that he intended to benefit, not injure us, by his perpetual presence. But just then I could make no allowances, and burst into impatient speech. What he might have replied I do not know, for even as the words escaped me quick feet came flying down the steps, and out upon the brick walk where we stood. Curtis raised his lantern above his head, and down the long ray cast by it came a white, fluttering figure.

It was Doris.

Never shall I forget the expression of wide-eyed despair in her face, and I verily believe that at that moment she was trembling on the brink of madness. Some nameless dread caused me to throw my arms about her as she flitted towards us, and hold her fast. Of our existence she appeared totally unconscious; and when, to my dismay, the young man broke through every barrier which had hitherto restrained him, and kneeling before her bare-headed in the streaming rain, pressed her hands again and again to his lips, entreating her to remember that at least there was *one* who had loved her, would love her always—unto death—she paid no heed to him, but stood rigid in my encircling arms. What was his love to her, who was mourning the loss of a whole lifetime of mutual aspirations, untarnished faith? His wild words struck on her ear only as the raindrops on the pane blend with the dreams of the sleeper.

I suppose that many of the overweighted among us know what it is, at some time or other, to be without a hope on earth. An hour, a day, arrives when the pressure of a sunless life becomes intolerable; the present blank, the future worse than blank. The phase passes, but it is an awful one while it lasts. No effort of self-renunciation, no amount of faith in a wisdom higher than our own, can keep us always out of that dark and lonely valley. Doubtless Doris was in it then, and her brain reeled beneath her troubles. As she hurried from the house, oblivious of the frail body which had of late been such a clog upon her spirit, I believe that then for once, and only once, she realised the impulse which goes to self-destruction. Waves of blackness surged over her soul—she was conscious but of a pain which absorbed the universe. Doris, who clung with the whole strength of her being to the belief in a compassionate God, who looked on the self-destroyer as beneath contempt, was, I am confident, capable at that instant of ending her life by any means, in any manner.

'Come, Mr. Monkton,' I said, somewhat sharply, it must be confessed. 'Can you not see that she is ill? Help me to get her into the house without more delay.'

His mood changed at once, and he did his utmost to assist me. It was no easy task to induce Doris to move, for she was as one turned to stone; but at length we succeeded in conveying her to her chamber. Curtis insisted on waiting outside in the hall, and thinking it possible that I might have need

of him professionally I did not oppose him. I had divested the girl of her dripping garments, and laid her within the bed, upon which I had heaped every blanket I could find, when there came a tap on the door. I opened and discovered Curtis.

'Give her this,' he said, curtly in his most professional manner, and putting a small phial into my hand—'She must sleep, or'—the rest of the sentence was lost in the echo of his footsteps down the stairs.

I gave Doris the draught, and she swallowed it, still in the same stony silence; and then, when it had taken effect, and my fears for her were temporarily quieted, I bethought me of the paper Wilmer had thrown upon the table. It was plain that Doris had read it, and I was past all scruples as to doing the same, truly feeling that I was now the sole protector the poor girl had. I took up the scrap of damp paper, and read:—'Doris—I risked my life to-night for the purpose of seeing you and the boy for one brief half-hour. But a few minutes since as I crept by the quarters, I heard talk which told me that the man who has ruined both our lives has been seen hanging around here, and—Doris—you with him! After this I shall strive against the weakness which bids me look upon your face once more—yet, if you are sleeping and unconscious of my presence near you, the temptation will be great—I may yield to it. In any case, Farewell.'

I flung the paper on the fire in a kind of desperation, and incapable even of feeling surprise at the fact that Curtis and I had been seen together in the grove, or of thinking or suffering any more that night, I cast myself on the bed beside Doris and sank into the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion.

* * * * *

The dull dawn was struggling through the slats of the blinds when I awoke, to behold Aunt Judy making a fire upon the hearth. She moved gently, for her mistress still slept; and as I raised myself on my elbow the better to observe Doris, the old woman came up to the bed. 'Law sakes!' she whispered, gazing tenderly at the small white face upon the pillow, 'she ain't no bigger nor nuffin', an' she was jes' as sweet an' peart—' Aunt Judy could find no simile equal to the occasion, so filled up the blank with a groan

All day long the rain streamed down, and Doris lay still, sometimes light-headed, but more often in a dumb despair pitiable to witness. I said everything I could think of, concocted plausible excuses for Wilmer's behaviour on the previous night, and astonished

myself with my own powers of invention—but all to no purpose. I doubt if she heard a word I said.

Skirmishing was going on all about us, and now and then, if I went to one of the upper porches and stepped out, I could hear the *ping* of a wandering bullet as it struck some fence or outlying shed. I kept the coloured women on the place occupied in making up beds, tearing up rags for bandages, and in other preparations for a possible influx of wounded. As evening approached, and the firing began to abate, the desire to learn how the day had gone became too strong for me; and bidding Aunt Judy stay by her mistress—who appeared to be sleeping—I went to look out of one of the back windows, which commanded a wider view of the surrounding country. The tide of battle—if one can call a skirmish a battle—had rolled farther northward; but away down in the vineyard more than one prostrate form was visible, lying out in the pitiless rain. Even as I looked the stretchers came into view, and a few minutes later began to advance towards the house, bearing their sad burdens. I ran down to the side-door to meet them. There were only four wounded—all our own men—and an army surgeon was in attendance. For awhile I was so taken up with this new form of suffering that I almost forgot personal troubles; and it was not till the poor fellows' wounds were dressed and the surgeon was hurrying on his way to other duties, that I even remembered to ask for news of the combat. He informed me that the enemy had yielded a little, and that we now had friends encamped close at hand. There had been no great slaughter, and there was ample accommodation for the wounded in the neighbouring houses.

A full hour must have elapsed since I had left Doris. I gave over my patients to the coloured women, and went back to the other side of the house.

Aunt Judy, reckoning too surely on the slumbers of her charge, had betaken herself to more stirring scenes. The bed was empty, and Doris was gone.

* * * * *

Where could she be? I searched the whole house, and bitterly upbraided Judy for her neglect. The old woman vowed that she had only 'done gone' five minutes before, and that she had left her mistress soundly sleeping. I could not delay long enough to employ the artifice and patience necessary to extract the truth out of a negro, so I cut short her protestations, and dispatched her

in one direction while I went in another. I shuddered as I pictured Doris struck by some errant bullet; for though the firing had now ceased I was certain that Judy's watch had been of very short duration, and that it was long since Doris had disappeared. What idea was uppermost in the poor child's disordered brain I cannot say, but she had dressed herself completely before going out—putting on the white dress she had been wearing during the warm October days, though apparently forgetful of either cloak or hat.

As I passed through the porch on my

way to search the gardens and orchards I saw Abner, with a sack of fodder on his shoulders, leading 'Colonel' and another horse to the stables. He was whistling as he went, his ebony countenance shining with exultation.

'We've whipped 'em, Miss France,' he shouted, sublimely indifferent, like many others of his race, to the fact that the invasion which he was assisting to repel was undertaken on his behalf. Little did Abner care for freedom or anything else, so long as he remained with his old master's daughter, and on the plantation where he was born



"But was she dead?"

and raised. He shouted out a 'Good evening' to me, and added, for my benefit, that 'it did not rain any now,' and that 'Marse would be along after awhile.'

The 'awhile' was of the briefest; for I had not advanced a dozen yards when Wilmer himself appeared.

I saw directly that at last he knew about little Dick. But it was the living, not the dead, for whom I was troubling, and I called out before he could speak—

'Wilmer, Doris is lost! Help me to find her.'

My words seemed to strike him like a blow, and for a moment his strength failed him.

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Then he collected himself, and together we hastily explored every corner of the plantation, on the edge of which the Confederate army was now encamped.

There was yet one corner which we had overlooked. I spoke to Wilmer, and we turned in that direction. On the way I hurriedly told him of my fears for Doris, and a little about her state—for somehow I was in no mood to spare him, startled and unnerved though he was already by the news that his son no longer lived.

As we climbed the slope which led to the burial-ground, plunging deep in red mud at every step, a wren, perched upon some head-

stone, began sweetly giving thanks for the lull in storm and battle. The clear notes divided the wet air, as if to guide us to the spot where we should find our Doris.

Yes—there upon the soaking grass, her arms outstretched upon the little mound, she lay. The sun in his going shot one low, level ray upon her white-robed figure, and by some strange chance cast upon her shoulders the shadow of the wooden cross which marked the grave. Even in death she still seemed to bear her cross. . . .

But was she dead?

Wilmer sprang forward, and in one instant was beside her. My heart misgave me when I joined him, and we raised her head and looked into her face; for all the trouble and weariness had fled, and a peace well-nigh divine was there. Yet I hoped against hope; and as, with her head upon my knee, we sought for some pulsation of the heart, however feeble, and strove to force between the cold lips some drops from Wilmer's flask, a footstep crossed the grass, and Curtis Monkton stood before us.

There was nothing to wonder at in his presence here. He was barely outside his own lines, and his self-imposed task of guarding the house only ended with that evening. It was but natural that he should still haunt the place, even at the cost of danger to himself. For my part I hailed his coming, for a doctor was precisely what we needed.

But Wilmer leapt to his feet, and the two men confronted one another. Then Wilmer spoke.

'This is *your* work!' he said, all the concentrated bitterness of months in his tone.

'And yours!' retorted the other, his quick Southern blood firing even in the possible presence of death.

'Ah, hush!' I whispered. 'Curtis, surely you can do something more for her than this?'

But Wilmer's brief rage had passed, and he was again upon his knees, murmuring passionate incoherences to those ears which were at last deaf to all that he could say—to injustice, to reproach, to harsh and cruel words—and now to piteous prayers for love and pardon.

I signed to Curtis to approach, for it still seemed to me that there might be room for hope.

'Go!—I command you!' cried Wilmer, in a voice of smothered passion and despair, as Monkton bent towards Doris. 'You shall not touch her! And, remember—you are within our lines.'

'I am at your mercy,' said Curtis gloomily. 'You forget, Wilmer,' I implored; 'you forget—he is a doctor—he can help us.'

But Wilmer neither heard nor understood.

'Go!' he said again. 'In life you came ever between us—in death leave us to one another.'

He gathered his wife in his arms and walked away, I following, dumb with pain and grief. Once I looked round, and saw Curtis standing gazing after us with hopeless eyes. Another moment, and he had disappeared.

Wilmer never spoke till we got home, and he had laid Doris on her own bed. Then he said—

'She is more yours than mine, cousin. Even that fellow yonder has more claim on her than I. You loved her and cherished her—I loved her and killed her.'

CHAPTER XII.

"BUT Doris was not dead. The army surgeon, hastily summoned, spoke of brain-fever, and exposure, and mental trouble; but he spoke of life too, and we cared for naught else just then. She was soon in a high fever, and the future alone could decide whether she were to live or die.

Through the dark hours, while the rain once more beat upon the roof, Wilmer, himself nearly worn out, sat up with me; and I think that in those silent night-watches—silent except for the girl's moving appeals to her husband and plaintive cries after little Dick—much was revealed which had hitherto been unsuspected by him; and, urged by the emotion of the hour almost beyond his own power of control, Wilmer poured out his soul in self-accusation. I had not a little to say to him in answer, and this time he listened to some purpose. Now that I was able to prove to him beyond dispute how entirely Doris was his, the old injury with respect to the harbouring of his enemy sank into comparative insignificance; as, indeed, it might have done without any representations of mine under the softening influence of the loss so lately learned, and with the prospect of a far greater one. My chief difficulty lay in furnishing him with a satisfactory explanation of Curtis Monkton's repeated appearances, particularly as I could not deny that he had betrayed his love for Doris; but even this difficulty was at length so far overcome as to leave no doubt that Doris herself, if she lived, could by a few words settle the whole matter for ever. I did not hesitate to suggest, though

very gently, that Wilmer's own impatience and harshness with his wife might in reality have been the means of rekindling the dormant flame in his former rival's bosom; and I took the opportunity of remarking that Doris had been throughout far too much absorbed in nearer troubles to realise Monkton's inconvenient affection.

It was not likely that a man like Wilmer Madison, in whose nature was implanted quite a pathetic craving after domestic love and happiness, should continue to shut eyes and ears to the fact that he was indeed well loved, and that for his sake Doris had borne even the loss of her child alone. Many were the resolutions he made that night; and last, but not least, he vowed that if only his wife were given back to him, he would never again allow himself to be impatient with her for her reticence and timidity. But it would scarcely be fair to tell you more of what he said. Men do not like these moods of theirs being remembered afterwards—except, maybe, by their wives. I did not think that remorse would hurt him, believing that the deeper it went the more likely he would be to keep his resolutions, and to lay to heart the lessons he had learned. At the same time I could not avoid knowing that the discrepancies of their characters had much to answer for, and that if there was blame it was not all on one side. Poor Doris had found this out long before, and had already profited by the discipline through which she had passed.

The night went by, and at the call of duty Wilmer tore himself away. Ere the dawn we had cut off Doris's beautiful hair close to her head; and I was touched, and if possible a little amused, by the exceeding simplicity with which he asked me, quite as a matter of course, to wrap one of the long curls in paper, so that he might carry it away with him.

So the army marched, and for weeks Doris strove with death. Every day or two a country doctor would ride over and advise, and give some attention to our wounded visitors; but men of his profession were in continual request at that season, on account of their rarity, and he had scant time to bestow on us. Kindly neighbours, of course, flocked to the house, putting their little all at our disposal, and ready to deprive themselves of everything for the sake of others in distress. To these good folk I handed over the wounded men, who soon recovered and went on their way; but Doris I never left, except for a few minutes during the day, when I

sought the fresh air. What slumber I required I obtained on the lounge in the sick-room. I dreaded lest my patient's irresponsible words should betray the secrets of her soul, and for this cause I preferred to share the nursing with no kind and gossiping acquaintance. Whenever there was any improvement I contrived to send letters to Wilmer, some of which I hoped he would receive. What the poor fellow must have endured during those weeks is not for us to guess at. If he needed punishment, surely he received it in good measure then!

Finally, to my joy and wonder, my little girl came tottering back from the borderland which lies between life and death. And by degrees I broke to her the change in her husband's mood, and the happiness which might yet be hers. Soon afterwards the campaign ended, Wilmer was home on leave, and there was no longer any reason why the two should not meet.

And when the strong man, gaunt and hollow-eyed, came trembling, and knelt beside the bed, and humbly prayed for forgiveness, do you think that she bestowed it grudgingly, or thought that she herself needed none?

Is it strange that Doris should have returned so readily to the old life? that she should have forgiven so quickly that which, perhaps, is the hardest of all things for a woman to forgive—distrust? Consider how immutable a bond is marriage to those who accept it in its highest, fullest sense. In such a case it only requires that the bond should be strained to breaking to prove its tenacity. Love—married love—is a mystery, and the waters of Marah itself cannot always drown it. Let those who will marvel; but surely forgiveness until seventy times seven is easier, and better, too, than to turn coldly from a companionship hallowed for ever by a thousand mutual confidences, tender reminiscences, sweet habits of affection! 'The generous heart is grateful in its memories; some hearts have no memory but for their wounds.' And the love that does not teach us to be generous is no love at all.

Who are we that we should judge another?

Fortunately the world—their world—knew nothing of the sorest part of the little tragedy which had been played out under its very eyes. Had it done so it would have been, as usual, quick to judge, and its judgment would have been as inevitably mistaken. If I, knowing the circumstances as well as any third person can ever do, was often at

fault, how would it have been with others less privileged? Wilmer and Doris were spared that crowning misery, which finds utterance in the despairing cry, 'Save me from my friends!'

I have not much more to tell. Very early in the ensuing campaign Wilmer came home with a wound, which prevented him from serving any more, and which finally resulted in the loss of an arm. Doris's recovery continued to be so perilously slow that after infinite difficulty I induced Wilmer, for her sake, to accept a loan from me, and to make his way with her down to Florida, in order to escape the cold and wet of a Virginia winter. Many were the obstacles to be encountered in such a journey, at such a time, but at length they were overcome; and when I parted from them in their new abode to return to New York by sea, Doris was already beginning to look less ethereal. Wilmer watched the changes of war with a feverish anxiety and impatience, which for a while seriously interfered with the healing of his wound, and all his lately learned lessons in self-discipline were required by him at this trying period. Doris still possesses, as one of her most precious treasures, a note from General Lee, full of warm praise of her husband, and regrets over his loss to the army.

When the war closed we heard of Curtis Monkton as in good practice at Philadelphia, and about to contract a wealthy marriage—so we were able to dismiss him from our minds. I have no doubt he is very comfortable.

Every year I visit Wilmer and Doris, who are long since back in their Virginia home. Aunt Judy, and two or three of the older coloured folk, wholly unmoved by emancipation, remained dogged in their determination not to leave their master and mistress. It was in vain that Doris assured them that merely nominal wages could be paid them, and that in their altered circum-

stances masters could no longer provide for many servants, as they had done in former days. Aunt Judy was a fixture at the old Mitchell homestead until death removed her; and as for the others they may be there still for aught I know.

Wilmer, together with other once wealthy planters, has now to put his hand to the plough, and has sometimes a hard struggle to keep the old roof-tree over his head. But he possesses real 'grit,' and never complains. He is still a grand-looking man, though the far-seeing, anxious expression that the troubles of that war begot in so many is rarely absent from his face. Doris, like all fair women of her type, wears well, in spite of a life of work—work which is not entirely confined to the narrow bounds of a childless home. The change in her is merely that subtle one, which is but the memory of an anguish that can never be forgotten.

Their happiness would be perfect had they ever had another child. But few of us can pass through great tribulation and find complete happiness again. It is like an un-written code. If we touch bliss it is but once, and the shadow of pain ever lingers in some shape or form. To these two is denied the unutterable sweetness of possession that aforesaid was theirs; yet they have each other, and if they have suffered they have also learned much. They have learned to bear with and to know one another, as only a husband and wife can bear and know.

Besides, who shall say that it is ill for us to carry some cross of greater weight than those petty ones we make unto ourselves?"

* * * * *

She ceased, and we sat silent. Then some one cried—

"Land!"

And we all looked up.

Far away on the horizon, beneath a lifting cloud, lay a streak of rosy light. That was land. Somewhere the sun was setting, and yonder was the reflection of his glory.

THE END.

TWO YEARS IN PARIS.

BY R. HEATH, AUTHOR OF "EDGAR QUINET, HIS EARLY LIFE AND WRITINGS," ETC.

THIRD PAPER.

WE are far from desiring that the Parisian Sunday should take the place of the English; nor do we enter on the general

question of Sabbath observance when we say that there is much that is highly humanising, and therefore educational, in the Jardin

des Plantes on a Sunday afternoon. Hundreds of families are there, some seated in circles, reading or conversing, while the children skip, play at ball, or otherwise divert themselves; others are to be seen in groups admiring the lovely flowers, or interesting themselves in the plants or shrubs which there represent the flora of the entire globe; while great numbers are in the zoological department, delighting themselves by watching the habits of the wild creatures, and feeding them with the cakes they have brought for the purpose. Beneath the shadow of the great trees will probably be found several schools of girls and boys under the care of nuns or brothers, who themselves take a part in the games and seem very popular with the young people.

And almost the same may be seen in the Luxembourg Gardens, and again in the Bois de Boulogne, which on a fine day is not only in itself a really delightful place, but with its myriads of happy families, all quietly enjoying themselves, a sight to make the soul grateful for existence.

Common belief in England exaggerates the licentiousness of Paris. I think the impression is due to a certain want of delicacy in the public taste of the French. It is curious that a people so artistic as the Parisians should lack refinement, but it is a fact, and what is more, they do not get it by mere culture. Here, for example, is an instance of inconceivable want of taste on the part of some high-placed Legitimist, who meant to be profoundly sympathetic and respectful. I copied the following bulletin on the day it names at the office of *Le Gaulois* on the Boulevard des Italiens:—

“Juillet 9 1883.

“Neustadt, 10 heures 15 min.

“Les inquiétudes sont très vives. Monsieur le Comte de Chambord n'a dormi un instant la nuit dernière, les vomissements continuent, et on a assuré que Monsieur le Comte de Chambord a rendu hier au soir les quelques cuilleries de gelée prise dans la journée. Les personnes qui nous recountent les souffrances endurées par l'auguste malade ont les larmes aux yeux.

“VIENNUS.”

Those who cater for the bourgeois and literary world in Paris display a similar want of reverence for the sanctuaries of human nature, of which certainly a dying bed should be accounted among the most sacred. The caricatures during the illness of Gambetta

were among the most cruel I ever saw. I do not suppose they were so heartless as they appeared, but, like those which were published at the time of the manifesto of Prince Napoleon, they simply indicated that Parisians retain a touch of the primitive barbarism which takes delight in mocking at human infirmity.

From whence this atavism—this return to the lowest stage of human nature; the cruelty of the animal to the suffering members of its kind? Is it the result in infantile natures of the belief that scientific research will prove a better means of civilisation than the Spirit of the Gospel? One would think so to read an article by a French writer, published in one of our leading London reviews immediately after the death of Victor Hugo. I might cite the whole article as a flagrant example of what has been said, but I content myself here with an illustration from its opening, where the writer occupied a whole page in taunting a man just laid in his grave with all kinds of despicable motives in refusing to allow his brain to be dissected to gratify certain materialists, who expect to put their finger on the mechanism of thought, and to find out the exact kind of convolutions a brain must have to render its possessor a great poetic genius.

We often meet with individuals who on certain sides of their nature have never grown. This peculiarity explains much in the Parisians that is beautiful and ugly—charming and repulsive. They are both childish and childlike. As you go through the Champs Elysées, or any of the public gardens, you may see young men of the working classes playing at forfeits, in which they submit to punishments such as the smallest children in England would not like publicly to endure. In the narrow streets of Paris you may see grown-up girls skipping over a rope held across the path by adults of both sexes.

The introduction of the English race-course with its gambling, reckless spirit, is likely to do as much in the way of demoralising the idle sons of the wealthier Parisians as any influence Paris can bring to bear on foreigners. I have more than once seen something of the racing spirit, and I have a horrible reminiscence of a night on board the steamer from Dieppe in company with some English disseminators of the worship of *Le Sport*.

During three-fourths of the year the weather in Paris is bright, if not brilliant, whereas with us the greater part is passed in gloom. But the art-results of this wealth of sunshine can only be seen in the people's Paris, where there

are still several old streets and lanes ; in the fashionable quarters the buildings have such a Babylonian magnificence that the effects are rather oppressive than impressive.

But the most direct art-teaching in Paris is, of course, to be found in the galleries of the Louvre, open the whole year round, except on certain fête days, to all the world.

Who can sufficiently estimate the elevating effect of constantly looking at such master-pieces of art as are collected in the Salon Carré, to say nothing of the Early Italians, the Dutch School, and the Poussins, in all of which the Louvre is peculiarly rich ? Sunday is the time Parisians are mostly to be found at the Louvre, on weekdays foreigners seem to be more numerous. There are lectures in the galleries in some parts of the year on Sunday mornings ; but the treasures in this palace of delights are untold, and the educational resources it possesses are only in an early stage of development.

The students in the galleries of the Louvre are themselves a study, including, as they do, all ages, from very old ladies and gentlemen to children, and in every stage of progress, from the finished painter to the merest tyro. There was a little old man who sat at the entrance of the Salon Carré painting a view of the Salle d'Apollon. He was very thin and very much bent, and he sat, pallet in hand, always in the same position, as if he were considering what stroke he should put next. But as far as I could see he could never determine, for the picture remained in much the same state all the time I was going to the Louvre.

The number of distinguished painters in Paris who have sprung from the ranks is very remarkable. Laurens' parents were simple peasants ; Millet's were the same. Lavielle was a working house-painter, and almost starved in the effort to become an artist. The Bretons commenced life as penniless orphans, and Français was in much the same position. Pelouse was a commercial traveller ; several other eminent painters will be found to have sprung from the lower middle-class, and some to have been sent for a time to business.

Painters like Laurens have a number of pupils, who are their friends and protégés, but the greater number of young artists come from the ateliers of the professors at the Beaux-Arts, such, for instance, as that of Gérôme, where if they learn, they suffer. For according to the barbaric state in which communities of youths are generally found, the new students are subjected to much cruel

practical joking. Sometimes, however, a bully gets unexpectedly punished, a delightful fact, but too rare.

I often saw art students in the library of the Beaux-Arts, and I am bound to say that they looked one and all incapable of the barbarities said to go on in the ateliers attached. However, there is no place where the young are more moulded by the opinion around them than in Paris ; unfortunate for them if that opinion delights in doing what is degrading and cruel.

The library of the Beaux-Arts, like several such institutions in Paris, is open to every one. Be he Arab or Chinaman he can seat himself at the common table, and ask for the most valuable works in art, which are immediately brought to him by officials who manifest an almost paternal interest in your studies. The same urbanity, with a touch of the schoolmaster, prevails everywhere, and a visit to any of the Paris libraries is really a pleasure, except perhaps the Bibliothèque Nationale, where the difficulties seem enormous to any one used to the organization and almost perfect facilities of self-instruction given at the British Museum Library.

However, public libraries are more disseminated over Paris than in London, and consequently not so confined to a class. I found the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève, and a small Bibliothèque Pédagogique, near my residence, both sometimes useful. It was agreeable to go nearly everywhere and find you could ask and obtain books without long forms of recommendation and introduction. Even the Bibliothèque Nationale has now opened a room where the public can be supplied with books ; otherwise readers are admitted by tickets.

In addition each arrondissement has a lending library at the *mairie*. These libraries are no mere form, the people of Paris being great readers, as any one may see by the swarm of persons always standing round the bookstalls at the Odéon. The long line of cases full of books on the walls of the river embankment attests the same fact. In one part they extend all the way from the Institute to the Quay Michel. It has been reckoned that the secondhand booksellers in Paris get rid daily of from twelve to fifteen thousand volumes for about 1,000 francs, or to estimate their sales by the year, 400,000 francs worth of books. The cases on the quays rarely contain books priced higher than three francs, and they sink from one price to another until there is a case at three sous.

I saw and heard several things which indicate that the Parisians are a more studious people than the Londoners. For example, a youth seated on a horse reading a book; old women of the humblest sort studiously reading the newspaper, a frequent occurrence; people whose sole delight seemed to be attending lectures at every available hour of the day, middle-aged women of the working class in regular attendance on courses of chemistry and physics, and lastly the vast number of various newspapers which, as compared with those published in London, are at least as four to one. In Paris the newspapers that appeal to the *ouvriers* are numerous, and some of the middle-class papers think it worth their while to publish a daily cheap edition, which it is certain must be widely bought and read. Much of this newspaper reading is calculated to demoralise and degrade. I only bring forward these facts as a proof that the people of Paris are great readers.

But all these educational influences, forming as they do in Paris an atmosphere of culture, are supplemented by direct and special courses of instruction. For adults there are lectures during the winter of all qualities and on every kind of subject. Innumerable courses by the most eminent professors, among whom are men of European reputation, on subjects connected with philosophy and science, politics, literature, history, and religion, are being delivered at almost every hour of the day in the College of France. There are no fees and no difficulty in the way of any one, male or female, becoming a student. There are also evening lectures at the University, but when the professorial chair is occupied by a man as popular as Renan, it is necessary to wait in the courtyard an hour before the time to obtain even a seat in the gallery. In each *arrondissement* there are popular courses of lectures, besides special ones in schoolrooms on scientific subjects. Altogether it is said that during the winter there are no less than two thousand different courses of lectures delivered. All these courses are gratuitous to those who choose to attend, but the municipal authorities instead of paying by results give each lecturer a stipulated sum, not very much it is true, but enough to secure an intelligent lecturer. Of course I do not mean to say that the whole of these two thousand courses emanate from the authorities. Many are started by private societies, moral, social, political, and religious. Even the Church has its courses of lectures similar

in subject, but of course very different in tone and intention from those emanating from the different *mairies*.

After all this, one would hardly expect that people would be found willing to pay to hear a lecture, yet they do, for there is one popular series on the Boulevard des Capucins, where various sums are paid according to the position of the seats, and where lecturing goes on every night; those in the week being delivered by eminent persons connected with science, literature, the theatre, and art; those on Sunday evenings having more the character of a sermon, being generally delivered by Protestant pastors, occasionally varied by an utterance on some burning question by Père Hyacinthe.

In addition to all this lecturing to adults there are innumerable courses of technical instruction for the young. The head-quarters of that connected with mechanics and engineering is the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in the Rue Saint-Martin. There are art classes all over the city for boys apprenticed to various callings into which art enters, and science classes of every kind. At a physics and chemistry class for girls attended by my children, many of the students were *ouvrières*. Sometimes these courses are held in little schoolrooms in dark side streets, but it was at such places one saw clearly that the students were veritably the lads and lasses of the working class. It was inspiring to see quite young girls ardently working away taking notes of a lecture on chemistry.

There have been two subjects which the French have been accused of neglecting, geography and singing. This is being attended to, and I noticed that there were several singing classes started. So earnest an educational movement suggests a Paris very different from the absurd representations current.

I have hardly left myself room to speak of the great efforts made to promote primary instruction. A complete system now prevails in Paris similar to our Board Schools, and which, like them, is founded on the principle of education, compulsory and gratuitous, without forcing parents to send their children to the communal schools if they are receiving instruction in others capable of giving it. But the schools supported by the municipal authorities must in the end gain the day, and being entirely laic, will greatly affect the public mind with reference to ecclesiastical questions.

In these schools the boys are taught not only theoretically but practically, a certain

time being devoted to manual labour. The girls, in like manner, have their classes for cutting out and stitching. Thus the young Parisians are prepared for the duties of life, and there are special books published intended to arouse in them the ideas necessary to good citizenship. One of the most excellent is that written by M. Jules Steeg, deputy for the Gironde, and formerly a Protestant pastor. It is entitled "Instruction Morale et Civique, l'Homme—le Citoyen," and is divided into five parts. The first deals with man as a physical and intellectual being; the second and third parts, a great deal more than half the book, are devoted to teaching the principles of morality and their application; the fourth part to civic instruction, with a short chapter, in conclusion, on political economy. I do not know how far it has been adopted, but it is a typical work, as it is sold, with another for girls, on the book-stalls at the Odéon.

The chief peculiarity which distinguishes this book from any we should find in England is that on every page and in every line the scholar is kept in mind of his duty as a citizen. He is made to feel that he belongs to a real society founded on the duty men owe to one another. Of course this sentiment is very capable of being translated into chauvinism, but when it is seen at every step to involve personal and arduous duty, requiring a spirit of perpetual self-sacrifice, the temptation grows very small, and the general results will be in the direction of a patriotism tempered by devotion to humanity. In this light the *bataillon scolaire*, now becoming an essential part of popular instruction, may be regarded with hope rather than with any other feeling. We often saw these juvenile regiments marching through the streets with their young officers, themselves not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age. The institution is said to be looked upon with little favour by the old Imperialist generals, who doubtless see in it the making of a very different army from that which formerly obtained.

The children of the middle class appear to go either to schools under clerical control or to the great Lycées of Paris. Of the first we can say but little, except that it is certain the ideas taught belong to a totally different order of things from that in which the people at large are being educated. The children are, I believe, rendered happy, but this will be a doubtful compensation for being launched on life without any capacity to comprehend or any sympathy with the current of their

age. The vast majority will, in the end, go with their times, but without any faith—a state of things sad enough for the country, but sadder still for themselves.

The Lycées of Paris are numerous, and at least in some cases, managed on the old principles of reclusion and suspicion. Their troubles are traditional: while we were in Paris a rebellion broke out in the Lycée Louis le Grand, in which the Minister of Public Instruction had to interfere.

The old-fashioned notions the wealthier classes entertain on education are illustrated by the fact that boys are taken to school under charge of the nurse, and girls on no account allowed to venture into the street alone. From this oppressive rule, represented by various authorities as necessary, we were delivered by the brave words of a Parisian lady, eminent for her work among the young *ouvrières*:—"If a girl," she said, "respects herself she will be respected; she is as safe in Paris as anywhere else." No doubt our counsellor had a great soul, for she was the sister of that intrepid Parisian whose services on behalf of science and humanity have been commemorated by a monument in front of Greenwich Hospital; but I question if any native grandeur would have induced her to give such advice to a stranger. Only that faith in the People which Jesus Christ had, could have given her the courage.

Efforts are no doubt being made among the wealthier classes to remedy the weakness of their educational position as regards the future. The Ecole Alsacienne is, perhaps, one of the best-conducted private schools in the world. Nothing could be more admirable than its tone and system, altogether free from the vice of over-pressure. But it labours under the fatal defect of being intended for a select class, which must ever become more and more select. A proprietary school, its terms naturally rise with the demand, and tend to become, like those of the higher class of private schools in Paris, simply impossible to all but the wealthiest families.

A technical school for girls of the same class, about which I made inquiries, revealed the remedies which are being attempted against the serious evil of the natural indolence of young people who have no reason for working hard, and who are to a very large extent deprived of the companionship of those who have. By severe rules, long hours, and over-pressure, it is sought to make these children of the wealthy more than equal to those passing through the schools of the people; but this system has ever failed, and only

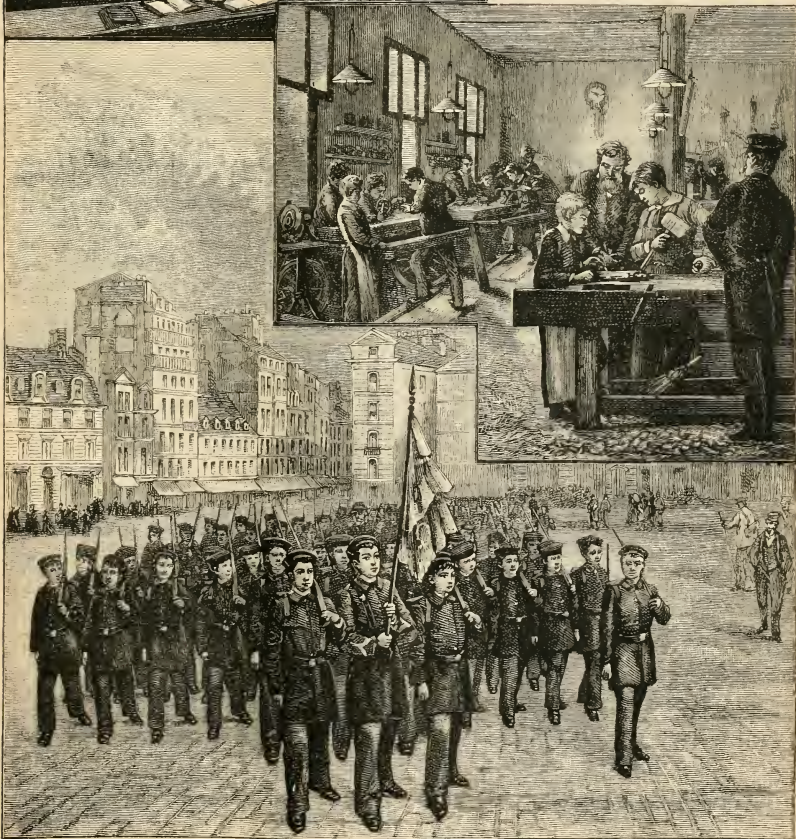


ends in terrible results for the intelligent, conscientious few.

Those who thus seek to isolate their children from Humanity should take to heart the profoundly true and universally applicable words of Archbishop Trench:—

“That doom is none more pitiable than his,
Who has created a heart-solitude,
Raised a partition wall to separate
Between himself and any of his kind.

Who, while he boasts he has been building up
A palace for himself, in sooth has reared
What shall be first his prison, then his tomb.”



First Steps in the Education of the Citizen :

Learning to read (1) ; to labour (2) ; and to defend the country (3).

THE WANDERER.

YON primrose valley spreads along
With leafy shadows broad and fair,
Oh, take me from the worldly throng,
And lay the child of sorrow there ;
For I am sick of lingering here,
These scenes of want and woe to see,
The earth is broad, the earth is fair,
But in it is no room for me.

The placid stream that murmurs by
Will find a home in Ocean's breast,
Those clouds within the western sky
Will fold their wearied wings to rest.
But I a houseless wanderer roam,
By day in want, by night in fears,
A stranger's hearth my only home,
My only couch a bed of tears.

JOSEPH G. LANGSTON,

Formerly an engine-fitter, but now, through a long illness, an inmate of the convalescent ward of the Birmingham Workhouse.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE REV. W. PAGE ROBERTS, M.A.

NOVEMBER 1ST.

Read Matthew xviii. from ver. 21, Matthew vi. 9—15.

WE know that it is our duty to forgive those who in any way have done us wrong. But do we keep well before our minds how very important, and as it were foremost, this duty of forgiving those who have done us wrong is made to be in the New Testament? Do we clearly know what different kinds of conduct and of feeling may be involved in this duty? It is scarcely possible for us to say that the duty was only of temporary obligation—one of those precepts of the gospel which were only intended for the days of Christ and those of His first disciples. Certainly there are such precepts, and it is well that we should frankly admit the fact; it is bad that we should torture them until we make them say what they do not mean. It is dishonest to maintain their obligation in theory, and in practice openly and ostentatiously to disregard them. We must discriminate between that which is temporary and that which is eternal in the writings of apostles and evangelists. But we can scarcely say that the command to forgive, under certain conditions, those who have done us wrong was an accommodation to the circumstance of the moment, when the command was given, and only of temporary obligation. It is not only often repeated, but it is put in a certain relation, which proves it to belong to the law which is unchanging, the mind which is unchanging. In the prayer which our Lord gave both as a model and as a form, He made man's forgiveness of his fellow the reflection and analogue of God's forgiveness

of man. But God's forgiveness of man is the law of His nature, which can never change. God's law of forgiveness is the law for all the creatures made in His image, and as permanent for them as for Him. We may say that the words, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses," reveal a law of nature, for in the nature of things it cannot be otherwise. No religious juggling can possibly change it. What is God's forgiveness of sins? It is His complacency and satisfaction with those who have been transgressors of His law. For man it is the peace and strength which arises from being in a right position. This is certain—Evil of all kinds is in flat opposition to God. To evil of all kinds He must be ever opposed. Wherever it is, it is opposition to Him. And this also is certain—that all good is well-pleasing to Him; that goodness is oneness with God; and when a man turns from badness to goodness, in other words, is converted, he becomes reconciled to God and dwells in the light of God's countenance. These two things can never be changed. In God there must be everlasting opposition to evil and everlasting satisfaction with good. No conversion is possible in God; but it is possible in man, and when a man turns from evil to good he turns from the shadow of death to the light of life. And this coming into the light of divine satisfaction and feeling its radiance we call forgiveness. Forgiveness of sins does not mean letting us off the righteous consequences of our sins. We must bear their penalty. It does not mean imputing to us righteousness when we continue to be unrighteous. It means God's satisfaction with those who have

turned from their evil ways and become one in will with Him.

A forgiven state, then, is a state in which our sins have been washed away. If we are living in a state of sin clearly our sins have not been washed away. If we are living in any vice or wickedness we cannot at that moment be in a forgiven state. To say otherwise would be to say what would be terribly profane, that God can look with complacency upon evil. But the state in which we are when we nourish or indulge an unforgiving spirit is an evil state. A state of envy, or of hatred, or of malice; a state in which we brood over the wrongs which have been done us, or which we imagine have been done us; in which we think over how we shall pay them off, and put together the hard words we shall say, or the hard words we should like to say; the state in which we are so full of the presence of our enemy that we can never get him out of our sight, but have a fling at him whenever we get a chance, and weary those who know us best by the repetition of our resentful charges—this is a most depraved, immoral state of mind. But a depraved, immoral state is an offence in the sight of God; upon such a state God cannot look with complacency; such a state is necessarily an unforgiven state, and it remains a law of the Divine Nature, which can never change, that “if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.”

How terribly, then, must too many deceive themselves; I mean even of those who regard themselves as good and religious people; who think they know the gospel, and can sit in judgment upon their pastor, and hold office in the Church, and are never in the least afraid of telling their minds, however little they may chance to have. We have known such forward professors of religion who have been at deadly feud with some of their fellow-men, perhaps with some who were members of the same Church, perhaps even with their own clergyman. The rival in business or beauty, the opponent in politics, the antagonist in theology, may be the objects of chronic dislike and ill-will. We never speak of them without indulging in detraction. Our families, our servants, our friends know the animosity we nourish. They hear our unguarded words and see our line of action. It may be Sunday evening, and we have been to the church and said “Our Father.” We may just be going to say it again with our household—to say “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.” But there is the unforgiving temper in our

souls, which yet stirs no voice of self-condemnation. How could we talk of the witnesses of the Spirit, in other words, of the sense that we were reconciled with God, and that He was well-pleased with us, when we were living in such an immoral condition? Did we think that God had forgotten His holiness and cast away His awful purity, so that He had come not to be dissatisfied with vice? There are teachers who tell us that God hides the light of His countenance from His dear faithful children in order that He may prove them. It can scarcely be true; at least, it is difficult to believe that God acts as though He were displeased when He is not displeased at all. But there is such a thing as the judicial and chastening hiding of the light of God’s countenance. Whenever a sin is committed, whenever a duty is neglected, that neglect and sin are displeasing to God. The light of God’s countenance must be taken away whenever sin affronts it. When we feel that our peace has gone, and we are, as it were, once more under condemnation, it is for something that the light has been put out. It may be that while we are saying “Our Father” there kneels some one not far from us we intend to humiliate, to wound, or by subtle suggestion to defame. There is the cloud which hides the light of God’s countenance, and the sensitive soul at once feels the shadow which falls on it. But a man who can go on in such a state of immorality, and yet can think himself enlightened by the divine approval and at peace with God, must have so long deceived himself that the light in him has become darkness, because his deeds are evil. It is possible that we seldom feel how great a vice this unforgiving spirit is; but we who call ourselves Christians can have no excuse in failing to do so. We think that drunkenness and licentiousness and lying and stealing are sins, and yet, in the Bible, with these flagrant vices the vice of hatred, of malice, of an unforgiving temper is classed, and is one of the sins which by our Lord is most frequently denounced. This, at least, is certain, and let no man beguile himself, that it is against the nature of things, against the law of God, that a man can be forgiven who is unforgiving.

NOVEMBER 8TH.

Read Matthew xxii. 15—22, and Romans xiii. 1—8.

The words of our Lord, “Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s,” have been more frequently made use of to drive home an

argument than to make men see the extent of their duty. Even for argument their scope has generally been too large, the half of it has been enough. Some have taken one half, and some the other; a disputant here crying, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and his opponent defiantly retorting, "Render to God the things that are God's."

Now if we look at our Lord's words as a comprehending law of duty we may see that one part of it may not be torn from the other; that morality and religion cannot be separated, that religion is a branch of morality, and that morality is without supreme authority when it is cut off from religion. We do not commonly think of religion as a department of morality; indeed we usually separate morality and religion as things quite distinct from each other. We say, "Such a man is a very moral man, very upright, and high-minded, most sensitive and punctilious in the matter of duty, but that he is not religious." Now by duty is meant that which we owe, every kind of service which of right is due from us to others. He who fails to perform any duty whatever, in that respect is immoral. He who only partially pays the debt of duty, who owing one hundred takes his bill and writes four-score, is in that respect immoral. But any immorality which is committed is not a single act which comes from nothing, and is without effects. You cannot say with truth of some one, "he is a very moral man except in one respect." The one respect in which he is immoral reveals an immoral strain in his character, and every immoral act strengthens that strain, and strengthens it at the expense of the better parts of his character. So it is that the hard saying of the Bible is illustrated, "He that keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all." But if morality is duty, if it is paying to all that which we owe, and all that we owe; and if he is immoral who does not do his duty, does not pay that which he owes; then certainly is an irreligious man immoral, for he does not pay to God that which he owes. His irreligion, like all other immorality, comes from some fault or defect in his character, and it reacts upon his character with depraving influence. Incalculable harm has been done by looking upon religion as a matter of taste, as a nice kind of thing for some people, and especially good for women and children; as very proper, and on the whole beneficial to society, but not binding like the law of honesty and the law of truth. Religion is

simply duty. It is what we owe, and we are not honest if we do not pay it. He who does not render his duty, his devotion to God, is terribly or pitifully immoral.

But as religion is indeed a simple but large department of morality, so again we may say that what we commonly call morality is a great department of religion. Social morality owes its sacred imperativeness and its unlimited obligation to divine morality. What are the duties we owe to organized society, duties which will be recognised even by those who dispense with the religious sanction? One great duty is to obey the laws of our country, unless it should ever happen that these laws are in irreconcilable opposition to a revealed law of God. For a Christian there may be no question of taste or private opinion in the matter. Unless a thing is clearly seen to be a sin against God, obedience to the law of the land must be unhesitating and complete. We may think the law a bad one. We may use unceasing efforts, by all legitimate means, to get the law changed; but until it is changed, no amount of dislike or disapproval or resentment can justify us in breaking the law. "But," say some, "we are prepared to pay the penalty for breaking the law if it is enforced. We object to the law, and we do not intend to keep it, and if we are punished, it can't be helped." And a little voice of justifying self-will says, "If I am punished I shall be a confessor, a martyr; and from the windows of my cell I will extend my hand in blessing over those who kneel in homage to the law-breaker." Paying a penalty is not ceasing to be a criminal. The forger and the thief and the perjurer generally pay the penalty, but whether they do it or not they are criminals. We must therefore condemn, for instance, the self-willed people who refuse to have their children vaccinated. Society, by her law, says you shall not curse your neighbours by your self-indulgent obstinacy. But whether society is right in the value she places upon vaccination or not, there is no positive divine precept which forbids it, no law of God which might seem to justify disobedience to the law; and therefore the breach of this law is an immorality which deserves our censure and not a foible which we may almost pity.

Social duty has always included the payment of all the rents and taxes and charges which the State authorises or imposes, and there is positive immorality in withholding or evading or secretly subtracting from them. Strange to say, this duty has been very feebly

enforced by the clergy in Ireland, who in so many respects are the true friends of their flock and sincere ministers of religion. To the cry "No rent" they have not responded in rebuking tones from the altar, "Thou shalt not steal." By their infidelity in this matter they have lost rather than gained, for they have allowed a depraving influence to extend throughout their parishes, which cannot fail to weaken the religious sentiments of their people. He who toys with immorality insults religion. But there are a great many who in the matter of national dues and restrictions do toy with immorality. They bring books secretly with them when they come home from other countries, which the law excludes. "It is only a Tauchnitz," they say apologetically. But are the small culprits, who are handed over to the petty sessions, to be uncondemned because their crimes are too insignificant to be judged at the assizes? There are no little sins; and in this respect there is wrong in breaking the law, and there is hurt to the moral nature in breaking the law. And just so is it with evasions of import duties and licenses which are practised by so many people on a small scale; and there is the flagrant breach of law which makes its anonymous confessions, with the newspaper for priest, in the matter of incorrect returns of income. But we owe more to the society of which we are members even than all this. It is not enough that we pay in full all that is demanded of us. We owe active service to society whenever we can by any means improve it. The men who because they are rich have, as we say, nothing to do, who take the benefits which come to them from organized society, but who do nothing for it in return but what they are forced, cannot be absolved from the charge of immorality. To lounge about and, if possible, be amused, until death says, "Be still," is a crime against society. And it is sad to hear men declaring their purpose to withdraw altogether from politics, and leave things to go their own way, because manners have become worse in parliament and work greater. Is this paying that which they owe? The duty to society is especially commanding at a general election. Poor and rich are called upon to serve the State to the best of their ability, and whether they be politicians or newly enfranchised labourers, they may not lie or shirk, whether it be to gain or retain place. But who calls upon them to do this? Law can punish and society can frown; but if no eye sees us, neither law nor society can touch us. It is faith in God, the cer-

tainty that the eyes of God are ever upon us, and that for every act of ours we are responsible to Him, which alone can maintain, enlarge, and inspire the idea of duty. Society then is seen to be one part of God's handiwork. The laws by which its welfare may be secured are seen to be God's laws. Social duty becomes religious, and the things of Cæsar the things of God.

NOVEMBER 15TH.

Read Matthew ix. 18—26, and Mark x. 13—23.

Well must it be for the home into which Jesus has been asked to enter. The distressed may be there, the mocker may be there, the dead may be there. But the mockers will be abashed, the sorrowful will be comforted, and the dead restored to life. And how various are the motives which may urge men to seek the presence of Christ in their homes! Perhaps one of the most constant and the most effectual is parental love, or anxiety, or despair. We want something for the child which we have not to give. It may be we have never wanted it for ourselves, that we have never thought of it, but have gone our way unmoved by the sights and sounds which called attention to it. But here is a child so worn away with sickness that we cannot hope that life will long continue; a child going from us and from our clinging love. This dear one, for whom our hearts are crying inside us—albeit we hide our sorrow from the departing sufferer—needs some comfort. The joys of life it will never reach. Its little dreams of hope, instead of growing into radiant realities, will thin away until they have left no trace behind. What can we do? Is there no comfort possible? Can no one say a word which shall brighten the sad eyes of patience? Let us call in the minister of religion, and he may speak a saving word. Let us ask the long-neglected Christ if He will deign to enter our dwelling, and He may endow with new life the soul of the dying child.

Now it is of this parental love, and of this still existing, though often latent, faith in Christ, we must take advantage, if the households of our country are to be saved from spiritual death. There are thousands and thousands in England who, although they are not at all religious, are not unwilling to put their children under religious teaching and influences. Indeed, you may not infrequently come across men who are very bad men, but who have this amount of goodness in them, that they would like their children to be

good and religious. They go on in their usual way; it has become a habit; they cannot now break it off. They drink, they are impure and unfaithful, their path in life is on the very edge of dishonesty, which from time to time they overstep. They never pray, either alone or with others; but they do not want the boy or girl to "go to the devil." It would shock them if they were to hear from young lips the indecent jests which stain their own. There are men who say they do not believe in God or Christ, and call revelation a tissue of fables, who would shudder to hear their child scoffing at the God of heaven, or mocking at Him who is still called the Saviour. Here, then, is our opportunity. A day may be approaching when even this silent faith will have departed, and given place to malignant hostility to Christ, such as that which envenoms the minds of many in some of the great continental cities. The natural history of malignant infidelity is, carelessness in the matter of religious service, indifference to it, a defensive attitude in the presence of its solicitations, a dislike to it, growing into an ever-present irritation which quivers to destroy it. Large classes of our population already show the earlier phases of this movement. The rest will follow unless we put a stop to it at once. We must bring the children to Christ or bring Christ to the children. We must nourish the germs of faith which they have inherited from a more faithful past. Faith in God, faith in Christ's revelation of God, "full of grace and truth," faith in the Holy Spirit, whose gracious suggestions must be reverently acknowledged and yielded to as the very voice of God—such faith as this must be made living and effective and delightful in the souls of the young. It must be so nourished and guarded from harm that it may become a great tree, deeply rooted, and spreading far its sheltering branches. Worship must be so specially arranged for the young as to become the natural expression of a solemn yet joyful faith. The reason must be enlisted in this holy service. A temper which shrinks from no new revelation of the mind of God which may come from any of His works must be encouraged. Especially those who will be the mothers of a new generation must be guarded against a timid, ignorant pietism, which is certain to alienate from religion the men of their households. The irrational religionism of women is a powerful ally of infidelity. But this subject must be continued on another Sunday evening.

NOVEMBER 22ND.

Read Matthew ix. 18—26, and Mark x. 13—23.

The very first duty of parents is by every means in their power to get religion enthroned and deeply fastened in the hearts of their children. If they take pains about what they call their children's education, spending time and thought and money that they may have the best masters, and learn all graceful "accomplishments;" if they look eagerly for the reports from school, and take pride in the honours which are won; much more serious and anxious should they be to have the minds of their children shaped and tempered by religion. If they feel as they ought to feel, prayers for their children will be the natural expression of their heart's desire, and our real prayers are the rulers of our lives. But, alas! how careless are too many parents in this most important matter! It is possible they may have family prayers, and go to church, but their life is not the practical expression of longing prayer to God for the divine education of their children. It is frivolous or vain or idle or "fast." Religion is not the attire they think most about, nor the ornaments they covet most, a meek and quiet spirit. Such a life as that must make religion impossible for the child. And when divine service is altogether avoided by one or both of the parents, and children are sent with nurses or governesses to church, the seeds of infidelity are sown in the mind. It is hard, indeed, to say what is to be done for children whose fathers and mothers, by continuous pressure, are moulding them in irreligion. They will know some day, when the child, which has never knelt at the feet of a heavenly Father and breathed its longings to Him for a higher life, has fallen into ruinous vice or shameful crime, how easy is the descent to perdition, where the spirit of God is unfelt. But if parents will not do their duty, if by spirit and example they make coarse and common the souls of their children, can nothing be done to save the children, and to save the future from a condition of ungodly sensuality? I think the work of Sunday-schools has yet to be done; their day is not over; it has scarcely come. But why should not religious men and women of intellectual powers and attainments undertake some Sunday teaching? It need not be school-teaching; it might be teaching in their own homes. When they have children why should they not admit a few others to share the instructions which they give in

their own homes? There are men whose academic distinctions are great, and whose piety fervent, who might gather around them on Sunday afternoons a class of boys or young men, and upon these they might impress their own reasonable religion. There are ladies, both married and unmarried, not less intellectually provided than the most cultivated men, whose teaching might help young girls to resist the worldly irreligion which disgraces their mothers. Why should not these take in hand this Sunday teaching? People of the highest rank even might like to commit their children on Sunday afternoons to the religious instructions of those more capable than themselves. They would not be—what Sunday-schools have been—a provision merely for the humbler classes; they would not be the scene in which youthful incapacity tortures or toys with those still younger. They would be the class-rooms in which reverent and highly cultivated men and women gave sympathy and counsel to those of all ranks of society whose knowledge and experience were less than their own. In every congregation there might be very many classes of this kind. The minister of the church would be generally the first to supply the teachers with disciples; and when the organization was complete the notice of vacancies in different classes, whenever they occurred, could be placed upon the doors of the church. In this way the juvenile and "standard" atmosphere, which cannot help tainting our ordinary Sunday-schools, would be driven away. They would be made use of by those who think themselves too old for the ordinary Sunday-school. Something would be done by such classes—in which friendship would grow up between scholars and professors—to diminish the jealousies of class, which threaten to fracture the social structure; and they would pour into the churches a constant stream of instructed piety. In this way we may do something to bring Christ into the homes of our fellow-men. And when His power is manifest in the lives which He has inspired; when in the home the young men and maidens are seen to be brave and noble, simple and sympathetic, reverent and helpful to parents, punctilious in honour, and white in purity as "unsummed snow;" when the thoughtfulness of the free is joined to the solemnity of the happy worshipper; then it will not be possible for men to laugh the Redeemer of life to scorn; for He who can raise the dead from decay, must be confessed to be the Son of God.

NOVEMBER 29TH.

Read St. John vi. 5—15, and St. Luke xi. 3—11.

Yes, indeed, it is put upon disciples of Christ that they be like their Master, saviours of the lost. No waste is to be permitted in His kingdom. "That nothing be lost" is His rule. Over and over again this law of saving is asserted. The shepherd seeks the one lost sheep "until he find it." The woman of the house sweeps the floor and searches diligently for the lost piece of silver "until she find it." No impotent acquiescence in perdition can be tolerated by Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." The husband and the wife who waste or destroy the spiritual powers with which they are endowed, and in doing so may succeed in destroying those of the partner of their lives, are intolerable to Christ. The parents, the masters, the friends, whose manners and words and conduct tend to keep away their children and servants and guests and acquaintance from the service of God, are the enemies of Christ, they crucify Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame. The idle jesting words lightly flung in the way of another, so as to divert him from a means of grace, are like the railings of those who passed by the cross wagging their heads. A home, a neighbourhood, equals and inferiors, may be blighted by the irreverent folly and the unworshipping flippancy of some empty soul. Those whom Christ would save, may now be lost—may the tireless Seeker find them!—by the unbridled tongue and mocking suggestions of a frivolous woman, or the challenge of licentious man. If Christ is the Head of all who save, the devil is the chief and lord of all who destroy. It matters not whether they dwell in drawing-rooms and clubs, or in alleys, in village public-houses or in servants' halls; they are working in opposition to Christ. They are the thieves who have come to kill and to destroy, and Christ has come that men "may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." Terrible thought! that Christ has still so many enemies. The cruel work of His foes was not ended when the Long-sufferer sighed, "It is finished." From that day to this He has been walking amongst men with consolation for their sorrows and cure for their sins, and the old cry of insult is flung at Him from every side, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Gentle women and brave men, the great and the small, join in the affronting rejection of Him who alone can save human life from meanness and

destruction. If from the days of His mortal life men had entered with heart and soul into His work, and if all who had taken upon them His name had never lost an opportunity of saying a saving word, or doing a saving act, the world would now have been saved. Men may mock at the word "saved;" they do at times make merry over those who wish to "save souls." Well, the phrases may be old-fashioned; but that which they mean is the aim of every man whose heart is big enough to be discontented with himself and to desire better things from others. To save the mind means, to deliver it from ignorance, to educate its powers into full capability, to bring it into a position of free and healthy activity. To save the soul means, to rescue it from sensuality and superstition, to bring it forth from its animal grossness into a world of beauty, truth, and goodness. To save the soul is, to make it see God; and, in the attraction of that sight, to ascend from all that is base and bad to a pure and ever purer life. Who dare say that there is anything vulgar or absurd in such an aim, whether it be for ourselves or others? Every philanthropic scheme is one for the saving of men's bodies, minds, or souls. The men who do not believe in God, but who do care for men, cannot live without, in their way, trying to save men's souls. Their way may be a mistaken or an inadequate one, but to save souls is the very highest intention which can fill the mind. But if all who, in the long centuries which have rolled on since Christ sent the disciples to preach the gospel to every creature, have called themselves Christians, had laboured day by day to save the souls of all they ever came near, the terrible stories of vice and sodden crime, of human lives trampled down into unutterable abomination, which assault our ears and stain our memories, could not have been imagined. Christ would have saved men's souls and men's bodies from all the evils which now anchor them in the fetid mud of immorality. But He has been pressed upon by enemies who have thronged Him. His foes have been those of His own house. The carelessness, the indolence, the selfishness, the poor-spiritedness of the millions of the baptized have bound the saving Christ with thongs, and Christians have prevented Christ from doing many mighty works because of their unbelief. We should have needed neither temperance societies, nor vigilance committees, nor guilds for purity, nor reformatories, nor homes of rescue, if every member of Christ's Church, from the first, had been inspired by His intention—"that

nothing be lost." The Church herself would have been all these institutions, until they had become unnecessary. Are we still to continue to be mere impulses to perdition? But if you lose one single opportunity of bearing witness for a high spiritual life against the sensual life, against the life whose bottomless pit sends forth its noxious vapours; if you lose one opportunity of bearing witness for Christ and against the spirits of the pit—in wasting that opportunity you waste a gift put into your hands by the Saviour and hinder His great work. Why is it we do not see this? How is it we are so blind? We complain of the free thinking of these days, and declare that incalculable harm is being done by the free publication of anti-Christian books. We almost hate those men of science, who frighten us so terribly with their discoveries. But if our one, loving, Christ-like intention were, that "nothing be lost," we should be too busy with our work to be frightened by them, and too certain of its triumph even for a moment's discouragement. It is not the few unbelievers who have prevented the salvation of Christ from triumphing through the world; it has been done, and is still being done, by the people who fill our churches, and who thank God that they are not as the Agnostics are. The guilt is ours. We have buried Christ and laid a great stone upon His tomb, and watched that he should not come forth to bless. Let the squire in his parish and throughout his property see to it, that farmers and labourers, that the tradesmen of the town, and the servants of the house, and the guests who fill it with sport and kindness, behold in him the spirit of manly devotion and scrupulous self-government and considerate accessibility. Let his example and his words say to all, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." Let the lady in the hall be the sweet minister of purity to all in her household, and in every cottage she can reach. Each servant should learn from her how beautiful is a spotless soul. There is a saving contagion in purity which may pluck from damnation the falling and the fallen. Let fathers and mothers, scholars and artisans, the officer with his soldiers, the merchant and lawyer with apprentices and clerks, young men in their friendships and games, and maidens high and low as they work or talk or in pleasant parties feel the glow of life, have Christ by His Holy Spirit dwelling in their souls; and His great purpose, which one day shall be realised, ever burning within them, that "nothing be lost."

THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.

By JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD,"
"SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—FOR HIS SAKE.

HARDLY had the words of warning escaped from John Garnet's lips when the ship received a violent shock, which caused her to quiver from stem to stern, and the engines suddenly ceased working. A crowd of terrified passengers rushed up the cabin stairs, and Francis Drake was only just in time to follow the mate's counsel and secure one of the life-belts for Maria, when their hiding-place under the bunk was discovered, and they were seized upon and battled for by fifty arms. Strange to say, in spite of her invalidism, Miss Nicobar, whose sharp eyes had forewarned her of this proceeding, had sprung from her seat and, anticipating the foremost of the throng, had snatched a belt for herself, and was already engaged in securing it about her precious person.

In crossing the deck to regain his seat at Maria's side Francis Drake was almost thrown from his feet by a second shock.

"Do not be afraid, dear girl," he had begun to say, intending even yet to lessen as much as might be the terrors of a catastrophe which he was well convinced had now become imminent, when a certain expression in her face caused him to stop short.

"I am not afraid," she said with a sad smile, but in clear, collected tones. "I hope I am not going to be. Do not think so ill of me as to endeavour to conceal anything from me now; indeed, it would be useless, for I know all. The ship is sinking."

"No, no. Who told you that? It must have been some ignorant and frightened passenger."

"You did," was the unexpected reply. "I read it in your face when you looked towards me as you were talking to John Garnet. Do you suppose, Francis, I cannot read your face?" she added, with a touch of bitterness.

Strange words to utter at any time, but in that scene of confusion and uproar, where, save for her comparatively sheltered position, she could scarcely have made herself heard at all, they sounded doubly strange. To Francis Drake every syllable had its significance, and as he reflected on them even the perils in which they were placed were for the moment forgotten. When she begged him not to conceal anything from her *now*, he well

understood that she was hinting at quite another matter than their peril; and that, when she spoke of reading the very thoughts of his heart in his face, she was reproaching him with a devotion that was not returned.

As for Maria, so far as she was personally concerned, she seemed wholly indifferent to the terrors which surrounded her. From all sides of her arose cries and prayers, the wildest appeals for pardon to the divine goodness, and the most passionate entreaties for its protection. To herself, whose whole life might be almost said to be a prayer, the catastrophe seemed to demand neither more nor less of it than any other occasion. She gently put aside the life-belt that Drake was endeavouring to fasten around her, and begged that it might be given to Lady Barton.

"I cannot make my way to the carriage, Francis, but perhaps you can do so. Please take it to her."

"But I insist upon your wearing it," he exclaimed vehemently, and almost fiercely. She shook her head. "Well, it is no matter; it will sustain you both," he said. "Do not lose hold of it for a moment, and I will go and fetch your mother."

This was easier said than done. The deck was now crowded with people, some prostrated by the waves, others carried with frightful violence against the bulwarks, others on their knees, with their arms round their children's necks, clinging to rails and ropes. He met the captain staggering up the cabin stairs, his face flushed with liquor, his eyes flaming with fury.

"Why don't they man the pumps, the fools!" he cried with a dreadful imprecation.

"Because they are choked with sand, sir," returned the mate with a relic of respect for his superior still in his tone. "We have been aground these five minutes."

"Captain! captain! we are all going to the bottom!" screamed Miss Nicobar's Hepzibah, clinging to his legs.

"How can that be, young woman, when you hear we are at the bottom already!" was the grim rejoinder.

"Put the helm hard a starboard; back her, back her. You firemen, why don't you keep the steam up?"

Monstrous as was the fact, this drunken but dauntless wretch did not know that the fires of his own ship were out, and that the vessel was practically immovable.

"Well, well, she'll float with the tide," he observed audaciously.

And it was extraordinary what comfort that speech conveyed to many of those about him, so hard is it for authority, however helpless and contemptible, to lose its hold upon the minds of men.

Without wasting words upon this miserable creature, Drake was making his way to where the carriage of Sir Abraham was fastened, when a sea, greater than any which had hitherto struck her, swept the vessel. It not only washed away many persons with it, whose despairing cries rose above the howling of the wind and wave, but, snapping the great ropes which held it as though they were packthread, it threw the carriage itself on to the starboard quarter, where it smashed the bulwark and fell into the sea. Drake himself had a narrow escape from being carried with it, and only saved himself by seizing hold of an iron pin, sunk in the deck, to which some portion of the vehicle had been fastened. It was a sickening spectacle, but it lasted but for a moment; a frightened and despairing face at one of the windows, an agonising shriek from a voice that he hardly recognised, and all was over.

His mission thus terribly concluded for him, he returned as fast as the beating of the ship permitted to the side of Maria. A female form was clinging to her knees, on whom she was in the act of fastening the life-belt which he had given her such strict injunctions to preserve for her own use.

"I should not have used it in any case," she replied to his reproachful look, "and to this poor child here"—she pointed to Janet Parkes, crouching and moaning at her feet—"life seems very dear."

It was plain from her use of the phrase "in any case," as well as from the agonised expression of her face, that she was aware of the catastrophe that had happened to her parents. Yet she spoke not one word concerning it. It was certainly not that her mind was monopolised by the imminence of her own peril, or with her own affairs at all; indeed, one would have thought from the caresses and consolatory whispers she bestowed on Janet that the poor girl alone and not herself was threatened.

With all the young man's admiration and affectionate regard for Maria, she had always been a problem to him, and never was the

solution farther from his mind than on the present occasion, when, as it seemed, they were about to leave the world together. But that he was wholly free from affectation, Francis Drake might have used with truth the phrase attributed to Nelson when a boy, "I do not know what fear is." But even he was not insensible to the prospect of a violent end, or to the spectacle of that of his fellow-creatures which offered itself on all sides (for every wave now carried off its victims), whereas on Maria these things appeared to have no effect at all, except so far as they evoked her efforts to soothe and console the living. Was her faith so firm that even this terrible form of death was to her a mere "fitting"—a removal from a house of clay to an eternal habitation in a shining city? Or was there another and a less spiritual cause for her indifference to life? Whatever may have been her reason, it at all events sufficed, for neither wind nor wave, nor all the havoc they made around her, could extort from her the least sign of fear. There is a well-known shipwreck story, more or less founded on fact, which describes the devotion of a Roman Catholic priest in the last moments of the catastrophe, how, being a strong swimmer, he fought his way through the billows to this or that drowning wretch, and bestowed upon them the last sacraments of the Church at the very instant of their dissolution. And it almost seemed as if Maria Barton had had the example of this heroic divine before her, so entirely did she give herself up to pacifying and mitigating the terrors of those about her with the consolations of religion.

Many, indeed, were too paralysed by fear to derive any comfort from her ministrations. Miss Nicobar could think or speak of nothing but the ingratitude of her Hepzibah, who, forgetting all considerations of social position, had actually used her superior strength to deprive her mistress of the life-belt and appropriate it to her own use. Mrs. Parkes had been swept from the deck, her eye, to the very last, fixed upon her daughter, who, though in comparative safety—for the paddle-box still hung together—was too overcome by her terrors even to notice her mother's disappearance. But not a few had cause to thank Maria Barton for hope and faith in that hour of need, or at all events for the preservation of their self-respect. To move from place to place was now become impossible; but, on the other hand, again and again, by the strokes of wind and wave, the passengers of the

Javelin were thrown together, and for a brief space, so long as their failing strength enabled them to catch and keep a hold, remained so. Among these unfortunate persons were the Rector and his wife, with both of whom Maria had some converse, of a far tenderer as well as graver kind than had ever passed between them before. It was pitiful to hear poor Mrs. Purcell's self-reproaches for having induced her husband to take the voyage, and so to have become the instrument of his destruction; but she showed little fear; while her husband behaved with a dignity which he had certainly never manifested on ordinary occasions, or what, considering the nearness of its end, might almost be termed during life. One or two of the little Fortescues, who had survived the rest, seemed also, though crying bitterly, to derive some sense of succour by clinging to Maria's knees.

Thanks to Francis Drake's solicitude, she had been placed in a tolerably secure spot; the paddle-box under which she sat, or rather crouched—for an upright position had long become impossible to any one—still sheltered her and those about her from the violence of the waves, while the other had been torn away. The rest of the passengers who yet survived either lay huddled together upon deck, or, clinging to rope and chain, and one another, crowded the cabin stairs of the sinking ship.

At this moment the ponderous chimney, which had long broken from its stays, and swinging from side to side, threatened destruction to the helpless beings beneath it, came down on the deck, bearing with it the main-mast and carrying away in its fall the whole of the starboard bulwarks. The force and weight of the stroke dragged the vessel over—for the moment making the side which had been the higher out of the water the lower—and plunged her so deeply into the sea that it seemed impossible, with the waves rolling over her now defenceless deck, that she could ever right again. The very violence of wind and wave indeed forced her back again into her old position, but in a still more miserable plight. The loss of human life had been enormous, and especially among those in the vicinity of Maria and her lover; indeed, when sense and breath returned to them—for an instant they had been actually under water—they found themselves alone. On other parts of the deck, if it could still be called so, there were also little knots of survivors—fathers surrounded by their children, husbands and wives clasped in a last embrace, or even tied together, in the

melancholy hope of perishing in one another's arms.

For the most part these poor people were overcome by the lethargy of despair; but a few were still animated by hope. Three of the crew had climbed the foremast, to the top of which they had lashed themselves. One of them was the steward, and when presently a little black boy belonging to the ship, who cried out piteously in broken English, "I have no friends!" held out his arms in appeal for help, John Garnet reached down and took him up and tied him with a handkerchief to the spar—an action to which Maria drew Francis Drake's attention with a look that he never forgot. Only in heaven, he was wont to say, could he expect to see its counterpart.

A passenger here and there had selected a spar or an oar (for the frail boat had been broken to pieces early in the night by a blow from a wave), which, when the ship should go to pieces, should serve to keep them afloat; one had even got the drum, which had long ceased to give out its spirit-stirring sounds, and tied himself to that as to a life-buoy. The windlass, the belfry, where the ship's bell had hung, and the foot of the foremast, everything that gave the least sign of solidity, were each surrounded by a clinging throng.

On the poop, holding on to the wheel, or to the stump of the main-mast, were about a dozen persons, who, either by chance or good judgment, had all along, with few exceptions, kept to that locality. It offered a stubborn resistance to the waves, and moreover, as Drake foresaw, though less sheltered than their own position, might possibly, when the ship broke up, become detached and float with its living burden. To his satisfaction, though it was likely to be short-lived, he perceived that the Rector and his wife, whom he had thought had been engulfed when the main-mast fell, had been swept to this poor ark of safety. To reach it was almost impossible, and if it had been otherwise there was scant room for more, and he well knew that Maria would have refused to impose her presence where it might, even in her case, have been unwelcome. He therefore revolved in his mind what other chances might be open to them when the fatal moment should arrive, not, indeed, of the ship's sinking under them, for it was already embedded in the sand, but of the rising tide overwhelming it, and its going to pieces. The paddle-box had, indeed, become much loosened at the bottom, though

the planking of the roof still held together, and it struck him that if it should part and not turn over, it might form a raft for them, however frail, in which they might float till daylight, when they might be picked up by one of the boats, certain to be sent in quest of them—a forlorn hope, indeed, but one that sustained him wonderfully. He had imparted this plan to Maria, but sustained, doubtless, by hopes of another kind, though she smiled gratefully on him, she seemed to give it but little attention.

“One would really think, dear, that life and death were one to you,” pleaded the young man. “Surely, for my sake——”

She turned her gentle face towards him—almost all the movement she could make in her cramped and wedged position—with a look of an inexpressible reproach and pain.

“Heaven forgive me, if it be a sin to say so,” she whispered hoarsely, “but it is *for your sake*, Francis, that I wish to die.”

CHAPTER XLVI.—PARTED.

It is with somewhat unnecessary boastfulness that love is said to conquer death; for as a matter of fact there are other emotions—some of them mere passions, such as hate and greed—which do the like, and even in our last hours will cast out from our thoughts the Shadow which is beckoning us none knows whither. To persons, indeed, without imagination, such as the Chinese, not to mention almost all savage tribes, there is no dread of the fact of death at all, but only of the act of it. What made it, indeed, so terrible to the majority of those on board the *Javelin*, was its suddenness and violence, which, save in a few exceptional cases, caused the law of self-preservation to override all other considerations. But with Maria Barton even the immediate prospect of a violent end had no disturbing, or certainly no distracting effect. Her mind throughout the voyage had been enthralled by one absorbing topic, which, if in one aspect temporal and finite, was in another, at all events in her eyes, indestructible and eternal. Events had subsequently happened which had destroyed the former view of it and left only the latter; because temporal things were coming to an end with her it did not therefore perish, it remained with her like her faith, and could not be cast out by physical danger however imminent.

Francis Drake, whom no one could accuse of cowardice, was, on the other hand, keenly conscious of their common peril. The youth and strength within him resented the menace

of fate and was resolute to oppose it; yet, for the moment, Maria's look and words so diverted his mind from the danger of their position that it made him almost unconscious of it. This would not have happened of course, but for his own consciousness of the matter she referred to, which now turned his cheek far paler than the terrors of wind and wave had done.

“I do not understand you, my dear,” he stammered presently; “if you love me——”

“I do love you,” she interrupted earnestly; “how much! and how much too much, Heaven only knows! Dear Francis, there is no need now to deceive yourself any longer for my sake; I know the secret of your heart though it may be you have not confessed it even to yourself. You have loved me, yes! but not as you would have loved another—my cousin Hester.”

“She refused me,” murmured the young fellow mechanically; a frankness which, under other circumstances, would have seemed to him almost brutal, had taken possession of his soul and compelled his words. “My heart was free, dear girl, when I placed it in your keeping.”

“Your hand was free,” she answered in broken tones, “but not your heart. Hester refused you for my sake. I heard it from her lips this morning.”

“What! did she tell you that?”

“No, she told my mother, and I by chance—no, not by chance, by Heaven's mercy—I overheard her. What a crime have you thus escaped? from what a wrong, though unconsciously committed, have I been preserved! Not that it matters now,” she added pathetically, “but oh, how it seemed to matter! For the last twelve hours, Francis, I have been thinking of little else. It would have made no difference if I had lived, be sure, only I should have been so unhappy because I love you so.”

“And I love *you*, my darling,” returned the young man vehemently, carried beyond himself and out of it, by her gentleness and generosity. “You are mistaken in supposing that—that I do not love you. We shall be happy yet, dear girl. May Heaven desert me in my last hour if I do not make you a good and loving husband!”

“Hush, hush,” she whispered gently; “I know your noble nature; you would have given me all save that which you had not to give, and if you could you would have concealed that lack; but it is better thus. You love me, you say—and I believe it—as a brother loves his only sister.”

"Better far than that," he answered hoarsely.

"Prove it then by doing what I am about to ask of you."

"I will do anything; amongst others, I will save you or die myself," was his reply.

She could not hide her poor wan, weather-beaten face in her hands, as nature dictated, for to have left hold of the arm of the bench on which she sat would have been instant death, but at these loving words her cheeks flushed crimson and her eyes filled with tears.

"It is hard, it is hard," she murmured. "Frank dear," she went on in firmer tones, "I entreat of you to leave me. Every hour, every minute, that you remain here diminishes your strength, and therefore your chances of safety. The sands are covered now, and, so far, to swim is practicable. You are a strong swimmer, I know, and a brave and resolute man."

He laughed aloud, not bitterly, but with amused contempt. "Yes, very brave and very resolute," he said, "but not so audacious—to put it at lowest—as run the risk of being branded as the greatest coward that ever disgraced the name of a soldier. Leave you here! You must think ill of me, indeed, to dream of it."

"I was not thinking of you only, Francis, there are others besides myself to whom your life is precious. Think of poor Sir Reginald."

"My father will grieve, no doubt," he answered, "but at least he will not die of shame, as he would do if his son came home as you would have him, and told him how he had secured his safety."

If it came to Maria's lips to say that there was another person to whom Francis Drake was dearer even than to Sir Reginald, it did not pass beyond them; not that she felt any reluctance to refer to her cousin, but because she knew that it would give pain to her companion. Moreover, he might reply for Hester as he had replied for his father, and, as Maria was well aware, with equal truth. Though she was a woman, and another had been preferred before her, she did her the fullest justice. In her humility, indeed, she would have confessed, while denying that any one could love Francis Drake as she did, that Hester was more worthy of him. If miracles have ceased in the world it is certain that saints among our women still exist.

After this one appeal she made no further effort to persuade her companion to leave her. He had wrapped his cloak about them both, and sat with one arm clasped around

her close, waiting for the moment when Death should come to fetch them, although not altogether without hope to balk him of his prey.

In the most terrible situations that the human mind can conceive the commonplace and ordinary incidents of life are never wanting.

In his last struggle to reach Sir Abraham and his wife, Drake had lost his watch, and his sudden discovery of the fact gave him a momentary disturbance that the instant afterwards evoked a bitter smile. Wishing to know how soon the daylight might be expected, he asked Maria to tell him the hour, which the moonlight, though faint and obscured by the flying clouds, still permitted her to do. She told him; at the same time handing him her own watch; "Take it, dear Francis," she said, "I have done with time, and if you survive me—"

At this moment so heavy a sea struck the vessel, that it seemed to split from one end to another, though in fact it had not broken in two. The paddle-box, as Drake had expected, was torn away and driven in upon them. With one arm he seized it, and with the other assisted his companion to its summit. Thanks to a torn plank, and the presence of an iron pin beneath the cavity, they obtained a sort of seat and also hand-hold. The sea did not immediately wash them over, though the whole deck was now submerged; there was even time for Drake to seize a plank as it whirled by them, which he thought might be of use in steering, or at least in steadying their perilous craft; but in less than a minute they were torn from the wreck and tossed in the deep.

Even when a vessel is going down for certain, it is a terrible thing to leave it in a heavy sea for an open boat, although we may be well persuaded that it is of the two the lesser evil. The vast mass of shattered timbers, though we know that it is doomed to destruction, seems, by its very bulk, to afford us greater security than the cockleshell—though it is still intact—in which we find ourselves.

The sense that there is "only a plank," as the phrase goes, between him and the sea is to a landsman, indeed, appalling; but how much more dreadful was the situation of this unhappy pair, clinging to a fragment of wreckage which, sinking deep in the trough of the wave, did not rise as a boat does on the crest of it, but remained, at the best, half underwater, and always in danger of turning over!

For the first few minutes every rushing wave seemed to drown them, and when

it had gone by there was no time to catch their breath before they were overtaken by another. The water blinded their eyes and filled their ears. They fought for life in silence and darkness, and even—though the wind howled and roared around them—without an atmosphere in which to breathe. Then with that wonderful adaptability to circumstance which all humanity more or less possesses, they began to see and hear, and breathe, and even to think.

In a half-mechanical manner Drake began to use his plank, and not ineffectually, so as to turn the head of their unwieldy raft to meet the shock of the wave. The wind was driving them towards the shore, from which they were, perhaps, a couple of miles distant, and the dawn was breaking. Supposing matters grew no worse it was just possible, unless exhaustion, or the terrible cold which their wet limbs began to experience, should destroy them, that they might get alive, Drake thought, to land. But hardly had this ray of comfort broken in upon him than he became conscious that they were getting lower in the water, sinking deeper into the trough of every sea, and rising less buoyantly with it.

Long before they could get to shore at their present rate of progress, it was evident that they must be utterly overwhelmed.

There was clearly only one thing to be done.

"Dear love," said Francis Drake, "a while ago I refused a request of yours, which I am now about to obey. I am going to try to swim to land for help."

"To leave me! Oh, my darling do not leave me!"

The appeal was pitiful, indeed, and seemed to show the perturbation of a mind that up to that moment had preserved unruffled calm.

"I would not do it, love, save for your own sweet sake, be sure," he pleaded.

"I know it," she answered simply; "it is because the raft is sinking beneath its double burthen, and you think that I shall have a better chance for life alone. Forgive me if, for the moment, the thought of losing you—and of being left alone," she added, with that love of truth which was as natural to her as the breath she drew, "overcame for the moment——"

Her words were cut short by an angry sea, but there was no need to finish them. In the last few hours these two had got to understand, not only one another's lightest glance or gesture, but the thoughts of each other's souls.

Preparations Francis had none to make.

He had long ago kicked off his boots and discarded his coat, and his cap had been carried away by the wind.

"I will not say, 'God bless you, my darling!'" he murmured in her ear, "for you need no human intercessor, and least of all one such as I am. Keep a brave heart, love; we shall meet again."

"I both hope and believe it," she answered firmly; then added to herself, "in heaven."

He kissed her pale, cold lips, and slid, as carefully as he could, so as not to disturb the balance of her crazy raft, into the sea. The next moment a wave sundered them—for ever!

CHAPTER XLVII.—ON SHORE.

It was long past daylight at Medbury, but no news had come to the Castle of its missing tenants. In the tower-chamber above the gateway, to which, because it commanded the greatest stretch of view, they had removed at dawn, sat the old Baronet and Hester. That terrible watch-night had told upon them both. Sir Reginald looked five years older, and years at his age leave a deeper mark than at any other. It often happens very suddenly, without any shock, physical or mental, to cause it, that to-day we see a fine old man, and to-morrow a spectre, the mere shadow of his former self. This was not, however, quite the case with Sir Reginald; he did not look broken, but only ready to break. He was bearing the suspense, but with utmost effort. It was plain he had no reserve of strength for any catastrophe. If the news came, which was now almost sure to come, Hester said to herself, "it will kill him."

He sat with her hand in his at the wide-open window, for so he would have it—listening for every sound, with the wind blowing back his silver hair, and whispering of wreck and ruin. It had moderated at last, having done its cruel work, and the clouds were clearing from the face of the sky. It was Hester's presence and sympathy, as he told her, which had hitherto sustained him. "Without you, my dear," he whispered, "he would never have seen me alive, even if he should be spared to do so; nor will I say, even if I do not see him, that I have little to thank you for; I shall never forget you, never."

On the other hand, Hester was scarcely less indebted to her companion for her comparative calm; the necessity she felt under to comfort and strengthen him, as far as she was able, had in a measure mitigated her

misery, but not because it turned her thoughts from her own wretched forebodings; for though he did not know it, he bewailed with her a common woe.

At eight o'clock another messenger arrived from Philip Langton, bearing a second letter. The vessel had gone down, it said, of that there was no doubt, but nine persons had been picked up alive, and it was just possible—though only just, for the place where the *Javelin* had gone down had been discovered—that more might yet be saved. From the fore-mast, the top of which had been just discerned above the water, three persons—the mate, John Garnet, a sailor, and the little black boy had been taken off; and from a portion of the poop, which had floated within half a mile of the shore, six persons—among them Mr. Purcell and his wife, the two last in so extreme a state of exhaustion that they had been unable to reach the Rectory, and had been taken to the hotel overlooking the jetty; but none of the rescued persons had been as yet in a condition to give a collected account of what had taken place. The horseman Mr. Langton had dispatched had not yet returned, but there were rumours of much wreckage having been cast up along the coast. Notwithstanding that from this it was clear that no survivors from the ship—if more survivors there should be—would be brought to Medbury, but must needs have what flickering spark of life remained in them nursed and fed at Shingleton, Hester by no means relaxed the preparations she had caused to be made from the first for their reception and proper treatment. Again and again she visited the rooms of Sir Abraham and Lady Barton, and of her cousin, to see that all was ready for them; and she had even had another room prepared for Francis Drake, in case it might be expedient for him to shorten his journey ever so little and be tended at the Castle.

How forlorn and melancholy they looked, fated, like mausoleums, to receive their inmates only after death; or rather, like cenotaphs, mausoleums that must stand for ever empty because their rightful tenants had been held captive by the tyrannous and remorseless sea! The companionship in which she was placed compelled Hester's thoughts to dwell chiefly on Francis Drake, but they turned with no less of sorrow towards her cousin, cut off in her youth and on the brink of the accomplishment of her heart's desire. That she was gone to heaven was as certain as there was a heaven for such pure and pious souls to go to; but whatever we poor

mortals may preach, or even pray, the exchange of one world for another by those we love, however advantageous we feel it to be for themselves, is to us who are left behind and lose them a matter of intense regret and pain. For her aunt, too, Hester had a sincere affection, and had she had no other loss to deplore, Lady Barton's death would have left a void in her heart not easy to be filled. "Perhaps," thought Hester involuntarily, "she has met dear mamma by this time, and they are once more loving sisters." Even for Sir Abraham's fate she had a genuine tear. He had been kind to her after his fashion, and, indeed, could hardly have been called unkind (or so she now thought) to anyone. "Where are they all at this moment?" was the awful question which her heart was putting to her in spite of herself. "Behind the veil," we say, in our inadequate and conventional phraseology; but to us the separation that has taken place is in reality of quite another kind. It is no veil that shuts us out for ever, or what seems for ever, from those dear familiar faces, but a wall of adamant reaching from earth to sky, through which no voice can come to gladden us with its "All is well," or (awful thought) rack us with tidings of another kind.

In Shingleton there was broadcast bereavement, and a desolation as deep as that which reigned at Medbury. In its humbler houses, though it was not perhaps felt at the moment, there was even additional cause for sorrow, in anxiety for the future, for many a household had lost its breadwinner; but for the moment they had this poor advantage over the watchers in the Castle that they were not compelled to inaction. Some manned the fishing-vessels and scoured the sea in the neighbourhood of the wreck, in hopes of lighting on a survivor; some busied themselves in tending the few survivors that had been washed ashore alive; some crowded beach and jetty straining their eyes for the return of the boats, and interchanging hopes that were not yet utterly merged in fears. Others, again, searched the coast, on which the sea had already begun to cast up its dead.

To these last, when all chance of any more survivors being brought to Shingleton seemed to have died away, Philip Langton joined himself. He rode for miles along the sands and upon the cliff tops, sweeping the sea with his pocket-glass, and making inquiry at every hamlet concerning the wreck. His messengers had been there before him, but they had gone on in pursuance of his instruc-

tions, and much had happened in the interval. The fragments of the ill-fated *Javelin* now strewed many a creek and cave, and many a cottage had become a mortuary. Identifications of the bodies had but rarely taken place, as the passengers of the ill-fated vessel were all from Shingleton, which was some miles distant.

The remains of Sir Abraham and Lady Barton, however, had been both recognised, not only because in life they had been widely known, but because they had come ashore, as was gravely said, though with no intentional irreverence, in their carriage, the which, though almost knocked to pieces, had retained sufficient likeness of itself to be known for what it had been, and it had still contained its former tenants. In the next cottage to that in which they were for the present housed, at the little fishing-village of Merk, lay the corpse of a young lady believed to be their daughter. It had been thrown ashore along with some wreckage, which looked, as Philip Langton was told, like barrel-staves, but which he at once recognised as remnants of a paddle-box. Though the sea had broken up the raft it had spared its burthen, and Maria Barton's face was as beautiful in death as it had ever been. In life Philip Langton had never seen her, but there was a certain likeness to her mother, as he remembered her, which would have convinced him of her identity, even without the corroboration which was not wanting. A handkerchief by which she had been fastened to the wreck, evidently not by her own hand, was given him, with the initials F. D. upon it; and he understood at once by whose loving care in that last hour of her existence this precaution had been taken.

Having satisfied himself as to the fates of those in whom Hester, as he thought, would feel the most concern, Philip Langton returned to Shingleton, where, as he expected, he found Mrs. West already arrived. Her presence was very welcome to him, for it was difficult to see how, with the best will in the world to help her, he could himself be of much use to Hester, who, it was evident, stood in need above all things of a female friend. The thanks with which he overwhelmed the new-comer were not only embarrassing but unintelligible to her. It seemed to that kind-hearted and genuine woman that nothing was more natural than that she should have exchanged her comfortable home at a moment's notice for a house of sorrow, for the sake of a fatherless and friendless girl. She undertook, too,

as though it had been an obvious duty, the terrible task of breaking the tidings which Langton had brought from Merk, an ordeal the thought of which had given him inexpressible misery. Up to that moment, notwithstanding his devotion to Hester, his experience of human life had not been favourable as regards the other sex. The views of an old bachelor are generally cynical with respect to woman, because they have little or no knowledge of her noblest attributes, the courage and self-denial she exhibits when those she loves are in trouble or sorrow; and Philip Langton's case had, as we know, been much more unfortunate in this respect than any bachelor's.

"I always knew you were a good woman, dear Mrs. West," he said, "but I had no idea you were an angel."

"That is just like you men," she answered, smiling; "you are never enthusiastic about us (unless we are very young and pretty), except when we are able to relieve you of some unpleasant office. I dare say there are some women whom you have set down as the reverse of angels on quite as insufficient grounds."

Langton felt there was some truth in this. His dead wife, to judge by what the rector and Hester had said of her, could not have been so destitute of good as he had imagined her to be; and something, doubtless, had one known all, was to be said too for that unhappy woman lying in the fisherman's cottage, calm and stern as a dead queen.

After some refreshment, of which, though she had no more appetite for it than he had, Mrs. West compelled herself to partake, they drove over to Medbury.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE HEIRESS.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and Sir Reginald and Hester still sat in the tower-chamber, having kept watch there for the last twelve hours, when a sound of wheels broke upon their ears.

"Hark, hark!" cried the old man, "they are coming."

"Sir Reginald, I entreat you to be calm," pleaded his companion earnestly, "and not to nourish false hopes. It is not humanly possible——"

"You are right," murmured the other with a groan; "they are not carriage wheels at all; it is a gig."

The vehicle was still a long way off and hidden by the avenue, but the old man's ears, accustomed to every country sound, had

not deceived him. Still with some lingering embers of hope within him, he added, "Who can it be?"

"It is doubtless Mr. Langton," she answered with gentle firmness. "No other carriage, perhaps, can just now be procured in Shingleton (this was likely enough), and he promised to come over if the worst came to the worst, and when he should be quite sure."

It was cold comfort, but the time, as Hester felt, was gone by for comfort; if she could only persuade the old man, as, alas! she could not persuade herself, to be resigned to Heaven's will, it was the best she could hope for.

"My brave boy," he murmured; then he broke down, and the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks without his making an effort to hide them.

"The father of such a son should have more courage," said Hester reprovingly, though she too was weeping bitterly. "If he could see you, dear Sir Reginald, as perhaps he does see you—Oh, great Heavens!" She started from her chair and, crying, "Look, look, Francis is coming to us alive, alive!" threw her arms above her head, and fell on the floor in a dead faint.

It was not in nature that Sir Reginald should not look for such a sight as that: his son driven in a gig by a farmer's lad, looking pale and wan and woebegone enough, but still alive, as she had said; but no sooner had he convinced himself of that blissful fact than he applied himself to his companion's restoration. All the instincts of a true gentleman and a grateful nature returned to him at once, so soon as that weight of woe was removed from him. Next to Francis—and Francis was safe—Hester had won for herself the innermost place in the old man's heart.

When his vehement summons of the bell was answered by a domestic, he first sent for Maria's maid, and not until he had seen Hester in her charge and giving signs of animation did he direct his tottering steps to greet his son in the great hall. The meeting was a very moving one; the old man, overcome with joy and gratitude to Heaven, embraced him as he had not done since he was a child; but Francis, while returning his caress, looked as sad and stern as one risen from the dead.

"They are all gone," he said with infinite pathos in answer to his father's inquiry. "Our dear girl is now a saint in heaven." For many minutes he could say no more; and the recollection of that parting scene had utterly

unmanned him. What struck Sir Reginald, even in that terrible time, as strange, was that, presently, when he proposed that they should go to Hester, Francis declined to do so.

"Not just now, father," he said. The fact was, that with his mind so full of Maria's goodness and self-devotion, the young fellow felt that it would have been a species of disloyalty to her memory; but he excused himself on the ground of physical weakness. He was, indeed, very weak and ill from the fatigues and exhaustion he had undergone, and only by slow degrees was he able to narrate his story.

After leaving the raft, if it could be called such, with its precious burthen, he had swam little more than half the distance to land when his strength failed him. Fortunately he met with a floating spar, and assisted by it had contrived to reach the shore, though more dead than alive; the sea cast him up, indeed, like a piece of wreck in a sandy creek a mile or two on the Scoresby side of Merk, where a fisherman found him quite insensible. He had taken him to his hut on the beach, where he had remained for many hours with scarce a sign of life. On his recovery he had gone into the village just after Langton's departure from it, and learnt the full extent of the calamity that had befallen him.

His emotions on seeing Maria were such as no one who had known Francis Drake, however cognizant of his affectionate nature, would probably have thought him capable of, and it was with difficulty, and only driven by the thought of what must be his father's anxiety on his account, that he could tear himself away from her unconscious form.

No doubt it was the recollection of what she had said to him on the wreck when she told him that she had found out his secret, and was content, or at least resigned, to the consequences of that discovery, which made his conscience so tender with respect to her cousin; but as it happened, even had he seen Hester, she would have given him no embarrassment; she had only recovered from one fainting fit to fall into another, and by the time Mrs. West reached the Castle stood in even greater need of her services than that lady had anticipated; indeed she was seriously, and even dangerously ill. The anguish she had undergone during the last twelve hours—all the worse for her since for her companion's sake she had concealed it—had proved too much for her constitution. It was three months and more before she rose from a sick-bed.

She was thus spared, however, from the

painful incidents of the next few days, and from all knowledge of them. The burial of the ill-fated passengers of the *Javelin* in Shingleton churchyard was an incident not forgotten in the little town and its neighbourhood for many a year. Francis Drake had by that time recovered his self-possession, but no one could behold without emotion the young man's silent grief as he bowed his head beside the coffin of his betrothed. Without disloyalty to the girl who had won his heart he might truly have said of Maria Barton, "There is none like her—none;" and, indeed he often expressed himself to that effect, not a little to Sir Reginald's discontent.

"You should have seen Hester's conduct that dreadful night, Frank," he would say to his son a little fretfully. "Never, never can I forget her unselfish devotion."

"I can well believe it, sir," was the somewhat sympathetic response. "Hester is as good as gold."

It is not probable that he made use of that expression by design, to mark the difference between spiritual and material goodness, but the fact was that his reverence for Maria was of the deepest and most devotional kind, and resented all comparison. As soon as he had satisfied himself that Hester was out of danger and on the road to recovery, he went abroad to regain, in change of scene, the health and strength which for the time had failed him; and though he remained away some time, when he returned she was only just convalescent. So shaken was she by the catastrophe that had at one blow swept away both aunt and cousin, that she did not at first comprehend its consequences; they were friends so near and dear to her that it did not strike her that they were also relatives, and that in Sir Abraham she had lost the only connection she had in the world. In that state of semi-consciousness that accompanies the slow return from fever, she had watched Nurse Askill as she tended her and busied herself about her room, with amazement. It was a great satisfaction to have the dear old woman with her, but she wondered how, like the fly in amber, she got there. To Mrs. West, having seen and recognised her in the intervals of her first seizure, she was accustomed, but the occasional presence by her bedside of Grace and Marion was inexplicable to her. She hardly liked to ask about it lest it should turn out that they were not actually there at all, but were only the offspring of her imagination. Another question which was often on her lips, but

which she had not the courage to utter, was, "How and where is Francis Drake?" She was aware that he had come home alive from the wreck, but her recollection of him as caught in that fleeting glance of him as he sat in the gig was of one very weak and ill. "Was it possible," she asked of herself with sickening fear, "that he had eventually succumbed to the fatigue and horrors of that dreadful night?" What somewhat reassured her, however, upon this point was, that more than once—if she had but known it, it was more than once a day—she had fancied she heard Sir Reginald's voice on the other side of her door; and if his son had been dead she did not believe that he would have survived him.

The first words she spoke were addressed to Nurse Askill, who was placing something sweet scented and cool on a handkerchief on her forehead.

"What has happened, nurse?"

"A great deal has happened, my darling," was the gentle reply, "but you are not fit to know it yet."

"Whose step did I hear just now outside the door?"

"Mrs. West's, I suppose; or perhaps Miss Grace's, or Miss Marion's."

"It was a man's step."

"Then it was Mr. Langton's; he is often here; indeed as often as at Shingleton, where he means to stay, he says—Heaven bless him!—till he sees you up and about; or perhaps it was Sir Reginald. The old gentleman is over-anxious about you; he would have had what they call a trained nurse from town if it had not been for Mrs. West, who knew what was best for you, and that you would rather have your old Askill to look after you than all the trained nurses in Christendom."

Hester asked no more questions just then; she had heard enough, and more than enough. It was evident to her that Francis was not at Medbury. Where was he? Where could he be?

That no new misfortune could have happened she felt, however, pretty confident, from Nurse Askill's manner, which was exceedingly bright and cheerful. It was not the kind of cheerfulness that is put on to keep up the spirits of the invalid; and, moreover, she had watched her through half-shut eyes and when supposed to be incapable of notice, and it had struck her in a vague and wondering way how very bright and pleased the old woman looked. If she had been capable of reasoning on the matter she would no doubt have been shocked at it, but as it was it re-

mained one of the many mysteries with which for the present she was unable to grapple. Her next attempt to get information was made on Mrs. West, and proved more successful.

"How very good and kind you are to me," she murmured one morning.

"Am I? I am glad you think so, my dear," was the quiet reply. "It is such a beautiful day that I think a little July sunshine cannot hurt you," and with that she opened the window.

"July? Is it July? Then how long have I been ill?"

"Very nearly three months. However, you have been getting better for some time, my dear, and 'the slower,' you know, 'the surer.'"

"Three months? And have you been here three months?"

"Certainly; and Grace and Marion too."

"What, have you left your own home to come and—"

"Hush, hush! if you excite yourself like that—and especially begin to cry, which is strictly forbidden, I will not answer you another question. As to leaving home, it was a very good time to leave London and get the country air; and why should we not pay such an old friend as you a long visit? It must be allowed that you entertain us very hospitably, but you don't grudge it us, my dear, do you?"

To Hester this speech was wholly unintelligible. As Mrs. West looked into her wondering face the tears came into that good lady's eyes. It touched her to see that the change that had taken place in the sick girl's worldly circumstances had not even entered into her mind—that she had so mourned the loss of her relatives that the idea of deriving any advantage from it had never so much as occurred to her.

"We are your guests, dear Hester, you see," she explained softly. "I know right well that you had far rather that it was not so, but fate has decided otherwise. This house is yours by inheritance; you have become a very important young lady indeed."

Never was such news received by next of kin or heir-at-law with so little satisfaction. Sir Abraham, who had no relations of his own, had left all his vast estate to his wife, with remainder to his daughter, who had, as we know, survived them, though but for so short a space. Hester's tears fell fast. Never more could poor Lady Barton sit in her pride of place within those walls. All that Sir Abraham could now call his own was a few feet

of earth in the churchyard upon the hill. It was, indeed, a terrible example of what one day can bring forth to us helpless mortals—the sport of fate and circumstance. After this news had been told her, Hester lay very quiet, revolving many things, but without one touch of selfish complacency; indeed, had her thoughts dwelt on herself at all they could not, from the nature of things, have been, in one respect at least, very encouraging. If Francis Drake's old affection for her should revive, or even become as great as was her love for him, she knew him too well to suppose it possible that he would ever confess as much. He could never endure it to be said, that having been balked of wedding one heiress of Medbury, he had offered his hand to the next, like some matrimonial Vicar of Bray. Her feelings, in fact, towards him just then were very much what his own had been towards her immediately after the catastrophe. She would have thought it disloyalty to Maria to allow her heart to dwell upon the bridegroom of whom death had deprived her. And yet—and yet, on a certain day when she had become much stronger and had been moved into a sitting-room on the upper floor, and she suddenly heard a dear familiar voice in the corridor without, what was it but love, the love she had "scotched not killed," which made her little heart stand still? There was no need for old Sir Reginald to tell her, as he did—in tones that he almost mistrusted lest they should reveal his own secret hope—that his beloved son had returned home.

What with the captain's pride and Hester's scruples it is doubtful, indeed, whether an event so every way convenient and to be wished for as their union could ever have been brought about had it not been for Mrs. West, whose woman's wit not only discovered their secret, but smoothed the way to its revelation. Even when men have the sagacity, they do not possess the tact for these matters. Philip Langton, for example, and Francis Drake, who had become fast friends, and were neither of them unconscious that this friendship was in part owed to their common interest in Hester Darrell, might have walked and talked and smoked together till the younger man had grown grey-headed without the affair in question being furthered by a hair's-breadth. Mrs. West, on the other hand, who had the faculty, shared by other good mothers, of attracting to herself young gentlemen of merit, was not long before she gained the confidence of the Captain. He told her all we know of his relations to Maria,

and was overcome with melancholy in the narration. A man would have told him to "cheer up," but Mrs. West, on the contrary, rather encouraged his dolorousness. She knew that that was as near a way as any, and not an uncommon one, to the renewal of love. All the ingredients were to be found in it, and, like a wise builder, she made use of the old materials for the foundation of a new structure. As the plan of it had long been in his mind, though the work, for reasons with which we are acquainted, had had to be abandoned, her task was all the easier. When she saw him reduced to hopeless despondency, she turned on him like a tigress, and inquired how he dared—yes, dared—so long to neglect the injunctions of his beloved Maria, who with her dying lips had bade him be happy with his Hester. Her lightest wish should under such a circumstance have been a covenant to him; nor could she understand how a gentleman and a Christian should have so long ignored them. The poor Captain, who had, perhaps, rather piqued himself upon the delicacy of his scruples, suddenly discovered that he had been behaving in a very discreditable manner.

"But she gave me to understand," he stammered, and it was noticeable that his "she" for the first time referred to the living object of his adoration, "that she was engaged to somebody else."

"A very good reason, sir, for not pressing your attentions upon her then; but now that you know, upon the very best authority, that she only allowed you to go away with that impression, because she would not stand in the way of her cousin's happiness, I fail to see your reason for hesitation."

"But she has never told me that—that her heart was free."

"It is not free; it is yours," she put in quickly, "if you had—I do not say the good sense, but the good feeling—to perceive it. Your conduct, Captain Drake, amazes me."

"But then she is so very rich," he murmured.

"Oh, I see," replied his companion reluctantly; "pride is at the bottom of it. Perhaps you would like me to speak for you?"

A proposition he accepted with the utmost gratitude.

It is hardly necessary to say that her mission did not require much diplomacy to bring it to a successful issue. Frank would probably have won Hester in any case; but the desire of her heart had a fuller completeness from the knowledge that it was accomplished with Maria's approval and recogni-

tion. There could be no thought of rivalry between them, or any cause for silence even on the single topic so often ignored between husband and wife. On the contrary, their hearts were, if possible, more closely bound together by the memory of one so loved and revered by both. The good we do is not always buried with us; and so it was with the influence of Maria Barton, which hung over this happy pair like a benediction, and extended even to another generation.

There is a little Maria growing up at Medbury, as her parents fondly believe, after her namesake's pattern, who talks of her dead cousin with grave enthusiasm, as if she had known her in the flesh, and all the summer through tends the flowers upon her grave upon the hill. Sir Reginald would have preferred a grandson to a granddaughter, for where are we if our baronetcies become extinct? But it is impossible for him to be disappointed at anything that Hester does. He knows now from experience that a daughter may be as great a blessing as a son. Frank is not quite so solicitous about "his position in the country" as the old man could wish; but Hester assures him that, without any bidding for favour, there is no one so beloved and respected in all the country side, and Hester is always right. She cannot be brought to believe in the family ghost, notwithstanding the proof they both had of its existence in that terrible night they passed alone together. Sir Abraham's watch was found to have stopped at the very hour (nine o'clock) when Sir Reginald heard the ancestral cry which betokened the passing away of the Castle into other hands. It had never struck him that it ought by rights to have been heard a second time when poor Maria perished—an argument which Hester very naturally refrains from making use of. She confines herself to contending that the affairs of the owners of Medbury, however important, are carried on independently of supernatural agencies.

On the other hand, she does not consider, so far as her husband's position is concerned, that it requires much aid from external sources, or to be "countenanced" even by the Lord Lieutenant himself. Though excellent friends with them, they do not, in fact, much cultivate the local magnates, unless, indeed, the Archdeacon and his wife—for the Castle and the Rectory are much nearer to one another than they used to be—can be considered such. Still less do Captain and Mrs. Drake aim at making a figure in

society. It must be confessed, indeed, that they are not very fashionable people, and much prefer the country to the town. There is no more hospitable house than Medbury in England; but outside its walls Hester's world is small, and comprises only a few hundred persons, mostly poor, with whom, however, she has very familiar relations. When some of them say, as they often do, "that she reminds them of Miss Maria as was," her heart is very glad. She prefers that commendation to any success that may be attainable in circles of fashion.

She has not, I think, very pleasant recollections of her one London season, though there is one person associated with it whose memory always keeps its freshness and its brightness—that of her "dear young papa." How happy he would have been to see her so happy! The Wests, of course, are frequent visitors at Medbury, and still more so Philip Langton; he is hale and strong as ever, and much less grave and reticent; most welcome of guests, he redoubles the sunshine of home; he arrives invariably with a parcel of the latest London toys under his arm for his god-daughter, and with a "May I?" to his smiling host, kisses his wife under his very eyes. He brings the news to Medbury from the great world without, tells them of Lord Thirlemere's marriage with the financier's daughter, and of Lady Jane Crummock's *mesalliance* with the curate of Bayswater. The story of Mr. Digby Mason being shot in a duel at Nice, in connection with five kings at *écarté*, he reserves for his host's private ear over their cigars; but eventually, of course, it reaches Hester. She is quite as much shocked by it as Mrs. Brabazon was herself, whom he treated ill in money matters. She speaks of herself as broken-hearted under the affliction, but bears up, and is as fashionable as her diminished means will permit.

Next to their "young master"—for so Frank Drake is called, and will probably continue to be so till he becomes Sir Francis—Philip Langton is the most popular man with the Medbury household; while by Nurse Askell,

as the Colonel's friend and the guardian of dear Miss Hester (a slip she still often makes in speaking of her beloved mistress), he is almost worshipped. He often has a chat with her about old times in the cozy little parlour devoted to her use, and she is very frank and open with him.

We have all our defects, even though we may not have all those virtues which certainly belonged to Nurse Askell, and the particular weakness of this excellent woman was her partisanship. To say that she "had her prejudices" would be much too mild a phrase to express her feelings with respect to all connected with the family she has served so faithfully. The Colonel was a saint in heaven, dear Miss Hester almost too good to live, and Miss Maria an angel. People that were not Darrells might be also estimable in their way, but stood on an altogether different and lower plane. Captain Francis Drake was a nice young gentleman enough, though he had been rewarded very considerably beyond his deserts; and she had nothing to say against Sir Reginald, except that the airs some people gave themselves about their family were preposterous.

"Still, my good Askell," Philip Langton once banteringly said to her, "they have a family ghost which the Darrells could never afford to keep."

"I have never seen it," returned the old lady incredulously; "and even if they have, have not we?"—we!—"got a family motto as has always turned out true? Look at them Bartons, how they were all swept away for us into the ocean."

"But, my dear Mrs. Askell," said Philip reprovingly, "that is surely not a subject for congratulation; at the very best one can only say of it, as regards you and yours, that 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

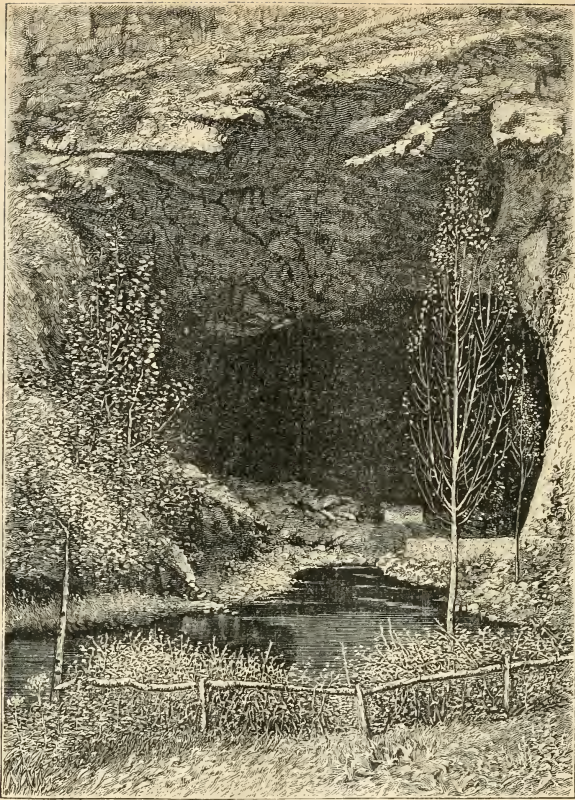
"It was not the wind, Mr. Langton," returned the old woman with triumphant solemnity; "it was the sea as did it.

'The luck of the Darrells, whate'er it shall be,
Shall come by the sea, and go by the sea.'

"And now I trust it's come for good."

THE END.





Entrance to Grotto.

A PROTESTANT STRONGHOLD IN FRANCE.

The Siege of the Mas d'Azil.

By PHILIP MEADOWS TAYLOR, ANCIEN MAIRE OF THAT COMMUNE.

IN the centre of what is now called the Département of the Ariège, but was formerly the Comté de Foix et Comminges, five communes have for ages kept the faith of their forefathers the persecuted Albigenes, although they have abandoned the doctrines of Peter Valdo, and adopted those of Calvin. They are the Waldenses of the Pyrenees; but no Cromwell ever came to their aid, no Milton sang their sufferings.

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

Nor in modern days did a Waterloo veteran settle among them to defend their cause, as that noble-minded soldier, General Beckwith, did for their Alpine brethren when he obtained peace and toleration for the inhabitants of the Pignerol valleys from the then bigoted House of Savoy.

The traveller who would make his way to the Mas d'Azil finds, on his arrival at Toulouse, that a branch railway runs through Montrejean, Tarbes, and Pau, to Bayonne. He must quit this at Carbonne, a small

station about an hour's distance from Toulouse, and betake himself to the "diligence" or "correspondance" for the Mas d'Azil. From Carbonne a fatiguing journey of three or four hours awaits him. The vehicle is not comfortable and the pace is slow, but for the first twenty miles the road is picturesque, winding along the banks of the Arize, a tributary of the Garonne, amidst vine-clad hills and grassy slopes. After passing the village of Les Bordes, the road becomes more precipitous, and Sabarat, a small "burg" at the foot of the defiles, is reached. Les Bordes and Sabarat are two outlying communes of the Mas d'Azil, which have also remained faithful to the Protestant Church of France. The road now rises rapidly, and the first spurs of the Pyrenees are reached. The Arize plunges and roars beneath in its rock-strewn bed. The road becomes steeper and narrower. We leave behind us the dark defiles of the Cabaret (the *Caput Arietes* of the Romans), and halt at last on a ledge of the Mount Calbèche, and catch our first glimpse of the cauldron-shaped valley of the Mas d'Azil. The small town, of which, though born and bred an Englishman, I was for some years the Maire, lies in the centre of the valley on the banks of the Arize. On the northern, eastern, and western sides the hills rise rapidly, the lower gentle slopes being in high cultivation. Above are craggy cliffs. Towards the south-east the valley and river make a sudden bend, and the traveller, on turning a sharp corner, is struck with awe and astonishment, for a perpendicular wall of rock some hundred feet high stretches across the valley and bars all further progress. In some Titanic throes of nature the mountain was rent in twain, one-half broken into huge boulders fell into the dark gullies below, the other half forms a rampart in the gorge, with beetling cliffs and narrow ledges, where dwarf shrubs and trailing plants find a home. At the foot of this mountain-wall, from a low dark portal, rushes forth the Arize, roaring with a voice of thunder as it dashes over the huge boulders which obstruct its passage. The skill of the engineer has, during the present century, carried a road into and through the caverns, to which access once existed only by the natural portals caused by the stream. This grim gateway is the northern entrance to the extensive caverns of the Mas d'Azil, and to the Grotto dal Encantadas, called after the mysterious virgins of the days of the Druids. We enter, muttering as we go—

"Down the yawning sleep he strode
That leads to Hela's dread abode."

After a few yards, the darkness is complete, and lamps become necessary. Suddenly we come on an enormous pillar of rock; on the one side dashes the torrent, on the other winds the road. Then, emerging from darkness, a splendid scene meets the eye as we enter a vast cavern—an amphitheatre two hundred feet high and more than three hundred broad, its length being upwards of six hundred feet. The walls rise perpendicularly, and through the flat roof the daylight penetrates by cracks and crevices, throwing sunny gleams on mosses and ivies, and lighting with its glow innumerable tints and stains.

A sharp turn at the extremity of this vast natural hall brings us to the southern entrance of the Grotto dal Encantadas, guarded by two enormous pillars fully two hundred feet high, but only wide enough to afford a passage to the river. At early morn, when the rising sun casts its yet level rays over the ruins of Rochebrune, and fills the vast arena with splendour, the spectacle is indeed one of grandeur and beauty.

Besides the central cavern, open at each end, there are lateral caverns scooped out of the mountain side. No petrifications or stalactites exist. In turning up the soil of this cavern, bones are brought to light which show it was once a refuge for beasts of prey. Flint implements mark the appearance on the scene of our rude forefathers; then these "antres vast" became temples where, by the roar of the torrent, the rites of forgotten religions were celebrated.

Then the Roman legions came, and spared neither Druids nor virgins. They, too, passed away, but not without leaving a lasting mark of engineering skill in the *Solatarium*, or "sunny road," now known as the "Solitaire." The wear and tear of centuries have reduced the broad road of the Roman to a pathway just wide enough for a *solitary* pedestrian, which can be seen across the top in the picture on page 761, and so the old name has been readjusted to the modern fact.

Early in the thirteenth century the southern provinces of France were convulsed by the revival of the doctrines of the Cathares disseminated by their more modern exponent, Peter Valdo. His followers became known as Albigenes, from the city of Albi, their chief centre. Pope Innocent III. and King Louis VIII. of France saw with dismay the spread of the new heresy, and a fierce crusade was resolved on. To the energetic and



The river Arize—where Marshal de Thémine encamped.

sanguinary Simon de Montfort full powers were given to stamp it out. The first crusade ended in seas of blood, but without destroying the obnoxious doctrines.

In the sixteenth century the Comtés de Foix et de Comminges, in the latter of which the Mas d'Azil is situated, reverted to that pious princess, Jeanne d'Albret, wife of Antoine de Bourbon, and mother of Henri Quatre. A zealous Huguenot, Jeanne perceived the importance of such a stronghold as the grotto, and she had it fortified by iron gates and palisades placed at either entrance. Under her sympathetic rule the valleys enjoyed peace and security. But the interval of security ceased when the dagger of Ravallac struck the King of Navarre and France, and when his Minister, Sully, had no longer the power to protect his brother Protestants. The Edict of Nantes, granted by Henri Quatre in 1598, was believed to be the Magna Charta of the Huguenots, but that curious document, a mixture of fair promises and subtle distinctions, was in bad hands capable of being used to the injury of those whom it was planned to benefit. Year by year, the unfortunate Calvinists found their rights restricted, their privileges denied, till, in the reign of Louis XIV., that instrument which began by a declaration that it was "perpetual and irrevocable," was

declared by the Chancellor Letellier to be a "merely temporary arrangement;" and the king, under the influence of Pere Lachaise, Louvois, and—to her shame be it said—Madame de Maintenon, signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This was in 1685, and we must revert to the earlier part of the seventeenth century for the wars and persecutions which led to the siege of the Mas d'Azil.

Under the iron rule of the relentless Richelieu, in 1625, the Protestant leaders were so wrought on by the cruel treatment of their brethren, that the Count de Soubise, brother of the Duke de Rohan, formed the audacious plan of seizing the royal fleet lying at La Rochelle. The Cardinal at once embraced the opportunity furnished him by this unpatriotic and factious step, and declared a war of extermination against the disunited and terror-stricken Huguenots.

I do not attempt to speak of the great events which followed the repeal of the Edict of Nantes in 1689, or of the sieges and the sacking, with every incident of horror, of the towns of Montauban, Negrepelisse, Montpellier, and others. It is with the Mas d'Azil I am concerned.

The Marshal de Thémine having been defeated at Castres by the Duke de Rohan, received the royal orders at once to march

upon the small stronghold of the Mas d'Azil, "that wasp's nest of heresy."

The Marquis of Thémine Cardaillac, Marshal of France, had a gallant little army of fifteen thousand men under his command, and his officers belonged to the noble houses of France.

The Marshal, a headstrong, ferocious old man, either did not know the country, or selected the worst road, for he chose to follow the valley of the Lèze, thus entangling himself in serious difficulties. His errors proved providential for the Mas d'Azil.

The news of the approach of the Catholic army spread like wildfire through the Huguenot valleys. The terrified inhabitants of the burghs and hamlets of Sabarat, Gâbre, Camarade, at once took refuge in the grotto, driving their cattle before them, and carrying with them all their available provisions. The women, the children, and the old men were there placed in safety, and two hundred picked men, under the command of Captain de Robert, of Gâbre, were detached for their defence. The remainder of the fighting men joined the slender garrison of the town of Mas d'Azil. De Thémine's army continued its straggling advance till it was

suddenly brought to a stand before the dangerous pass of Chambounet. Here the mountain, rent in twain, with beetling crags on each side, afforded only a passage for a mountain torrent, with a narrow track, overhung by precipices, and blocked at intervals by huge boulders. The approach of the Marshal's army was watched

by a stern old Huguenot peasant, whose homestead was on the heights above. John du Theihl knew that every hour of delay in the advance of the enemy was of vital importance to the Mas d'Azil, and so he called together his three sons and his three nephews, and these seven peasant heroes resolved to risk their lives in order to



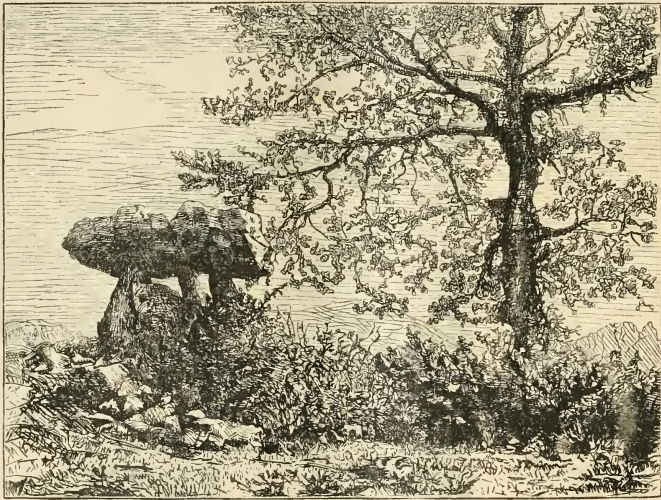
Exit from Grotto.

kept at bay for some hours the advancing army. They had seven muskets and a small provision of ammunition. Old du Theihl placed his kinsmen each in a post of vantage, and calmly awaited the enemy's approach. The vanguard of the leading regiment entered cautiously the gloomy pass. When sufficiently advanced du Theihl gave the signal, and

seven muskets sent their deadly messengers into the crowded mass below. The soldiers fell back at the sight of their killed and wounded comrades. Their officers urged them on to the attack, but again and again there came fatal shots, no longer a volley, but fired by solitary marksmen, now from one ledge, now from another, now from behind some huge boulder. Thémine's officers could not estimate the strength of the defending party. The sun went down, darkness came on, and not a foot of advance had been made. But for the Mas d'Azil a respite of twenty-four hours had been obtained. At break of day a tremendous effort was made by the troops, but the unerring marksmen were still at

their posts. The soldiers were so discouraged that the second day wore on without any progress being made. At eventide, on discovering that his supply of ammunition was nearly spent, the brave old Huguenot saw that further resistance was impossible, and desired his six kinsmen—only one of whom was then wounded—to effect their retreat by the high passes well known to these hardy mountaineers. In this retreat two of du Theihl's sons fell mortally wounded. These he saw carried to the desolate home, and then laid himself down to die by the side of his brave boys. The four surviving heroes reached the Mas d'Azil.

The following morning the Catholic forces



Druid Dolmen on high ground above the grotto.

with great difficulty succeeded in emerging from the pass, but only to encounter fresh difficulties, for the forty-eight hours of respite had been skilfully used in the threatened town. The ramparts and bastions, which had fallen into decay, were repaired; men, women, and children had worked day and night; cattle and provisions had been collected, and the town was ready to meet its assailants. But Thémine had another Thermopylæ to pass before he reached Mas d'Azil. He found himself in the gloomy ravine of the Salenques, and again his eye met riven rocks, and high-piled boulders, while the Arize rushed in ceaseless roar through the

deep gullies. Above Salenques rose the small town of Les Bordes, rudely fortified, but having for its commandant Peter Peyrat, one of the trusted lieutenants of the Duke de Rohan. Peyrat determined to repeat the struggle of Chambounet, and with thirty picked men he led the way to the defiles, where at every coign of vantage he placed a hardy marksman, and for four-and-twenty hours the irate old marshal saw his progress arrested by these hidden foes. Man after man of the heroic thirty was shot down till with only five or six followers Peyrat made good his retreat to the eyrie of Les Bordes. There he gave orders for the immediate

exodus of the whole population, and by wild mountain roads he conducted them in safety to the Mas d'Azil. When Thémine reached Les Bordes he found an immense furnace. Peyrat had set fire to the town, and clouds of smoke concealed the retreat of the peasants. The next day the Marshal, abandoning the course of the Arize, and turning the still smouldering ruins of Les Bordes, carried his army by the dangerous ascent of Mont Calbêche to the heights of the Cap del Pouech, which overlook the Mas d'Azil on its western side. From the Cap del Pouech the ground descends in terraced slopes to the Arize, which forms a natural moat under the ramparts of the town. In those days a branch of the river formed another moat along the eastern wall, and a marshy swamp lay to the north. On the south the rocky bed of the river formed a difficult passage through deep gullies to the entrance of the grotto, where the stores of the now beleaguered city had been placed. Within its walls were five hundred fighting men, with d'Amboix as commandant, and Peter Peyrat, of Les Bordes, a hot-headed old soldier named Escatch, and a burly blacksmith, Valette, as subordinate leaders. The Marshal encamped the larger part of his infantry on the slopes of the Cap del Pouech, and placed his artillery lower down; bodies of picked men and the cavalry were posted elsewhere.

Thémine's first plan was to gain possession of the grotto. Chosen troops, under a daring officer, were ordered to move along the gullies, to scale the rocks, and to carry the entrance by assault. But de Robert was on his guard; his few men were judiciously placed, and strict orders were given that they should reserve their fire till the vanguard of the struggling and panting troops had reached the abyss below. Then a murderous fire was poured on them from the surrounding cliffs. The Huguenots seem to have had a falconet, which was efficiently handled. As the Royalist troops lost heart and gave way, huge masses of rock were hurled down, crushing all beneath them. The panic-stricken assailants fled, leaving in the gloomy gullies a large number of dead, among whom tradition reckons the young Duke of Ayen. The attack had failed, and de Thémine withdrew his troops; but later on he succeeded in cutting off all communication between the town and the grotto. And now, with all its suffering, all its horrors, the siege of the Mas d'Azil began. Outside were fifteen thousand trained soldiers, under a Marshal of France; inside were five hundred peasants; but the

Lord was on their side, and they feared not what man could do.

Day after day Thémine's cannon thundered against the battlements. Too often a breach was made, and an assault had to be repulsed, but never without loss of life to the scanty garrison. Under the cover of darkness the women and children gave their help to repair the havoc wrought in the crumbling battlements. During the long and anxious hours of the day they assembled in the temple to prepare lint for the wounded, whilst their voices were heard amid the din of battle raised to the Lord of Hosts. As the sound of chant or psalm reached the ramparts male voices took up the chorus, sending a thrill akin to admiration through the foemen's ranks. By the couch of the wounded, of the dying, the noble-minded Pastor Peter Ollier spoke words of comfort, and when he could be spared from this supreme duty he joined the humble congregation in the temple. As the siege dragged on day by day the garrison counted fewer fighting-men, and as the communications with the grotto were cut off it was too clear that they would soon run short of provisions. Worst of all, divided counsels among the leaders began to show their evil effects. As soon as the Duke de Rohan learnt the state of affairs he determined to send de Blanchard, one of his favourite officers, with orders to throw himself into the town and assume the chief command. At the head of some two hundred men, de Blanchard contrived to get behind de Thémine's lines, and, aided by a dark night, he dashed through the besiegers' camp and made good his entrance into the town. But ammunition as well as provisions were fast failing, and the position was well-nigh desperate. Another appeal was made to the Duke de Rohan, who, at last roused to the critical position of his brother Huguenots, took further measures for their relief. Among others he ordered Duso, whose wife and mother were in the besieged city, to proceed to its assistance. Duso, at the head of three hundred sturdy Cevenols, dashed across the wild hill country between Pamiens and the Mas d'Azil. Late one evening he stood on the lofty crags which overhang that entrance to Las Encantadas, next the town; at his feet was the battered and famished city. Duso gathered his men round him. In few words, but with significant gestures, he pointed to the doomed town, where friends, kinsmen, brothers, were expecting their fate. Would they risk their lives in a supreme attempt to succour the Mas d'Azil? If so, but one path was possible.

It was the Roman road, the Solitaire, perilous in the extreme, as only one man could find footing at a time; but from his childhood Duso knew the track, he could act as their guide, if with cautious footsteps and in complete silence they would follow. Three hundred heads bent in assent; each man looked to his arms, drew his garments tighter about him, and nerved himself for the giddy descent.

And now came a new and powerful ally—from the lofty summits of the Pyrenees, from the crags of Foix, from the heights of D'Urban and Pailhès, the tawny storm-clouds came rolling on. Before them danced and flitted the wreaths of white vapour so much dreaded by our mountaineers. The last rays of the setting sun for one moment gilded the vast array of clouds slowly creeping over the Mas d'Azil; then came the wind, sweeping at first in fitful gusts, but with ever-increasing violence; the distant growl of the thunder was heard in the valleys; the darkness was only relieved by gleams of lightning, and big rain-drops began to fall. In this wild tumult of the elements Duso began his perilous advance. He reached the rocky platform and then mustered and counted his followers. One alone was missing; he had fallen mid-way, dazzled, it was supposed, by a flash of lightning, into the deep gully, where in recent times fragments of his morion have been found. Duso halted his men to receive the pass-word. "Botsets et Sene" was whispered to him. And again, at the head of his men, he dashed forward along the river-bed, impeded as it was by boulders, and with the waters of the Arize already swollen by the storm.

There was not a moment to be lost; the sturdy Cevenols rushed through the foaming waters. They surprised and slew the first sentry; a second shared his comrade's fate; the third discharged his firelock, but Duso and his men had already reached the islet in the Arize, still called l'Isle du Moulin, opposite to which was a postern gate. Duso guided his men to a little-known ford, and they rushed through the fast-rising waters, which reached their corslets. They gained the postern, and the pass-word is given by their leader. The wary Huguenot sentinel hesitated; he fears some stratagem. Fortunately, St. Blanchard was standing near, and knew Duso's voice. The gate was opened, and the undaunted Cevenols stand at last in the old street which still bears the name of "The

Goths." Unheeding their drenched garments and their exhausting march they proceed at once to the temple, to thank on bended knee the God of their fathers. Meanwhile, dire confusion reigned in the Royalist camp; torrents of water rushed down the sides of the Cap del Pouech, sweeping all before them; huts and tents had been laid low by the wind and hail; ammunition and provisions were destroyed; and the officers had lost all control over their terrified men. The cavalry camp suffered even more, for the plains were converted into a swamp, in which men and horses floundered. During the night, as is usual in our Pyrenean ranges, the storm subsided. But it was no cheerful prospect which met the Marshal's eye when daylight broke. His scouts reported serious damage, and many obstructions on the line of retreat; and messenger after messenger brought tidings of the victorious advance of the Duke de Rohan.

But the stubborn old Marshal was not yet baffled. Calling together his officers, he ordered an immediate and general assault. The army was to be divided into three columns, and simultaneous attacks were to be made on the three weakest points of the ramparts. Mounted on his war-horse, Thémine, from the heights of Brusquette, gave the signal to advance. The soldiers, suffering from cold and hunger, had lost all heart; they had to be driven forward; they saw new defenders—of whom the number was exaggerated—manning the walls. Yet the assaults were given, and at each point a deadly combat ensued. The Huguenots and the Cevenols fought for dear life. The women on this tremendous day fought side by side with their husbands, fathers, sons. And at last the Royal troops, losing all heart, gave way, and a great slaughter followed.

And again the clouds gathered, and the signs of tempest were renewed, till the fierce rage of the elements and the complete failure of this last attack subdued the old Marshal, and he gave orders for a retreat, knowing, too, that de Rohan was threatening his line of communication, and that further delay might be fatal.

So when the sun rose after this second night of storm it shone on the banners of the retreating foe, as they disappeared through the defiles of the Cabaret, and from the now victorious city went forth the shout of triumph, and in the temple praise was given to the Lord of Hosts.



Frontispiece.]

[Engraved by Whympere.

"And whether it be 'Yea' or 'Nay,'
She cannot speak a word at all;
'Come, Nellie, just one sweet word say,
One little loving word let fall.'"

A BALLAD OF TENNIS.

THE sun is hot : within the shade
The tennis-players rest awhile ;
With eager eyes they watch the maid
(Young Phyllis, with the pleasant smile)
Bring out the china bowl fill'd up
With iced and fragrant claret-cup.

O tennis-players within the shade,
Now happy that the game is done :
Sweet is the cool, leaf-guarded shade,
The green defiance of the sun ;
(And welcome, welcome, without guile,
Bowl-laden Phyllis with bright smile !)

But round by the old garden-wall
Nellie and Fred have found their way :
She sits beneath the laurel tall,
Tired with the heat, tired with the play :
(While in the leafy beechen glade
The others rest in welcome shade).

And whether it be "yea" or "nay,"
She cannot speak a word at all :
"Come, Nellie, just one sweet word say,
One little loving word let fall !"
(And as Fred waits a weary while
Phyllis goes by with pleasant smile.)

ENVOY.

O lovers all, 'tis you who know
What thing was said beneath the sun :
Well, well ye wit but lovers go
In silence when the game is done,
And stroll far from the peopled glade,
The icy cup, the leafy shade.

WILLIAM SHARP.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

A Hypothetical History.

By WALTER SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A.



I AM sure you may go very far in the South of Scotland, or in the North either, before you find a sweeter or quainter dell than that of Kirtle Water, in Dumfriesshire, not far from Ecclefechan, the home of Carlyle's boyhood. Young Tom no doubt knew it well. Many a time and oft he must have wandered through its shady bowers, and lain day-dreaming on its grassy banks. He may even have angled in the amber-coloured pools and merry streams of the Kirtle, if we can imagine the embryo philosopher abandoning himself to the allurements of the gentle craft.

The river is no more than a whimpering burn, pure and pellucid, flowing over its pebbly bed, round many pleasant boughs, and under countless bridges, till it loses itself in the mighty flood of the Solway. The scenery is instinct with the spirit of romance. It has charms for the poet, no less than for the painter. The brook flows fast by the oracle of God in the church and churchyard of Kirkconnel—name dear to the lover of romantic story. The Border mansion of Springkell is not

far off. The dell is overarched with boughs of ash and oak, of lime-tree and elm, no pigmy shrubs or puny saplings, but lofty trees bespeaking age and experience, and producing that rich and soft blending of light and shade, and of the clear-obscure which is the despair of nature-loving artists.

In this dell, Helen Irving, the only child of the Laird of Kirkconnel—the “Fair Helen” of history and romance—spent the happy years of her childhood. She was in the best sense a beautiful child. She was not merely a pretty girl; she was a noble-looking little woman in her tenderest years. Her beauty was not of the kind that pleases the eye so much as it was of the kind that satisfies the heart. Her face was full of earnest tenderness, and there was that thoughtful look in her deep-set and full-orbed brown eyes which betokened a resolute as well as a loving spirit.

Her guardian in her rambles by the riverside was her old nurse, Maisie Turnbull, a faithful Scotswoman, who had been in the service of more than one generation of the Kirkconnel family. Mrs. Irving, Helen's mother, had died within a week of Helen's birth; and Maisie was in fact the only mother the child had ever known.

John Irving was a strong-willed, taciturn man, and though he loved his daughter, for her mother's sake as well as for her own, he had little power of showing his tenderness. He was feared rather than loved by his dependants, and was accustomed to have his mere word accepted as law. He had married late in life, after the bloom of his youth had passed away. The unlooked-for death of his young wife had hardened his nature, and there was really little sympathy between him and his little daughter, much as he loved her. He regarded her as a valued treasure, to be admired and cared for, as he admired and cared for his house and his lands, his family portraits and his great-grandfather's sword, rather than as a human being whose heart might be drawn out to and linked with his own.

It was natural, therefore, that Helen should look on her father with a certain loving awe, rather than with the freedom and confidence of childish affection. But Maisie she loved with all the intensity of her clinging nature. In her company she was supremely happy. From Maisie she received, without either of them knowing it, the best part of her education, the education of her feelings and the building up of her

character. Neither teacher nor scholar was much troubled with book-learning. But Maisie had at command great store of Border tradition and fairy tale; and Helen—“Eelen,” as the old nurse fondly called her—was never tired of listening to the stories of heroism and endurance, of self-sacrifice and tender love, which her companion was ever ready to narrate to her, and was never tired of repeating, during their rambles by the banks of Kirtle Water.

There were not many children in the neighbourhood of whom Helen could make companions. The Laird of Kirkconnel kept himself at a distance from his neighbours, partly from his natural pride and coldness, partly from the cloud which his wife's death had cast on his life. Yet there were a few who found their most natural playground in the Kirtle dell, and whose companionship it would have been difficult to avoid.

Among these were the Flemings of Kirkpatrick, and the Bells of Blasket House. The Flemings were farmers, industrious and well-to-do, but not rich. The Bells were proprietors in the neighbourhood, well-connected, rich and proud. Charlie Bell was the hope of that house. He was an only child, and had always been, as Maisie called him, a “spoilt bairn.” He was a boy of a fiery and reckless spirit that could not brook crossing, utterly selfish, conceited, and cowardly.

Adam Fleming—“Yedom,” as Maisie taught Helen to call him—was a boy of a totally different nature. He was brave as a lion, and generous to a fault. He was by no means so handsome in feature or in form as Charlie Bell; but he had a bright and open countenance and a manly bearing. There was an untold depth of honesty in his dark eyes, and his frank manner was as trustful as it was fearless.

He had a sister—May Fleming—who was Helen's great friend. They were nearly of the same age, and many were the happy days that they spent together in the woods of Kirkconnel.

Once on a bright day in summer, the four children were playing merrily on the banks of the Kirtle. They crossed and recrossed the burn at shallow fords. They climbed its banks and gathered flowers. In a playful struggle by the side of a deep pool, Charlie Bell, in an effort to save himself, pushed Helen from the bank, and she fell into the lin. It was the work of a moment, and no one seemed to realise the seriousness of the

situation. Charlie Bell ran off, like the coward that he was. Adam Fleming rushed to the rescue, plunged into the pool, and dragged Helen to the bank.

Maisie, who had seen the mishap from a distance, ran to the spot as fast as her old legs could carry her. All breathless as she was, she yet found voice to say what was in her mind. Seeing that her little charge was more frightened than hurt, she gave full vent to her feelings against the miscreant who had done the mischief, and who had paused at a safe distance to look back on the scene. He was within sight if not within earshot; and while Maisie was engaged vigorously in wringing the water from Helen's frock, she poured forth the torrents of her wrath on Charlie Bell.

"Ye are jist a little deevil," she called out after him, "and it's no good ye'll come to. My puir dawtie, and did he throw ye in the water! Wait till I get had o' ye, ye guid-for-naething varmint, and ma certie, I'll no leave a hale bane in yer body! And to rin awa', too, leavin' her in the water to sink or soom! It's jist like him. But never mind, Eelen, ma lassie, ye'll be a' richt whan ye get a when dry claes on. Yedom, ye're a brave callant; maybees Eelen'll save your life some day. Eh, but I'm sair forfouchen! We'll jist tak' ye to Peggy Welsh's cottage our-by, and get a dry petticoat to wrap ye in, and syne we'll gang hame."

The children stood silent while this outburst rolled on. Maisie took Helen in her arms, waded across the burn at the nearest stream, giving vent to her wrath all the way, until she reached Peggy Welsh's cottage on the opposite side of the burn. There she undressed Helen, rubbed her down with a rough towel before the kitchen fire, and dressed her in the dry and warm garments that were provided for the purpose.

Luckily Helen took no great harm from her ducking. The next day she was as bright as she ever was, and she would fain have returned to her rambles in the dell; but Maisie would not hear of that. The laird treated the matter very lightly. Charlie Bell was a favourite of his. He was of good family. His father, Bell of Blacket House, was Irving's most intimate friend, and he would listen to nothing that was said against the son.

The next day, Adam Fleming waylaid Charlie Bell on the road to Ecclefechan. As Charlie trotted along on his pony, Adam burst out on him from behind a hedge, stopped him, and called him a bully and a

coward. Charlie answered with a sharp stroke of his riding-switch. Adam rushed at him and pulled him from the saddle. The pony turned and galloped homewards. Charlie made as if he would follow, but Adam planted himself in front of him, nor did he let him go until he had received as sound a thrashing as a sturdy boy of twelve ever gave to a puny lordling of fourteen. With aching bones and bleeding cheeks, Charlie was glad to be allowed to go in quest of his pony.

* * * * *

Years passed; and the children who had played so merrily in the Kirtle dell grew up to be young men and young women. Old Maisie had died, full of years and of honour. Charlie Bell was now the Laird of Blacket House, with an assured income of £5,000 a year. Adam Fleming was the tenant of Kirkpatrick farm, having succeeded to the remainder of his father's lease; but he had to support his mother and his sister May. Helen Irving had grown to be a beautiful girl of twenty-one, the fairest of the fair, and the best of the good, in the whole countryside.

They were rough times in which these young people lived, for the Border land in which they dwelt was still the scene of Border raids and family feuds which served to prove the metal of which a man was made. The occasions were not rare in which the stout yeoman or the valiant laird had to don his armour, and "to keep him with his sword."

But the tender passion of love had full play in these scenes, and it cannot be thought strange that fair Helen of Kirkconnel and the friends of her youth came under its influence. In due course, Adam Fleming and Charlie Bell became rivals for Helen's hand. Helen was only too well aware of the fact, though she had never concealed from herself the direction in which her heart had leaned. Adam had been the hero of her childhood and her tender girlhood. She had loved him without knowing what her feelings meant. Charlie had been her playmate also; but she had always shrunk from the slightest mark of a tender advance on his part. She could meet him as a friend: she could not thole him as a lover. Her position was the more difficult that Charlie was evidently her father's favourite. Charlie was a frequent visitor at Kirkconnel House, and was always

cordially welcomed. Adam was but rarely there; and when he did appear he was treated as a stranger, almost as an intruder.

The time came when these feelings were put to a cruel test. Bell formally proposed to her father for her hand, and obtained his leave to press his suit.

"It can never be, father," was all she said to him when the laird told her of his wish. The words were spoken quietly enough; but they were accompanied by a pressure of the lips and a clenching of the delicate hands, which indicated a firmness of purpose for which the old laird was not prepared.

"What can never be?" he asked, turning on his daughter one of his coldest and sternest looks.

"I can never love Charlie Bell, and I shall never be his wife: I would sooner die." Again the words were calmly uttered, but with tremendous earnestness.

Irving was at first taken aback by the girl's boldness. He had been accustomed to be obeyed implicitly, and to his daughter his words had been law. He could not remember an occasion on which she had crossed him. Her tone of defiance now surprised him, and when he realised its meaning it hardened his stubborn and relentless nature.

A man who had mixed more in the world, and who had been used to the arts of diplomacy, would have made an effort to attain his end by reasonable means. He would have humoured the girl, would have told her to take time to think over the matter, and not to suppose that she had really made up her mind.

But the laird was not a man of that kind. Resistance had always stiffened his nature, even when it came from men who were his equals in moral and in physical courage. To be defied thus calmly by a mere girl, and that girl his own daughter, who had always yielded to his merest wish, was monstrous and intolerable. He forgot, or he did not perceive, that he was encountering a part of himself—an offshoot of his own stubborn nature. In Helen Irving her father's strong will was blended with and softened by her mother's tenderness; but the strong will, though latent, was there, and he had not discovered it sooner simply because no occasion had previously arisen which involved a life issue and really put her on her mettle.

It must be admitted that the manner in

which the laird dealt with the occasion was very indiscreet. Instead of meeting calmness with calmness, he met resistance with temper, and resolution with an outburst of wrath.

"I have always been master in my own house," he said, "and I mean to be so still. You shall take the husband I choose for you, Helen, or none at all; and——"

"Then let it be none at all, father," she interjected; "I certainly don't wish to marry any one."

"Not wish to marry any one! Have I not eyes in my head? Have I not seen your on-goings with that low-born scoundrel Adam Fleming? Don't tell me that you don't want to marry any one. You are a poor simpleton, to be beguiled by the soft speeches of a selfish loon that wants nothing but your money to save himself from bankruptcy and starvation. I at least know my duty to you and to my house; and I tell you plainly, Helen, that rather than see you the wife of Adam Fleming, I'd see you happily in your grave."

"Very well, father," was all that she said, as she sank into a chair in the parlour, in which this interview took place; "you'll, maybe, see me in my grave sooner than you think or wish for."

And there the trying interview ended.

The laird retired to his own room that night with an uneasy feeling, that though he had duly asserted his will, he had not been exactly the victor in the unusual encounter. Helen had been vanquished; but she had not by any means been subdued.

* * * * *

History telleth not how Adam Fleming heard of the circumstances which had put in jeopardy the dearest wish of his life. But he did hear of them, and he took the earliest possible opportunity to put his chances of success to the proof.

He knew that Helen walked every evening by the banks of the Kirtle Water, and he threw himself in her way with the express purpose of learning from her own lips whether or not it was true, as was reputed, that Charlie Bell was her accepted suitor, if not her accepted lover.

It was a marvellous evening in early summer. The trees were clothed with their richest foliage. The grassy banks of the Kirtle were at their greenest. The wild flowers were in full bloom. The Kirtle

Water chattered peacefully over its pebbly bed, and mingled its music with the songs of the mavis and the merle. The setting sun shot welcome arrows of light through the leafy curtains and flecked the higher banks with bright and mellow spots. The sky, or what of it could be seen, wore gradations of tenderest blue, streaked with rosy cloudlets. The whole scene breathed peace and whispered hope and joy.

Adam lay nervously on the bank on which he had thrown himself, gazing anxiously at the sky through an opening in the leafy canopy, until he heard the approach of Helen's footsteps. The suddenness with which he rose and barred her progress startled her: but the flutter of fear was soon calmed when she recognised her old playmate.

There is no need to detail the hurried conversation that followed. Adam's story was soon told. Never before had he spoken to Helen of the love that had been growing in his heart for years. Now the flood-gates were opened freely, and the long pent-up stream poured itself forth with the energy of new-found freedom breaking loose from protracted restraint.

No need either to tell how honestly and earnestly his declarations were returned. Helen, too, rejoiced in the removal of the barriers of restraint and suppression. Two young and noble hearts flowed out toward each other, and both knew a happiness which filled their future with boundless joy.

They turned and walked hand in hand from the peaceful dell. The sun had now set, and the voices of the song-birds were silent, though a laggard rook, hurrying homeward, croaked its weird "good night" overhead.

As they passed the pool into which Charlie Bell had pushed Helen years before, when they were children, Helen recalled the circumstance. She recalled, also, old Maisie's words, foretelling that one day she might save Adam's life, as Adam had then saved hers.

"At least," she said, "I shall try to fulfil Maisie's words by making your life from this night forth happy and useful."

"God grant," he replied, "that so her words may be made true;" and that was all he said.

When they came within sight of Kirkconnel Church, they became aware of the presence of a figure on the opposite side of the stream following them homewards. It

stopped when they stopped. It moved on when they moved on. At last it came to the verge of the stream, and then both of them knew that it was Charlie Bell.

No words were spoken, but in an instant Bell raised a musket to his shoulder and pointed it at Adam Fleming. Instinctively Helen threw her arms round Adam's neck. A bright flash lighted up the gloom of the dell; a sharp shot rang out, and Helen Irving dropped lifeless in the arms of her lover.

Helen's death-scream told Bell what he had done, and paralysed him, so that he was riveted to the spot.

It was the work of but a few minutes to stretch Helen on the grass, to draw the hanger by his side and plunge into the stream. Bell turned and fled, coward as he was; but Adam soon overtook him, and buried his blade in the heart of the murderer.

* * * * *

Again years passed. For Adam Fleming they were years of pain and anguish. He betook himself to a distant land, in the hope that fresh scenes and faces and new occupations would shut out the past from his mind. It was all in vain. His health became hopelessly broken and he returned home to die. His one wish was that he might be laid by the side of his fair Helen in Kirkconnel Churchyard, within a stone's cast of the scene of the tragedy of his life. On his return, he caused a rough cross of red sandstone to be set up on the spot where Helen died in his arms—a cross the remains of which may still be seen.

He had not long to wait ere the wish of his heart was gratified. He died exactly seven years and seven days after Helen, and he was buried beside her in the old churchyard.

If not by himself, then by some sympathetic minstrel who entered fully into his feelings, his heart's desire was embalmed in the immortal ballad which consecrates for all ages the romantic dell of Keith Water and the soil of Kirkconnel Lea:—

"I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lea!

"Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms hard Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

" O think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt, and spoke nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkcoonnell lea.

" As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkcoonnell lea—

" I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

" O Helen, fair, beyond compare!
I'll weave a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee!

" O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'

" O Helen, fair! O Helen, chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou liest low and takest thy rest,
On fair Kirkcoonnell lea.

" I wish my grave were growin' green;
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkcoonnell lea.

" I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me!"

POLITICAL ECONOMY, SOCIALISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS title would be more suitable for a lengthened treatise than for a brief article in a magazine. That it should be so employed is sufficient to indicate that nothing exhaustive is attempted, and that, at the best, only a few suggestions can be given regarding questions of the widest and most important character.

The relationship in which the three great social systems, expressed by the names of Political Economy, Socialism, and Christianity, stand, has been of late forced on public attention. The political economists for many a day "held their goods in peace." Few attempted to dispute their authority. Christianity also, crystallised into creeds and ecclesiasticisms, "slumbered and slept," while its true mission lay to a terrible extent unfulfilled. Socialism has challenged the authority of both; and we are glad that it has done so, for it has thereby awakened the conscience of Europe to the existence of evils that have been culpably overlooked. In our own country the contrast between the great wealth and the great poverty, often in startling proximity, has been vividly represented by various writers, and still more forcibly taught by moving "revelations" of the misery lying at our doors. Painful, yet healthful shocks, have been so repeatedly given that the self-satisfied dare not put the problems of society away from them. The world is not what they thought it was. Dangerous animosities have been forced on their attention, dreadful penury, and still more dreadful moral sores, have been laid bare. The Political Economy, which they deemed infallible, has left a terrible stream of wreckage in its path. And

the Church of Christ, so powerful now among the classes over which it had originally least influence, and busied with questions which had primarily least importance, is sadly separate from the toiling and suffering millions of the streets and lanes of our cities, and has lost to a large extent that "enthusiasm of humanity" which in early times was its characteristic. We are, therefore, thankful for the trumpet-call which has challenged Christendom.

There can be no doubt as to the loudness of that call, and the urgency with which social questions demand solution. The exaggerations of the revolutionary press, the wildness of the proposals frequently submitted, nay, even the crimes which are sometimes adopted in the programme of Nihilists and Red Republicans, should make every wise citizen weigh carefully what it is which these symptoms indicate, and ask whether these enthusiastic aspirations after a new social order do not prove the existence of sores in the body politic which are the result of the wicked neglect of duty?

Our own belief is that the most culpable of all causes is to be found in the feeble influence exercised by the Christian spirit in secular life. In other words, we hold that it is because so-called Christian society is unchristianized, that we find life embittered instead of sweetened.

The first fact which meets us when we take a general view of society as at present constituted is, that the principle on which the relationships of the various classes to one another chiefly rests is that of self-interest. And they who thus act in matters of a secular character are nearly all persons who profess the name

of Christ, and who "hope to be saved when they die." Their creed does not prevent their actions being governed in this world by motives which are the opposite of the Spirit of Christ and of that heaven where they hope soon to be.

The natural reaction against the evils thereby produced is Socialism, with its enforced fulfilment of a beneficence which love ought to have anticipated, and its proclamation of a brotherhood of man that seems at once a mockery and rebuke of the Church for its practical denial of Christ's Gospel.

We shall glance first at Political Economy.

Self-interest and absolute individual freedom have long been its watch-words, and they have heralded many a victory. For no wise man will hesitate to acknowledge the material benefits which have followed the teaching of Adam Smith and the influential school which has more or less adopted his principles. Adam Smith studied with accuracy the laws which determine the Wealth of Nations. He found trade interfered with by artificial restrictions and hurtful monopolies, and claimed absolute freedom as the primary condition for its healthy and successful development. Self-interest he believed might be safely trusted to make the capitalist employ his wealth in the most profitable manner, and to guard the workman against any unjust encroachment on the part of the capitalist. From the same principle of self-interest he anticipated increasing enterprise, and that the pressure of competition would stimulate the invention of machinery and such subdivision of labour, as would economise resources and so attain the largest amount of product at the least cost. He further showed how the increased wealth of the nation must affect the employed beneficially as well as the employer; and thus while self-interest is the motive actuating all classes, the greatest common benefit is the result. Within the sphere proper to their special studies the work of the political economists cannot be challenged. They did not create, they only investigated laws; and we might with equal justice complain of the law of gravitation as deny the influence of such principles as that of Supply and Demand or the rules which affect values.

This is not the place to enlarge on the many benefits which have followed obedience to these principles. The enormous advance of commerce in modern times, the increase of wealth throughout the community, and the consequent enrichment of life with manifold gifts of civilisation, are universally recognised.

But "man does not live by bread alone." There are fields belonging to the social well-being of a country, which do not fall within the scope of inquiries into the economics of commerce. There is a dark side to the glowing picture of material prosperity drawn by the political economist. The law of Supply and Demand, and a prosperity based upon self-interest, may work cruelly as well as beneficially. Its motto, "Laissez-faire," or in other words, "Leave alone, do not interfere, let evils work out their own cure," is but an equivalent for the "Survival of the Fittest" of the naturalist; and this implies the correlative sinking, suffering, and social destruction of the weakest. The fittest rise, whilst those that are not so fit fall under the relentless wheels of modern progress. The strong, the industrious, the rich prosper; the poor, the lonely, the feeble, the ignorant—some deserving, some undeserving—fall behind. And thus the violent contrasts which we now deplore are created—enormous wealth and frightful poverty, luxury and misery, palaces and hovels, classes which possess all that the eye of man can desire, and classes sunk in the most wretched degradation. We have a minority enjoying riches, and a vast majority more or less poor, some being in comparative comfort, and a mass destitute of the very decencies of civilised life. There is a school of political thinkers which regards such consequences with complacency. It would permit the law of Survival to wreak its vengeance in society as well as in other fields, believing that the progress of the race is best served through the law of Social Evolution, whereby the worthless and the weak perish, and the best elements continue. Whatever truth this hard and cruel law may express, its advocates appear to us to forget that there are other laws which may be brought into play, through which the causes that have produced the worthlessness may be removed, and a more universal social health promoted.

The evils connected with modern progress as founded on self-interest have been frequently pointed out. We will but indicate three of them.

(1.) While it may safely be left to certain classes of labour to protect their own interests—as when we see trades' unions formed to guard against the power of capital—yet there are other classes of industry, notably those connected with female labour, which appear to be helpless. Competition, unchecked by any union, has them in its relentless grasp. If proof is required, we refer to what has

been previously published in this magazine.*

(2.) If the subdivision of labour has its undoubted advantages, yet it has moral and intellectual results which, if not guarded against, are of a most pernicious character. The occupation of a lifetime in the performance of one mechanical detail, must have a cramping influence on the intellectual and moral development of the individual so engaged. Adam Smith dwells with suggestive interest on the number of hands a pin must pass through in its manufacture, and shows conclusively that the cheap rate at which pins can be purchased arises from this minute subdivision of labour, whereby the man who has only one small detail to attend to, acquires a dexterity and can produce results otherwise unattainable. But what must be the effect on the man whose life is spent, from morning to night and from year's end to year's end, in the execution of this little mechanical act? "This enormous production of *things*," says Bishop Martensen, "takes place at the cost of *men*."† We can easily perceive that unless a man has some healthy relief in domestic comfort, amusement, or in some fresh pursuit, the temptation becomes very great to excitements of an unhealthy nature—anything, if only the monotony of toil can for a time be dispelled! But the possibility of gaining such healthy relief is enormously lessened if the subdivision of labour equally affects the female population, and if domestic life is rendered comfortless and repulsive because the wife or mother knows nothing of domestic economy, having been herself from girlhood but the mechanical performer of a similar detail in some factory. Still more, when the lives of such persons, thousands of whom are congregated in the same locality, are surrounded by physical conditions which afford scarcely one bright object or aim to which they can turn for relief. Within, it is the one-roomed house with its stifling air; outside, there are the grimy streets and a murky smoke-laden atmosphere, and not a resource open save the public-house and gin-palace. Can we wonder that consequences ensue which give some warrant for the sweeping condemnation of the social Pharisee who points to the unthrift and the drunkenness of the working-man as the cause of his lapsing into hopeless penury and discontent? But are we not bound to go farther, and ask

whether there are not causes for the unthrift and drunkenness, and consequent "lapsing" of the masses, for which more than the working man is responsible? Is that society not still more guilty which adopts the maxim of "Leave-alone," and takes shelter under the law of the "Survival of the Fittest," while it contemplates with philosophic indifference a crowd falling out of the march of progress and perishing socially?

(3.) Another effect of this law of self-interest being left to work unchecked by other laws, is the spirit of antagonism which it produces between man and man, class and class. While the two sides represented severally by employer and employed, capital and labour, landlord and tenant, depend on one another, so that the prosperity of the one is connected with the prosperity of the other, yet the spirit in which they regard each other has unfortunately of late years been becoming one of jealousy and opposition, rather than of brotherhood. The attitude of the employers and of the trade-unions is too frequently one of open warfare, and in many places the landlord and tenant stand equally at variance. In commerce the adoption of the principle, "Every man for himself," leads to that keen desire to gain an advantage which often degenerates into practical swindling. Sympathy may flourish within circles where class interests lead to a certain unity. In the rush for riches and in the fierce struggle for existence, they, whose cause is a common one, may herd together for attack and defence. But the spirit of human brotherhood vanishes in the wild war of competition. And thus, while society as a whole advances and wealth accumulates, scattering wealth on its way towards increase in the hands of individuals, and while some rise to the first rank, and whole sections of the community gain improvement, yet the solidarity—to use a clumsy word—is not that of fraternity but of utility, or rather of selfishness. And all the while the bitter sediment is being deposited in the lower strata, where the social débris of this great advance is left to sink and fester in the purlieus of poverty and untold wretchedness. The exaggeration of individual freedom, each unit being guided by self-interest, thus leads to a half-concealed warfare, and to the excitement of those passions which warfare of every kind is sure to generate. Man needs more than room to fight his way; and a society governed by selfishness must reap consequent distrust and alienation.

We do not deny that there are other principles at work, not because of, but in spite

* See "The Sins of Cheapness," Good Words for January, 1885, page 36.

† "Social Ethics," p. 133.

of, the hard doctrine of self-interest and the necessitarianism of the law of Supply and Demand, and the fatalism of the "Survival of the Fittest." Increase of wealth brings to the community a thousand blessings that make themselves felt in innumerable directions. The better and more generous spirit, too, that is in man cannot be confined within the channels pointed out by self-interest. Charities in diverse forms flow forth abundantly from the treasuries of the successful, and religion and patriotism do not sound the trumpet-call to duty wholly in vain. But no one who contemplates the evils which affect society would assert that charities, however lavish, are an adequate cure, or indeed any cure at all. It is not charity that is required primarily; and at the best the call of religion or patriotism is weak as a child's voice compared to the imperiousness with which self-interest appeals to men in all secular affairs.

The reaction from this condition of things is Socialism in its many forms—from the justifiable insisting on limiting the freedom of the individual when it presses cruelly on the young or helpless, up to the wild dream of the anarchist who proclaims all property a theft, and all law, human or divine, as a crime against "the Rights of Man."

Socialism stands in direct antithesis to the leave-alone policy of the political economist. If that attaches primary value to the freedom of the individual or of trade, Socialism in its extremest forms would destroy individual liberty, and merge all property in the State or in the community, and make the individual a drilled unit in the complex machine which is to distribute the gains of all equally among all. It is the old dream of many an idealist since Plato wrote his "Republic" and Sir Thomas More his "Utopia."

But it would be manifestly unfair to represent all Socialists, far more the Socialists of our own country, as the apostles of anarchy. Indeed, the schools of thought which may be classified under the general title "Socialistic" are so various, that it is difficult to speak of them as a whole without using terms which would be unjust to some, and inadequate in respect to others. Socialism may be viewed as including the purely beneficent teaching of the so-called Christian Socialists; the humanitarian, though to our minds mischievous, proposals of Mr. Henry George; the Communistic but now abandoned dreams of Fourier and Commettant; the Socialism which believes in God and that which would efface all religion; the

Socialism which respects family life and that which denounces marriage; the Socialism which to some extent recognises private property, and that which calls all property theft, and would convert the State into a joint-stock company; the Socialism which simply contemplates legislation in favour of the oppressed and suffering, and that which breathes of nothing but blood and iron—the wild destructiveness of the dynamitard and petroleuse, to whom the Reign of Terror and the slicing of the guillotine bring memories of a social paradise whose only fault was its brevity. It is therefore evident that it is impossible to use the term "Socialism" with such accuracy as to be saved from a certain confusion when dealing with it as a whole.

All of these schools have, however, this in common—in more or less pronounced forms they aim at the reformation of society by means of State interference with what has hitherto been recognised as private property, and the limitation for the same end of the freedom of contract and of trade. But when stated in this general form, we are again forced to recognise the inadequacy of our definition, for the extent to which that interference may be carried must affect the opinion we form regarding it. We believe, for example, the interference already exercised by the State in forbidding the employment of women and children in certain trades, or in limiting the hours of labour in others, to be legitimate and beneficial. Only a very small section of Socialists in this country would, on the other hand, advocate the confiscation of property in order to secure an equal division to all and everybody.

It is not our purpose to discuss the political aspects of these questions, or to show how terribly foolish and dangerous are all those extreme systems which proclaim enforced equality, and dream of securing thereby a regenerated world. No legislative arrangement can extinguish human sin, destroy the law of heredity, eradicate ambition, and prevent the consequences which must arise from the differences of genius, strength, and capacity among men. At the best it would be the burdening of the able and industrious for the benefit of the idle and incompetent. And yet even in its most advanced and destructive form, the dream of making earth once more an Eden by the effacement of religion and the enthronement of equality and fraternity (which could only be reached through untold bloodshed) is the hope of millions, and oh! the charm which its idealism has for the

suffering and unhappy! Its watch-words are fascinating, for they promise a human brotherhood to the lonely, with freedom from grinding care and from the slavery of ill-paid and dreary labour. It gives voice to the cry of the poor and of those who yearn for a love they receive not. It is the longing of the weary and heavy-laden for some rest from a toil, whose rewards never lift them from life-long misery. We need not wonder at the greediness with which even the wildest proposals are hailed by thousands, who feel themselves thus helpless under the despotisms of Europe.

Nor do we discuss here the political advantages or disadvantages of the more sober measures which are so frequently brought forward in our own country at present. Whatever practical shape these proposals may take, their discussion must at all events prove beneficial. If evils exist in society, there is nothing better than to have them thoroughly exposed, and remedies of every kind carefully considered.

What chiefly concerns us in this paper is the relationship in which Christianity stands to both systems.

As popularly taught, Christianity has very little to do with either; for if it is no more than a "plan of salvation," or a creed or an ecclesiasticism through which the individual is to be made ready for death and eternity, it can be so held that it may, without any great shock, be made to consort with the tyrannies of self-interest, remain powerless in view of the separations which divide class from class, and be professed on Sundays or on the sick-bed by the very persons who transgress, in all secular relationships, the letter as well as the spirit of the Gospel. But no one can read the Bible, and weigh the meaning of the Old-Testament prophecies—every page of which teems with applications of divine principles to secular affairs—or can listen to the teaching of Christ and His apostles, without feeling that we have, professedly at least, in these writings a key to the questions of society now, as well as then.

We will, however, only attempt to indicate here some of the relationships in which Christianity stands to the systems of the Political Economists and Socialists.

(1.) Christianity is at one with the Political Economists in respecting the rights of property and individual liberty.

(2.) It is at one with the Socialists in their protest against self-interest and the Survival of the Fittest being permitted to wreak their

consequences unchecked by those other laws of love and brotherhood among men, which are surely quite as authoritative. Christianity gazes with horror on the social wreckage which has hitherto marked the course of modern progress, and it proclaims the law of brotherhood with a voice infinitely more commanding than that of the Nihilist or Red Republican. The worship of humanity, as taught by them, is a baseless sentiment, and can never lead to fraternal duty with a power comparable to that which is inspired by the law that first places man in his true relationship to God. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength," is a command which gives force and possibility to the fulfilment of the other, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But if the Church of Christ has been untrue to the principles of the gospel, it ought heartily to thank the Socialists for having reminded it of these principles, although preached by them sometimes of "envy and strife," as far as Christianity is concerned.

But while Christianity, as thus standing between the two extremes, can show its agreement with what is true in both, it also deals effectually with the evils which disfigure them.

(3.) For, in reference to the rights of property, which it recognises, Christianity utterly condemns the selfish indifferentism of the "Leave-alone" policy of the economists and their heartless attention to the accumulation of wealth, as if that were the *summum bonum* of social prosperity. It preaches the all-commanding duties of property as enforced by Christ. It denies that self-interest should be the primary basis on which the body politic ought to rest. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." It respects the rights of property, but it touches the root of all the evils that have created the miseries and jealousies and separations of the time; for it is the worship of Mammon instead of God which has been the sin of Christendom. While Jesus Christ has been recognised in that department of life to which the name "religion" is attached, and which belongs to Sundays and churches and creeds; yet it has been before the idol of greed that the same men have bowed the knee, when they have entered that other department of life which is called "secular," and which belongs to the week-days, the exchange, and the factory. And Christianity cannot brook such compromises. It should be its function, if it fulfils the will of the Master, to

dethrone this Mammon-god of the political economist, and to place supreme over the conscience of the nation the laws of righteousness and peace and love. Christ indeed declines to be "a judge and divider" between selfish brethren struggling each for the largest possible share of the inheritance; but He commands both to beware of the covetousness which has caused the bitter quarrel. He asserts liberty. "Whilst the property remains, is it not in your own power? You are responsible for it; it is undoubtedly yours; but it is at your peril if you use it without any sense of a higher responsibility than what self-interest imposes. 'Thou shalt not lie to the Holy Ghost,' or profess the love, justice, and generosity which are the essence of my gospel, while you pay your workmen or seamstresses starvation prices, and make your wealth out of their flesh and blood, and draw your rents out of houses that are inhuman dens. You are not to profess my name on Sunday, and worship gain and overreach your neighbour every other day in the week." "Thou shalt render to all their dues." Christ always places righteousness and love first; "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness;" and he expects men to run the risk of suffering loss for the sake of the right. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, theirs is the Kingdom of God." These principles are of the essence of His religion. Prophet and apostle, Old Testament and New Testament are charged with them. It is therefore in spite of the Christianity we profess that the evils we deplore have been allowed to rise. Let society be inspired with the love of God and of man which are thus taught, and the question of the masses will be easy of solution. Class separations will be bridged from both sides of the chasm. For it is because society has been founded on the non-Christian principles of selfishness and Mammon-worship, that selfishness and Mammon-worship are now confronted by selfish force, and are in terror for "the goods" they have so long "kept in peace." Reverse this, bring the ideals of Christianity into secular life, and all will be changed.

(4.) In a similar manner does Christianity meet Socialism. The Anarchist and Nihilist seek equality, but they would achieve it by tearing down, by physical force, and in hatred of the rich and governing classes. "We shall have deserved well," says Mr. Marr, "if we stir hatred and contempt against all existing institutions." Christianity

also seeks equality, but it is through the Spirit of Love, which is "enriched while enriching." Again Socialism of the better type would distribute wealth by the compulsion of State interference, and by the votes of the majority assigning property, or limiting its possession, as that majority may determine. The Socialism of the New Testament, as seen in the Church at Jerusalem after Pentecost, if it had "all things common," did so as the free outcome of the enthusiasm of a new love. It was not the result of the "Stand and deliver" policy of compulsion, but the natural effect of a love which delights to share. And this leads to another contrast between State Socialism and Christianity.

(5.) It is true that Christianity can never be indifferent to the enactment of such laws as tend to the well-being of the poor, the weak, and the miserable. It must be in sympathy with that State compulsion whose object is the prevention of what is cruel or demoralising, or the promotion of what is humanising and elevating, limiting the hours of labour, granting protection to women and children, compulsory education, support of the poor, enforcement of sanitation and improvement of dwellings, public libraries, and such-like. All these may be regarded as expressing a national feeling inspired by Christian principle. On the other hand, moral actions which are the result only of compulsion have no value in the eye of Christ. Freedom is essential for the acquirement of goodness. A right-doing towards others, which is necessitated by statute and not by love, has no place in His Kingdom. A regenerated society can therefore never be produced by external force from above or below. It must be from within, and be the issue of the free play of the moral and spiritual influences which it is the proper function of the Gospel to inspire. The absolute success of State Socialism might therefore accomplish many objects which the philanthropy of Christianity would be glad to witness, but in itself a State compulsion of goodness would not be a distinct gain in the light of that religion which seeks the voluntary actings of a Divinely-inspired love.

But we need our faith in Christianity to be increased as a power sufficient for this regeneration of society from within. The movements of the time, which to many seem adverse to that faith, are according to our belief God's own method for rousing His Church, and for re-creating a life which has been allowed almost to perish. They are His rebuke to dogmatists and ecclesiastics and formalists of all sorts; they are His call

for the re-assertion of the true gospel of His Kingdom and for its revival in power. And what He says to all He says to each one of us, "Seek first, not your own profit and success in the wild struggle for riches, nay not even the salvation of your own soul, as a matter of self-interest; but seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness; the kingdom of the Father, and in Him the

brotherhood of man; the kingdom whose law is love, whose yoke is duty, whose banner is the cross, and whose victories on earth are those of human helpfulness and social well-being. Seek first that kingdom and all other things will be added unto you: prosperity, it may be, here on earth; but if not, then that life eternal which is the life of God, Whose name is love."



SUMMER AND WINTER.

MIDSUMMER morn: the year's young
 queen
 Flings showery gold o'er hill and mead,
 Her bright train mingles with the green,
 White cloud-skirts of ethereal brede;
 The benison of heaven's love lies
 Deep-dwelling in her brave blue eyes.

And life and love breathe in her breath,
 With fragrance and bird-song made
 sweet;
 Her presence kills the worm of death;
 The children revel round her feet:
 She comes, God's messenger, to bless
 Man with immortal happiness.



Midwinter noon : the young king-year
 Comes clothed in panoply of steel ;
 The furry clouds float in his rear ;
 Earth rings beneath his armed heel ;
 The pride of life's young vigour flies,
 Light-flashing, from his keen grey eyes.



In glee the lads shout by his side,
 Their blood-beat pulsing brisk and warm ;
 The stark woods strip their arms, and bide
 With sinews stiffened for the storm :
 For winter comes with strength to bless
 Man with immortal heathfulness.

We change, grow old, and sink and die,
 Fade with the rose, melt with the rime ;
 Nature abides immortally
 Unchanged in youth, untouched by time ;
 For dress she flings off green for grey,
 But her young heart knows no decay.

J. DOW.

JEHUDAH HALEVI.

IN the far-off days, when religion was not a habit, but an emotion, there lived a little-known poet who solved the pathetic puzzle of how to sing the Lord's song in a strange land. Minor poets of the period in plenty had essayed a like task, and have left a literature the very headings of which are strange to uninstructed ears. "*Piyutim*," "*Selichoth*," what meaning do these words convey to most of us ? And yet they stand for songs of exile, sung by patient genera-

tions of men who tell a monotonous tale of mournful times—

"When ancient griefs
 Are closely veiled
 In recent shrouds,"

as one of the anonymous host expresses it. For the writers were of the race of the traditional Sweet Singer, and their lot was cast in those picturesquely disappointing Middle Ages, too close to the chivalry of the time to appreciate its charm. One pictures these comparatively

cultured pariahs, these gaberlined, degenerate descendants of seers and prophets, looking out from their ghettos on a world which, for all the stir and bustle of barbarous life, was to them as desolate and as bare of promise of safe resting-place as when the waters covered it, and only the tops of the mountains appeared. One sees them now as victims, and now as spectators, but never as actors in that strange show, yet always, we fancy, realising the barbarism, and with that undoubting faith of theirs in the ultimate dawning of a perfect day, seeming to regard the long reign of brute force, of priestcraft, and of ignorance as phases of misrule, which, like unto manifold others, should pass whilst they would endure.

"A race that has been tested
And tried through fire and water,
Is surely prized by Thee,"

cries out a typical bard, with a too-conscious tone of martyrdom, and a decided tendency to clutch at the halo. It is an attitude altogether a trifle arrogant and stolid and defiant to superficial criticism, but one for which a deeper insight will find excuses. The complacency is not quite self-complacency, the pride is impersonal, and so though provoking, is pathetic too. Something of the old longing which, with a sort of satisfied negation, claimed "honour and glory," "not unto us," but unto "the Name," finds expression again in the unrhymed and often unrhythmical compositions of these patient poets of the *Selicha*. Their poetry, perhaps, goes some way towards explaining their patience, for, undoubtedly, there is no doggedness like that of men who at will, and by virtue of their own thoughts, can soar above circumstances and surroundings. "Vulgar minds," says a last-century poet, truly enough, "refuse or crouch beneath their load," and inevitably such will collapse under a pressure which the cultivated will endure, and "bear without repining." The ills to which flesh is heir will generally be best and most bravely borne by those to whom the flesh is not all in all; as witness Heine, whose voice rose at its sweetest, year after year, from his mattress grave. That there never was a time in all their history when the lusts of the flesh were a whole and satisfying ambition to the Jew, or when the needs of the body bounded his desires, may account in some degree for the marvellous capacity for suffering which the race has evinced.

These rugged *Piyutin*, for over a thousand years, come in from most parts of the continent of Europe as a running commentary on

its laws, suggesting a new reading for the old significant connection between a country's lays and its legislation, and supplying an illustration to Charles Kingsley's dictum, that "the literature of a nation is its autobiography." *Selicha* (from the Hebrew, כְּלִיחָה) means literally forgiveness, and to forgive and to be forgiven is the burden and refrain of most of the so-called Penitential Poems (*Selichoth*), whose theme is of sorrows and persecutions past telling, almost past praying about. *Piyut* (derived from the Greek ποιητής) in the early Jewish writings stood for the poet himself, and later on it was applied as a generic name for his compositions; but from the second to the eighth century there is decidedly more suggestion of martyrdom than of minstrelsy in these often unsigned and always unsingable sonnets of the synagogue. Especially about the contributions from France, and subsequently from Germany, to the liturgical literature of the Middle Ages, there is a far too prevailing note of the swan's song for cheerful reading. The Spanish writers, however, happier in their circumstances than the rest of their European co-religionists, sing, for the most part, in clearer and higher strains, and it is they who, towards the close of the tenth century, first add something of the grace and charm of metrical versification to the hitherto crude and rough style of composition which had sufficed. Even about the prose of these Spanish authors there is many a light and happy touch, and, not un seldom, in the voluminous and somewhat verbose literature, we come across a short story (*midrash*) or a pithy saying, with salt enough of wit or pathos about it to make its preservation through the ages quite comprehensible.

Hep, Hep, was the dominant note in the European concert, when at the beginning of the twelfth century our poet was born. France, Italy, Germany, Bohemia, and Greece had each been, at different times within the hundred years which had just closed, the scene of terrible persecutions. In Spain alone, under the mild sway of the Omeyyade Kaliphs, there had been a tolerably long entracte in the "fifteen hundred year tragedy" that the Jewish race was enacting, and there, in old Castille, whilst Alfonso VI. was king, Jehudah Halevi passed his childhood. Although in 1085 Alfonso was already presiding over an important confederation of Catholic States, yet the Arab supremacy in Spain at the beginning of the twelfth century was comparatively unshaken, and its influence, social and poli-

tical, over its Jewish subjects was still paramount. Perhaps the one direction in which that impressionable race was least perceptibly affected by its Arab experiences was in its literature. And remembering how distinctly in the elder days of art the influence of Greek thought is traceable in Jewish philosophy, it is strange to note with these authors of the Middle Ages, who write as readily in Arabic as in Hebrew, that, though the hand is the hand of Esau, the voice remains unmistakably the voice of Jacob. Munk dwells on this remarkable distinction in the poetry of the period, and, with some natural preference perhaps, strives to account for it in the wide divergence of the Hebrew and Arabic sources of inspiration. The poetry of the Jews he roundly declares to be universal, and that of the Arabs egotistic in its tendency; the Arabs finding subjects for their Muse in traditions of national glory and in dreams of material delight, whilst the descendants of prophets turn to the records of their own ancestry, and find their themes in remorseful memories and in unselfish and unsensual hopes. Past and future with the Jewish poet are alike uncoloured by personal desire, and even the sins and suffering of his race he enshrines in song. If it be good, as a modern writer has declared it to be, that a nation should commemorate its defeats, certainly no race has ever been richer in such subjects, or has shown itself more willing, in ritual and rhyme, to take advantage of them.

Whilst the leaders of society, the licentious crusader and the celibate monk, were stumbling so sorely in the shadow of the Cross, and whilst the rank and file throughout Europe were steeped in deepest gloom of densest ignorance and superstition, the lamp of learning, handed down from generation to generation of despised Jews, was still being carefully trimmed, and was burning at its brightest among the little knot of philosophers and poets in Spain. Alcharisi, the commentator and critic of the circle, gives, for his age, a curiously high standard of the qualifications essential to the sometimes lightly bestowed title of authorship. "A poet," he says, "(1), must be perfect in metre; (2) his language of classic purity; (3) the subject of his poem worthy of the poet's best skill, and calculated to instruct and to elevate mankind; (4) his style must be full of 'lucidity' and free from every obscure or foreign expression; (5) he must never sacrifice sense to sound; (6) he must add infinite care and patience to his gift of genius, never

submitting crude work to the world; and (7) lastly, he must neither parade all he knows nor offer the winnings of his harvest."

These seem sufficiently severe conditions even to nineteenth-century judgment, but Jehudah Halevi, say his admirers and even his contemporaries, fulfilled them all.

That a man should be judged by his peers gives a promise of sound and honest testimony, and if such judgment be accepted as final then does Halevi hold high rank indeed among men and poets. One of the first things that strike an intruder into this old-world literary circle is the curious absence of those small rivalries and jealousies which we of other times and manners look instinctively to find. Such records as remain to us make certainly less amusing reading than some later biographies and autobiographies afford, but, on the other hand, it has an unique interest of its own, to come upon authentic traces of such susceptible beings as authors, all living in the same set and with a limited range both of subjects and of readers, who yet live together in harmony, and interchange sonnets and epigrams curiously free from every suggestion of envy, hatred, or uncharitableness. There is, in truth, a wonderful freshness of sentiment about these gentle old scholars. They say pretty things to and of each other in almost school-girl fashion. "I pitch my tent in thy heart," exclaims one as he sets out on a journey. More poetically Halevi expresses a similar sentiment to a friend of his (Ibn Giat):—

"If to the clouds thy boldness wings its flight,
Within our hearts, thou ne'er art out of sight."

Writes another (Moses Aben Ezra*), and he was a philosopher and grammarian to boot, one not to be lightly suspected of sentimentality, "Our hearts were as one: now parted from thee, my heart is divided into two." Halevi was the absent friend in this instance, and he begins his response as warmly:—

"How can I rest when we are absent one from another?
Were it not for the glad hope of thy return
The day which tore thee from me
Would tear me from all the world."

Or the note changes: some disappointment or disillusion is hinted at, and under its influence our tender-hearted poet complains to this same sympathetic correspondent, "I was asked, Hast thou sown the seed of friendship? My answer was, Alas, I did, but the seed did not thrive."

It is altogether the strangest, soberest little picture of sweetness and light, showing beneath the gaudy, tawdry phantasmagoria of the age. Rub away the paint

* Brother to Abraham Aben Ezra, the great traveller.

and varnish from the hurrying host of crusaders, from the confused crowd of dreary, deluded rabble, and there they stand like a "restored" group, these tuneful, unworldly sages, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," with Jehudah Halevi, poet and physician, as central figure. For, loyal to the impulse which in times long past had turned Akiba into a herdsman and had induced Hillel in his youth and poverty to "hire himself out wherever he could find a job,"* which, in the time to come, was to make of Maimonides a diamond cutter, and of Spinoza an optician, Halevi compounded simples as conscientiously as he composed sonnets, and was more of doctor than of poet by profession. He was true to those traditions and instincts of his race, which, through all the ages, had recognised the dignity of labour and had inclined to use literature as a staff rather than as a crutch. His prescriptions were probably such as the Pharmacopœia of to-day might hardly approve, and the spirit in which he prescribed is perhaps also just a little out of date. Here is a grace before physic which brings to one's mind the advice given by a famous divine of the muscular Christianity school to his young friend at Oxford, "Work hard—as for your degree, leave it to God."

"God grant that I may rise again,
Nor perish by thine anger slain.
This draught that I myself combine,
What is it? Only Thou dost know,
If well or ill, if swift or slow,
Its parts shall work upon my pain.
Ay! of these things, alone is Thine
The knowledge. All my faith I place,
Not in my craft, but in Thy grace." † (1)

Halevi's character, however, was far enough removed from that which an old author has defined as "pious and painfull." He "entered the courts with gladness:" his religion was of a healthy, happy, natural sort, free from all affectations, and with no taint either of worldliness or of other worldliness to be discerned in it. Perhaps he was not entirely without that comfortable consciousness of his own powers and capabilities which, in weaker natures, turns its seamy side to us as conceit, nor altogether free from that impatiencé of "fools" which seems to be another of the temptations of the gifted. This rather ill-tempered little extract which we are honest enough to append appears to indicate as much:—

"Lo! my light has pierced to the dark abyss,
I have brought forth gems from the gloomy mine;
Now the fools would see them! I ask you this:
Shall I fling my pearls down before the swine?
From the gathered cloud shall the raindrops flow
To the barren land where no fruit can grow!" † (1)

* Talmud, Yoma 35b.

† Those marked thus (1) have been done into verse from the German of Geiger, by Miss Amy Levy.

The little grumble is characteristic, but in actual fact no land was barren to his hopeful sunny temperament. In the "morning he sowed his seed, and in the evening he withheld not his hand," and from his "gathered clouds" the raindrops fell rainbow-tinted. His love songs, which a trustworthy tradition tells us were written to his wife, are quite as beautiful in their very different way as an impassioned elegy he wrote when death claimed his friend, Aben Ezra, or as the famous ode he composed on Jerusalem. He wrote prose too, and a bulky volume in Arabic is in existence, which sets forth the long and somewhat legendary history of a certain Bulan, king of the Khozars, who reigned, some historians tell us, about the beginning of the eighth century, over a territory situate on the shores of the Caspian Sea. This Bulan would seem to have been of a hesitating rather than of a sceptical turn of mind in religious matters, and honestly anxious to be correct in his opinions. His anxiety becomes intensified by means of a vision, and he finally summons representative followers of Moses, of Jesus, and of Mahomet to discuss in his presence the tenets of their masters. These chosen doctors of divinity argue at great length, and the Rabbi is said to have best succeeded in satisfying the anxious scruples of the king. The same authorities tell us that Bulan was regularly converted to Judaism, and commenced in his own person a Jewish dynasty which endured for more than two centuries. Over these more or less historic facts Halevi casts the glamour of his genius, and makes, at any rate, a very readable story out of them, which incidentally throws some valuable side lights on his own way of regarding things. Unluckily, side lights are all we possess, in place of the electric illuminating fashion of the day. Those copious details, which our grandchildren seem likely to inherit concerning all and sundry of this generation, are wholly wanting to us, the earlier heirs of time. Of Halevi, as of greater poets, who have lived even nearer to our own age, history speaks neither loudly nor in chorus. And yet, for our consolation, there is the reflection that the various and varying records of "Thomas's ideal John: never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either," may, in truth, help us but little to a right comprehension of the "real John, known only to His Maker." Once get at a man's ideals, it has been well said, and the rest is easy. Thus though our facts are but few and fragmentary concerning the man of whom

one admirer quaintly says that, "created in the image of God" could in his case stand for literal description, yet may we, by means of his ideals, arrive perhaps at a juster conception of his charming personality than did we possess the very pen with which he wrote and the desk at which he sat and the minutest and most authentic particulars as to his wont of using both.

His ideal of religion was expressed in every practical detail of daily life.

"When I remove from Thee, O God,
I die whilst I live; but when
I cleave to thee, I live in death."*

These three lines indicate the sentiment of Judaism, and might almost serve as sufficient sample of Halevi's simple creed, for, truth to tell, the religion of the Jews does not concern itself greatly with the ideal. It is of a practical rather than of an emotional sort, rigid as to practice, but tolerant over theories, and inquiring less as to a man's belief than as to his conduct. Work—steady, cheerful, untiring work—was perhaps Halevi's favourite form of praise. Still, being a poet he sings, and, like the birds, in divers strains, with happy, unconscious effort. Only "For Thy songs, O God!" he cries, "my heart is a harp;" and truly enough, in some of these ancient Hebrew hymns, the stately intensity of which it is impossible to reproduce, we seem to hear clearly the vibrating of the strings. The truest faith, the most living hope, the widest charity, is breathed forth in them; and they have naturally been enshrined by his fellow-believers in the most sacred parts of their liturgy, quotations from which would here obviously be out of place. Some dozen lines only shall be given in illustration of the universality of the Jewish hope. "Where can I find thee, O God?" the poet questions; and there is wonderfully little suggestion of reserved places about the answer:—

"Lord! where art Thou to be found?
Hidden and high is Thy home.
And where shall we find Thee not?
Thy glory fills the world.
Thou art found in my heart,
And at the uttermost ends of the earth.
A refuge for the near,
For the far, a trust.

"The universe cannot contain Thee;
How then a temple's shrine I
Though Thou art raised above men
On Thy high and lofty throne,
Yet art Thou near unto them
In their spirit and in their flesh.
Who can say he has not seen Thee?
When lo! the heavens and their host
Tell of Thy fear, in silent testimony.

"I sought to draw near to Thee.
With my whole heart I sought Thee,
And when I went out to meet Thee,
To meet me. Thou wast ready on the road.
In the wonders of Thy might

* From Atonement Service.

And in Thy holiness I have beheld Thee.
Who is there that should not fear Thee?
The yoke of Thy kingdom is for ever and for all.
Who is there that should not call upon Thee?
Thou givest unto all their food."

Concerning Halevi's ideal of love and marriage we may speak at greater length; and on these subjects one may remark that our poet's ideal was less individual than national. Mixing intimately among men who, as a matter of course, bestowed their fickle favours on several wives, and whose poetic notion of matrimony—on the prosaic we will not touch—was a houri-peopled Paradise, it is perhaps to the credit of the Jews that this was one of the Arabian customs which, with all their susceptibility, they were very slow to adopt. Halevi, as is the general faithful fashion of his race, all his life long loved one only, and gave to her—a "dove of rarest worth, and sweet exceedingly," as in one of his poems he declares her to be. The test of poetry, Goethe somewhere says, is the substance which remains when the poetry is reduced to prose. When the poetry has been yet further reduced by successive processes of translation, the test becomes severe. We fancy, though, that there is still some considerable residuum about Halevi's songs to his old-fashioned love—his Ophrah, as he calls her in some of them. Here is one when they are likely to be parted for a while:—

"So we must be divided; sweetest, stay;
Once more, mine eyes would seek thy glance's light.
At night I shall recall thee: Thou, I pray,
Be mindful of the days of our delight,
Come to me in my dreams, I ask of thee,
And even in my dreams be gentle unto me.

"If thou shouldst send me greeting in the grave,
The cold breath of the grave itself were sweet;
Oh, take my life, my life, 'tis all I have,
If it should make thee live, I do entreat.
I think that I shall hear when I am dead,
The rustle of thy gown, thy footsteps overhead."* (1)

And another, which reads like a marriage-hymn:—

"A dove of rarest worth
And sweet exceedingly;
Alas, why does she turn
And fly so far from me?
In my fond heart a tent,
Should aye prepared be,
My poor heart she has caught
With magic spells and wiles.
I do not sigh for gold,
But for her mouth that smiles;
Her hue it is so bright,
She half makes blind my sight,

The day at last is here,
Filled full of love's sweet fire;
The twain shall soon be one,
Shall stay their fond desire.
Ah! would my tribe could chance
On such deliverance."* (1)

On a first reading, these last two lines strike one as oddly out of place in a love poem. But as we look again, they seem to suggest, that in a nature so full and wholesome as Halevi's, love did not lead to a selfish

* See note on p. 750.

forgetfulness, nor marriage mean a joy which could hold by its side no care for others. They go far to prove that love at its best does not narrow the sympathies, but rather makes them widen and broaden out to enfold the less fortunate under its happy, brooding wings. And though at the crowning moment of his life Halevi could spare a tender thought for his tribe, with very little right could the foolish, favourite epithet of "tribalism" be flung at him, and with even less of justice at his race. In truth, they were "patriots" in the sorriest, sincerest sense—this dispossessed people, who owned not an inch of the lands wherein they wandered, from the east unto the west. It is prejudice or ignorance maybe, but certainly it is not history, which sees the Jews as any but the faithfulest of citizens to their adopted States; faithful often to the extent of forgetting, save in set and prayerful phrases, the lost land of their fathers. Here is a typical national song of the twelfth century, in which no faintest echo of regret or longing for other glories, other shrines, may be discerned:—

"I found that words could ne'er express
The half of all its loveliness;
From place to place I wandered wide,
With amorous sight unsatisfied,
Till last I reached all cities' queen,
Tolaitola* the fairest seen.

Her palaces that show so bright
In splendour, shamed the starry height,
Whilst temples in their glorious sheen
Rivalled the glories that had been;
With earnest reverent spirit there,
The pious soul breathes forth its prayer."

That "fairest city seen" of the Spanish poet,† might stand indeed for the London or Paris of to-day in the well-satisfied, cosmopolitan affections of an ordinary Englishman or Frenchman of the Jewish faith. And who may blame this adaptability, this comfortable inconstancy of content? Widows and widowers remarry, and childless folks, it is said, grow quite foolishly fond of adopted kin. With practical people the past is past, and to the prosperous nothing comes more easy than forgetting. After all—

"What can you do with people when they are dead?
But if you are pious, sing a hymn and go;
Or, if you are tender, heave a sigh and go.
But go by all means, and permit the grass
To keep its green fend †twixt them and you," ‡

And in the long centuries there has been time and to spare for the green grass to wither into dusty weeds above those desolate dead whose "place knows them no more." That Halevi with his "poetic heart," which is a something different from the most metri-

cal of poetic imaginations, cherished a closer ideal of patriotism may not be denied. "Israel among the nations," he writes, "is as the heart among the limbs." He was the loyalest of Spanish subjects, yet Jerusalem was to him, in sober fact, the city of the world.

In these learned latter days, the tiniest crumbs of tradition have been so eagerly pounced upon by historians to analyze and argue over, that we are almost left in doubt whether the very A B C of our own history may still be writ in old English characters. The process which has bereft the bogy uncle of our youthful belief of his hump, and all but transformed the Bluebeard of the British throne into a model monarch, has not spared to set its puzzling impress on the few details which have come down to us concerning Halevi. Whether the love poems, some eight hundred in number, were all written to his wife, is questioned; whether 1086 or 1105 is the date of his birth, and if Toledo or Old Castille be his birthplace, is contested. Whether he came to a peaceful end, or was murdered by wandering Arabs, is left doubtful, since both the year of his death* and the manner of it, are stated in different ways by different authorities, among whom it is hard to choose. Whether, indeed, he ever visited the Holy City, whether he beheld it with "actual sight or sight of faith," is greatly and gravely debated; but amidst all the bewildering dust of doubt that the researches of wise commentators have raised, the central fact of his life is left to us undisputed. The realities they meddle with, but the ideals they leave to us undimmed. All at least agree, that "she whom the Rabbi loved was a poor weebegone darling, a moving picture of desolation, and her name was Jerusalem." There is a consensus of opinion among the critics that this often-quoted saying of Heine's was only a poetical way of putting a literal and undoubted truth. Our poet, indeed, on this subject has only to speak for himself.

"Oh! city of the world, most chastely fair;
In the far west, behold I sigh for thee.
And in my yearning love I do bethink me
Of bygone ages; of thy ruined lane,
"Thy vanished splendour of a vanished day.
Oh! had I eagles' wings I'd fly to thee,
And with my falling tears make moist thine earth.
I long for thee; though indeed thy kings
Have passed for ever; what though where once uprose
Sweet balsam-trees the serpent makes his nest.
Oh! that I might embrace thy dust, the sod
Were sweet as honey to my foud desire." (1)

Fifty translations cannot spoil the true ring in such fervid words as these. And in

* Hebrew for Toledo.

† Alcharris.

‡ E. B. Browning.

* No authority gives it later than 1140.

a world so sadly full of "fond desires" destined to remain for ever unfulfilled it is pleasant to know that Halevi accomplished his. He unquestionably travelled to Palestine; whether his steps were stayed short of Jerusalem we know not, but he undoubtedly reached the shores, and breathed "the air of that land which makes men wise," as, in loving hyperbole, a more primitive patriot* expresses it.

* Rabbi Seira.

And seeing how that "the Lord God doth like a printer who setteth the letters backward,"* there is small cause for grieving in that the breath our poet drew in the land of his dreams was the breath not of life but of death.

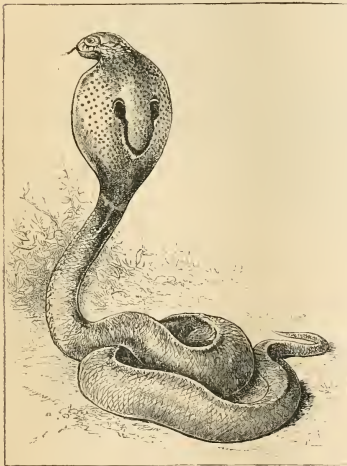
KATIE MAGNUS.

* "The Lord God doth like a printer who setteth the letters backward; we see and feel well His setting, but the print we shall see yonder in the life to come."—LUTHER'S "Table Talk."

TRAVELLERS' SNAKE STORIES.

By FREDERICK WHYMPER.

II.



THE cobra is without doubt the most fearful pest of pest-ridden India. Sir Joseph Fayrer has shown that, of 20,000 persons annually killed by wild animals and reptiles in India, 17,000 die from snake-poison. Of these again, more than half are set down to the account of the cobra, which is found in all parts of the country, from Ceylon to the Himalayas. When one thinks, too, of the inevitably large number of unrecorded deaths from the same cause in India, and the numbers killed in many other Asiatic countries, where no statistics whatever are obtainable, it will be plain that the sum-total must be something appalling.* And yet they may

* There is really no known antidote to its poison when the virus is once in the blood. Something may be done with tight

be expected at almost any time to visit the Indian country house; may be found in your bed, your cupboard, your boots. A correspondent of *Nature* states that he found one in the lining of his brougham, and another in the sleeve of one of his wife's dresses, which was hanging some feet above the floor.

Horses instinctively avoid the cobra; whole herds of cows or buffaloes will flee before a single one; even the tiger dreads it. A gentleman in the civil service of India had a pet tiger confined in a strong cage, which often got so noisy and disagreeable that he had to be bamboosed—a rather difficult job. One day some one threw a freshly-killed cobra at his cage, which, getting entangled among the bars, hung suspended there. The tiger trembled from head to foot, and slunk into the farthest corner of his cage, putting up his fore-claws with the apparent idea of protecting his head. He was completely cowed until the defunct reptile was removed. A monkey in Cochin China absolutely went into fits and fainted away, when the rather cruel experiment was made of fastening a dead cobra to its collar.

On the other hand, the cobra does not always have its own way. There is a story told of a duel, seen from a window, between one of these snakes and a female rat; the latter was for a long time too agile for the heavy movements of the cobra, and managed to wound it severely, while it escaped un-

ligatures applied quickly to the limb above the bite, followed by excision and cauterisation as recommended by Fayrer. French authorities recommend a mixture of carbolic acid and alcohol, which is said to contract the small vessels and so prevent absorption into the system. The very nature and reasons for these remedies prove that they must be useless unless applied immediately which, in by far the larger proportion of cases, will be impossible. Fayrer found that snakes have a great repugnance to carbolic acid, and that they can be kept away from any place where it has been freely sprinkled.

scathed itself. At last, however, the cobra managed to inflict a poisonous wound, when, as though aware that it was all over with her, the poor rat rushed into close quarters, firmly gripped the snake's neck with her teeth, and never let go her hold again. The cobra plunged about furiously, but to no purpose. A death grip was on its throat, and both the duellists fell in that combat.

In spite of its viciousness and almost because of it, the cobra is the snake selected by the so-called "charmners" for their exhibitions. They assert that the cobra is really the only snake which will show fight, all the rest being sluggish, and while prone enough to bite, cannot be taught to perform any tricks. The fangs are usually extracted; though in Ceylon Dr. Davy asserts that the snake-charmers trust to their dexterity alone to avoid the stroke, and do not remove the venom teeth. The usual mode is to make a cut under the upper lip of the cobra, then turning it up to expose the parts which contain the poison—that is, the duct and reservoir just above the teeth—they cut them out with a knife, and burn the place all round with a hot iron. After this Mr. Cobra is, of course, comparatively harmless.

Du Chaillu has given us a story of a snake-charmer who suffered by his temerity in playing with a snake, the fangs of which had been left intact. The naja, or great water-snake of Equatorial Africa, which grows to ten feet in length, has many of the characteristics of the cobra, being venomous, and having the power of erecting itself. There was, on the Gaboon, a negro from Goree noted for his daring in handling these and other serpents. One day he appeared with a huge naja, and began to amuse himself and a crowd of natives by teasing the reptile. At first, when Du Chaillu saw him, he had the snake coiled round his body, but took good care to hold it firmly just below the neck, and it was obvious that he had to use a considerable amount of strength, for the muscles of his arm stood out in bold relief. Then with his other hand he took the tail of the snake, and giving it a vigorous swing, unfolded the reptile from his black body, which was shining with perspiration and excitement. He next threw it away, then suddenly ran in front of it and teased it with a light stick. "The man," says Du Chaillu, "became bolder and bolder, more and more careless, and the snake probably more and more accustomed to the mode of warfare of his antagonist, and just as the monster stood erect the man attempted to seize its neck, as he had done

many and many a time before, but grasped the body too low, and before he had time to let it go the head turned and the man was bitten! I was perfectly speechless; the scene had frozen my blood, and the wild shrieks of all those round rent the air. The serpent was loose and crawling on the ground, but before it had time to go far a long pole came down upon its back and broke its spine, and in less time than I take to write it down the monster was killed." The French doctor of the settlement was fortunately at hand, and applied prompt and powerful remedies. The man suffered intensely for some time, his body becoming swollen, and his mind wandering; his life seemed to hang in the balance. At last he was able to get about, though complaining of great pain in the region of his heart. A short time after the accident he went out, as he said, to cut wood with his axe, but suddenly split his own skull in two. The man had become insane!

Sometimes the tables are turned, and the snake itself becomes the charmer, fascinating its victim. The story goes that a young girl of thirteen, living with her parents in Franklin County, Missouri, was found to be gradually wasting away in a decline, at length becoming little more than a mere skeleton. A peculiarity of the case was that she could not be induced to eat in the house, but always insisted on taking her bread-and-butter, or what not, to the banks of a neighbouring brook, where she would remain for hours together. At length her anxious father determined, unknown to her, to watch her movements.

One day she had been sitting quietly on the bank for some time when she returned to the house and asked for food. This was given to her, and she went back to the brook-side, her father stealthily following her. To his horror he saw a huge black snake slowly raise its head into the child's lap, and take pieces of bread-and-butter from her hand. If she ventured to take a bite herself the snake hissed and showed signs of anger, when the child would tremble like a leaf, and immediately give her food to the reptile. The father was completely paralysed, and groaned in his agony. The noise disturbed the snake, which glided away, and was, for the time being, lost to sight. The child refused to answer any questions, indeed, she appeared incapable of so doing. It was determined that she should be allowed to go once more to the bank where she had been accustomed to sit, in order to allure the snake to its doom. Next day, then, the girl went



“ Fascinating its victim.”

with her little meal to the brook-side, and the moment the reptile appeared the father, who was on the watch, shot it through the head. The child fainted at the sight; the snake writhed and died. The poor little girl never recovered the shock, and came to her senses only to swoon again and again, till she expired, apparently in great agony. What was the mysterious influence?

The virulence of snake-poison, and especially rattlesnake-poison, is something almost inconceivable. A case came under the writer's notice a few years ago in California, which is different in its nature from any he has seen recorded. A friend, Mr. S——, a successful vineyardist in the beautiful Sonoma Valley, employed, as do all the vine-growers and wine-makers of the Golden State—a number of Chinamen. One of these, while picking grapes, was bitten in the arm by a rattlesnake. He was immediately taken to the house, and a messenger sent for the nearest doctor. Meantime his arm was placed in a foot-bath, filled with native brandy just from the still, and as strong as brandy can be, the

expectation being that it would dissolve the poison out of the wound. Every effort also was made to induce the Chinaman, who was in the greatest agony, to drink a quantity of the same spirit, the general belief being that if the victim can be well filled up with the potent fluid, and made intoxicated, his chances of living are much greater. Teetotalers have not the ghost of a chance. The Chinaman absolutely refused, and when he expired, which was very shortly afterwards, unfeeling people said, “You see, he'd rather die than drink that abominable California brandy.” The point of the story is that Mr. S——, wishing to make the Chinaman keep his arm well soaked in the brandy, put his own hand on it, and in the liquid, of which there was a quantity not less than four gallons. He stated to the writer that he was not aware of any scratch or abrasion on his hand, yet he was immediately poisoned, and for a long time afterwards walked about feebly, his face of a greenish-white and corpse-like appearance. Although he had the best medical advice, and survived, it was very doubtful

whether his system had not been permanently injured. Only a part of the poison had evidently dissolved in the brandy, and was diluted and diffused through several gallons of it, but there was sufficient virulence in it to kill a dozen men. A very recent writer,* who brought a South American rattlesnake home with him, says that "rats, of which this one ate many while in my possession, fell over when struck, shivered, and were dead in a second or two without a cry, as though shot; and this from two tiny pin-wounds, not easy to find even on dissection." An American experimentalist records the effects of the poison on even vegetables, which he inoculated with the point of a lancet. They were healthy and fresh when the point was inserted; next day they were withered and dead, and looked as though scathed by lightning. Fayrer transmitted the venom through the blood of a series of three animals with fatal results to all. Yet the *flesh* of any of them might have been safely eaten; the attendants and native servants always took away and ate the fowls poisoned in the course of Fayrer's experiments.

An Australian gentleman, some years ago, was the cause of a venomous snake committing suicide, by poisoning itself.† He had pinned a black snake to the ground by means of a forked stick, and unintentionally, in his haste, by the middle of the body. No sooner had he done this, than the snake got in a violent rage, and instantly buried its fangs in itself, making the spot wet, either with viscid slime or the deadly poison. It had hardly unburied its fangs when its coils round the stick suddenly relaxed, a perceptible quiver ran through its body, and, in much less time than it takes to write it, lay extended and motionless, as though gasping for breath. In less than three minutes from the time it bit itself it was perfectly dead. A post-mortem examination showed the blood colourless, as though the poison had destroyed the colouring matter. Waterton, however, who made a labarri snake bite itself, by forcing the poisonous fangs into its belly, says that it only appeared rather dull and heavy for a short time, and in half an hour was as brisk and vigorous as ever.

Harmless serpents have a great antipathy to the rattlesnake, and often attack it. The chain or ring snake is carefully protected from destruction for this reason in the Southern States of America. In California

the same snake will creep up stealthily to one till within a few feet, then make a sudden spring, and coil round it, crushing it to death. But its greatest enemy is the hog, either wild or domesticated. A writer in *The Field* testified to the same thing in regard to the cobra. He had seen pigs bitten over and over again in the snout and face, without the slightest ill-results, and generally coming off victorious. In the Western States of America it is said that an old sow with a litter to provide for, will hunt the rattlesnake and allow it to bite into the fat of its cheeks again and again; when the reptile is tired out, it will seize it by the head and rip it to pieces through its teeth. If a hog is lean and the fangs strike the circulation, it will, however, die from the wound. The mungoose, a bird known as the kingfisher of Australia, and secretary-bird of Africa, is well known, in some of the West Indian islands, almost always to come off victorious in its encounters with the rattlesnake, and it has even been proposed to breed it specially for its extirpation.

A correspondent of the *Standard** has practically settled the question of poisonous snakes *v.* mungoose. During the earlier part of this writer's service in India he had believed that this bird was proof against even the poison of the cobra, but a conversation with Sir Robert Walpole, at that time commanding the Oude division, convinced him that he was wrong. The General offered to supply him with as many cobras as he needed, if he would experiment with them, which he gladly undertook to do, and one of the bathing rooms in his bungalow at Lucknow was soon stocked. "Procuring some mungoses," he says, "and securing the services of two snake-charmers, I made the following experiments, which extended over three mornings, in the presence of several officers and of the Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals. A mungoose and a cobra—the power of the latter to inflict a deadly wound being first tested upon a chicken—were brought together in a confined space and made to confront each other. They mutually recoiled, and it was only when they were brought into actual contact that their blood seemed to be roused, and then they fought. It was like a fight between a heavy dragoon and a light infantry soldier. The cobra would come flop down upon where the mungoose was, the latter skipping nimbly away, and, in its turn, pouncing from behind upon the head of its adversary, and crushing it.

* Arthur Stradling, in *The Squire*, Nov. 1882.

† Communication to *The Lancaster Examiner* (Tasmania) quoted in *Nature*, May 13, 1880.

* January 22nd, 1883.

There were several rounds of this nature, the cobra showing signs of distress at the end of each, and eventually lying as if defunct. Three cobras were thus sacrificed, each of the three mongooses escaping through its superior agility. All of them bore marks of the cobra's teeth, their faces having blood on them; but in no case, I believe, did a cobra's poison fang enter any part of a mongoose's body. I now got a snake-charmer to force the poison fangs of a cobra into the fleshy part of the thigh of a mongoose. All the three mongooses who had come off victors in the encounters above described were thus dealt with. One, overpowered at once by the virulence of the poison, seemed suddenly to lose its natural activity and remained quiet. It died, in the usual way after snake-bite, in fifteen minutes. Another died within the hour, but the third lived three hours. It is therefore evident that the mongoose in contest with a poisonous snake escapes solely through its superior agility, and that it is no more poison-proof than any other animal." The same writer states that the idea, which has been prevalent, that the mongoose after having been bitten finds an antidote in some herb or other, is quite chimerical. He adds that these birds make affectionate pets, but have themselves a very strong liking for hen's eggs and young chickens, and it is therefore doubtful whether the ravages they perpetrate in the poultry yard would be compensated for by their reputed powers of scaring away poisonous snakes.

The rattlesnake sometimes, as the following example shows, takes a great deal of killing before it will give up the ghost. Mr. Stradling tells us, in the article before quoted, that wishing to preserve a specimen from South America intact (externally) he resorted to poison in the form of prussic acid, instead of the simpler processes of chopping off its head, or giving it a blow on the tail. So he gave it two drachms of Scheele's acid,* a quantity sufficient to kill at least a dozen men. The snake's head was held with a loop of string rove through the eye of an iron skewer, and its mouth forcibly opened as the liquid was dropped down its throat; the box in which it was confined was shut immediately, so that one might have expected the very fumes of the volatile acid to have choked it. Yet it produced no effect whatever! Four drachms more were then administered, which only served to make it somewhat drowsy and

* A preparation exactly double the strength of that used occasionally in medicine, the extreme dose of which latter is eight drops.

lethargic. "We began," continues the narrator, "to think we had the veritable old serpent himself to deal with." In desperation Stradling rushed out and purchased an ounce of chloroform, and clutching the reptile by the neck, poured the whole of it down his throat; as Hans Breitmann observes:

"Dot fetched him: he stoot all sshell-bount."

The vibrations of his rattle grew fainter and feebler, and in a few moments he had swelled the ranks of the majority. The six drachms of prussic acid (360 drops) first taken by the snake with seeming impunity, would have killed thirty or forty persons.

Yet, on the other hand, there is a story of a rattlesnake killed by a mouse! The poor mouse had been put in the cage of a female snake who had some of her young offspring about her. She, not being hungry, took no notice whatever of it. The mouse gradually became accustomed to its strange companions, and seems at last to have become so famished that it nibbled away at the head of one of the youngsters, which died in consequence. Probably the first and last case of a rattlesnake killed by a mouse!

Hitherto we have dealt with snakes and serpents which live for the most part of their existence on the surface of the earth. Some few years ago, however, scientific men were puzzled by the description sent from Southern Brazil of a gigantic earth-worm,* a veritable underground monster, hitherto unknown to naturalists. The stories told of this animal by the natives are undoubtedly for the most part incredible and fabulous. "Who could," says *Nature*, "repress a smile at hearing men speak of a worm some fifty yards in length, and five in breadth, covered with bones as with a coat of armour, uprooting mighty pine-trees as if they were blades of grass, diverting the courses of streams into fresh channels, and turning dry land into a bottomless morass? And yet, after carefully considering the different accounts given of the 'Minhocao,' one can hardly refuse to believe that some such animal does really exist, although not quite so large as the country folk would have us believe." The following are only a few of the statements made in regard to this new monster.

About eight years before the date of the communication (1878) a "Minhocao," nearly a metre (39 inches) in thickness, but not very long, and with a snout like a pig, was observed by a Brazilian in the neighbourhood

* *Vide* article under title of "A New Underground Monster" in *Nature*, Feb. 21st, 1878, founded on information sent to the *Zoologische Garten* by Herr Fritz Muller, of Itajahy, Southern Brazil.

of Lages. He did not dare to seize it alone, and while calling to his neighbours for assistance it vanished, leaving, however, palpable signs behind it in the shape of a trench as it disappeared under the earth. Similar trenches were also noted by other observers, some of them being large and deep enough to impede the progress of a traveller. Some years previously one Antonio José Branco, having been absent with his whole family eight days from his house, found, on his return, the road undermined, heaps of earth being thrown up, and large trenches made. These commenced at a brook and followed its windings; their breadth is said to have been three mètres (about 10 feet). "The path of the animal lay generally beneath the surface of the earth under the bed of the stream; several pine-trees had been rooted up by its passage. . . . Hundreds of people from Curitiba and other places had come to see the devastation caused by the Minhocao, and supposed the animal to be still living in the marshy pool, the waters of which appeared at certain times to be suddenly and strangely troubled. Indeed, on still nights, a rumbling sound like distant thunder and a slight movement of the earth was sensible in the neighbouring dwellings." In another district, one evening in 1849, "after a long course of rainy weather, a sound was heard in the house of a certain Joás de Deos, as if rain were again falling in a wood hard by, but on looking out the heavens were seen to be bright with stars. On the following morning it was discovered that a large piece of land on the farther side of a small hill had been entirely undermined and was traversed by deep trenches which led towards a bare open plateau covered with stone." Elsewhere a black woman going to draw water from a pool near her house, found the whole pool destroyed—had the snake drunk it up?—and saw a short distance off an animal, which she rather vaguely described as being "as big as a house," moving off along the ground. The people whom she summoned arrived too late; the monster had apparently plunged over a neighbouring cliff into deep water. In the same district a young man saw a huge pine suddenly overturned when there was no wind and no one to cut it. On hastening up to discover the cause, he found the surrounding earth in movement, "and an enormous worm-like black animal

in the middle of it, about twenty-five mètres long, and with two horns on its head." From all these stories it would appear that in the high districts where the Uruguay and Parana have their sources, there is some large animal which leaves its tracks and burrows in the earth. The writer of the article quoted suggests that it may be a relic of the gigantic armadillos which in past geological epochs were so abundant in Southern Brazil.

The reader will observe that the narration just given comes from America, and, at least in the northern parts of that great continent, snake stories are pretty commonly rather "tall" yarns. The backwoodsmen, however, generally have a vague faith in a reptile called by them the hoop snake, which, according to obscure authorities quoted by them, for they rarely pretend to have seen one themselves, resolves itself in a circle when about to attack, and, holding its tail in its mouth, trundles itself like a hoop at the intruder. It will roll down a hill fast as "a streak of greased lightning." They will tell you even how the bold hunter will put his deer-knife in advance of the hoop, and make the snake commit suicide. Their theory of the wheel is paralleled by that of many ancient fishermen concerning the salmon, which, they tell us, achieves its wonderful acrobatic leaps by catching its tail in its mouth and suddenly letting it go with a spring. Another once-popular story is to the effect that in times of danger the mother snake opens her mouth, and lets her youngsters run down into her stomach for shelter, this probably having been based on the occasional finding of small, half live snakes in the bellies of bigger examples. One of the latest American stories concerning snakes of which the writer is cognisant, is to the following effect. A farmer noticed a little snake in the grass, about a foot long, and before killing it turned it over with the muzzle of his gun. To his surprise the snake ran up the inside of the gun-barrel, no doubt thinking it a most secure hiding-place, and it could not be shaken out. As he was going home he saw and fired at a hawk overhead. The hawk was not hurt, but seeing the snake in the air pounced upon it, and caught it on the fly. The narrator adds naively, in support of the story, that the farmer is a brother of a magistrate, and a church-member!

A VISIT TO MELROSE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM-WITH-STRADSETT.

WHERE is Melrose? it may be asked. Is it Melrose Abbey with its rich historic associations? Not so romantic or venerable a spot, gentle reader. Yet has it a romance of its own, the romance of real life on its darker side, albeit lighted up by manifold ministries of mercy and glimpses of the Better Land. Though situated within seven miles of Charing Cross, it is beautiful with not a few natural attractions—a fair Eden, were it not for the sorrow and suffering which it is designed to alleviate. Probably many will at once recognise it under its more prosaic title, as the Hospital for Incurables at Putney. A visit to this charming suburb of the Metropolis afforded an opportunity of seeing a noble Institution, of which the inhabitants of Putney are justly proud, for it is one of the glories of our land. It was with anticipations of pain rather than of pleasure that we wended our way there. The very word "Incurable" seemed to call up visions of human affliction without a ray of earthly hope. While ordinary hospitals, abounding as they do in scenes of distress and suffering, are brightened in many cases by the prospect of recovery, here are brought together those whose maladies man's highest skill has failed to conquer, and whom, after the most careful inquiry, competent medical authority has pronounced hopeless. The sight of some two hundred fellow-creatures in various forms and shapes of illness, which nothing but death can cure, could not fail to be distressing to a sensitive heart. When, however, one looked round at the natural charms of richest foliage, choice flowers, and ever-widening views of hill and dale, with the waters of the winding river sparkling in the sunshine, and then surveyed the palatial mansion where everything is provided that Christian charity and medical experience can devise to alleviate their lot, a burst of deep thankfulness was the first predominating emotion.

But before describing the interior and its occupants, a word about its history may be of interest. It was in 1854 that Dr. Andrew Reed, a prince amongst modern philanthropists, asked this country, "Shall we have a Home for Incurables?" He answered the question by setting the movement on foot himself, and at his own cost. He had ascertained that some six thousand persons were annually

dismissed from the London hospitals as incurable. Adding as many who never entered these houses of healing, he concluded that at least twelve thousand hopeless sufferers were every year thrown upon the uncertain support of private benevolence. Many of the leading physicians and surgeons of London gave their names in support of the scheme, and a meeting was held at the Mansion House, on July 31, 1854, to incorporate "a Royal Hospital for Incurables." Dr. Reed drew up its constitution, whose chief features remain unchanged to the present day. The relief was to assume a twofold form, a house for the most needy and urgent cases, and a pension for the rest. The benefit of both kinds was to be for life, and the disposal of it in the hands of the subscribers. Dr. Reed's earliest helpers in this good work were chiefly a few personal friends. He acted himself as the honorary secretary. A room in the Poultry was engaged as an office. A prospectus was circulated and candidates were invited. The first election took place at the London Tavern in March of the same year. Six persons were admitted to the charity, although as yet no hospital had been built, and the funds in hand seemed to afford little security for the payment of the pensions.

Their first care was therefore to obtain a temporary home. A small but suitable house was taken in the village of Carshalton, where this little group of patients was comfortably lodged. Such was the humble cradle in which the Institution was nursed during its tender infancy. It was a vigorous child and grew so rapidly that a larger old-fashioned house in Putney had to be taken in 1857 for its reception. This too was quickly filled, and another added to it close by, fitly called the Branch. All this time the benevolent doctor was the life and soul of the Home, and paid frequent visits to it. But his large heart longed for its extension and permanence. He had set his mind on a site at Coulsdon, in Surrey, adjoining the Asylum for Fatherless Children. This was even purchased, and plans drawn out, which should include separate buildings, where aged couples might live together. But some of the Board disapproved of the scheme, and it was abandoned. Indeed his own lamented death in 1862 decided the matter, and it was perhaps well that it did so, for shortly afterwards

Melrose Hall, near Putney Heath, came into the market, with the superior advantages of its natural surroundings and vicinity to London. A plain, substantial mansion, with 25 acres of richly-wooded grounds, it was originally erected by a London merchant, and was then surrounded by a splendid park of 200 acres. It afterwards became the suburban residence of the Duke of Sutherland, and the scene of luxury and princely hospitality where eminent statesmen and men of letters were often entertained. The last tenant had been an Egyptian Pasha, for whom it had proved too quiet, and he with his retinue departed after a few weeks, leaving traces of their sojourn which were not removed without great expenditure of brushes, soap, &c. The north wing was at once added to the house by the Board, as soon as it was taken, and in 1867 the south wing. As the requirements of the charity grew, a third enlargement was made in 1881, for the accommodation of one hundred more patients, besides the erection of a new assembly-room, dining-room, and other additions, at a cost of about £28,000. This new wing was opened by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. On this a debt of £5,486 still remains.

Thus, step by step, this noble institution has risen from a modest rural cottage to a magnificent palace, furnished with everything which human skill and loving care could devise for the comfort and well-being of the inmates. Still the admirable idea cherished by the founder from the first has been closely adhered to throughout. Though called a hospital it continues to be a home. No children are there to make the long corridors ring with their merry laugh and gleeful sports. No parents regulate its affairs with the ties of human affection and the loving discipline which it renders so easy and natural. But family life no less truly binds the members of that large household together. Their community of sorrows is a strong uniting bond, and their centre of opinion as well as of authority is a judicious, large-hearted mother, who, while she accepts the homely title of matron, is at once recognised as a Christian lady of high culture; with the tenderness and skill of an experienced nurse she combines the firmness and discretion indispensable to the management of so large an establishment.

To her, then, the visitor applies for permission to see the Home, and at the appointed hour is sure of a gracious reception. Having passed through the noble hall, still retaining traces of ducal grandeur, he is ushered into the assembly-room. Here the

ladies who are sufficiently strong pass much of their time in each other's society; reclining on luxurious sofas or easy-chairs, they are some of them busily plying the needle in embroidery or other fancy work, while others are reading or writing. The oak floor, the rich panelling and moulding of the doors and ceiling, seem to link the present with the hospitalities of the past. Modern comforts are not wanting. The walls are papered in shades of green so soothing to the eye, a crimson carpet deadens sound, and fine lofty windows afford a cheerful look out over the lawn and grounds, while the eye can stretch over miles of varied undulating scenery beyond. Pictures adorn the walls, and a fine chamber-organ enables patients of musical gifts whose fingers are not crippled by rheumatism, to soothe their companions with strains of sacred melody. This instrument is also used at the religious services held here on Sundays, and for the daily family prayers. On these occasions the whole household, except the bed-ridden, assemble here. A Church of England service has been held here for nearly twenty years on Sunday afternoon by the Vicar of Putney, a good example followed by ministers of different denominations who in turn conduct another service in the evenings. These means of grace are much valued. The room is also used for concerts, lectures, and other pleasant gatherings. In the winter on Founder's Day is celebrated the birth of one whose memory is still green in the minds of many. At such times as many as one hundred and fifty inmates are often present. A special speaker is appointed for the evening, and a reply given by some descendant of Dr. Reed, still interested in the success of his great work. Music and general conversation follow, and then all separate with a cheerful good-night. What a succession of occupants has this room seen! How various the sad histories of those whose places now know them no more! How many the examples of afflictions meekly borne and turned to eternal gain!

But our meditations are soon interrupted by the matron, who waits to show us the other features of the Home. Closing the door with a cheery word and a genial smile, she leads the way to the various wards on the same floor and the stories above it. Wards they are conventionally called, but very different are they from the dismal long dormitories with their rows of beds so painfully monotonous in our ordinary hospitals. They are rather well-furnished bedrooms, occupied by perhaps half-a-dozen patients.

Each has her own snug nook with table, easy-chair, flowers, illuminated texts, wardrobe, bookshelves, various nick-nacks, souvenirs of friendship in which the female mind delights.

By a happy arrangement the more confirmed invalids are often placed in the same room with others less heavily afflicted. The latter are thus diverted from their own troubles by helping to minister to the wants of their more suffering sisters and cheering them with kind words and news of the outside world.

Not a few there are who can never leave their couch; but the aspect of cheerful trust and thankfulness for the many mitigations of their lot is very striking, and speaks volumes for the atmosphere of Christian love and genial sympathy which pervades the institution.

Several ingenious mechanical contrivances are in use for the relief of sufferers. In some of the rooms mirrors are so placed that those who can never rise or change their position can see the reflection of the grounds and carriage-drive, and even distinguish the forms of those who are passing to and fro. By this means some whose windows are on the side of the house looking towards the Crystal Palace have been able to watch the splendid fireworks from a distance of four or five miles. Chairs on wheels are always at hand for the conveyance of patients along the corridors, or for airings in the grounds. They are so constructed that those who have sufficient use of their hands can easily propel themselves; while the attendants are ready at the call of others to draw them wherever they wish to go. Another kind of movable frame on wheels is provided for epileptics and others who cannot walk without danger, on which they can lean and move about in perfect safety. Then the hydraulic lifts are a great boon. They are large enough to take five patients at once, even with their chairs, and are worked at fixed times each day. In this way many are enabled to dine and sup at a common table together, can meet their friends in the assembly-room, and attend services or lectures there, as well as go out for walks or drives. In fact, nothing seems wanting which can alleviate suffering or minister comfort.

The library, too, should be mentioned, an extremely snug room, where those who are able and studiously inclined can pass many a quiet hour in reading or writing. The number of books is considerable, and is often increased by gifts from friends of the Institution. A smoking-room is also provided for

the gentlemen, and although the use of the fragrant weed is strictly forbidden elsewhere, those who find it a solace may there smoke the pipe of peace to their heart's content.

This leads us to notice the singular disproportion of male inmates to female in the House. At the time of our visit it was, I believe, about 40 against some 150 women. The entire population is somewhat reduced in the summer by the absence of some on visits to their friends, though the relative numbers remain about the same. The same disparity holds good among the out-pensioners. Is it that the gentler sex are oftener the victims of incurable diseases, or that they are less able to battle against them without the help of others? So it certainly is here, and we may be thankful for it. A man has far fewer resources in himself wherewith to beguile the tedious hours of illness. If he be ever so bookish, he cannot be always reading; nor does he take kindly to needlework, drawing, painting, and the like. Women, again, are naturally more patient, while the masculine intellect, accustomed to an active life, is more apt to fret, like an imprisoned bird, behind the bars of his cage. Still one rejoiced to hear that many of those stricken, disabled unfortunates bear their lot right bravely. For years, perhaps, prosperity was theirs, full occupation, vigorous health, family joys. An accident, failure in business, or the undue pressure of care changed the whole current of their lives, and their strength gave way never to return. So they were left stranded wrecks on the shores of time, helpless and hopeless, if such a noble charity as this had not come to their relief. A few active spirits with indomitable energy make employment for themselves. One, for instance, is an amateur carpenter. When quite young he fell from a tree and fractured his spine. From the waist downwards he has no sensation, and may be said to be half dead. It was not thought he would live to enter the hospital; yet his face now wears the appearance of perfect health. Unable to rise or walk, he uses his skilful fingers in making boats, bookshelves, fret-work, &c., such as a trained, able-bodied workman would not be ashamed to turn out.

Another man, almost blind, is diligently threading glass beads on wire, which he makes into miniature baskets, chairs, and tables. Those, however, are the exceptions, and most are restricted to mental occupations. One grey-headed man, with pale face and limbs strapped to his chair, is a zealous biblical student. He stimulates research and soothes his pains with

the aid of a roomy snuff-box. The blind Scotchman, whose broad, intellectual forehead is in strange contrast with his nerveless limbs, is the Poet Laureate. That quiet old gentleman, answering with words few and slow, is the champion of chess. A tall young man of courteous speech is the chief singer. The different schools of politics have their advocates in this little world. Polemics are said to be happily unknown there. The great essentials of religion are doubtless felt, by some at least, such a rest under their heavy crosses that they care not to argue about them.

One particularly painful case was pointed out. It is that of a man between fifty and sixty years of age, who has been twenty-five years an inhabitant of Putney. He is the victim of lock-jaw, and is kept alive by food introduced through an opening made between his teeth. His face wears the bright expression of one in full health, and his voice is firm and cheerful. The poor fellow has a sister on the other side of the house as grievously afflicted as himself. Some of the patients are blind, and a goodly number of embossed books are provided in the library for their use. One lady is also deaf and almost dumb. She is besides prostrate with paralysis. The touch is the only avenue left open to her mind, and when her hand is gently touched a thrill passes through her sensitive frame and lights up her impassive features, while the lips move rapidly in a half-audible response. She is wonderfully cheerful in the dark solitude of her spirit, and the secret of her peace may be traced to her well-used Bible in raised

characters. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited her in 1879, and were much affected by the sight of this noble soul in captivity.

Useful employment is the chief solace of some who have sufficient strength to follow it. One is the post-woman of the House, whose delight is to cheer her companions with welcome messages of sympathy and news from absent friends. Now that the Parcel Post has been introduced she will hardly find herself equal to the additional demands upon her limited powers. Another is the distributor of magazines supplied by thoughtful friends; while a third, basket in hand, goes from room to room with tracts. But space will not allow us to tell of all the rays of light and comfort which here brighten the lot of many a sufferer in this modern Bethesda. To not a few it is even a Bethel. Their solitary chamber and bed of pain become to such the land of Beulah, illumined with ever-nearing views of the Celestial City.

There is only one really dark reverse to the picture. It is the thought of the many destitute and afflicted ones outside, who for want of sufficient funds are at each election left to wait another year with that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Additional gifts from those who are blessed with health and ample means might make many of those sorrowing ones rejoice, either as out-pensioners in receipt of a small income to supply those comforts they so much need, or as inmates for the rest of their days of the happy Home at Melrose.

TWO YEARS IN PARIS.

BY R. HEATH, AUTHOR OF "EDGAR QUINET, HIS EARLY LIFE AND WRITINGS," ETC.

FOURTH PAPER.

THE dreadful Paris depicted in the older novelists has in a great measure passed away. To find its shreds, its rags, its latest bubbles, its stagnant froth, Zola has to take his readers into the most private haunts of vice; for the life of the city common to all no longer affords material for Dantesque drawing. If you love the glare of lights and find music in the clatter of glasses; if it amuses you to watch human ephemerae fluttering round the sin which will scorch their wings and bring them to the ground, you may find enough in the boulevards to gratify your taste and to give you the notion that Paris is nothing but a huge Vanity Fair. But if

you are for peace, for meditation, for picturesque effects you will prefer an evening stroll along the quays and over the bridges. On some of the latter you might fancy yourself in a quiet country-town rather than in the metropolis of the world, so completely have all the disturbing elements been attracted by the theatres and the cafés. From any of the bridges you see interesting effects of light and shade, often rendered specially striking by the reflections of the red light at the prow of the steamers. There is always something fine in a series of lights along any river, but in Paris the scene is enhanced by the harmony of the buildings, and by the

memories which attach to them. There is nothing more interesting in London than Westminster Abbey, but if it stood on an island in the midst of the Thames, it would throw an air of romance over the whole metropolis. It is this incomparable position which gives Notre-Dame such a character, and makes it so important an element in the picturesque-

ness of Paris. These islands, affording such uses, and in so small a space, so many quays and bridges, are one of the chief reasons why Paris is so interesting. In the daytime old Paris seems to have vanished for ever, except perhaps in some parts of the Ile de St. Louis, but when night comes, especially when the sky is stormy and moonlit,



Paris by Moonlight.

there is a weird-like dreaminess about Notre-Dame and the quays, and it does not require much imagination to recall the city of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and of the Reign of Terror.

From Meudon, famous for its curé, the creator of Pantegrue, to Charenton, still more famous as the French synonym for Bedlam, the Seine is an endless source of

pleasure to the Parisian. Elsewhere people run away at every opportunity into the country or the seaside; the Parisian has no such desire, nothing can equal the pleasure he finds in his own familiar but charming Paris. For three sous he can make a voyage from Auteuil to Bercy, and see pictures inexhaustible in variety of subjects, and in the charm of their composition and colouring.

The steamers, light and elegant compared to our citizen type of boats, contain both on deck and in the saloon-cabin a perpetually changing series of groups of individuals full of character and interest. Go early in the morning before the gay world have thought of rising and you will see a company of people who, though they mean business, have each an eye open to the least bit of pleasure they can gain by the way. One smokes and dreams; a second, prodigiously fat, drops into his seat with an audible puff; there is an ouvrier deep in the *Intransigent*, while the clerk opposite jokes with a friend or reads a feuilleton; and here too is his like from London or Manchester armed with a Cook's ticket and a guide-book; there is a grisette in her thin waterproof, her brilliant eyes and her sallow complexion telling what a horrible Moloch is modern civilisation. One sees constantly in Paris the face you meet so often in the early Italian pictures; finely cut features with a small mouth and narrow jaws. It is not only the result of living in the centre of civilisation, but of over-work and its reaction, dissipation. This overwork is a thing that might easily be avoided, and we are glad to believe that something is being gained in this way, but not much. "Fermé sur les Dimanches et les Jours de Fêtes" is often to be seen on the shutters of the shops in Paris, but we wish we could think that it meant the conversion of the entire population to a belief in the necessity of ceasing for one day out of seven from money-getting.

Whatever some may say of the dreariness and stupidity of a London Sunday, it has, however, the merit of protecting the feeble against the strong, the toiling serf against the greed of commercialism. If any one would behold a Parisian Sunday in its most popular aspect—for we do not discuss the religious side of the question—the place to go to is outside the gates of the Jardin des Plantes, and on to the Pont d'Austerlitz. I cannot recall seeing any one drunk or any kind of misbehaviour on these occasions, though thousands of all classes are there. Not that they do not eat and drink, for the Parisian must always buy something for his children when he takes them out on Sunday afternoon.

The Avenue Victoria on Sundays and fête-days affords a good idea of the part the Paris omnibus system plays in the life of the city. When it is a wet afternoon that system must appear to a Londoner simply perfection. Broad shoulders and strong elbows obtain no advantage. Whatever loss

there may be in the way of politeness, all is so perfectly fair that a soldier would not be expected to yield his place to the most fragile of demoiselles. Whoever wishes to enter an omnibus must go into an office close by one of the stations and obtain a number, which number entitles its holder to a place in due order, and all he has to do when the omnibus arrives is to wait among the group at the door until his number is called. The system, however, it must be confessed, rather breaks down on fête days, when it is customary at very crowded stations to issue half-a-dozen tickets or more of the same number, the holders of which are all let in one after the other. It is hard to tell why this is done, except it be to keep up people's patience by the illusion that their turn is six times as near as it really is. Correspondence tickets are issued, so that you can travel from one end of Paris to the other for 3d. If you do not want to use more than one omnibus, and ride on the imperial, a most agreeable way of seeing the city, the fare is only 1½d. The Paris omnibuses being all in the hands of one company, which, of course, is well looked after by the authorities, the city is so mapped out that a person with but a little knowledge of the city has only to buy one of the twopenny guides sold at the omnibus-stations, and in a very short while he can acquaint himself with the forty-nine routes, and with the various signs by which he can recognise during day or night the omnibuses which ply along them. The results appear to be as beneficial to the company as to the public.

In 1881 the Paris Omnibus Company netted a gain of 2,804,376 francs on returns amounting to 36,106,250 francs. They possessed in that year 13,292 horses and 1,845 omnibuses and tramcars, which during the year travelled between thirteen and fourteen millions of miles, the number of persons conveyed amounting to 180,396,104, of whom 28,882,567 made use of the correspondence tickets.

What a business the omnibuses drive during the six weeks the Salon is open! Much more happily situated, and far more extensive than the Royal Academy, the Salon is at once the most ancient, the most international, and the most popularly managed Art Exhibition in the world. Its first exhibition took place in 1667. Up to the Revolution it rarely contained as many as a hundred pictures. In 1870 there were more than five thousand works exhibited. Among foreigners, and even among the native artists,

the American, Dutch, and Scandinavian painters take the lead. Some of the finest works in every exhibition are from painters of these nationalities, several of whom, if classed by their school, ought to be denominated French. There does not appear the slightest jealousy, though they sometimes obtain the substantial reward of having their works bought by the State.

In the State, Art finds the noblest of all patrons. Not that the State can afford such prices as the individual capitalist, but the art it encourages is of a higher character. Not only the French Government, but the various municipal authorities in Paris, and of the chief cities of France, give commissions for the decoration of the halls in their public buildings, or purchase pictures for that purpose at the Salon. A favourite object of decoration is the hall in the Mairies, where the civil rites of matrimony are celebrated; accordingly many pictures are to be seen in every Salon bearing on this subject, generally more or less allegorical. But many other departments of human life, especially those connected with Education and Labour, are being continually illustrated for the authorities.

Space would fail me if I were to attempt to dwell on a number of other points in which the socialistic ideas which prevail so largely in Paris have enabled the authorities both in city and State to render life more and more easy for the mass of the people.

The effect this wonderful progress in well-being has on the Parisian is forgotten by those who seem to delight in producing alarmist reports of "Disturbances in Paris." We were there when the bread riot took place, in which Louise Michel was the principal figure. My children had gone that afternoon to the McAll meeting in the Rue de Rivoli. While at the meeting, a troop of horse soldiers was heard clattering down the street, and it was evident that some present were alarmed. But the children came back through the knots of people assembled about the Hôtel de Ville, without seeing anything to make them afraid; and Louise Michel was arrested a day or two after in front of our house, at the mouth of the Rue Mouffetard, without its creating the least difficulty.

One Sunday afternoon, the Atheists of the north of France invited various eminent representatives of religion in the city to a debate. We went, and found ourselves in a great and rather revolutionary-looking hall. A motley gathering had assembled, and the red cap

was occasionally to be seen. Ouvriers mingled with just such persons as one would find in our chapels and Sunday-schools. The presence, however, of these young ladies did not seem to alter the habits of the place, as several persons smoked and regaled themselves with beer. The Protestant pastors were heard with respect, and just enough interruption to show that what they said, told; the only man badly received was the advocate of Catholicism, and the audience would hardly hear him, though he persisted for a long time with much courage. The sense of the mass of the meeting was expressed by Jules Guesde, who said, "Gentlemen, you cannot settle these questions by debate; it is an affair of the stomach."

Material comfort, unfortunately, is becoming in Paris, as it is in all France, too much the great object of life, and where people feel thus they do not give themselves up very readily to revolution. The one thing that the Parisians have to complain of, and especially the poor, is house-rent. I went to a meeting on the subject in a hall of a miserable and doubtful character; but though I heard plenty of violent words I saw nothing alarming, and the people were quite lambs beside those who in London make up our middle-class political meetings.

Soon after the Louise Michel manifestations, the socialist students of Paris convened a meeting at the Salle Rivoli, in the Rue St-Antoine, to which they invited the workmen in order to confer with them on the best means of delivering the persons who were in detention on account of these manifestations. Arrived a little before the time, I found the hall absolutely empty; at the time the meeting was announced to commence two or three persons had dropped in. After waiting an hour or an hour and a half, during part of which time I walked about the Rue St-Antoine, filled with ouvriers having nothing to do but amuse themselves, about sixty or seventy persons had collected at the meeting, and two young men mounted the platform. One took the chair and the other opened the subject of discussion: "Should they make a propaganda in favour of an amnesty, or should they use revolutionary means?" When he had finished, a rather bourgeois-looking person made a speech calling for a programme. This was replied to by a pale, intelligent man, but not to the satisfaction of the previous orator, who again mounted the platform. Then came an unfortunate person, who had such a frightful cold he could scarcely speak; the concluding scene being

the appearance on the platform of a remarkably beautiful young lady, arrayed in a scarlet scarf thrown transversely across her bust, and a cap of liberty on her head, who recited a tirade against marriage.

Here was a meeting, on a subject calculated to arouse passionate feeling, supported by an extraordinary attraction, held in a great music-hall, adorned with vulgar magnificence, opening on the main thoroughfare of Paris, not far from the Place de la Bastille, on a Sunday afternoon, when the working men had a universal holiday, it being pay-Sunday, and yet only sixty or seventy persons could be induced to attend—the speakers

waiting for them quite an hour and a half, and among these sixty or seventy there was not one blouse; there was one man in a blue jacket and trousers, and another in white linen, and a third in an apron, but nearly all the audience were well dressed.

One week evening I went to this same hall to hear a lecture on the Religion of Democracy, by M. Reveillaud. The hall was quite full, the audience being largely composed of working people, and there was no more fear of disorder than there would have been at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

After such experiences one might naturally conclude that the Protestant evangelist had



The Paris Omnibuses.

a far better chance of conquering Paris than the revolutionist. It would be too much to say that neither of them have any at all, for if the people really thought that they were going to be deprived of their past gains and prevented from future progress, it is certain the revolutionist would soon have half Paris at his back. As to the Protestant evangelist, it is far more difficult to estimate his influence, or possible influence, in Paris.

Everybody who takes an interest in the *Euvre McAll* must remember the story of its origin. Entering a café in Belleville full of working men, Mr. McAll gave away some tracts. "They say," said one of the ouvriers, "we have no religion; but I can tell you if

some one would come and teach us the true religion we should be very glad to learn." It is fourteen years since this was said, and the ouvrier population of Paris has not belied its spokesman. The venerable M. Rosseuw St-Hilaire has borne this testimony to those who attend Mr. McAll's numerous meetings:—

"I watched them attentively, prepared to detect on their countenances the smile of derision or incredulity; but no, they were respectful, spell-bound, their looks as well as their ears engaged in receiving each word which entered their heart as seed into the earth, there to yield its fruit."

There were few things in Paris we were better acquainted with, and we can testify

that the behaviour of the audience at these meetings was always sympathetic and, I may add, docile. If anything happened to disturb the solemnity of these meetings it had a childish, amusing character, which I take to be essentially Parisian.

Miss Booth no doubt has had some rougher experiences, but nothing, as far as I am aware, has occurred in Paris equal to the violence the Salvation Army has had to encounter in English towns. I believe Miss Booth is held in honour by Parisians. A young citizen of high character and great intelligence, moving in a sphere altogether alien to nineteenth-century Christianity, told me how much he was touched by the courage of the English girls who sold *En Avant* on the Boulevards. But I am far from pretending that these movements represent religious feeling in Paris. The wonder is that, being so English, they have received such a welcome, a proof that there is no real antagonism in the hearts of the two peoples, and that what the Belleville ouvrier said is the fact. And my impression is that his words were more true than he supposed. Hundreds of the Parisians who seem most opposed to religion, and especially to that of their predecessors, have a religion of their own. For an account of that religion, its genesis and development, I must refer the reader to an article I wrote while in Paris, and which was published in the *British Quarterly Review* for July, 1883.

Its results I have faintly indicated in these experiences, which, of course, do not tally with those which are current in good society, or come to us through Catholic sources. We should not accept a French account of Germany, knowing the vanquished are hardly likely to do justice to the conqueror. So Catholicism and its compeer, Imperialism, ought not to be regarded as credible witnesses with reference to the moral condition of Paris since the fall of the Empire. No one can understand a man or a people unless he sympathises with them; so no one can judge Paris fairly who is violently opposed to the faith and conduct of its people. No doubt the Parisians have given the adherents of these two causes plenty of reason for their animosity.

But it ought to be remembered that Paris has never yet gone so far in its opposition to Roman Catholicism as a man, rightly denominated "the conscience of France," urgently recommended. Whether this is a good or a bad sign is not a subject for discussion in these pages. Only those who wish to come to a right conclusion would do well to make themselves acquainted with the quarter of

which St. Sulpice is the centre, and to note particularly the image shops which cluster round the statues of Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, and Fléchier; and go on an Easter-day to St. Etienne du Mont, and behold the sale of charms almost over the very grave of Pascal, and in connection with the tomb of St. Geneviève. It would be still more helpful if they would study the history of French Catholicism during the present century, more especially that of Liberal Catholicism, giving attention to the attitude of Montalembert towards the Coup d'Etat, and that of de Broglie towards the Third Republic.

Those who are ready to believe that in the short space of fourteen years the Parisians have become ape-like in face and screech like baboons, may find in such researches as I have indicated that the decadence has deeper roots than the lamented changes produced by Sedan.

I confess that I was sometimes miserable in Paris, and saw things with the unsympathetic eye of the foreigner, but in my most jaundiced moments I never caught sight of the human apes and baboons to which a distinguished Catholic authority has lately compared the Parisians. What I saw was a certain style of face and form shared by the educated youth in all the great European centres of civilisation and by the youthful members of the wealthy classes in the United States—an extreme delicacy of form and feature with a slight touch of sadness. It recalled the type so beautifully rendered by the Florentine painters of the time of the Renaissance, and results, I believe, from the same cause—an ebbing tide of enthusiasm and a passion for culture. But what among us is chiefly to be met with in upper circles is in Paris frequent among the people.

London and Paris do not differ so much as we suppose, the universal culture and the decay of religious faith are bringing us all to one likeness. What we want, to save Europe, is a Christian Renaissance. In this expression all who have read so far will concur. Well, the auguries are favourable, everything portends its near approach, and we may offer at this juncture, with a certainty of a speedy answer, the prayer Edgar Quinet puts into the mouth of Prometheus.

"O long-expected God, the oracles are Thine;
Come as the swallow comes, in the sweet harvest time;
The corn is ripe.

The world prepares Thy cradle, why delay Thy birth?
Thy infant cries alone will fill the silent earth,
Of heave the type.

"A cry goes up for Thee, man tears his aching heart,
He thirsts for God, he strains in every part
To catch Thy view.

Wilt Thou the uprooted tree shall bloom once more
And yield the blessed fruit it erstwhile bore?
Then faith renew."



“IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT.”

A Story for Husbands and Wives.

I WAS getting very weary and turned longingly towards home, after one of my periodical visits round the outskirts of my parish. As my tired horse jogged on, my thoughts were more painful than joyous when I recalled the homes I had visited. With every desire to benefit my people, I felt there was an unexplainable something that was wrong.

I had two more parishioners to call upon; they were sisters, but so unlike that each visit I paid to them increased my wonder at the relationship. In fact, to be candid, woman was a mystery to me. I would not own to a disappointment in my own home; but now as I rode through the bare lanes, with the tall gaunt trees standing in the waning light of the bleak winter afternoon, it was not the chilly atmosphere that made me feel a winter cold within. The frost had got into my life as surely as my eyes beheld it on fence, hedge, and tree.

“What is it?” I asked, as I had often done of late. “Whose fault is it?”

I loved my wife, and no home was more joyous than ours when we began our life’s journey together ten years ago. But it was not the same now; why I could not tell. From my own hearth I travelled in thought to others, and kept on asking if it was so with them. That wintry day God answered my question in a manner that was as strange as it was beneficial. How little did I dream, when my horse stumbled and fell, that his doing so was to be the occasion of my learning a lesson which revolutionised my life!

I had intended to visit my favourite of the two sisters last, because I felt the gladness of her happy manner a stimulant to my own jaded self, and liked to carry the influence with me the rest of my journey. As the accident, however, occurred near her house I had no alternative but to lead my lamed

steed to the hospitable door. To my dismay I found Mrs. Graham from home; but before I could express regret, a hale, hearty, jovial old man gave my limping horse to the care of a servant.

Following the happy-looking old man, I was met indoors by a bright old lady. There was no resisting the sunshine which their very appearance seemed to spread around them.

“You must not think us strangers,” said the sweet-looking old lady, as she invited me to join them at dinner. “Our daughter, Mrs. Graham, has made us acquainted with you and all her friends by description.” Then I heard how Mrs. Graham had gone with her husband to minister to her mother-in-law in a sudden illness, which it was feared would prove fatal.

“I see from whom Mrs. Graham inherits her bright, cheerful face,” I remarked, as I looked upon this delightful couple, with the same pleasurable feelings as one looks on an interesting picture. “I often wonder how it is her sister, Mrs. Cecil, is so different.”

“Excuse me,” interrupted the old lady, with almost girlish animation, “but being a man you might go on wondering all your life, and die without finding out the truth. Your sex is not far-seeing where women are concerned, otherwise you would soon see that our children’s faces only reflect their lives, and that it is the husband who colours those.”

My face must have looked the surprise I felt, and though I joined in the hearty laugh of her husband, I failed to see anything laughable in his wife’s remark. Nor could I understand the significance of his caressing action as he gently patted her hand, and with a half-sigh, half-laugh, said—

“It’s all because we men do not think. No, no; we do not think.”

After dinner it was quite a refreshing

picture to watch these old figures in their exquisite courtesy, the old lady bringing her husband's pipe with an expression of simple pleasure in waiting upon him, while he placed her chair by his, arranging the cushion for her back and the footstool for her feet. As I noticed all this there came a sense of something wanting in myself.

"We only want Maggie and Robert to be quite a round party," said Mr. Mervyn, as he sat the very personification of content.

"Come, wife; you began preaching, and gave out hints of a sermon, and left Mr. Austin without the means of putting in the text, and finding out the application. Come, come, finish your work."

"May be, dear, Mr. Austin is not interested in it; but I should like to interest him, and enlist his efforts in what you and I know to be no small matter, and we feel alike," she went on, half speaking to me, yet addressing her husband (her whole manner so sweetly sure of his oneness with her), "that our dear Lord is on our side, and pities the sad mistakes so constantly made by His children."

I assured them that I was longing to solve the problem—how man in some way was accountable to woman for an error, wilful or otherwise, on his part towards her.

"Just so," said the old lady, with glistening eyes; "and yet no great mystery after all. A few words sum up the case. You need but to keep your eyes open, to see that the *want of demonstrative love and sympathy in little things* is the cause of endless troubles. Ah! I see you think the mountain has indeed brought forth the mouse; but unless you had watched, as I have watched, how lives are wrecked, you could not imagine what those simple but important words mean."

I was amused at the one expression used by the old man, who seemed to sum up the whole mountain, as his wife called it, in his oft-repeated "We do not think, that's all the mischief, we do not think."

"Mr. Austin, have you ever thoroughly studied women—say of your own congregation? You have the fault-finding ones; the loud, self-opinionated ones; the not-to-be-put-down ones, with their woman's rights and wrongs; and the timid, easy-going sort. But how many of the real, genuine, cheery, good-natured, heart-happy, hearty laughing ones are of the number? You never thought of it? Of course not, but I can tell you the reason why the latter are so few, and the others so numerous, is because the *start* in

life began wrong, and gets more so every year they spend together as man and wife. If you care to think upon this, I can better show my meaning by telling you of our early life and love, and how I came to find it all out."

"Tell him, my dear," said the old man, in his hearty, cheery manner. "Your position, Mr. Austin, favours you, to help many out of the pit we got into, and an old woman's story may have some interest for you."

I felt quite sure of this, and as the words fell from the lips of that happy-faced old lady they were as arrows darting into my heart.

"When we were married," she began, "I was ignorant of the duties and responsibilities a wife is suddenly thrust into. What a change it is from being a merry young girl surrounded with brothers and sisters, ever leaning upon her mother for counsel and resting securely in a father's sheltering care! What few cares the girl has! The home life is generally too busy a one to find room for monotony. At least that was my girlish experience; and from it I stepped into my new house, full only of bright anticipations, with scarcely a thought of anything beyond glowing desires to be the very best wife any man ever had, or should have. One thing was certain. I had an infinite capital of love. That never, never was to fail. It might increase, though there seemed no room for more, but diminish it never could. You know it is every word of it true, dear," she broke off, as her husband stroked her white hair, such a gentle caressing motion the most inveterate hater of "spooneyism" could have felt no repugnance in witnessing.

"Thank God! yes, yes," answered the old man. "But we do not think, dear. It seems but the other day when we began our life together. Yes, go on, tell Mr. Austin what drafts I drew upon the capital. He has not got into clear sailing yet; go on and clear away the fog."

"Well, then, I began my married life as I told you. One thing, my dear, good, wise mother insisted upon, and which I lived to bless her for, and that was, to take no help, but to work with my own pair of hands. This seemed the first shadow in the sunshine, for like most people I was not ambitious of being behind my acquaintances in the social scale; but I gave in to her instructions. I thought I could not have too much time to prepare nice dishes to surprise my husband with my skill, and to say all we had to each other. But three months had not passed before I had gone over to my mother's way of thinking; for I could not all at once leave the

nineteen years of unbroken companionship of our home circle, and not miss the home ways and faces. But after the first novelty of being my own mistress had passed, though it was as dear and as cosy as ever it was, yet it seemed so *silent*; and I found, even with all my work, more leisure than I knew how to employ, and would sit impatiently waiting for my husband.

"I thought then that never did clock tick so loud as ours. We had never noticed the one at home. Time crawled now: it did not fly as it used to do when we were all together. I did not dare to own there was any dissatisfaction or disappointment lurking in my heart. Sometimes the discontent was with myself, especially after any calling of my husband to account for a falling off in his care of me. Then he would make me more than ashamed of my doubts, and be his own loving self in chasing them away. Ah, Mr. Austin!"—as she broke off pathetic love was shining from her eyes—"the devotion of the lover is so sweet, so *dangerous* in its wondrous surprise, to the girl who is suddenly raised from being a mere ordinary mortal, to a pinnacle of dizzy elevation by the worship she receives, that she becomes blind to everything except that he has found out perfections she is only all too willing to believe are real. This dazzling happiness loses its brightness more or less slowly, and too often sets in gloom; and all because there has been a false start in life. When my dear husband," she continued, looking half sadly into his sympathetic face, "dropped one by one the endearing ways of the lover, and took up all the civil rights of husband, then my hard fight began. Efforts, laughable to me as an old wife, but which as a young untried one, were as very thorns in the flesh, grew irksome from want of appreciation. There was no word of encouraging sympathy; and when, womanlike, I showed the disappointment, not always in the wisest manner, he would chide me for being so foolish as to suppose he could not feel gratification unless he expressed it. Then I would see for a little through his spectacles, and think my nature must be changing. Your sex never know what evil you are doing with your 'silent gratifications' or 'mental appreciations.' If you only expressed a little of it, you would reap a harvest of reward from your loving notice of the little things of life. And this, Mr. Austin, is just what I want every young husband to learn. It is this want of demonstrative love in minor things that makes the wife's tones sharp, brings the lines on

the brow, and the hard feeling to her heart.

"Time went on, and cares and duties multiplied. We had fewer moral battles, but the truce brought neither peace nor joy. I got irritable over things I would have laughed at formerly. But, dear, dear," she said merrily, "such things try the temper, and tax the patience, but never give the heart-ache. It is living day after day, month after month, with a sense of your husband being too busy, too much absorbed in his own interests to be observant of yours, unless recalled to the fact by yourself, as you try hopelessly to recreate the bright anticipations the lover had inspired.

"You will laugh at one of my wiles to make my husband come out of himself; but most women weave similar devices, until, wearied with repulse, they sink into the cold, apathetic, or sullen ways we have all known. I determined, as I sat one evening awaiting his return, to try what effect imitating his example might have; so I said to myself, if he is in one of his 'yes' and 'no' moods to-night, I will leave him to enjoy it, and go straight to bed. So when I heard his dear self unfastening the gate, I fled to welcome him with all the love in my heart showing itself in my eyes. Now you must not," said the old lady with a sweetness indescribable, "think I was too hard upon a weary man seeking the home-shelter after his battle with the world, in expecting more than I got. I do not, however, subscribe to the allotted path generally chalked out for men, and must affirm that his work is not a whit harder to him than that of the true woman is to her. So when my old husband, then young and buoyant, came in, and gave me the privilege of doing all the entertaining, I determined to come in for my rightful heritage.

"When he sat drinking his tea, stretching his limbs across the warm comforting hearth, evidently enjoying to the full his fireside, I made trial of gaining some interest from his day's doings. It was the veriest crumbs of information I could extort, either by direct question or the most insinuating suppositions. I then tried what effect giving my own and the children's doings (for we had two) might have. Most women know the exasperation of retailing these particulars and of having only a 'Yes!' or 'No!' in various keys for response. When all is done they have the mortification of feeling they had not been appearing to the best advantage, and had bored their listener into the bargain. So when my husband took up his book I said

carelessly, ‘As you seem quite comfortable, I am going to bed.’

“I saw his surprise, and wondered if he would miss me; but to bed with the children I went, and of course punished myself. He only thought I was tired, and not in the best of tempers; so that was all the interest the unwonted move had for him.

“There was one verse had a strange interest for me. It was as if my dear Lord understood me and such as me. ‘The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit.’ Who but our Father could know the meaning of those words, ‘grieved in spirit,’ and ‘a wife of youth.’ You must think that over, Mr. Austin; it means more than many have supposed.

“The next day that verse rang in my ears, and set me thinking. I was humbled and ashamed of the pettish action of the preceding night, and began to see clearly such ways were unworthy of a wife and mother. That afternoon I spent begging guidance from the pitiful loving Father who understood ‘a woman grieved in spirit.’ At night, after the children were in bed, and we sat as usual by the fireside, I—trembling from head to foot, like Esther when going into the presence of Ahasuerus—determined to stake our future happiness on an appeal, and stammered out, ‘John, will you put aside your book and give me all your attention?’”

“Excuse me, my dear wife,” said the old man, putting down his pipe, and suddenly assuming a gravity and dignity that impressed me strangely. With one hand on her shoulder, the other upraised, he turned impressively to me. “Mr. Austin, will you allow me to tell the rest of my wife’s story? I confess that it seemed childish to expect a man to turn himself inside out, and change his whole life, for what I failed to see was of any importance. I knew my home was my all on earth, my time given to procure the comforts of it, every hope and thought centred in it. I felt ill used when my wife took me to task in a manner that seemed to suggest I had no right to the title of a good loving husband. I was touched to the heart though to see the pain in her face, as I expressed all this. There was no mistaking the fact that she spoke from conviction, and I told her truly I would lay down my life to insure the happiness of herself and our little ones, and promised, as I had so often done before, to try every effort to secure it.

“‘I am coming out of the battle vanquished as ever,’ she said. ‘I cannot get to your vulnerable part. But if you would only

treat me as you do your dog I would be content.’

“This was going a little too far, and I could not help showing my displeasure, but before I could express it she rose to leave the room. At the door she paused, half wistfully, half reproachfully, and said, ‘You may think as badly of me as you will, but love that dog as much as ever you may’ (he was lying on the hearth, a splendid Newfoundland I had had before my marriage), ‘and never show your love by pattings on the head, and by a cheery “good fellow,” and then see how much wagging of the tail you will get. He would cease in time to notice you any more than another member of the house; and wives may also grow hard and indifferent for want of the little loving demonstration that would save them.’

“Sir,” he continued with impassioned fervour, “I never felt more angry with a fellow-creature in all my life than I did at that moment with my wife. All I had ever read, seen, or heard of the follies and weaknesses of woman played riot through my brain, and in proportion as I thought of myself and brother men, she and her sex grew heartlessly small.

“It was Rover putting his nose into my hand brought me down from my pitying exaltation of self. ‘You would never turn from me if you got less notice—we understand each other, and that’s enough, isn’t it, old fellow?’ but even as I said it my sense of security suddenly seemed very frail.

“I thought, Mr. Austin, that night as I never had done before, and to make sure I determined to test what my wife had said. From that night I systematically set myself to overcome habit; first with my dog, and if that proved what was predicted, I determined to make it the business of my life to begin home life afresh.

“I repressed every accustomed show of affection or notice of Rover, and what it cost me I never can tell, when I noticed his grieved surprise shining through his beseeching eyes as his barks and bounds brought no response. Not one word did I breathe to the wife; I determined to make my observations free from all comment. For years he had been my daily companion, and I would have given much if he would have stayed now at home instead of going as usual with me to and from business. I felt there was something positively cruel in my conduct to the faithful creature; instead of bounding before me, with his joyous bark, and then sobering into a close pressure at

my side, he began to lag behind. It went to my very heart to see his cowed manner as he stole to his accustomed place in my office. I often wondered which of us suffered most. He next took to lying nearer my wife, as we sat in our usual places, after the children were in bed. When she would leave off sewing to stroke his head I noticed the response growing from a faint flap of the tail to a decided wag. It took time for all this, but in the end he shunned me; and one morning he was nowhere to be found as I started for business. That was the longest day of my life. I wanted to get home to think things out and to see what had become of the poor fellow. My wife told me afterwards how she hated herself for having spoken as she did, and thought my manner towards the faithful creature was a tacit reproach for her supposed jealousy of him, and so she tried to make up for my neglect by extra attention. I could understand that old Dutchman who could sell his dog, but could not sell the wag of his tail. My dog at the sound of my voice now held his tail tightly out of sight. I had gone far enough I concluded with the animal, and now meant to regain my old place in his affections; so, to the utter astonishment of my wife, in my old tone and manner of patting the knee, I called 'Here, Rover! dear old fellow.' Never tell me dogs are devoid of expressing feeling; as surely as my wife looked her surprise, so did he his, as he slowly rose and stared me in the face, without the slightest wag of the tail or any bounding to me as I expected. It was my turn at astonishment. No 'Come here, sir!' stern or coaxing, moved him. After surveying me, as if I were a curiosity, he turned to put his head into my wife's lap.

"Like the lightning's flash, my conduct to that dog; his to me; and that of my wife to both, opened a page in the history of my life that was full of horror. I went to my room and locked myself in, and on my knees I thought it all out. If we only thought, oh! sir, if we only thought, there would be no use for the Divorce Court. I thanked God who had given me a Christian wife, and that her love to Him had kept her heart pure. Many questions forced themselves upon me. I thought if it were possible to go into the history of the ruined lives in the world, how many would be traced to a lack of attentive sympathy towards the wife. There must be something, you cannot but admit, that turns the warm, girlish love into indifference and all other evils. That experiment with my dog seemed full of an awful

reality. How many men had acted similarly to their wives—loading them with caresses and every attention when wooing, and afterwards leaving the loving nature to fall back upon itself, or worse still, into the power of another, who takes up the influences laid aside by the husband!

"I feel in my inmost being if every man would but continue his first loving sympathy—which is the need of the woman's nature—his wife would be so much a part of himself, that the aspect of married life would soon present a very different phase from what it does at present.

"I will not make much further demands upon your patience," continued the old man; "but I, John Mervyn, went from my room another man. I must own there was a shamefacedness at commencing the part I had mapped out, but when I went back my dear wife gave me interest for the kiss which was to be the harbinger of better times. I do not think I disappointed her; eh, my dear?"

It seemed to me the pleasantest, yet strangest sight I ever beheld, when the old man put his hand under her chin and looked in her face with his "eh, my dear?" and she, with her eyes glistening with tears, said—

"You got so good, so thoughtful, that my verse had to be changed, and I had to give very earnest, very prayerful heed to the caution of St. John at the end of his first epistle. Since that time we have gone hand in hand, helping yet leaning upon each other; and knowing what it is to be so nearly shipwrecked, you cannot wonder, Mr. Austin, at my trying to prevent others from falling into the like peril."

I was already full of as many new thoughts as I could well bear, and felt thankful when my kind hostess showed me to my room. As I sat at the bright fire, I felt conscious that I was undergoing somewhat of the same experience so graphically described by the old man when under conviction. "Could it be true," I asked myself, "that my Mary missed anything on my part in our home life? Was I ministering to others and starving my other self?" I felt the hot blood mount into my cheeks as I travelled back in thought to our early life, and a woman grieved in spirit seemed to answer at almost every point in it.

I must have sat a long time, for the fire was quite out when I turned into bed. I was feverishly anxious to be home, afraid—yes, I may as well confess the truth—afraid to meet the physicians below who had showed me my disease. After what would have been a most enjoyable breakfast in such

company, I was glad to be once more behind my horse, which still limped. This at any other time would have been a matter of concern, for with five children and so many needy ones in my parish, I was not free to be indifferent about expense. But just now, I was miserably curious to see if the cause of the growing irritability of my wife, and lack of hearty interest in my plans generally, arose from myself, or from the burdens incidental to a wife and mother. She certainly had a laborious time. Night was taxed as well as day. But why did it strike me now for the first time?

Keenly now I noted how listlessly my wife welcomed me. She was kind and thoughtful as ever for my comfort, yet I felt the want of the bright elasticity, the jousousness of spirit, that shone so unmistakably in the old lady I had left. I felt terribly shy in making trial of new ways, but do it I must. So when dinner was over, instead of going as usual direct to my study, I took the child from her arms, and began in my new capacity. I felt her surprise without looking, and though my arms ached (I wondered how she ever managed so much of it), would not accept her repeated requests not to tire myself. The dear little woman, she always thought of me, and I took every attention for my comfort as a matter of course! I found myself again and again unconsciously echoing Mr. Mervyn—“We do not think. That is it. We do not think.”

I did not feel the least shame in carrying out my determination to emulate the pleasant picture of that courteous old man. If my Mary and I were spared to an old age, what more could I wish than to be such a true specimen of a Christian gentleman?

The dull monotony of daily life soon began to ripple and murmur with returning life. The hard lines on my wife’s brow gradually smoothed, and there was a surprised pleasure hovering on her lips. I greeted every sign with the most intense satisfaction. Never since my courting days had such delightful emotions been called forth; it was like the healthy excitement the hunter experiences in the chase.

We seemed to grow younger; I am sure my wife looked ten years so. And I could have laughed like a schoolboy when I saw the colour steal faintly but surely into her cheek, as for the first time I wheeled her chair before the fire.

“Be courteous” now had a different meaning to me. It occurred to me that St. Peter might have put into brackets, “except in

your own household,” judging from the frequent oblivion of the exhortation in the every-day details of many family circles.

I never could put into words the joy mingled with much remorse which I experienced when my wife at last broke through her wondering gladness, as with streaming eyes she asked me one day, “If I were always going to be so good and kind.”

I wanted to solve this human problem, even as my old friend did his canine one, so I asked with a feigned coldness, “Had I ever been other than kind?” (I could not conscientiously apply the other adjective) and was startled out of myself when she almost wildly implored me not to notice her foolish words, fearing lest she had broken the spell by noticing it.

“My darling,” she said with such piteous entreaty that I was on the verge of becoming the lover, with every aggravated symptom, but pulled up in time, and was a model of the undemonstrative husband—“oh, do not, for pity’s sake, be your old self” (that was a nice home-thrust, if you like). “I could not live and bear the old time again. You have been lately just what—what I used to sit and picture many a time before I was your wife. Yes, yes, dear, you were ever kind; but bear with me, just this once. I really thought I was a sober, settled matron, and am surprised to find myself with all the feelings of the girl awakened; but it is the result of your loving consideration of late, and that is so precious—so—so—I do not know what to say,” she broke off with a great sob; “but do not take it from me. The work, the care of the children, dearly as I love them, taxes my nerves and temper at times almost beyond endurance, but since you became so—so—” (she stammered fearfully in expressing herself) “so sympathetic, I wonder what has become of the burden. I feel” (another pause) “so gladsome that I could positively do double the amount of labour when you look so cheery, and just say as if you really felt it, ‘Mary, you must be tired.’ My heart positively leaps—do not laugh at me—it does, and I feel as if”—(a stammer here of the most prolonged description, and then it came forth with the force of a bomb-shell)—“as if I could never do battle enough whilst you are so mindful of me.”

Mr. Mervyn did not feel more astonished when his dog turned from him to his wife than I did when mine finished up with such an outburst of feeling. From that time we made it part of the business of our lives to show and express love and sympathy in the

"little things" of daily life, and not to be content with merely feeling them.

But not at my own hearth was this resurrection of happiness to stop. I hungered to impart it to others; and now, instead of thinking alone in my study about my people, my mind and desires were imparted to my wife, who astonished me with the practical interest she evinced.

When we discussed homes that we were longing to make as bright as our own, she, more quick in discerning than myself, proved an invaluable help. It was her penetration made me make trial of one I never could have attempted.

"It is of no use, Mary," I argued, "you certainly are at fault this time. Mrs. Thomas never could have been other than a scold. She makes my blood curdle when she eyes that poor frightened husband of hers, and, in that voice nobody ever could mistake, says 'Benjamin!' No wonder he goes lower into his boots when she gives him the full benefit of his name."

"William, you must," urged my wife. "For that poor man's sake you must do it. I believe you are afraid of her," she said, laughing. "And I do not wonder, but I mean you to try; and I shall put out what little strength I have to get them into unison with each other, and we must succeed."

I did not feel altogether pleased at my wife being so persistent, for if my congregation contained one woman who could answer to the many descriptions of that greatest plague in life, a scolding wife, the Mrs. Thomas under discussion would have taken the prize. This specimen of womankind must, I thought, have always lacked any loving gentleness; so after thinking it over I gave my decision. "Some cases are incurable, and I decline to undertake this one."

"Now," said my wife with a look I had learned of late meant business, "you are not to be looking out for the drones in the hive, you must really take hold of the more active sort, just because of the mischief they are doing to all around them, not only for the sake of the husband, but for that of every other husband. There, look on and jeer at woman, and say, often truly, the tongue of a woman is sharper than any sword, heedless of what may have made it sharp. And I have been thinking of a speech bitterly flung at that same Mr. Thomas, which makes me believe that he after all may have been at the bottom of the mischief. Once I heard her say to him, though I forget what brought up the remark, 'Gold wasn't good enough

for me to eat off when you married me, but after a bit an old platter was too good,' and that told me that he had proved careless and indifferent, and so turned all her sweetness into gall."

"If she ever had the sweetness in the same proportion as she has gall now she must have been a honeycomb; but to satisfy you I will find out what kind of a 'girl' she was."

How differently we look at any one we wish to benefit! From Ben being but one of the multitude he became one whom I found myself always thinking about; and so I determined to take the first opportunity of gaining his confidence.

I felt how very delicate the task was that I had undertaken; so to avoid the appearance of interference with his private affairs, I told him what I had learned that winter's night, and how in practising the lesson my home had become so blessed. He quickly caught up my meaning.

"I wish, sir, I do indeed with all my heart, I could do as you and the other gentlemen have done with your wives—make my home happy too—but she can't be made different. It's against her nature; I don't mean to talk behind her back, for never could any man have a more thrifty manager in everything than she is, but she can't help finding fault. What would you have me do?"

I really felt puzzled how to answer him. When I suggested how he might show little attentions that never failed to be acceptable, he worked himself up to the highest pitch of excitement and told me that nothing he ever did was right, and when he had tried to please her it ended in blunders, bringing more trouble on his offending head than before.

"Well, Ben, I am really sorry for you," I could not help saying. "Yours is the most difficult case I have met with. You must try to do your part, and some way I trust we shall bring your wife to think upon the matter."

I felt for the poor fellow as he stood with the tears in his eyes and said so hopelessly, "Mr. Austin, I have rougher ways than gentlefolks have, but I could love my wife as well as the best of them if she would but let me. A more loving girl no man ever had than she was when I married her. But all that is changed. 'Anything for a quiet life' is my motto now."

A light broke upon me as he spoke; here was another victim from want of thinking, and, to his astonishment, I told him I feared after all he was the culprit.

"Me! Mr. Austin," he cried, his astonish-

ment blending with a good deal of indignation. "Me! Surely, sir, you are not in earnest. Why, I never crossed her willingly in my life. I never was given to fight with talk, for I can't abide squabbling, and would sooner give up, even when I am right, than have words."

"I believe all you say; still I tell you I fear you are the innocent cause of a great deal of your home life being so stormy."

"Well, all I can say," he interrupted, "if you can make that gospel truth, Mr. Austin, I'll enlist for a soldier, and fight for my country. Hang it—excuse me, I can't help slips of the tongue—but if ever I began the fight of words at home it's time I went off somewhere else."

I could not restrain a laugh at his energetic play of hands, face and figure, as he testified his disbelief in my judgment. "I must get you to go back to the first year of your married life," I said, becoming grave again. "Now, think if you ever gave your wife cause to upbraid you with want of attention to her, or whether you were quite as careful about her comfort as you were when you were seeking her for a wife."

The face of the good farmer might have furnished an enterprising artist with a whole portfolio of expressions. There was something ludicrous in the amazed uplifting of his eyebrows, even his hair seemed to sympathise with the feeling; yet, as his thought travelled, there was a touching look of sorrowful perplexity that said he was not quite sure if he were not a transgressor, and that he was prepared for the agitated question, if it could be possible his wife had become so hard through his fault.

"I did not love her a bit the less when I took to running over to have a chat most nights with Tom Trayer at his farm; he was a bachelor, and said he was dull all by himself. Time did go quick. I was a bit late sometimes. Now I come to think of it, at first Rebecca kind of laughed and teased me about not wanting her company; but I never gave it a thought till this blessed minute. Well," now he queried again in a kind of stupid amazement, "you don't mean to say she would be likely to take on over that? eh, Mr. Austin? You don't think it, now do you?"

"I do indeed, Mr. Thomas, believe this may have been the beginning of the storm," I said, trying to overcome a great impulse to laugh at the extraordinary contortions of his face. "Mind, it was not the visits that did the mischief; it would be the seeming indifference you would evince towards your wife

when you returned or before you went, leaving her to find her own relaxation from household cares, whilst you pursued yours without reference to her."

"Maybe! maybe!" he said half dubiously, "but Rebecca had a sharpish tongue even then, and I am not to blame for that."

"You hope the responsibility after all may not rest on your broad shoulders; but in spite of the sharp tongue, can you as an honest man say your every-day life at first was not calculated to make it sharper. I want you to judge yourself impartially; your wife must do the same for herself. If you long for peace, Ben, judge yourself, leaving your wife out of the question."

"Well, then, Mr. Austin, fair and square, I can't help calling to mind how Rebecca stuck to it through thick and thin, that I made fuss enough at first, but that I had got that I didn't care for her. Say what I would I could not drive it out of her. She was on a wrong tack altogether. She was a sight more aggravating than the stupidest calf I ever had to tether yet, so had to do by her as by many of them, let her go her own way, and that didn't please her, though I meant no harm."

"I know your meaning exactly; and what you intended to bring peace really widened the breach. I have had my eyes opened, and understand better the nature of woman. Your letting her have her own way by saying nothing was to her only an additional proof of your indifference. Now, Mr. Thomas, you must just begin your courting days over again, and keep up—mind, I repeat it—keep up the loving attentions."

"My gracious! Mr. Austin," was the half-frightened exclamation. "You might as well tell me to pull nettles, and declare they wouldn't sting. It's no go, sir, believe me; it's gone too long now. If I made the bed, as you seem to think, I must grin and lie down on it. But I thank you all the same, and your good lady for her kindness in wanting to help. I shan't forget your sympathy."

The hearty hand-shake was a sure pledge of his words; and when I asked him if he would have my wife and me to spend an afternoon at his homestead, it was delightful to see the half-despairing, half-hopeful look he gave, as he assured me he guessed if things ever did come round my wife could manage it, as his had got "amazingly took up with her of late."

Having through that wife of mine got into the difficulty, I intended she should help me out of it, and I found her willing and able to follow up the attack.

Some days after the interview with farmer Thomas, I drove over with my wife to pay the proffered visit. As we rode through the well-kept pastures, the bleating sheep scampered off on our approach, and the lazy comfortable cows blinked at us as we passed. Next came plentiful stacks of corn and hay, and then we pulled up beside a pretty flower-garden, just blooming in all the beauty of a summer day. I looked at my wife to see if she felt any trepidation at the meeting before us, for truth to tell I would have turned back if any decent pretence had presented itself, but never had she looked more unconcerned or so bright and cheerful.

"Suppose Ben has blundered out our real object in paying this visit," I suggested. "We shall feel we have stepped outside the limits of the ministerial province."

"Never fear," she answered back cheerily, "we shall have a nice afternoon—admiring dairy, garden, farm, children, and all else; and if you and I cannot help poor Ben a bit after that we are a disgrace to humanity."

Ben hailed us with every manifestation of subdued delight, but his smiles were suddenly quenched at the admonishing "Benjamin!" which fell from the lips of his wife as she hurried to greet us, finding time, as she did so, to inquire in her usual snappish manner, "If he expected the horse to unharness himself."

I looked at my wife despairingly, but she at once made herself so pleasing to our hostess by the commendation she bestowed on the orderly kept surroundings, that I gladly slipped away after Ben, and enjoyed the freedom of the outside of the house, with a pity I had not felt before, for both its master and mistress. "Be not weary in well-doing," came as a help in what was not a pleasant duty. After a really enjoyable afternoon, and, taking it altogether, not very unpleasant meal, considering the skirmishes made upon good-natured Ben by his wife, who never let a chance slip of admonishing him on anything he said or did, I began to think that if we meant business we must begin it soon. So, after the children had been duly caressed, I ventured, with a mild laugh, to telegraph to my wife that she had better take the lead. But Mrs. Thomas auspiciously did the very thing herself, by remarking she was fairly puzzled to see how much younger my wife was looking, and how different in every way to what she had known her.

"You would never guess, Mrs. Thomas, if I asked you to try. But I will tell you the secret. It is carrying a happy heart about."

"You look surprised," I added, as our hostess stared from one to the other; "but what will you think or say, when I tell you, I only found out a little time ago that I was the unconscious cause of Mrs. Austin wearing such a woebegone look and manner? She was actually foolish enough to suppose I had grown indifferent with possession, and I am obliged to confess I acted as if I had, but since we came to an understanding and found out our mistake, we agreed to start afresh and help each other. Do you not think it has been a good thing for us?"

"Judging from your looks I should say it has. Some folks, though, are as blind as bats and as stupid as owls, and would never know what ailed them. I have slaved ever since I was married, and never so much as got 'Thank you' for it. It's no more to some folks than any other woman would have done." The gall was exceedingly bitter that oozed through every word. That Mrs. Thomas believed she was hardly dealt by, there could be no mistake, and the supposed cause of it plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, with an appealing look at me and then to my wife.

"You need not try to make Mrs. Austin suppose I am not speaking the truth, Benjamin. I don't care who hears what I have to say. I work early and late, and am not thought so much of as some wives who never do anything but drag their husbands to ruin."

"Mrs. Thomas," said my wife, with a gentle sweetness, "I was struck greatly the other day when I read what to me was a startling but significant warning. The writer was speaking of a professor, if I recollect rightly, at one of the universities, who wrote something to this effect: 'My wife never kept me waiting for a dinner since I married her; everything in my house has been ordered with punctuality, and the greatest painstaking care, not a penny spent unneeded, and yet with it all, I never could love her; she was a machine, not a loving woman.' A man needs and must have more than a cold round of well-ordered duties, and he resents being called upon to admire the performance when it is demanded in a tone of complaint. I guess," continued my wife, turning playfully to Mr. Thomas, "you on your part never thought a word of loving commendation was what your wife was hungering for, or you would never have withheld it."

"You may be very sure of that, Mrs. Austin," was the hearty response, though I noticed the stealthy look cast at his wife, as

if expecting to be called to order. “I have been thinking a bit lately, and if Rebecca can think a bit too, I am in hopes our crooked ways will come straight. I make a clean breast of it, and tell my wife before you and the minister, I am ready to take the blame for being a little too free and careless in our younger days, and if she will not be so hard upon a fellow, I will try and make up for shortcomings.”

“For my part,” began his wife, “I think this is nice conversation for visitors. What have I got to think about, I should like to know? I have always done my duty.”

Ben looked “cornered,” and his hopes began to ebb towards despondency. Just as things seemed going on so smoothly, his unlucky remarks had brought him into rough waters again.

My wife, with her clearer understanding of character, left Ben and me after this out of the discussion, and became judge, council, and jury all at once.

Mrs. Thomas sat for some time after her last remark with ruffled plumes, her whole bearing full of injured feeling. By degrees, as my wife argued and showed so unmistakably that nothing but kindly, generous sympathy was moving her on the other's behalf, the face relaxed, grew grave unto sadness, then melted in passionate emotion, at which stage I thought retreat the better wisdom.

Ben had been listening intently to the conversation; though after the attitude his wife assumed at his remark he had withdrawn into his usual listless, nervous self. That the argument was bearing for, not against, him his face told only too plainly. When she got to this stage in the argument the strange contortions, I had with such difficulty kept from laughing at before, now broke out with startling force and kept me for a time spell-bound. At last I left the room, and began walking to and fro in the garden without noticing that I was passing and re-passing a window. A suppressed cry, or rather howl, drew my attention to the fact, and on looking in I was transfixed at the look of fright upon the face of the girl, who during the afternoon Mrs. Thomas had informed us she had just hired for low wages, because of her exceeding simplicity or stupidity. I was just in time to see the back of her master as he left the kitchen, and to hear her say, with terror depicted in every line of her face, “He's cracked, as sure as my name's Ann Stubbs. Oh, lor! he'll be a-murdering of us in our beds. Why he was

the quietest, nicest gentleman I hever set lyes hon, couldn't say boo to a goose, and to see him a-laughing and a-snickering all over his face now! He must be took sudden like.”

The girl spoke in low tones, but I could hear every word distinctly; and so genuine was her fright that I was just going to reassure her, when the return of her master drew my attention to himself, and certainly if I had met Mr. Benjamin Thomas for the first time, I should have echoed the girl's verdict as to his condition. The contortions of face were marvellous, though in every one I read intense satisfaction. Action stood in the place of words, as with a stealthy look down the passage, then with a quick rubbing of the palms of his hands, accompanied by a pantomimic play of every feature, he strode quickly up and down the spotless boards. As he encountered the frightened stare of the round black eyes watching him so intently, he suddenly stopped and inquired sharply, “What she had got to stare at?”

“Aint it enough to make a body stare, to be grinned at like that? I didn't know you was cracked, or I wouldn't have come, you may rely.”

“What do you mean?” demanded Ben sternly. “Stop that noise and let me have a look at you,” he added as he turned her face towards the window.

“'Ands horf or I'll bite yer. You ain't a-coming any of your tricks over me, master or no master. What do you come a-larling and a-screwing of yourself in that cracked way for, if yer ain't silly?”

I could not restrain myself; and never in my life did I laugh more heartily. The perplexed face of the cause of it only aggravated the situation. Ben got clear of the kitchen, and wanted to know what it was all about, when my wife stood beside us with a wondering look. Not often had she seen me convulsed with such merriment.

“I am glad,” said Mrs. Thomas, “to hear a hearty laugh, for it's many a long day since this place heard that sound. And now, Ben, thank Mrs. Austin, for if ever I become what I always prided myself I was, ‘a good wife,’ you will have to thank her for it.”

“Then you must thank Mr. Austin, Rebecca, if I become a ‘good husband.’ I mean to try; and I tell you what, sir,” he said, turning earnestly to me, “I think it would be no bad thing if you would marry us over again, and let us start fresh; it all came wrong through not starting right.”

SUNDAY READINGS.

By ARCHIBALD SCOTT, D.D.

DECEMBER 6TH.

Read Psalm xiv. and Daniel iv

A RELIGIOUS Babylonian, while acknowledging the existence of the God of Israel, would deny His supremacy over his own national deities, and might ask in no spirit of blasphemy, "Who is Jehovah, that He should be able to deliver out of my hands?" But this man was not religious; he refused to acknowledge the authority of any deity whatever. Man was the highest type of being that he knew in the universe, the master of his own destiny, and subject to no higher authority than that which he and his fellows could establish and maintain. He walked in the great Babylon which *he* had built, calmed by no sense of responsibility, asserting his right to say and do just what pleased him best—the representative, not of speculative atheism, but of something far more pernicious and far more widely spread, viz., practical unbelief, which, as a deliberate perversion of a natural instinct, is always a sin. Religion is no invention of priests, but a great verity of instinct, as old and as universal as human nature, because essential to it. Nebuchadnezzar, because false to this instinct with the light he possessed, would have been equally false had he possessed the truth we know. His infidelity was due, not to his circumstances, not to his ignorance, but to his selfishness. He was to be condemned, not because, tried by the Hebrew standard he was superstitious, but because, tried by the standard of Babylon, he was impious and profane.

And his impiety was the more heinous that his prosperity was so great. As he surveyed the eminence to which he had been exalted, and regarded the nations prostrate at his feet, he might well have trembled before the occult powers which the fathers of his race adored as alone able to raise up and cast down at their pleasure. But, alas! the very continuance and excess of fortune fostered disregard of providence, so that, slighting its blessings, he failed, as many of us do, in its trial. It is strange that we should be unable to realise God's power until it is exerted against us, and that we should regard Him as weak or as non-existent so long as He is good. And seeing that the constancy of His kindness tends to make

us arrogant, we may be truly thankful that now and again He allows the angels of adversity and sorrow to meet us in the path of life, to remind us of the Supreme Hand that gives and can as easily take away.

For we do not get rid of God by simply denying His existence. The unbelief that hides God from our thoughts can never hide us from God or place us beyond the reach of His influence. No scepticism as to the unchanging laws of nature can prevent their operation, nor can the stoutest denial of God's sovereignty prevent it from crushing every one who comes into collision with it. In accordance with the whole teaching of Scripture, God is represented as punishing this impious man by depriving him, in one day, of his realm and his reason. For all noble faculties, and all grand opportunities are designed to foster and perfect within us the consciousness of God, and when we pervert or prove unworthy of them, they diminish or are recalled. In this case, intellect having given way under the pressure of pride, the man was driven forth a raving maniac, to teach the world that he who disregards the responsibilities of human nature must be prepared to renounce its dignity.

Now though this judgment was peculiar, and though madness in this form does not fall on every profane unbeliever, it nevertheless suggests the everlasting principle and universal law that degradation is the inevitable fruit of practical atheism. Individuals here and there may escape the consequences of unbelief, but the unbelieving community cannot. The races whose religious customs are so few that they can hardly be detected, whose religious beliefs are so weak that they can scarcely be expressed in words, are invariably the lowest in the scale of humanity. In civilised races again, the classes which form the most dangerous forces that law has to confront are those who have never owned, or who have renounced, the obligations of religion. On the other hand, the grandest civilisation which the world at any time or any place can boast can be traced to the strength and purity of the religious sentiment, and may instruct us that man is noblest when rendering purest service to the Supreme, and most degraded when that service is denied or withheld.

As we love life therefore, let us beware of anything that would tempt us to lose touch of that power which alone can ennoble our nature, and let us dread above all things the curse which drives men made in God's image to herd like the beasts, as if there were no better life under the sun than to scramble and fight for the offal of the world. Let us break the spell of this madness by teaching men to lift up their eyes to heaven. When we recognise Him in whom we live and move we shall see how irrational our past life has been. Once we discover that God is greater than our reason, and sublimely worthy of our faith, our reason will return to us, and we will become qualified for its other enjoyments. Only thus do we come to ourselves. Our best powers will never be unloosed till we yield to the divine voice calling us to behold the glory of the only-begotten Son. When He confronts us as the image of the invisible God, He will convince and rebuke us of madness, and yet while teaching us how unworthy even of ourselves we have lived, He will also assure us how practicable is the ideal of life which He came to make ours by His death. Surrendering ourselves to Him in simple trust, we will become transfigured like Him; gazing, as in a glass, upon His glory we shall be changed into the same image, even from glory to glory.

DECEMBER 13TH.

Read Ecclesiastes ii. and Matthew xi. 25—30.

Though our Lord speaks to those who labour and are heavy laden, He does not promise them release from their labour or exemption from their load. To millions who are chafed by the harness and fretted by the struggle of toil, there are times when this would be considered life's highest boon. And God has mercifully met their necessity. He has commanded the holy night to distil upon them its nepenthe of sleep; He has appointed the weekly truce of the Sabbath in the battle of life; and He has filled the sanctuaries of nature with fragrance and music that His tired children may learn that His service here is not all labour. Valuable, however, as are these gifts of God, they are only in their season enjoyable, and would if prolonged become intolerable. It is toil to the soul to be listless, and so wearied by inaction we turn to labour for rest; therefore we may be sure that He who knew our nature, has offered a much higher blessing; not release from toils and burdens of nature,

but a rest in the soul and for it, which will make all labours easy, and all burdens light.

For after all it is the desire of the soul which is hardest to satisfy. The wants of the body are easily met by the world around us, but if the soul be not content, no possible world can appease it. Restlessness is a plague of spirit which the fairest paradise will not cure. On the other hand, if the soul be at peace, it is beyond the power of circumstances to disturb it; yea, seeing that the soul makes its own world, it will compel even the most adverse things to minister to its repose. Thus Christ could speak of His peace as unbroken under pressure of direst affliction; and thus have men learned of Him to assert their soul's serenity amid the wildest storms of fortune. In Him they have found the rest which is the opposite, not of effort, but of passion, the content which reigns in a heart which neither envy nor regret can trouble, because brought back into union and sympathy with the purest and best of all wills possible, it has the peace which passeth understanding, even the peace of God.

And that is why Christ calls upon all who have wearied themselves in vain endeavours to discover a state of rest, not to abandon the struggle but rather to make a new and earnest effort, and come to Him. In fellowship with God, whose nature is repose so perfect that were the universe to rise against Him He could not be moved, they will find their rest; but this they can only realise through the mediation of Christ. Unto Him therefore they must come, with their labour and load, and be ready to take upon themselves the additional burden—His yoke. Withdrawing their life from God's control, they have become the slaves of powers which they detest; but bringing their life under God's control, they find the highest freedom which the creature can desire. For what is freedom but the service of love, the homage which we joyfully render to the authority which we revere? He who toils for his country not for hire, but for patriotism, becomes a hero in his service. And when we serve Christ as children who delight to anticipate a father's wishes, our obedience ceases to be a burden and becomes our very life. "It is a yoke," says Augustine, "which is to the soul as plumage to the bird," a weight which enables it to soar, and which gradually proves the highest lightener of life.

Now this yoke is Christ's, first because He bears it Himself. He will lay it on no one, but He hopes that all who behold Him

bearing it will of themselves take it up. And that is why He tells us to "learn of Him," something which He alone can teach us. There are many precious truths which He confirmed which we could have learned from others. Thus, the wise of every nation under heaven could teach us, that it must be well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked; that there is something nobler than happiness and grander than profit; that hardest duty worthily performed is better than pleasure selfishly enjoyed; that it is folly to labour with such pains to gather around us treasures which moths corrupt and thieves can rob, and true wisdom to store up within us treasures of faith and love. But from Himself alone could we learn that to meekness and lowliness of heart, the spirit that for love's sake suffers itself to be despised and rejected, is granted the rest of God. The yoke of Christ was the will of His Father in heaven, and the will of His Father, was the redemption of the world. The burden which lay upon the Father's heart our Lord took up, and because it was a burden of love, it became a weight of glory. Even so does He promise us freedom, relieving us of that crushing weight of self which is the cause of all our restlessness. Rest must ever be a stranger to a life that is centred in self and is concerned for its own well-being. It enters the soul just in proportion to its expenditure upon objects nobler and higher than self. It is the portion of those who seek not their own good but Christ's glory, and who desire to be ruled by the Spirit that made Him for our sakes accept the cross. Let all therefore who have laboriously and vainly been seeking rest, whether by the pursuit of happiness or discipline of self-culture, learn of Him who found God's rest by taking on Him all the weight of our sorrow and sin, to take from out our lives this service of self. When we cleave unto that Son of God who for our sakes became son of man, when we seek fellowship in His sufferings and desire to be made conformable to His death, we shall have rest, not simply promised and far away beyond the grave, but in real experience here and now. We that believe do enter into rest, for the heart that is steadily set upon doing Christ's will must be kept by that peace of God which the world cannot give, and never can take away.

DECEMBER 20TH.

Read Psalm lxxiii. and Matthew xix. 16-30.

How easily might any other than Christ

have treated with ridicule the renunciation upon which this request, "Lord, what shall we have?" was founded. One of them had given up, for His sake, a place in the customs, and others had abandoned a poor trade with very precarious profits. They could hardly be worse off now than they were before they were called, and in any case the "all" which they had forsaken could not compare with the earthly all which at this period they hoped to obtain in His service. But He, who knew what was in man, met the request with clemency and wisdom, for, though the heart naturally exaggerates its sacrifice, in this case the sacrifice was real. It is just as difficult for the poor fisher to leave his boats and nets and humble cottage, as for the rich man to abandon his wealth and luxury. In any case because it was their "all" which they had forsaken, they ranked in Christ's esteem with the greatest heroes and martyrs. Weighed in the balance of His kingdom, the widow's mite is as valuable as the offering of Barnabas, for the offering is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not.

And so, admitting the validity of their expectation, He proceeds to assure them of a large and royal recompense, and yet in such a way as to correct their misunderstanding and purify their motives. Because they had followed and helped Him at such cost in the renovation of this perishing world, they would when its regeneration was complete, be found glorified with Himself, sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. His promise can only be apprehended in its grandeur when we remember on what His own dominion is founded, and wherein His glory consists. His kingdom is not like any worldly kingdom men are acquainted with. It is the reign of the purest and truest and best in the hearts that can appreciate and love Him. His supremacy rests upon the work which He has undertaken and the sacrifices which He has made for us. Even thus is it with all His followers. Their strength consists in love, and by sacrifice is their love made regal. In the weakness of love's surrender we have God's strength made perfect. Just in proportion to the work which we undertake, and the sacrifices we make for our fellow-men, will be our spiritual influence over them. Thus not only is Christ ruling the world now, but those men who learned so to bring their lives in loving surrender to the truth which they received from Him, are

judging the whole Church with Him. They did not comprehend it then; but soon they came to realise that the kingdom of heaven was not a material state awaiting them, but a life to be received even now within them. When they learned to measure success in life by loss instead of gain, not by goods enjoyed but parted with for love's sake, they began to reign with Him.

And so rewards in Christ's service are not arbitrary, but are determined by, and correspond to, the state of a disciple's mind and heart. According to the degree of self-surrender will be the degree of power and dignity. In a kingdom where the prize is service, and the competition is not for the highest but for the lowest place, pre-eminence must depend upon humility, so that the loftiest sphere will be occupied by the lowliest spirit.

And seeing the fundamental test of entrance to that kingdom is complete surrender of self, reward in it cometh not of *merit*, but is in the order of grace, the natural result of receiving and permitting the Holy Spirit to rule and mould our lives. This should help us to understand and apply the magnificent promise with which our reading concludes. Many in every community can testify that Christ has fulfilled that promise to the very letter. For one friend abandoned for His sake He has given them many; for homes parted with in His cause He has opened entrance into other homes and hearts, and if because of the gospel they gave up one cherished way of serving God, they have found the sacrifice a stepping-stone to larger service. But while this is true, it is not God's method to reward the sacrifice of anything for Him by granting the same in larger quantity. In most cases this would prove far too poor a recompense, and might seem as if God despised the gift. No; the reward is increase of life and love, which enables one to make the sacrifice. When one dearly beloved is sorrowfully yet lovingly resigned to Him, no other gift of affection may fill the place made vacant, but the great gift of God and the sense of His love can fill it. We will have a hundredfold greater cause for thanksgiving, in giving up anything for Christ, than we could have in retaining it for ourselves. For every earthly good surrendered for Him, Christ gives at once a real possession in Himself, and an everlasting fellowship with all who are in Him, that makes all things ours. And so Christian discipleship is not sacrifice after all. There is no loss in it, but infinite in-

crease and everlasting gain. It is the exchange of the corn of wheat for the wealth of harvest, the emptying of the heart of what can never satisfy that Christ may fill it with God's life and love. And seeing that God is His own best reward, to ask recompense for serving Him is as if the eye should be rewarded for resting on scenes of beauty, or the ear for being ravished with melody. Serving God as we know Him in Christ is love enjoying its object. So let us ever ask not, Lord, what shall we have? but, Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?

DECEMBER 27TH.

Read Psalm xvi. and John xiv. 1-6.

Let us never forget or undervalue the authority with which these words were spoken. Philosophers and men of science alike can only speak with hesitation as to the meaning of the life we lead, because as to whence we have come into the present world, and whither we are going from it, they have to confess the most profound ignorance. But Christ is perfectly familiar with the subjects about whose existence they could only speculate. He knew the secret of God, and so death was no secret to Him. Most naturally therefore does He reveal the mystery of the life beyond, and set His seal upon the longings and presentiments which are implanted in every human being, telling us to trust the soul's expectations, for He who suggested would verily fulfil them.

Then how explicit is His revelation, clear and yet profound as the azure depths above us, rich with consolation that can never be exhausted. Our Lord spake very seldom of heaven, just because His disciples were unable to receive what He had to declare. Even yet, the hearts of many of us are still so gross that we can conceive of no other celestial glories than those which St. John in the immaturity of his experience, and long before he penned these blessed words of his master, sought to catch and convey to us in his Apocalypse. The effect of this is a sense of dissatisfaction and even unbelief in regard to this cardinal article of our creed. For the heart cannot find rest in mere splendours; its heaven consists neither in golden streets nor jewelled walls, but in the permanence of its affections; and if instead of trusting to our own imaginations we would only attend to the revelation of Christ we would find all we need. His heaven is glorious because it is simple,

sublime because it is homely. The very words in which He discloses it make the heart burn within us. "In my Father's house are many mansions." What other heaven can the soul desire beside that?

For taking these words at their scantiest significance, do they not assure us that we shall live hereafter, that we shall live together, that we shall live together with Christ in the presence of His Father; that earth with all its loveliness is not God's only possession, so that if we are called to part with it, we may be sure of other worlds at least as lovely, in which neither Christ, nor those who are with Christ, can be lost to us. Now seeing that we are assured of this it may be unwise to attempt to define further what is shadowed forth by each separate word employed. "My Father's house" was the phrase by which He designated the temple, which, to His disciples, was the dearest and most beautiful spot on earth. To be cast out from that holy and beautiful house, as He told them that for His sake they would be, was for them fate worse than death, and so it would come with a promise better than life, that they had a more abiding temple beneath whose roof they could securely build their nests for ever. But instead of promising an exact counterpart of the golden and marble magnificence which they must forsake, He was assuring them of the reality of which that was only the symbol, viz. a home with Himself in God, whose house is the universe. So again though "house" suggests stability of blessedness compared with our present fleeting enjoyment, and "many" variety of blessedness adapted to the wants of every soul; yea, though "mansion," meaning originally a resting-place on a royal road where travellers found refreshment, seems to combine in the vision of the future the promise of endless progress, as well as endless repose, we do well to hold by the central essential truth so plainly revealed, that heaven is the home of the glorified Saviour, where God is seen and felt to be our Father, where, as His blessed children, we shall enjoy our immortality, because intent upon His business, and conscious of His love.

This heaven He has gone not to create, for He speaks of it as already existing, but to prepare in it a place for us. He had to overcome the sharpness of death in order to open it, and to enter it as our forerunner to secure our admission. For heaven is communion with God, and as we have not by nature the holiness which alone can fit us for His presence, we need a Redeemer whose going

away by Gethsemane and Calvary's cross was essential to bring us to God. Just as essential for the preparation of our place in heaven is His presence within it. Thus only does it become a reality to our thought, and an object of our desire. Otherwise it might have been to us a spot in the geography of the universe, a name to be heard with indifference, just as we hear of some rich and beautiful land beyond the sea, till some one dearly beloved goes forth to find or found a home within it. So Christ having gathered the hearts of men to Himself, has by His going away to His Father made heaven a centre of everlasting and increasing attraction, for where the treasure is there must the heart be also.

And if by His presence He is thus making His Father's house a home to us, dearer and more attractive day by day as we seek with tears and heartaches those who have left us to find safety with Him within its containing walls, so is He coming again "to take us unto Himself." This promise we may surely interpret as implying that when we must ourselves go forth from this familiar mansion it will not be as wanderers to be lost in death, but as those who are called by a well-known voice, and are led by a familiar hand. And yet in order that it may prove as much to us, we must take it as intimating to us that return in the Spirit whereby, filling us with the life of heaven, He prepares us for the place. For heaven is no charmed circle in which, if we only find entrance, we must be happy; it is the house of a family which no one can ever reach who is not kindred. To the selfish and unrenewed heart it would be no home, but a place of exquisite misery, whose delights would be torment, and from whose society it would surely shrink away. Therefore He had to come back to teach even St. John, who loved Him, that it was not in heaven that he must seek God, but in God he would find heaven; and to convince St. Peter, who was ready to die for Him, that not even martyrdom could fit Him for fellowship with his beloved Lord, but the life of the Holy Spirit in his heart. So if heaven is to be a joyful hope to us we must let Christ return, and bring its life into our lives, and so prepare us for meeting God, who is Infinite Truth and Love. Only by receiving into our spirits the Spirit of the crucified and risen Son of God, will heaven unclose itself to us, and the more He reigns within us the more abundantly will an entrance be ministered to its everlasting glory.

